

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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2345

IRISH FREE STATE IN THE LEAGUE

IRELAND GIVEN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME

Associated Press Cable

Geneva, Sept. 10.—The Irish Free State was unanimously elected to membership in the League of Nations by the Assembly today.

The report of the sub-committee which recommended the entrance of the Irish Free State was read by former Premier Meirvitz of Latvia. He paid high tribute to "the noble Irish nation" and likewise to Great Britain, "which had never remained deaf," he said, "to the aspirations of the Irish people for liberty."

The roll of the States was called and the election of the Free State was unanimous. Announcement of the result was followed by prolonged applause, and many of the delegates and spectators rose to extend greetings to the newest member of the League.

President Foran extended a warm greeting to the Irish Free State in the name of the Assembly, and the Irish delegation was invited to enter the hall.

The applause at once broke out again, and amidst an impressive demonstration President Cosgrave ascended the rostrum and began the salutatory address. He spoke in his native tongue at the outset, but changed to English within a few moments. He referred to Ireland as one of the oldest and also one of the youngest nations of the earth, which "after a long journey and many tribulations has come into her own." His country, he said, now looked forward to the cessation of all bitterness and hostility and counted upon having no enemies. The Free State looked forward to enjoy the fruits of liberty but would devote herself to the reconstruction of the nation. In that work, he added, she would ever be cheered by the cordial welcome extended to her when she entered the League of Nations.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM

The enthusiasm with which the Irish Free State was admitted to the League of Nations today was the dominating topic of discussion in Geneva tonight.

Desmond Fitzgerald, foreign minister of the Free State, said tonight that his country rejoiced over one thing particularly—that her reception into the League demonstrated that she takes her place "among the nations of the earth," as the great patriot Robert Emmet had said, without an enemy, because her election was unanimous.

"We want to give of our best to the world and receive the world's best," he said, "and because we have no axe to grind, we shall in our League activities be solely guided by the principle of justice."

President Cosgrave's address was replete with feeling. He painted a picture of the new Ireland going forward without enmity in her heart toward any nation or any people, to her new destiny of liberty and happiness and to co-operation with the other independent States of the world.

"In the name of God: to this assembly of the League of Nations, life and health," said Mr. Cosgrave, opening his address in Gaelic. "We are delegates from the Saorstad Eireann, from its parliament and government, who have come to you to signify to you that the Saorstad Eireann desires to acquire membership in the League of Nations and to participate in the great work of this League. You have unanimously agreed to this request. We have found a welcome and generosity from you all. We thank you and pray that our peace and friendship may be lasting."

Passing to the English tongue President Cosgrave said that Ireland in the ancient times had been linked by bonds of culture and friendly intercourse with every nation by her far venturing missionaries and men of learning and that today she had formally, yet none the less practically, entered into a new bond of union with her sister nations, great and small, who were represented in the world organization of the League of Nations.

MANY TRIBULATIONS

"After a long journey through many tribulations an international treaty brought to Ireland a peace whereby unhappiness of the past shall cease to inspire the hymn of battle and shall merge into the pages of history.

"Today, with all the nations whose spokesmen form this assembly Ireland joins in the solemn covenant to exercise the powers of her sovereign status in promoting the peace, security and happiness, the economic and cultural well-being of the human race. Loyalists have inspired the best minds who have faith in the power of good will and of joint international endeavor to co-operate for good through this council of the nations.

"It is our earnest desire to co-operate with our fellow members in

every effort calculated to give effect to these ideals, to mitigate, and wherever possible to avert the ancient evils of warfare and oppression; to encourage wholesome and to discourage unwholesome relations between nation and nation; to enable even the weakest nations to live their own lives and to make their own proper contribution to the good of all, free from the shadow and fear of external violence, vicious penetration, or injurious pressure of any kind."

CATHOLICS TO AID STRICKEN JAPAN

Washington, D. C., Sept. 10.—Catholics of the United States are responding generously to the appeal for aid sounded throughout the nation as a result of the catastrophe which devastated scores of Japanese cities and towns and caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives.

At the request of the Rev. John J. Burke, S. P., general secretary, the employees of the National Catholic Welfare Council subscribed and forwarded a substantial contribution to the American Red Cross for relief purposes. Many Catholic fraternal and charitable societies also subscribed promptly and liberally to the relief fund.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY JUST RESTORED

While no definite news of the destruction of Catholic institutions in Japan has as yet reached here, it seems probable that these institutions must have suffered heavily by earthquake and fire. On the day before the calamity occurred, the Rev. Michael Mathis, C. S. C., of Holy Cross College at the Catholic University here received word that the Catholic University at Tokio, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and the principal Catholic institution of higher learning in that country, had just completed the work of reconstruction made necessary by a slight tremor two years ago.

Father Mathis, who was in Japan last year, received his information from the Rev. Mark McNeal, S. J., a member of the staff of the Catholic University of Japan, which was founded in 1908 and which has a staff of ten Jesuit instructors. Father McNeal, who is himself a native of Baltimore, and a graduate of Georgetown University, visited the United States a few years ago in behalf of the institution. One member of the faculty, the Rev. Victor J. Gettelman, S. J., was ordered to the United States about a month ago.

Among other American missionaries in Japan are the Rev. Father James Walter, S. M., the Rev. Brother Nicholas Walker, S. M., and the Rev. Brother George J. Meininger, all members of the Marist Society of Dayton, Ohio. The Marists conduct three large educational institutions in Japan, one in Tokio, one in Yokohama and the third in Nagasaki. They had under their tutelage more than two thousand Japanese youth in high school and elementary classes and are the only order permitted by the Japanese government to conduct private elementary classes. Father Walter and Brother Walter who are of the same family, have been in the Japanese field for twenty-five years or more.

The Society of the Divine Word of Techy, Ill., also has extensive missionary interests in Japan.

250 NUNS CONDUCTING SCHOOLS

In addition to the priests and brothers who are laboring in the Japanese fields, and who number about 250, including forty native Japanese priests, there are about 250 nuns who conduct schools for girls, one hospital and several dispensaries. Many of these are from France, it being estimated that one-fifth of the French colony of 540 people composed of those devoted to religious work, including the Archbishop of Tokio, and the Bishops of Kobe, Nagasaki and Yokohama.

The venerable Archbishop, the Most Rev. Peter Rey, has been a missionary in Japan for forty-one years. He, and all the excursionists who accompanied him have been summoned before the Tribunal of God."—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

ENGLISH MAGISTRATE BLAMES NON-RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS FOR CRIME

Juvenile crime in England is largely due to the decline of religious teaching in the schools, declared the chairman of the Kingston magistrates, near London, in a case of a youthful criminal brought before the bench.

The chairman of the magistrates suggested, that if a stop is to be put to juvenile crime, then there must be more religious teaching given to the children in the schools. By criminals, the chairman declared, were the product of the present non-religious educational system, and as the product of this system they were greatly to be pitied.

SCOFFER'S TRAGIC END NEAR LOURDES

CHAR-A-BANC FALLS INTO DEEP RAVINE

About twenty miles from Our Lady's famous shrine at Lourdes, France, high up in the heart of the Pyrenees, well known for its mineral springs, is situated a picturesque little town named Gavarni.

Every day during the summer season large numbers of motor-cars and char-a-bancs make their way from Lourdes to the romantic little town. Tourists, excursionists, and very many pilgrims to the Lourdes shrine, after their novena or triduum of prayers and devotions, make a day's picnic amidst the mountains at Gavarni. The road to the town, cut zig-zag, on the side of the hills, winds up for many thousands of feet. The road barely allows two vehicles to pass each other on route. On the one side are precipitous cliffs, on the other deep ravines, some hundreds of feet in depth. Every turn in the road furnishes new views of mountain peaks, some covered with snow, and gorgeous valleys, but also yawning abysses of terrifying depths only a few feet from the side of the road, separated by a low dry dyke of stones.

Three weeks ago, an excursion char-a-banc containing twenty-one persons, on this mountain road at Saint-Sauveur, between Lourdes and Gavarni, through some accident, plunged into a ravine two hundred feet deep. All the occupants of the brake were dashed to pieces. It was reported at the time that the victims were Lourdes pilgrims. Not so. They went to Lourdes to scoff, not to pray. They were non-Catholics.

The rest of the particulars of this terrible catastrophe are taken from La Croix, Paris, Monday, 27th August, 1923.

"DEATH HAS SPOILED HIS PLAN"

"Under this title a great Dutch journal has written an article that should make food for thought for the Freemason press of France. 'We give a faithful translation of the article taken from the powerful Dutch organ 'De Tijd'. 'According to custom, Catholic piety remembers in its prayers the poor victims who perished so tragically in the accident to the automobile at Saint-Sauveur (Gavarni). This terrible accident reminds us once more of the warning memento mori, and the importance of making Christian use of the little time that is at our command in this life. We beg to ask a special prayer for the director of this group of tourists, Mr. De Klerk, of Dordrecht, chief editor of the journal called 'The Protestant', which we have had to fight many times in defence of the Catholic Faith.

'Above all else, devotion to the Holy Virgin was the object of the attack of the journalist De Klerk. In the last number of his journal he wrote a perfidious article against the supernatural manifestations of Lourdes, in which he concluded by saying that only those could believe in them 'who had the faith of simpletons and the soul of the slave.' 'For some months past the Editor in chief, Mr. De Klerk, announced in his newspaper that very soon there would appear in the anti-Popery journal 'De Evangelische Maatschappij' (The Evangelical Society)—Mr. De Klerk being secretary of the aforementioned Society—special articles to combat 'The Cures of Lourdes.'

'From information we have received, Mr. De Klerk went to Lourdes for this object, where he resided for five days in the second week of August. He himself had announced in his journal of this week—prepared before his departure.—'The Editor proposes shortly to write a series of articles concerning Lourdes, in accordance with his personal observations.

'Death has hindered the purpose: the hand that would take the pen to write against the devotion of the Holy Virgin is paralysed by death. He, and all the excursionists who accompanied him have been summoned before the Tribunal of God.'—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

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OUR LADY OF THE CHILDREN

Paris, Sept. 6.—Cardinal Dubois presided last Sunday at the ceremony of the crowning of Notre Dame des Enfants (Our Lady of the Children) at Chateaufort-sur-Cher, in the Bourges diocese. Four bishops, fifty priests and a large crowd of pilgrims attended. At Mass the Bishop of Tulle spoke on the subject of a procession was held in the evening at the Duke de Maille.

The history of this pilgrimage, which is of fairly recent foundation, is quite curious. In 1861 a new pastor was appointed for the parish of Chateaufort-sur-Cher. His name was Abbe Ducros. Finding that his church, which had been built six or seven centuries, was falling into ruin, he undertook to build a new one and originated a very ingenious idea. With the approval of the Archbishop of Bourges, he circulated thousands of copies of an appeal to the children of France, asking each one of them for the sum of two cents to build a House of God.

Among the innumerable replies, he received, came a letter from a little girl in Semur, diocese of Autun, glorifying Our Lady of the Children. Abbe Ducros immediately seized upon this title and obtained from his Ordinary permission for the erection of a confraternity under this name.

Three years later the confraternity had a hundred thousand members. Abbe Ducros, in an audience granted him by Pius IX, offered the Pope a statue which had been made to symbolize the devotion. Upon beholding the statue, the Pope stretched his hands and exclaimed spontaneously and admiringly "Oh, bella Madonna!" and immediately granted Abbe Ducros the promotion of the confraternity into an archconfraternity. That was in 1870.

A few years later the church, a beautiful, spacious edifice in the original style, was consecrated, and shortly after was raised by Leo XIII. to the rank of a minor basilica.

Today 2,000 ex-votos fastened to the walls testify to the piety of the faithful. A devotion to Our Lady of the Children and the graces obtained through her intercession.

PRISONER IN CELLAR, PRIEST STILL FINDS MEANS TO SAVE SOULS

Paris, August 31.—The Ministry of Liberated Regions has granted the cross of the Legion of Honor to a pastor of a parish of the Department of Nord, Abbe Lebbe, in recognition of the exceptional services rendered by him to his parishioners during the War and since the Armistice. Imprisoned in a cellar with a large number of Frenchmen during the German occupation, Abbe Lebbe was unable to say or hear Mass or to read his breviary. On Christmas Eve he asked for permission to say Midnight Mass. Permission was refused. Then, in a whisper, in order to not give the alarm to the sentinels on duty behind the door, the priest gave his companions a sermon on the lesson of the Christmas Feast.

The following Sunday the prisoners again asked him for a sermon. Thus, says the Belgian paper, Le Progres de Mons, "a custom was established." In a corner of the cellar, many prisoners became reconciled to God through the Abbe's ministry. It was like a scene from the catacombs of ancient Rome.

After the Armistice the inhabitants of the village of Hem-Lenglet, of which Abbe Lebbe was then pastor, elected him mayor of the community, but he refused to accept this honor.

Abbe Lebbe is now pastor of Roelux, in the diocese of Cambrai. He has been the guiding spirit of the reconstruction of this village.

FATHER GETTELMAN TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH JAPAN QUAKES

Cleveland, Sept. 8.—The earthquake disaster in Japan has distressed the heart of Rev. Victor F. Gettelman, S. J., professor of philosophy in St. Ignace College this city, who but recently left Japan to take up his work in Cleveland.

Father Gettelman sponsored the Catholic University in Kojimach, near Yotsuga. The university known in Japanese as Jobi Daigaku was established in part by Father Gettelman.

I have been studying the despatches in an effort to learn whether the university was harmed," Father Gettelman said today.

"There is doubt in my mind, yet I'm inclined to believe it is safe, though it is located but a stone's throw from the Italian embassy."

The Italian embassy, according to advices from Japan, crumbled under

the undulating land. "Though generation after generation in Japan have experienced earthquakes, the Japanese mind," Father Gettelman said, "would no more adjust itself to their awful terror than the mind of a foreigner. 'The quakes are forever disturbing one's peace of mind,' he continued. 'I think it was because they interfered with my powers of concentration that I was finally forced to leave. I could not study when the rumble would begin.'"

"People in Japan are continually attempting to strengthen their buildings against the ever-present threat. I recall one time during April of last year, I was talking with the architect working on plans to improve some of our buildings. The conversation was in the evening and by telephone. In the middle of it a rumbling and shaking began. It was the most severe we had experienced in years. Simultaneously and abruptly we ended our conversation and left the telephone.

"The building in which I was at the time was swaying back and forth like a tree in the wind. Fortunately it did not topple over. Later I learned from the architect that his building had been severely damaged. A short time after that he told me he could stand it no longer and left the island."

LABOR LEADERS

PROSPERITY DEPENDS ON WISE SELECTION

The importance of the wise selection of labor leaders was stressed by His Grace, the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, in a Labor Day message. Archbishop Hanna said:

"Each recurring Labor Day brings new problems to the men who by their thought and by their personality rule in labor circles. 'It is becoming clearer every day that the prosperity of union labor must depend largely upon the type of men the workers choose to direct and govern their activities.

"The leader in the present crisis must be willing to make every sacrifice for the weal of the men who toil; he must know the world in which he lives; he must know thoroughly the problems that vex the body politic; he must have a clear vision of the principles that underlie every true movement in behalf of labor, such principles as the right of every man to have a family, the right of every man to demand such a wage as will enable him to maintain his children in reasonable comfort, the inalienable right of association and of collective bargaining, and the opportunity to put aside some little income for the unforeseen accidents of life.

"All this means education, and the labor must continue to develop its schools if it hopes to battle successfully with the thousand things that may tend to its overthrow. 'The leaders thus formed for their great work must not only insist upon fair wages and healthful working conditions, but more than in the past they must lay stress upon the development of skill in the workmen and upon that high degree of honest performance which the laborers' remuneration demands.

"If we can train a race of high-minded, courageous, clear-headed leaders, if they can insist upon higher skill and a great interested honesty, then labor need have no fear for the future, and the great work which the really great men of toil have built up during the past five and twenty years will grow even to the perfect day for the glory of the union cause, for the finer development of the toiler, for the help of the commonwealth and for the honor and good name of our country everywhere in the world."

BLESSED TERESA'S FEAST DAY TO BE SEPTEMBER 30

Paris, Sept. 3.—A recent apostolic rescript fixes the feast day of the Blessed Teresa of the Infant Jesus on September 30, with double rite for the Diocese of Bayeux.

The same feast will be celebrated with the double rite of the second class in the Carmel Convent of Lisieux and with the double major rite in the Carmelite Order.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 10.—The news that Rome had selected September 30 as the feast day of the "Little Flower" has been received with great joy at the National Headquarters of the National Council of Catholic Women, since this is the opening day of the Third Annual Convention of that organization. This is considered a very happy coincidence.

Already over a thousand booklets containing the prayers for the novena to the "Little Flower" have been distributed by the N. C. W. and immediately upon learning that the feast day of the "Little Flower" would fall upon the opening day of the convention, requests were sent to the various Carmelite monasteries of the country asking the nuns to pray for the success of the convention and of the work of

the National Council of Catholic Women.

The convention will open on Sunday, September 30, with Solemn High Mass at the Catholic University, with Bishop Shahan, Rector of the University, as the celebrant. His Grace, Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, will preach the sermon on that occasion.

Plans are now being made at N. C. W. Headquarters to distribute some special souvenir of the event.

CANADA'S FIRST BISHOP IS HONORED BY MONUMENT IN PARIS

Paris, Aug. 24.—A monument erected in the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, in Paris, will henceforth recall the fact that it was in this church that Mgr. Francois de Montmorency-Laval, first Bishop of Canada, was consecrated. The memorial was unveiled with much solemnity during a ceremony attended by the Canadian Catholic Mission which came to France on the occasion of the centennial of the famous prelate. With the Commissioner General of Canada in Paris, M. Philippe Roy, were Mgr. Lallamme, arch-priest of the basilica of Quebec, Abbe Perrier, pastor of the Parish of the Infant Jesus at Montreal, and Abbe Langlois, director of the great seminary of Quebec, one of the orators of the occasion.

On the side of France, M. Poincare was represented by M. Dejean, director of American Affairs of the Department of Foreign Affairs. Two members of the French Academy, Messrs. Doumic and Gouyou were also present. The ceremony was presided over by Mgr. Baudrillard, rector of the Catholic Institute, attended by various other prelates including Mgr. Leroy, Archbishop of Carie, Superior General of the Holy Ghost Fathers.

The monument is a high-relief and represents one of the scenes of the consecration of Mgr. de Laval. After the ceremony the Canadian delegation left for Belgium.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS ACTIVE IN PUBLIC LIFE

London, Aug. 31.—For the second year in succession the North of England Catholics associated with the Catholic Social Guild, are holding their summer school at St. Cuthbert's Catholic grammar school at Newcastle.

The summer school is devoted to the discussion of topics allied to Catholic social action, among the speakers being a student at the Catholic Workers' College, who is supported at Oxford by a scholarship subscribed by the Tyneside Catholics. Among the subjects of discussion are: "The Necessity for Catholic Social Action in England;" "World Peace and the League of Nations;" "Prohibition and Workers and Organizers."

The social study clubs, organized throughout the country by the Catholic Social Guild, are very numerous in the North, where Catholic participation in all kinds of social and public life is very widespread.

CLEVELAND COLLEGE AND SCHOOL ROSTERS BREAK ALL RECORDS

Cleveland, Sept. 8.—With an enrollment of more than 800 in St. Ignace College and the St. Ignace High school both in charge of the Jesuits, this community of priests and scholastics now has the largest Catholic schools for higher education in the diocese of Cleveland.

The division is, approximately, 500 in the High school and more than 300 in the college. This enrollment exceeds all records. One hundred and thirty entered the college freshman class and between 75 and 100 the High school first year.

Officials of the college are looking for a new name to supplant the name Cleveland University which was acquired through permission of the Secretary of State, May 17. The new name it is expected will be chosen within a few days. The title Cleveland University was declared to be inadequate in view of the appeal that will be made for students and financial aid from fourteen counties in northern Ohio.

Changes in the faculty include the appointment of Rev. James A. Meskell, S. J., formerly of Loyola University, Chicago, as principal of the High school to succeed Rev. George H. Mahowald, S. J., named to a professorship of philosophy in the college.

Cathedral Latin, a diocesan High school for boys, also reports record enrollment, 720. This school is in charge of the Brothers of Mary. The various academies and colleges for girls and young women also report the largest enrollments in their history.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, Aug. 31.—Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras, has solemnly dedicated the restored Basilica of Notre Dame de Boulogne-sur-Mer. The cupola and nave of this church collapsed last year.

In hundreds of pulpits in the Established Church throughout England nine-tenths of the Catholic faith is being preached week by week in the astounding statement made from the pulpit in the ancient city of York, by Prior Idefonsus Cummins, O. S. B.

Cologne, Aug. 20.—During the past two months more than 400,000 marks have been sent to Germany from the United States for the benefit of students, professors and other members of the professional classes who have been impoverished by the effects of the War. Most of the money came from Chicago.

Montevideo, Aug. 28.—The debate on the revision of the official calendar of Uruguay ended in a brilliant victory for Deputy Joaquin Secco Ilija, the one Catholic deputy in the Uruguayan Parliament, whose powerful oratory and convincing logic succeeded in having reported back to committee the bill intended to abolish all religious holidays from the calendar, even including Christmas.

Washington, Sept. 8.—Bishop Pichot, C. S. S., was recently consecrated for the newly established Vicariate Apostolic of Malunga, which until last year had been a part of the extensive Vicariate of Diego Suarez. This mission embraces the entire northern half of the Island of Madagascar, which is the fifth largest island in the world, covering an area of 228,000 square miles.

Eugene, Ore., Sept. 3.—The school board of this city has voted to release children of the fifth and sixth grades for one hour a week for religious instruction. Pupils will be released at the parents' request and will attend classes under the supervision of their respective denominations. The action was taken at the request of a committee from the community council for religious education recently established here.

Paris, Aug. 31.—The first bishop of French Morocco, Mgr. Dreyer, of the Franciscan Order, a native of Alsace, has been consecrated in Paris in the chapel of the Franciscan Sisters, by Cardinal Dubois, Marshal Lyautey, High Commissioner of the Republic in Morocco, although just recovering from a severe illness, attended the ceremony in person, together with several native Moroccan princes, thus showing his respect for the Catholic faith.

London, Sept. 8.—Cardinal Bourne's appeal at the National Catholic Congress at Birmingham for the foundation of a Catholic Faculty of Theology in connection with either Oxford or Cambridge, has not been without result. The first step towards the realization of this project has come from a Catholic army officer, who has given a donation of \$5,000 towards the total estimated sum of \$500,000, which Cardinal Bourne expects the venture will cost. The donor is a convert and his wife is an Irish woman.

Ottawa, Aug. 13.—Based on population, the divorcees granted in Canada last year, numbered seven to every 100,000 persons, as against 112 to every 100,000 persons in the United States. There were only 54 divorcees in all Canada, or two-thirds of one per cent of all marriages contracted. One province, Prince Edward Island, granted no divorcees. Only one divorce has been granted in this province since 1868. The greater number of those divorced, statistics show, were residents of cities.

Brooklyn, Sept. 10.—Four Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity, headed by Sister Mary Bridget, have sailed for Porto Rico, where they will establish a dormitory for the accommodation of Catholic girls registered at the San Juan Normal School. Their advent into Porto Rico will mark the first extension of the work of the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity to territory outside the United States proper and will also mark the inauguration of a distinctive Catholic work in the oldest diocese of the New World.

Paris, Aug. 31.—Communications to the Paris press reveal an interesting controversy which has been going on between various parishes of France. The question is to see which one holds the record for the longevity of its pastors. All records would seem to have been beaten by the little parish of Saint-Martial-de-Gimel, in the Department of Correz, which has had only two pastors since the reign of King Louis XVIII. in 1817. The first, Jean Lescure, was pastor from 1817 to 1877 and the Government gave him the cross of the Legion of Honor on the sixtieth anniversary of his presence in the parish. The present pastor, M. Joseph Jos, arrived as vicar in 1868 and has been pastor since 1877.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

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

CHAPTER XL. CONTINUED

Could he have bestowed one backward glance into the room he had left, it might have given the last impetus that was needed to make him emerge from the guilt in which he was plunged, and the mire of which was engulfing him deeper each moment. Nora had flown sobbing to her knees, her grief all the more bitter and violent because of its very reaction—she restrained it so sternly in Rick's presence, she immolated herself so remorselessly before him, assuming cheerfulness and tender filial regard when her whole being was recoiling from both, and her heart was torn with the thought that she had sacrificed. Then Rick's own manner—moody, silent, repellent, betraying little of the affection of which he had given such touching descriptions to herself and Father Meagher—all acted upon her now with resistless sway; but she had voluntarily accepted her cross, and however deep it cut she would not murmur. She dried her eyes when the burst had spent itself, and calling good-natured Mrs. Murphy to her aid, began to examine her wardrobe for the purpose of disposing of its superfluous articles. As she looked more and more at the things she had retained the very necessary articles, there was little left, and that little of comparatively small value. But Mrs. Murphy, who had been drying secret tears of compassion during the whole of the inspection, had words of cheer to offer. She comforted the poor young creature, and taking the garments which had been selected, promised to make a speedy disposal of them. She was true to her word, and returning much sooner than Nora had anticipated, poured into the latter's hand a larger sum than the poor girl expected to receive. Had Nora been aware that the amount was swelled from good-natured, sympathetic Mrs. Murphy's own pocket, she would not have been so joyfully surprised, nor so eager to accept.

The kind landlady, charmed as she was with the lovely girl, and puzzled to reconcile the near relationship of the latter to an uncouth and vagabond-looking being as Rick of the Hills, was so touched when she discovered their poverty, and that it was owing to the latter they must leave her, that she would have insisted on their remaining did not her own slender means prevent.

Rick returned in the wane of the afternoon, and in so exhausted a condition that Nora, filled alone with pity for his evident suffering, besought him to rest. He shook his head. "I cannot till you are settled; I have hired our new home,"—speaking bitterly—"and we can go there now."

"You are so weak," she answered, "will it not be better to wait till tomorrow? Mrs. Murphy has kindly said not to hurry."

"No," he said quickly, "we must go now!"

She offered no further remonstrance, though she wondered somewhat at his singular haste, but began her few preparations for departure.

The abode to which Rick conducted her did cause her to give one little involuntary shudder as she crossed the threshold; it was so small, so sparsely furnished, and so situated in a quarter of the town where only the poorest congregated. Still, even in that moment of bitter repugnance, she forced a smile to her lips, and spoke cheerfully, while Rick, as usual, watched her in sullen silence. As in their previous abode, she went about rearranging the few articles of furniture, and striving to atone, by her own exquisite taste, for the lack of beauty, and even ordinary neatness in the two little apartments. True to her self-imposed mission, she suffered neither the poverty, nor hardship, nor disgust, with which her hard and isolated life was filled to cause her to betray a murmur of regret or dissatisfaction. She was always the same, when Rick left her and when he returned—cheerful, and apparently contented, making the best of their present position, and hopeful for the future.

She had learned the way to the shops, and was now able herself to dispose of her handiwork; but she always went out heavily veiled, and dressed poorly enough not to seem above the humble rank she had assumed. Rick sometime put money into her hand, which he said he had earned by loitering about the public houses, and doing chance errands; he could have told her how, driven to desperation by her noble sacrifice, he had sought for steady labor, but his weakened condition, and his wandering life, so little accustomed to work of any kind, utterly unfitted him for it.

She had not appraised Father Meagher of the change in their circumstances, and perhaps the fact of that bitter isolation from all that she loved told more upon her health and spirits than other deprivation. She was "willing" as Rick expressed it,—"willing" before his very eyes; for despite her assumed cheerfulness, he noticed her daily increasing pallor, and the look about her eyes each morning which indicated a night of sleeplessness.

In her enforced journeys to bring home and to return with her work,

she went far out of her way in order to pass the jail—there was a melancholy pleasure in being under the shadow of the walls which held him for whom her heart so fondly beat, though she herself had passed the fiat which must perpetually separate them.

CHAPTER XLII.

TIGHE'S EFFORTS TO AID CAPTAIN DENNIER'S COURTESHIP

It wanted but a week of Carroll's trial, and the interest and excitement which had centered about those recently tried for participation in the attack on the barracks was not yet allayed; it received fresh and startling impetus from the youth and reputation of Carroll O'Donoghue—stories were told of his daring, his wonderful escape from Australia, the loss of his ancient home, which could hardly fail to attract and interest the most indifferent hearts. His name was on every tongue, and more than one fair maid was anxious to obtain a sight of the brave, handsome young prisoner. Even Nora was forced to hear the gossip about him; in the very shop to which she carried her work men were discussing the probability of his speedy execution. She drew her veil tighter, and clasped her hands on her side under her cloak, to quiet a sudden pain; and all the way home burning tears obscured her vision, and unhappy thoughts made her head ache. When Rick came in that night she assailed him with questions about the approaching trial, striving to speak with unusual vivacity in order to hide her horrible anxiety. He detailed all that he knew.

"Will you take me to the court when the trial begins?" she asked, her voice trembling a little; "we can stay in some retired part, and I shall be so heavily veiled that no one will recognize me."

"Yes," responded Rick, looking at her sharply, but not suffering his countenance to show the thoughts which that look engendered; "we can go where much notice will not be taken of us."

About the same time, in a different part of the town, Captain Dennier had started his valet by saying, "Tighe, I am thinking of a journey to Drummondville—can you guide me to the home of Miss O'Donoghue, the sister of the prisoner?"

Tighe's face became immediately aglow, and his eyes danced with delight. "Faith, your honor, you couldn't give me a task more to me mind! I'll be proud an' happy to show you the way."

"Very well, then, we'll take the morning car," Tighe seemed to hesitate.

"What is the matter?" asked the officer.

"I was only thinkin' that it mightn't be respectful to yer honor to take Shaun, but couldn't I have him, for he'd pine wid the lonesomeness, an' maybe it'd give him another spell o' sickness!" and the look of distress which accompanied the observation was most ludicrous.

"Oh, bring him by all means!" laughed the captain; and Tighe, relieved, left the room to impart to Shaun at his first opportunity his opinion of Captain Dennier's unexpected announcement:

"Begorra, Shaun, it's nothin' else than love that's takin' him; he's as lost a man wid regard to his heart as there's in Tralee, bye, as there's in the whole o' Ireland this day; he's as far gone as that poor omadhawn Garfield was! How an' over, as I said afore, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, an' the wind that's blowin' him to Miss O'Donoghue will blow me to Mora, an' a faith it'll blow Corry O'Toole's letter to me mother!"

And laughing softly as he imagined what might be the ridiculous contents of the epistle, he began to busy himself with preparations for the journey.

Father Meagher was absent on his parish rounds, when Captain Dennier, escorted by Tighe, and followed by Shaun, arrived at that little pastoral residence. Moira admitted them, and the presence of the military stranger awing her somewhat, prevented the scream of delight with which she would have greeted Tighe. She ushered the officer into the parlor, saying she would summon Miss O'Donoghue, and with one of her pretty, naive courtesies, withdrew. Tighe was waiting for her in the hall.

"Tell Miss O'Donoghue," he said, catching both of Moira's not unwilling hands close within his own, that I'd like to see her first. I have something to say privately to her."

"Why, Tighe, what can you have to say privately to a lady like her?" Tighe whispered, casting meanwhile many a significant glance toward the parlor door: "Just a word, Moira, to tak the twist out o' the road that's betune the two o' them—don't you see they're in the same harrowin' shtate as mesel' an' you are?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Carmody?" and Moira gave her pretty head a toss.

"Mr. Carmody!" repeated Tighe, with ludicrous amazement: "is that the expression o' yer simintins for me now? well, maybe I had no right to say you were in the same shtate as mesel'. Faith there's no trust in wimen these toimes—if you have thim one day, you're not sure o' thim the next, an' I wouldn't be surprised, Moira, if yer

head was runnin' this minit on the flatthery that some omadhawn's been givin' you."

Moira drew herself up. "And why shouldn't I, Mr. Carmody, receive somebody else's attentions—they tell of your doings in the town—your racing and your sporting, and—"

"Och, Moira darlin', is it that that's troublin' you? Faith, there's not one thing in that shory, but a lot o' balderdash about a horse which I'll explain to you at a more convenient time; an' don't you see how throue I am?"—he pointed to the faded bow at the side of his hat; "through thick an' thin, Moira, it niver leaves its place. Come, be yersef' agin, an' give me that flower in yer breast, as a mark o' yer forgiveness." A bunch of heliotrope, picked that morning, adorned the front of Moira's dress.

Moira could not resist the tone in which the words were uttered, nor the glance by which they were accompanied; she gave him the flower, and with an ejaculation expressive of her own feelings on the subject of her delay in summoning Miss O'Donoghue, she flew to find that lady. Tighe remained in the hall, and intercepted Clara when she was on her way to the parlor.

"Only a word miss," he said with his most respectful bow.

"Certainly, Tighe"—extending her hand with charming condescension "have you news of my brother?"

"No, miss, I'm sorry to say I have nothin' to tell you about him—it's regardin' the captain beyant," indicating the parlor door by a motion of his head, and then stopping short in confusion that almost amounted to consternation, as he realized for the first time the boldness and the difficulty of the task he had imposed on himself.

"Well, Tighe, go on,"—and Miss O'Donoghue's wonder and curiosity increased.

"Oh, Miss O'Donoghue, I'm afeerd you'll be angry intiroly wid me, when you hear what I have to say; if I thought more about it afore, I wouldn't be takin' the liberty I'm doin'."

"No, no, Tighe; go on—I shall forgive you whatever it is."

"Well, thim"—blurring the words out, while the rosy hue of his cheeks became deeper, and his hands worked awkwardly together,— "I have the manes o' suspectin' that the captain is dapeily in love wid you; an' oh, Miss O'Donoghue, he's so noble, an' so big-hearted, that it kem into my head to spake a good word for him. If he axes you, an' it'd be agin yer principles to say 'id,' do the refusin' lightly, so it won't break his heart."

Clara was painfully scarlet. "You are mistaken Tighe," she said, "the gentleman has not met me a sufficient number of times to do more than recognize my face."

"Faith, miss, it's little matter about that—love doesn't wait for tomes nor places. I niver was mistaken in a case o' it yet; an' when I seen the signs an' tokens o' it in the captain, I was touched intiroly by rayson o' his goodness. Forgive the liberty I'm takin', but oh, Miss O'Donoghue, promise me you won't give him a woundin' denial!"

"Really, this is too absurd!" and Clara, her painful blush fading, her very neck, turned abruptly from Tighe, and hurried to the parlor.

"Well," muttered the discomfited Tighe a Vohr, "I tried to do him a good turn, an' if it fails, it's through no lack o' a worthy intion on my part."

Captain Dennier, in his impatience at the delay, was already standing when Clara entered—she had paused a moment without the parlor door to allow her flush to subside, and to acquire steadiness in her voice. He came forward with the courtesy he so well remembered.

"Miss O'Donoghue!" his tones were tremulous, and the color in his cheek and the flash in his eye, evinced painful anxiety. "Pardon my intrusion, made this time, perhaps, with less excuse than it was in my power to offer on previous occasions; but I have come impelled by a desire to see you, and to ask you once more to think kindly of me—I would have this assurance before I leave forever a land that shall always have for me most sweet, and yet most bitter memories."

She had involuntarily started at the announcement of his departure. He observed the motion and it seemed to make him bolder.

"May I take with me," he said, "the assurance of your kindly feeling; despite the cruel character it was my painful duty to assume, may I bear with me to the distant land to which I go the remembrance of your charitable forgiveness?"

He had advanced to her, and had extended his hand, Blushing, trembling, confused, Clara listened; but at his approach she recovered herself, and sought to feign the dignity and reproach which she deemed it her duty to feel; affecting not to see his proffered hand, she answered: "If you did but your duty, Captain Dennier, I know not why you should seek forgiveness, and least of all from me, the sister of your victim; nor can I think of what consequence can be my feeling toward you, whether kindly or not, when I am only one of those rebels it is your choice, and your boast, to crush. You mock me, sir, by speaking as you do, when my brother lies in a jail in imminent danger of execution through your means."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE WALL

By Helen Moriarty in Rotary Magazine

Mrs. Somers had been sewing all afternoon and at four o'clock came downstairs to stir up the kitchen fire. The March day was balmy. Through the west windows the retreating sun cast a warm challenge, touching to trembling points of light the fading stipples of gold on the old-fashioned blue dishes in the cupboard. A very satisfying kitchen—this, with its dark linoleum brightened with rag rugs, the shining stove, the drop-leaf table with its checked red and white cloth, and a blue tenkettle humming softly on the back of the stove. Clean and colorful and cosy; and yet—so lonely—so lonely! But then the house was lonely. Mrs. Somers did not mind so much that the rest of the house should be lonely, but she never lost her puzzled surprise and resentment in the failure of the kitchen which manifested such a disturbing interest in the state of his health, or she might have imagined that the ancient timepiece on the south wall was forever demanding, "Where . . . is . . . Dan . . . Somers? Where . . . Somers? Where . . . Somers?"

But she only knew that the clock annoyed her, spoiled the kitchen for her, broke the peace of her meals, and left her irritable and dissatisfied.

There was no reason why she should be irritable, she told herself. Nor dissatisfied either. It was not her fault that Dan Somers had gone away. If he chose to act foolish and go away like that, leaving her to face the critical amazement of the neighbors, that was his affair.

It was a contemptible way to treat her, of course, but he didn't think that she'd show how much it hurt her. Never! She had held her head as high as ever, and no one ever guessed how hard she had been struck. When it got out that Dan Somers had gone away she had to face the brunt of many questions. She faced them, level-eyed, self-possessed with dignified composure and the fewest possible words.

Yes, Dan was gone. She did not know where he was. No, he had not told her he was going. It was a cold day today, wasn't it? Thus closing the conversation and leaving the neighbors baffled. They couldn't understand Dan Somers—acting that way! Best natured fellow in the world, he was. "I bet she druv him to it," surmised one of the wise ones shrewdly. "Always was a high stopper, an' Dan Somers, he's just about humored her to death."

"Uh-huh," agreed a complacent auditor, "I always did hear she was as cranky as all get out."

And it was a curious thing, but the clock seemed to have arraigned her in the same way, and she resented it as much as she began to resent its presence in the kitchen. Her kitchen! She tried stopping it, but the broad face and the silence accused her more than ever. So, she started it again, with bitter invective against her own foolishness,—she who was known for her strong common sense and her practical way of looking at things. She was practical, but the clock had got on her nerves, always appearing subtly to insinuate that she was at fault.

But she wasn't. Every day nearly, though a year had passed, she went over in her mind their last conversation. There had been a little quarrel—yes. One word had led to another.

It was a cold morning. When Dan came into the kitchen he said, resenting it for the first time, "Where in time did you put my old shoes, Lydia?"

"What old shoes?" looking up from the ham she was frying. She smiled at Dan in her superior way, and said, demurely: "Good-morning, Dan."

Dan knew very well he was being called down, a process to which he usually responded with a good natured chuckle, but this morning he only granted unintelligibly. He had a kind of headache and he repeated his oldest shoes. "I say where's them old shoes of mine?" he repeated crossly.

His wife turned the big slice of fragrant ham and stepped over to the table for the eggs which she broke expertly into the sizzling fat. Then, having time for it, she answered Dan. "Those old worn out brown things?" she said calmly. "You don't want those any more, Dan."

"That would dispose of the matter."

"What did you do with em, I'm askin' you?"

Mrs. Somers turned a look of real surprise on her husband. What was the matter? Seldom

indeed did Dan question her words or acts, and really he looked as cross as a bear.

"What's the matter, Dan?" she inquired solicitously. "Don't you feel well?"

Now, if there is any one thing more exasperating than another to a man with a headache—and a refractory child. And as most men are childlike when arguing with their wives, Dan roared out, "I want them shoes—that's what's the matter with me!"

A cold look settled on Mrs. Somers' handsome features. Mechanically she put the breakfast on the table, poured out the coffee and sat down. Dan, as she very well knew, growing more furious all the time. Silently and offensively Dan in his little tantrums. Now he sugared his coffee expensively and said sarcastically.

"When you get good and ready you can answer my question."

Mrs. Somers remembered distinctly that it was right here that she got so angry, and told Dan straight out that she gave the silly old shoes to a tramp. "You have plenty of other shoes, haven't you?"

"A tramp! Good Lord!" Dan laid down his knife and fork to stare at her, "M' easiest shoes and she gives 'em to a tramp!" Then, recognizing the futility of further protest and sore at the loss of the comfortable shoes, he growled out, "Darned if I don't think you're gettin' crankier and crankier every day!"

"Well, those shoes were horrid, dirty old things, that's what they were! And every time you put them on you did nothing but track mud all over my house!"

She saw a queer change go over Dan. "Your house," he said in a slow ruminating way. "Uh-huh. It is your house, ain't it?"

"I should say so, arrogantly. 'My money built it, didn't it, and I keep it clean, don't I?'"

"Yes, ma'am, you certainly do keep it clean," still in the same slow fashion. "Too bad to muss it up with old shoes . . . an' things, ain't it?" He pushed back his chair, got up and made for the sitting room door. "Well, so long, Lydia. I guess me an' my old shoes'll be movin' on."

His wife stared after him, started, puzzled, indignant, and a little bit amused. So she told herself as she started to speak. "Why, Dan—"

But the door closed very quietly and she could hear his slow steps going up-stairs. She sat at the table not eating, listening to the faint sounds from above. They were not many and after awhile they ceased. She arose and put the meat and coffee back on the stove. He'd come down again in a little bit and want something to eat. He liked his breakfast, Dan did. He was put out about the shoes, but he'd get over it. Still, at the back of her mind there was an uneasy feeling, she could not have told why, though she did wish she hadn't said that about the house.

She had a notion to go and call up to him. She would . . . if he didn't come down before long.

Half an hour later she was still thinking about calling him when the boy from the interurban stop over on the pike came with the paper.

"Dan going to town, Mrs. Somers?" he asked. "Just saw him cuttin' across the meadow with a suitcase," as she stared at him sadly, he thought.

"When's he comin' back?"

"Oh, in a day or two."

"Thanks, Charlie," as she took the paper.

But that was more than a year ago and he had not come back yet. She knew he was living, and she knew he was working in Columbus at a commission house. Neighbors had seen him and had talked with him, but she gathered from their manner, he had not given them any more satisfaction than she had. Well, Dan wouldn't, she conceded honestly. He was not a talker, in the first place; and then he was proud too. And as time went on Mrs. Somers admitted to herself that she had hurt Dan's feelings that morning. But, good mercy, if a person flew up and went away every time his feelings were hurt! And besides, hadn't she said the same thing about her house a hundred times?

It had always been "my house" with Mrs. Somers. She had not really meant to be offensive, perhaps, but somehow her possessive pride had, after the first couple of years, began to grate on Dan's sensitive ears. Well, if it was her house it was his land, wasn't it, he would reason with himself. But he could never bring himself to retort thus upon Lydia. Dan was not that sort. And he remembered how generously his young wife had come forward with her small patrimony when the old Somers homestead, into which they were about to move, had burned down. She was so happy in being able to help, and thus her money built the new house and Dan used the insurance for more up-to-date equipment, for seeds, for a silo and a wind-mill. It gave him a good start, there was no doubt about it, but often during the twenty years that had passed, Dan had been moved to wish that he had built the house with the insurance and let the other things wait. Sometimes slow-thinking, good-natured Dan said to his secret heart bitterly that

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blamed if he wasn't tired living in another person's house. And like all slow people Dan had reacted to the cumulative injuries of years in an altogether amazing manner.

So, on this bland afternoon, Mrs. Somers going over again that last fateful conversation with her husband, had no idea that her arrogant "my house" that morning had been the last straw. She saw he didn't like it but she thought it was his mood, -yes, and the shoes. He just went away in a huff. He'd be back, some day. She shrugged away from the subject and said briskly, "I believe I'll mix me up some biscuits for supper." And, humming a little, she began her task. But, as always, thoughts of Dan intruded, and before long, despite everything, she became aware again of the clock's loud, calm, inquisitorial tick . . . tick . . . tick . . .

Suddenly, with a driven, harassed look at her tormentor, she said, "I know what I'll do!"

If the old clock was surprised at finding itself in the out kitchen, she was the hobo who lifted the weak latch the same night in search of a place to sleep. They couldn't want it, he argued reasonably enough, or they wouldn't have chucked it out here behind a pile of wash tubs or something. Wherefore, sacrificing the sleep he made away with the timepiece which in the course of a few days ornamented, with a conglomeration of other articles of more or less antiquity, the front window of a second-hand store on Town Street.

Here Dan Somers, going home from work, spied it and stopped to stare and wonder. "Looks like the old fellow at home," he said to himself, with a pang. "Looks exactly like him," as he kept on staring. It brought back a vision of the kitchen where it hung, high up beside the south window, bright, cosy, warm in winter, swept by cool breezes in summer, and a picture of Lydia too, quick, capable, always busy and steady-like. Dan felt lonesome. He wandered into the shop and said to the proprietor aimlessly, "How much for the old clock in the window?"

He blinked at the astounding reply. "Fifty dollars! Well, you know, the dealer explained politely to the man who didn't look as though he knew much about such things, it was an antique—that clock, it was nearly a hundred years old. Made in 1838. You can see the date and name of the first owner on the inside," he elucidated obligingly.

"Who was the first owner?" Dan asked quickly. "Somers, I think," said the dealer, walking toward the window. "Then," said Dan, staring after him blankly, "It's my clock!" And he proved it by telling what the old inscription was, word by word, where it was, and enumerated some other ear-marks. All the time he was thinking subconsciously, "She sold it. . . She sold it. . . Because 'twas mine—my grandfather's—mine!"

Interrogated, the dealer could not recall, so he said, from whom they bought it.

"Was it a woman?" Dan wanted to know. But he could not find out. A partner, it appeared, had been in the store at the time. In the end Dan got the clock, handing over what was paid for it by the dealer.

Dan Somers had been angry when he left home, but that was as nothing to the fire and fury that consumed him now. In the fifteen months that had elapsed, his exasperation had had time to cool, and very often he told himself that he had been just a little hasty and foolish. For his homesickness was at times an actual pain. He ached to see the farm, to walk through the wet meadow and the barn yard, to see the chickens running toward him with lifted wings for the corn he always kept in his pockets to throw to them, to smell the hay as he dickered around with the tools on wet days. Lydia too. In these softened thoughts he could see her, neat and smiling, could hear her clear, compelling voice. Bossy, Lydia was, but she was good to him too, good as gold. And he was about ready to go back and make it up with his wife—in a quiet, quite well she'd never run after him—and tell her in his slow jocose way that he had been a plumb fool to run away like that and "waste all that good ham." Oh, he knew what to say and how to say it! For, very comforting was the sneaking conviction that she must be lonesome too. Now, when he saw that comforting conviction vanish he began to exclaim, "How good God must be, since the Bishop of Geneva is so holy!"

Our Lord, Himself, when the occasion demanded it, could drive the money changers out of the Temple. St. Francis de Sales though his meekness was proverbial, could be fearless and uncompromising in standing for the right.

As a youth St. Francis de Sales was very prone to anger. He had a hot temper. It took much effort to curb it. Yet he possessed the meekness that checked undue impulse to anger and practiced it on every occasion. So well did he succeed that the people of his city were wont to exclaim, "How good God must be, since the Bishop of Geneva is so holy!"

A great lawyer was lost to the bar when St. Francis forsook the practice of law to enter the priesthood. His vocation came somewhat after the manner of the calling of St. Paul. Riding one day as a young lawyer on horseback his sword and scabbard fell from his side and formed a cross on the roadway. Three times this phenomenon was repeated. Taking this as a sign from Heaven Francis renounced the law and began his priestly studies. As the zealot Saul of Tarsus became the Apostle Paul on the Damascus road, so the young Francis de Sales de Boisly in the forest of Sonay, became the chosen

instrument of God to do a mighty work for souls.

Doctor of Devotion is St. Francis de Sales' title among the doctors of the Universal Church. In our age he is called to do a work of smoothing war's wrinkled front and warming the hearts of mankind by his lesson of patience, forbearance, and meekness. The coming of his tercentenary celebration gives a fitting occasion to study his life and to read his fascinating and inspiring devotional works.—The Pilot.

CAP DE LA MADELEINE

BY MARY E. JAMES

At the present time Ontario people are very much concerned, and quite properly so, in preserving the sanctuaries situated on the shores of the Georgian Bay, Lake Erie, Niagara—in fact all along the great waters with which our province is so completely surrounded. They stand as revered monuments of conquests over the barbarity and paganism in which the progressive young Canada of today was steeped but a few short centuries ago.

If this be the case with Ontario, what may we expect of Quebec—that older centre of civilization? Naturally we will look there for still stronger evidence of past endeavor, and that we are justified in doing so a short trip through the French Province will convince us.

Everyone, of course, knows about St. Anne de Beaupre. Few, even of our non-Catholic friends, upon visiting historic Quebec City, but will find time for a fleeting visit to this wonderful old shrine. But to us in Ontario the name of Cap de la Madeleine is not so familiar. In Quebec province it is known far and wide as the site of a famous sanctuary which bids fair to become the Lourdes of Canada—Notre Dame au Cap de la Madeleine—dedicated to the Holy Rosary, which Society was established in the parish in 1697, according to the old parchment hanging on the right hand side of the Sanctuary, and bearing the formula of admission dated May 11th, 1694, signed by the Superior General of the Dominicans, then at Rome, and approved of by the second Bishop of Quebec, Mgr. St. Vallier. This permission was given to the first resident priest of the Cap—Monsieur l'abbé Vachon. From all parts of the French province pilgrims flock there by the thousand during the summer months, and its fame has even penetrated to the States at the south of the St. Lawrence, and annual pilgrimages are the result.

Cap de la Madeleine—or Cap Magdelaine, as the English guide books have it—is in itself a small village located on the shores of the St. Lawrence, in Champlain county, about four miles east of Three Rivers, or midway between Montreal and Quebec on the King's highway, on the C. P. R., and may also be reached by car from Three Rivers, where the first Mass was said in 1615. The Cap has a population of between six and seven thousand, and is of historic as well as religious interest. It was originally a trading post of the Indians and courier-de-voies, and later, after the visits of the missionaries—the Recollets and the Jesuits in the early years of sixteen hundred—who took advantage of these trade groupings as a centre from which to shed the light of Christianity in the New World, it became known as a spiritual rendezvous of the better disposed of the neighboring tribes of Indians. The Cap derives its name from the fact that in 1651 the Abbe Ferte de la Madeleine donated the property—two miles frontage by twenty depth—to the Jesuits as a reserve where the christianized Indians could practice their religion and adapt themselves to the new civilization unmolested. On this site the Jesuits founded a parish in 1695; they also built a grist mill which is still operating, a part of a dwelling—the "Old Manor" which may be seen today. Here the Indians gathered periodically to transact their business, exchange courtesies and receive the consolations of the Christian religion. Rude prayers and savage chants soon began to mingle with the melodious hymn of the Frenchman, all ascending together to the Mother who understands the various languages spoken by her devout children.

Not everyone, of course, who passes by the Cap will be interested in its religious, or even, perhaps, its historical significance, but no one could fail to be impressed by its beauty. There it lies nestling contentedly on the banks of the St. Lawrence, its jutting shores lapped lovingly by the great river as it flows majestically on. The Cap is not very wide—it is long and narrow, like the French farms. It is a charming French village which in spite of its commercial location—the highway passes right through its centre—has retained its quaintness and its individuality, and if the tourist, supposing him to be a motorist, feels disposed to rest here a day on his trip, he may be assured that he will be amply rewarded for the delay. Its accommodation is very good. There are several hotels, private in reality are only large private houses, on the main street, the highway. In most of these the rooms are clean and comfortable

and the cuisine good. The villagers themselves are charming, and will do their part to make your stay a pleasant one. If you speak French fluently,—eh bien! If not, they endeavor to make you feel at ease by meeting you halfway with their somewhat limited command of l'anglais. As for their modest stores, many a helpful lesson in salesmanship, which would be of material benefit to some of our larger Ontario stores, may be gleaned by the tactfulness with which they will try to understand and supply your requirements and be equally gracious whether you buy from them or not.

But what beautiful enclosure or park is this in our left, which seems to say to the tourist, "Come in and rest awhile?" It is the shrine of Cap de la Madeleine, containing a wealth of beauty and evidence of Christian faith. The peaceful grounds, through which one may wander unmolested, are laid out in neat paths, flanked by verdure and lovely flowers and beautiful trees, pretty flowers and beautiful kept lawns. At every few steps one's attention is attracted by groups of bronze statuary—"Les Mysteres du Rosaire"—representing the fifteen decades of the Rosary. Along with these is a beautiful representation of The Holy Rosary, which devotion, of course, the shrine is dedicated. Across the ravine, on a plateau overlooking the St. Lawrence is to be seen "Le Chemin de Croix," another group of tablets and statuary portraying the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary, and beyond—the Sepulchre—a stone enclosure, in the rear of which is to be found a realistic figure of Christ in the Tomb. Here at all hours of the day, and well into the evening are to be found pilgrims, in groups and singles, devoutly making the Way of the Cross.

In the centre of all this is the old church, bearing on its facade the date 1694, and containing a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin, crowned Queen of the Holy Rosary on Oct. 12th, 1904—the Jubilee year of the Immaculate Conception—by order of His Holiness, Pius X. There is also St. Joseph's chapel, which has for its dome wood taken from the original church built in 1659, as well as other chapels dedicated to Sacred Heart, St. Jean de Baptiste, au Pere Eternel, Chapel of Reliques, St. Anne's, St. Thomas and St. Angele de Merceci—all donated by grateful souls in memory of favors received. Here it is that pilgrims gather by the thousand each year to ask for spiritual and temporal blessings, especially those of health.

East of the old church, with its annex of chapels, the splendid Monastery of the Oblate Fathers who have contributed so materially towards making this beautiful spot the centre of religious fervor that it is today. And close by the Monastery is the parochial church, the stone for which was so miraculously procured in 1879 and which gives Cap de la Madeleine its legendary significance. The story is brief, but of intense religious interest. The little church which had been used for worship from 1714 to 1878 had grown too small and it was decided to build a new stone one. Stone was very scarce on that side of the river. In fact, there was none available except what was in the walls of the old sanctuary. Would they tear down the venerable old place to procure the necessary? The reverence forbade it. There was plenty of stone on the opposite bank, but how to get it across! If the river would only freeze, but the current is very rapid at this point and the freezing always most erratic. They would pray. January, February and part of March saw the river without ice. Unlame speaking, there was no hope that winter season. It was then that Pere Desilets, the pastor, invited the whole parish to join in prayer for a bridge of ice—a miracle at that late season—and vowed that, if their request were granted, he would consecrate forever the old sanctuary, built by his ancestors nearly two centuries before, to "Notre Dame de la Tres Saint Rosaire." It was the 14th of March. The broad expanse of water extended for a mile to the shore opposite without a particle of ice on its surface. Towards evening a strong south-east wind began to blow, and during the night enormous blocks of ice were carried by the stream into a bay just below the cape. The next morning the surface of the water was covered with snow and ice. About fifteen parishioners succeeded in crawling over this thin ice, splashing water on it as they went, which finally froze hard enough to bear the burden of a sufficient number of sleighs to transport the necessary stone across the river St. Lawrence. Some of these sleighs carried as much as 3,000 pounds of rock and stone, but for the eight days the work continued without accident, while the inhabitants contemplated this extraordinary procession with utter amazement. Just as the last load was taken across the bridge gave way and drifted down the river! The new stone church was quickly completed, thus proving the efficacy of the prayer of St. Bernard to our Blessed Mother, and on June 22nd, 1888, the new church was opened for service and, in accordance with the good Pere Desilets' vow, the old Sanctuary was solemnly dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary.

Such is the story of the Shrine of "Notre Dame de la Madeleine." To call it strange would be to challenge the power of prayer. All these facts are vouched for in the Archives and Annals of the place and the evidence is there in the splendid stone church. That the Mother of God is pleased with this devotion is evidenced by the numerous blessings and favors which have been conferred at the shrine, especially since the solemn crowning of the miraculous statue in 1904. There is also poignant testimony of some of these "cures," vouched for by medical certificates, in the collection of crutches and other appendages of the "lame, the halt and the blind" which are to be seen at the right hand side of the sanctuary in the old church. The latest of these cures to be recorded was on the Feast of the Assumption this year—that of little Gisele Lamy who, according to the testimony of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lamy, also the attending physician, Dr. Gideon Labarre, was stricken with paralysis in the autumn of 1921. The little girl had been treated by Dr. Labarre, and had also spent some time in St. Joseph's Hospital, Three Rivers, but was still confined to her bed in spite of any medical science could give her. On the Feast of the Assumption this year her parents took their little girl to the Shrine at Cap de la Madeleine, where she made the pilgrimage on crutches. After the procession of the Blessed Sacrament during the evening ceremony, the child abandoned her crutches and walked. She is now strong and vigorous and able to run and play with the rest of the children. Little Lamy carried her crutches to the Monastery of the Oblates, who will not destroy the "miracle" before obtaining a medical certificate. Dr. Gideon Labarre, who had treated the child, met her a few hours after the pilgrimage. He attributed her cure to supernatural forces, and gave a medical certificate accordingly.

Much has been written and said regarding the dangers that confront the youth during the Summer months. The vacation period is particularly filled with perils to body and soul. It is the part of prudence to exercise a good degree of caution during this time.

It will not be amiss at this time to call attention not only to the dangers of the vacation time but as well to some of the pitfalls that confront every individual for the twelve months of the year. These dangers are all about us. They exist in the written word as well as in the associations that one keeps.

It is by no means infrequent to see young folk, reared in good, God-fearing families throwing restraint to the winds and giving free reign to their minds to devour literature that can not be read without a blush, even secretly, aside from the gaze of decent people. The printing presses are grinding out tons of trash that is doing its evil work of ruining innocent souls. The flashy obscene novel is by no means left on the book shelves while the uplifting book is sought for. Quite the contrary.

It would seem that the more indecent the novel, the greater the condemnation of its filthy contents the more it is read. Here Christian parents should be extremely diligent and watchful. All is not gold that glitters. A fine exterior is not a guarantee of interior perfection? Would that it were.

There are writers that make a profession of catering to the passions. Let it be remembered that if there were no demand, there would be no such lewd and immoral writings.

It is high time that this vile pest of suggestive and immoral writing be spotted and spiked. While a shape is writing, and trying to shape itself into a peaceful community, it faces one of the worst enemies in godless, base and indecent literature. Such stuff, if printed a generation ago, would earn the scorn and contempt of men. Today it is quite the vogue to know of these writings. In fact, to be in style, one must imperil body and soul with this offensive rubbish.

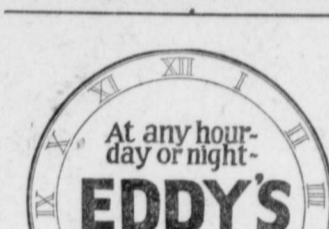
Christian parents, your duty is obvious. These children are your God-given trust. God will demand an account of the way in which you have discharged your trust. These frail vessels must be directed aright. The written word is potent of immense evil. Cast aside all that is vile and low, watch solicitously the character of the reading that your children are devouring. See that it leads them not to the great heap of immoral delinquents who disfigure this fair globe, but rather to the heights of Christian virtue and perfection. These are their formative years. As they sow, so shall they reap. If they are allowed to sow in whirlwinds, they and you will reap in tears. Now is the time for supervision. Tomorrow may be too late. Start today.—The Pilot.

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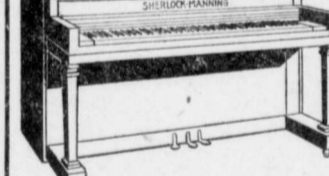
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IMMORAL READING

Much has been written and said regarding the dangers that confront the youth during the Summer months. The vacation period is particularly filled with perils to body and soul. It is the part of prudence to exercise a good degree of caution during this time.

It will not be amiss at this time to call attention not only to the dangers of the vacation time but as well to some of the pitfalls that confront every individual for the twelve months of the year. These dangers are all about us. They exist in the written word as well as in the associations that one keeps.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1928

THE NEXT WAR

During the Great War many were deluded by the specious piece of propaganda that this was the war to end war forever. So obsessed had we become with the idea that we embodied all the virtues and that the "Huns" monopolized all the vices of human nature that we were easily convinced that, the "Hun" peril removed, civilization would move peacefully on to the new heaven and the new earth promised by the propagandists. That view of things seemed somewhat strange to those of us who remembered that prosperous and enlightened Germany, the cradle of the Reformation, had so often been held up as a conclusive proof of the superiority of Protestantism. And this reminds us of another strange obsession with many otherwise intelligent fellow-Canadians. Notwithstanding their firm conviction that the Pope caused the War they never adverted to the fact that it was on Catholic France, Catholic Belgium and Catholic Italy that we had to depend for support in the life and death struggle, while Protestant Holland, Protestant Denmark, Protestant Norway and Protestant Sweden stood aside and lifted not a finger to help.

Well, we have discovered that the Germans were not so black as they were painted and we have laid aside our halos. The war to end war did not end anything, and the new heaven and the new earth are still far, far off, though the Hun peril has entirely disappeared.

Partly, perhaps, from a natural disinclination to admit that we were completely humbugged, and partly because some effect of the anti-German war propaganda still remained, there was a flutter of surprise and resentment when Admiral Sims lightly brushed aside some of our most cherished reasons for hatred of the Hun. To make matters worse the Admiral was not in the least anti-British nor in the remotest degree pro-German.

Now comes Col. J. F. G. Fuller, who, in his book "The Reformation of War," makes us feel positively ashamed of our erstwhile loyal credulity. Col. Fuller is an Englishman, an English soldier who knows war both in theory and in practice. He has fought through two of England's wars, winning the Distinguished Service Order in the last. "To anatomize war," he writes, "is to gibber like a fool, and to declare it to be unreasonable is to twaddle like a pedant. Love is unreasonable and so is madness. All things divine and diabolical are unreasonable, and mixed with clay from out of these two unreasoning opposites emerges man, a vibrating mass of unreasoning instincts which will out, and demoniacally so when they are imprisoned. As well attempt to damp down Erebus with a duster as to attempt to control the primitive instincts of man by oath, syllogism or agreement."

Quite a different tune from "The War to end war" and "Never again."

In his desire to open the eyes of his compatriots to "the dangers of rules based on pseudo-humanitarian vaporings" he is shockingly honest.

"The fourteen points and the League of Nations ruined the peace treaty, because they were based on

sublime nonsense and not on common sense, which includes human nature. The terms of the armistice based on the fourteen points proclaimed the brotherhood of man. * * * The Germans, ever foolish in diplomacy, swallowed the fourteen points hook and all. The Allies thereupon drove the German skin. * * * Just as in 1914 the Germans tore up their treaty because self-preservation demanded that their armies must advance through Belgium, so, in 1919, the Allies tore up their armistice terms."

And that was not the only solemn obligation that England treated either openly or covertly as a scrap of paper. The "Declaration of Paris," to which Great Britain became a party, agreed to exempt from capture in time of war enemy goods in neutral ships and neutral goods in enemy ships. By this agreement, our author avers, England "hung a millstone around her neck." And he continues:

"From the opening of the War onward, few opportunities of a surreptitious nature were missed by Great Britain to file through the shackles of the Declaration of Paris. * * * Having agreed to it in peace time, Great Britain tried to wiggle out of it in war time."

No, he argues, do not let us be fooled by "incantations on the lines of the Declaration of Paris or the Declaration of London." Do not let "pseudo-humanitarian vaporings" blind us to the fact that when war comes, nations use the most effective weapon available, be it what it may.

Did not both England and Germany try to starve each other out? And then he fairly takes our breath away by placing England's investment of Germany on precisely the same footing—because the object in each case was identical—as Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare.

"If the slow starvation of German men, women and children by means of investment did not contravene the spirit of international law, then neither did unrestricted submarine warfare contravene it, though it may have infringed the letter of the tradition which this law had created. If starvation is right in one case it is right in both. The drowning of non-combatants is but an incident in the operation of killing by starvation, it does not affect the principle underlying this act."

Col. Fuller holds that in the evolution of warfare the next war, even though it come within a few years will make the Great War of 1914-18 seem an archaic struggle between barbaric hordes. The traditional soldier will have gone. The airplane will have made the two opposing armies locked in deadly struggle utterly useless. What use of armies advancing, locking horns, struggling, if a fleet of airplanes can leap the barrier and carry destruction into the heart of the enemy's country?

Destruction will be wrought by gas, the most effective weapon that the world has yet seen. There is still a lingering belief that Germany alone used this "diabolical" weapon in the Great War. Of course it was used on both sides.

Col. Fuller then unfolds his conception of the Reformation of War.

"A nation which destroys the economic resources of its enemy, destroys its eventual markets, and thus wounds itself. War must entail some loss, but the less this loss is the greater will be the victory; consequently, the military object of a nation is not to kill and destroy, but to enforce the policy of its government with the least possible loss of honor, life and property. If the enemy can be compelled to accept the hostile policy without battle, so much the better. If he opposes it by military force, then it should never be forgotten that the strength of this force rests on the will of the Government which employs it, and that, in its turn, this will rests on the will of the nation which this Government represents. If the will of the nation cannot directly be attacked then must the will of the army protecting it be broken. In the past this will has been attacked by attacking the flesh of soldiers, and so consistent has this been, that the idea has arisen that the military object of war is to kill and destroy. Thus, in the popular and military imaginations, the means have obscured the end; con-

sequently, the prevailing idea of all parties in the recent War was destruction, to destroy each other, and so blinded were they by the means that they could not see that in the very act they were destroying themselves, not only during the war, but in the peace which must some day follow the war.

"I believe that the world is slowly learning this lesson, and that, as in my opinion wars are inevitable, the old idea of warfare based on destruction will be replaced by a new military ideal, the imposition of will at the least possible general loss. If this be so, then the means of warfare must be changed, for the present means are means of killing, means of blood; they must be replaced by terrifying means, means of mind. The present implements of war must be scrapped, and these bloody tools must be replaced by weapons the moral effect of which is so terrific that a nation attacked by them will lose its mental balance and will compel its Government to accept the hostile policy without further demur."

That is directly contrary to the uninformed prediction, so freely and so frequently made, that the next war will be so brutally effective along the old lines that it will destroy civilization.

On the contrary Col. Fuller writes:

"I believe that in future warfare great cities, such as London, will be attacked from the air and that a fleet of 500 airplanes each carrying 500 10-pound bombs of, let us suppose, mustard gas, might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into panic within half an hour of their arrival. Picture, if you can, what the result will be! London for several days will be one vast ravine Bedlam, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shriek for help, the city will be in pandemonium. What of the Government at Westminster? It will be swept away by an avalanche of terror. Then will the enemy dictate his terms, which will be grasped at like a straw by a drowning man. Thus may a war be won in forty-eight hours and the losses of the winning side may be actually nil!"

A fleet of airplanes might succeed in repelling the invading fleet. Colonel Fuller suggests another possibility. Suddenly all the enemy airplanes "swoop down to earth and crash upon the ground. The victorious side, all unknown to the enemy, has discovered how to derange, by means of etheric waves, the mechanism of the hostile planes."

That this suggested possibility may have already become an actual achievement is the purport of a despatch last week from Paris telling of the great number of French planes brought down in a certain part of Germany and there confiscated.

War may come so soon that there will be no time for that reformation of which Col. Fuller writes. Lloyd George, referring to the European situation, said only the other day: "At any moment, there was danger that things might happen that would once more precipitate the world into the carnage and horrors of the Great War."

At all events we may learn to be a bit distrustful and suspicious of the propaganda that precedes war; and that, war or no war, accompanies the shifting national diplomatic alignments in unstable Europe.

MGR. CORBET'S JUBILEE

Those who enjoyed the privilege of participating in the celebration of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corbet's fiftieth anniversary of his ordination will not soon forget the remarkable manifestation of good-will and high esteem for the venerable and still vigorous jubilarian.

Clear-seeing, earnest and zealous Mgr. Corbet was a man of decided convictions; and in shaping speech and action in accordance with his judgment he was always absolutely fearless, disdainful of the disagreeable consequences that give pause and let us call it prudence to less virile characters. And yet it was this man, fearless and uncompromising in fidelity to his honest convictions, who was the recipient of a most remarkable manifestation of genuine respect, esteem and love. This was the deep, ineffaceable impression made on all who were privileged to be present. Complimentary, even flattering, references

are in order on such occasions; but here one and all were evidently sincere and speaking from the heart. The federal and provincial representatives, an ex-member of Parliament, the warden of the united counties, the Mayor of the city, Mr. Justice Smith of the Supreme Court of Ontario and others, all Protestants, bore willing and grateful testimony to their respect and affection for Mgr. Corbet; and, almost without exception, pointed to the fact of mutual good-will and esteem between the Protestants and Catholics, French and English, of the district as the ideal for all Canada. There is something here that not only honors Mgr. Corbet, but that reflects great credit on the whole community. It shows that a man may be straightforward, outspoken and fearless, true to his convictions, and yet be held in the highest regard by those whose many things differ profoundly from him. A lesson for all Canadians as many pointed out; but, perhaps, a special lesson for Catholics. We may be firm without being truculent, uncompromising, and yet considerate of the convictions, the feelings, even the prejudices of opponents.

Archbishop McNeil suggested something else that might well be given some thought. We were gathered there to honor a man who received his education when—so we confidently believe and boast—educational facilities and advantages were meagre compared with what we enjoy today. And yet he, like so many of his generation, was scholarly, a man of deep and solid reading, and capable of presenting his views forcefully before the public, able to write. Without going so far as to affirm the fact, His Grace questioned if the results of education today were as satisfactory. It is something worth thinking over.

Father Corbet comes of that old Scots stock that settled Glengarry a century ago. They are all proud of their Scots descent; but they are out and out Canadians without qualification. Bishop Couturier said: Father Corbet is a great Canadian, and he is a great Scot. Now that is a great truth. Canada is a new country; from Scotland, from Ireland, from England, from France and from other countries our fathers brought something, a heritage of great value. The Glengarry Scots cherish their traditions and customs, are proud of the achievements of their fathers; but they are great Canadians.

These are some of the many lessons, all helpful and suggestive, that we learned at Father Corbet's golden jubilee. They are not all. Some were too deeply sacred to write about easily. It is safe to say that priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants, all who participated, will long cherish the impressions of that day when the life-work of a good man and great priest received such sincere marks of genuine appreciation. And we shall all be the better for remembering.

THE PASSING OF COURTESY

By THE OBSERVER

A few weeks ago I made some remarks in this column on the bad manners that are so noticeable at the present time, especially amongst young people, and even on the part of children towards their parents and towards others who are older than themselves. Since then I have seen an article by a writer in the Boston Herald, which so far corroborates what I have said, that I think I shall quote part of it here:

The lack of courtesy to day is by no means confined to the young, it is seen everywhere, every day, and is not getting better. When three or four people walking abreast take possession of the sidewalk, the approaching pedestrian, regardless of age, may wade into a snowbank, mount an ice pile, step in the mud or dust, or flatten out to wait for the crowd to pass. Snowbanks may have their charms, but like mud and ice and dust, a little will go a long way.

Whispering in a public hall during a performance is most annoying. It was Mark Twain who endured it for a time and then rose and asked in no uncertain tones, "Can't you keep still back there?" The chatterers could not do, and Mr. Clemens and his party heard the rest of the concert in comfort. Many of us would like to ask that question of busy talkers at theatres, movies and concerts today.

School children are justly criticised for their bad manners in school, in electric, on the street. The teachers can't do all the training

and it's a case where parents owe something to their children. As The Boston Herald said the other day, "Ill fares the child when the home leaves to the school what the school is leaving to the home." Good manners should be as much in the regular course as hygiene, good citizenship, or any other study. Few things are more unattractive than a rude young person, and it isn't fair to the child to let ill manners pass lightly by; while nothing is more attractive than courteous youth. But by no means are modern boys any more discourteous than modern girls. It's "six of one and half a dozen of the other." As Shakespeare put it, "There's small choice in rotten apples."

One of the noticeable differences between private and public schools is the courtesy shown. The private school teachers recognize the importance of courtesy and have the home background of the children as a basis. Some public school children have excellent training at home, but many of them are not so fortunate. Proud was the mother whose son when a sophomore received a medal—the first of the kind ever given by that college—for "Christian courtesy." A charm of manner like his is worth more than principalities and powers and his influence lingers long after college life is over.

Courtesy is the ability to put one's self in the other person's place. The basis is kindness, unselfishness, a desire to make people comfortable. It is "the golden rule in bloom."

It is a pity that some people drop their good manners with their coats and hats when they enter their homes, for the home where courtesy exists has a charm found nowhere else. The school where the teacher treats her fellow workers and her pupils with politeness is the school par excellence in the city, always pleasant to visit. And the children there are the happiest. The host and hostess who put their guests at ease, who see that all are well placed, who can draw out the best in people, who possess the charm of manner that goes far toward raising society ideals. A gracious courtesy met on the train, in a store, anywhere in public place, leaves as permanent an impression on the stranger who has received it as a beautiful picture, a strain of enchanting music, a fragrant flower.

At a country club in one of our pleasantest cities several women were talking together about the desirableness of good manners when a popular leader of the so-called smart set came in. "Manners, manners," he exclaimed, "I don't believe in manners." There we are, and that is the root of the matter. Can't we get a stronger hold on the "alluring acts of politeness," as Webster defines courtesy, and not lose them in the stress of the age? They are needed today more than ever to elevate the tone of society, of the home, of the school. The real passing of courtesy will be a calamity.—Julia E. Deane in The Boston Herald.

Courtesy, it seems, does not necessarily increase with general education. There are many uneducated people—uneducated I mean in the ordinary accepted sense of book knowledge—who have a very fine sense of consideration for other people, and it is often accompanied by a dignity which is far superior to the half-supercilious air of self-satisfaction which is the most noticeable thing in the manners of the present generation.

The defect in the manners of today is a reflection of the widespread and general selfishness of the pleasure-loving age in which we live. There are many other manifestations of that selfishness. There is, for instance, the abandonment of the fine custom of retiring awhile from public amusements and the wearing of sad-colored garments in honor of the memory of the dead. This is due to selfishness. The abandonment of the custom of sitting up and watching over the bodies of dead friends; we cannot be bothered doing that any more; it is not a comfortable custom for us, and so we find an excuse for stopping it.

In all these cases, we consult our own comfort or convenience; and so it is in the matter of the little courtesies which make life easier and smoother and are an aid to social relations instituted for the greater satisfaction of the greater number. We cannot, or rather we will not, be bothered being polite, because it requires a little thoughtfulness for others and we are quite convinced that our own selves are entitled to all our thoughts and that it would be mere waste to give any of our thoughts to anyone else.

Have we trampled on a lady's foot? Well, what about it? Let her keep out of the way; we are in a hurry. Do we meet an old man who is getting a little shaky on his feet, on a narrow stairway? We may have to wait a moment in that case; but we say things about him under our

breath. Old fool; why does he take up room; let him stay at home.

An old lady who has been accustomed to courtesy all her life, hesitates a moment in the doorway of a street car to get her footing; a conductor gives her a rude push into her seat; her lips quiver at the unaccustomed rudeness, but she might as well be silent; she belongs to an age of manners; and manners have been sent to the scrapheap. All she can do is hope that in the whirligig of the world's changes, someone may sometime again discover how beautiful and helpful and comforting to all the people of a country, are good manners, and the forgetfulness of self that is at the root of good breeding and courtesy.

But the philosophy of the present time—the more's the pity—is the love of self above all else. The little boy of four years asserts himself and his imaginary importance in the face of his parents and of their authority, and instead of putting him in his place, they applaud him. There is the source of the evil; in the lack of training in the home. Children are growing up with the firm conviction that they and their own little affairs are the only things worth thinking about in the world, and that other people are only entitled to bare toleration.

Does this seem exaggerated? Look about you; watch, and consider.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT ST. PATRICK was a Protestant is an old and familiar claim. There are those indeed who relegate him to the Baptists, but the secret of their animosity we have never quite been able to fathom. The latest development, however, is that St. Thomas a Becket, one of the most outstanding champions in all history of the rights of the Church and of Papal Supremacy, was also a Protestant. Seriously, there is a section of the Church of England—a small section it is true—that is now laying claim to the Martyr of Canterbury. Why not claim St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Dominic, and Cardinal Pole and be done with it?

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Scotland to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of Dornoch Cathedral. A meeting was recently held, at which the Duke of Sutherland presided, to determine the character of the ceremonies which will commemorate the work of a generation whose faith and piety was manifested throughout the land by the erection of those beautiful edifices which even in their ruins give the lie to the vile pretenses of the "Reformers." It is improbable that the Catholics of Scotland will have any share in the celebration, but, notwithstanding, the calling back of these old days, when their country was an integral part of Christendom, cannot but redound to the advantage of the Old Faith, and adds quota to that "stream of tendency" back to the old paths.

MEANWHILE the erection of Catholic churches throughout the land continues to be a feature of the time. Within the past few weeks at least three have been completed or begun in the dioceses of Edinburgh and Glasgow. A new church in the new mission of Tarbrax in the archdiocese of Glasgow was dedicated by Archbishop Mackintosh in the last week of August and in the same week Bishop Graham, coadjutor of Edinburgh (himself a convert Presbyterian minister) dedicated a new church of substantial proportions at Methil, Fife. Thirdly, a church to cost £7,000 is to be erected at Tranent, on the ruins of the old one which was burned during the period of the suffragette outrages of 1914. And all three are due not to the "Irish invasion," but to the initiative of native congregations.

IN THE "Order and conduct of Divine Service of the Church of Scotland" recently published by Lord Sands, the noble author indulges in sundry reflections on the falling-off of church-attendance in Scotland and asks: "Is the exercise of the duty of public worship agreeable, or is it irksome to the ordinary man as we find him?" and he goes on to say that "the test that brings home the truth is that applied to what a man does when away from home, and released from custom, convention, and domestic or social pressure." If that is a fair test, there can be

no doubt that the hold of the Churches is very slight on holiday-makers. Not many of them think of church if the weather is fine; but last Sunday being wet, I heard more than one individual remark in a resigned tone, "I think I'll go to church." The falling-off which Lord Sands deplures, he attributes largely to the attraction of the golf links and the motor car—evils not confined to Scotland or to the Presbyterian denomination. Catholics certainly in this country are not immune from the reproach.

THE EDINBURGH Scotsman comments sadly on the subject of emigration to Canada. "Canada," it affirms, "has well-nigh limitless natural resources still waiting to be developed. Of her population of ten millions a large proportion is employed in the towns and cities, while great tracts of potentially fertile land are but sparsely inhabited. This country has about a million more people over and above the normal increase of population and in spite of the heavy losses in the War than it would otherwise have had in the past eight years. A large share of these could be absorbed by Canada."

AND, ENLARGING UPON the type of settler desired, the Scotsman proceeds: "Before the War Canada attracted the majority of British emigrants, but since then Australia has come more into favor, owing doubtless to the facilities offered in the way of assisted passages. If, as may be hoped, the Canadian Government now intend to cooperate to the best of their ability under the Empire Settlement Act, Canada may recover her former position. The success of any such scheme depends on mutual action in the Dominions and in this country. The advantages also will be mutual. For while Britain is thus enabled to reduce her surplus population, the Dominions obtain the increase they need, and with that improve their powers of development. As the Dominions have grown our trade with them has expanded. The process of absorption of immigrants is bound to be slow, but it should be carried on steadily. It must be regulated by the rate at which the country can be opened up, communications established, and transport provided. The 'right type of settler' admittedly should be obtained, but there is perhaps a tendency to insist on this too narrowly. Youth, sturdiness, and activity are certainly needed in those who are to settle as pioneers on the land, as well as some knowledge and experience of the conditions obtaining in the country. Britain has many of the type required, who, if they were given the chance, might be expected to 'make good' in Western Canada."

IN THE latest issue of Chamber's Journal, which still keeps to the van as a readable and informing periodical, there is an interesting article on the Appian Way, that great highway of ancient Rome which still in point of endurance testifies to the thoroughness of the work of the Romans as road builders. Historically the author makes but scanty reference to the Way's Christian traditions. To the Catholic it must ever be memorable for its association with the early martyrs, and as the scene of St. Peter's entry into the destined capital of Christendom. But writing of its most ancient traditions he says: "Those who go to Rome walk too little upon the Appian Way. It is not specially recommended to the tourists. True, there are other things, so many of them, to see and do in Rome, and they may be more historically spectacular. The Appian Way, to the eyes and minds of some, may not appear like a brilliant relic of the past. It is not at once accessible. One must take a motor-car or go down to the public omnibus by the Trajan Forum to reach the gate of San Sebastian, and pass some way beyond it to the gentle incline by the side of which the majestic tomb of Cecilia Metella stands. Here about we emerge into something like open country, and the Appian Way leads on before us, straight out towards the east. It is a roughish road, but little cared for now. In the winter-time it is deeply rutted and muddy. There is waste grassy land about the sides, and walls which were built by the successors of Balbus, the specialist in these constructions. Poplars and cypress trees are bent by the prevailing wind."

CONTINUING: "Here and there is a Roman cottage of the time, the occupants living in the humblest way; and there are farmhouses of sorts with husbandmen at humble work. But most specially, as is known to all, here for miles, at intervals, are the ruined tombs of Romans of the past, some eminent, many rich; Romans of different periods, representatives of different phases and complexions of the glory of this city. They are of many sorts and sizes, these ruined tombs. There are marble fragments, some with effigies upon which simple modern cottages have sometimes been built. They seem now to be poor neglected things; but what glory has this Appian Way not been the witness of since Appius Claudius began it about three hundred and twelve years before the beginning of our new era?"

ONE MORE extract may be appreciated: "He who now comes to walk in thought and meditation along this Appian Way, for choice on a day that is a little dull and chilly, when soft tints lie upon the landscape, must find this one of the most deeply impressive experiences in Rome. Here is a road of history, of ghosts, of warnings. There is no walk on earth that can yield profounder meditation. Yet so few of those who should come this way. Some Americans whiz out to a point for a few minutes and back again, and on Sunday afternoon items of young Rome come here a-courting because it is quiet, almost a secluded walk, and not like the Pincio, where people promenade to see and meet their kind. There are distinguished Romans, hundreds of them, who have never seen the Appian Way, though it is within half-an-hour's walk of the Piazz di Venezia."

COMING AUSTRIAN POLL IMPORTANT

SUCCESS OF PREMIER SEIPEL HAS AROUSED RIVAL AMBITIONS

Vienna, Sept. 20.—The term of mandate of the present Austrian Parliament has come to an end and the general elections in this country will take place on Oct. 21. The election will be of supreme importance to the Catholics of Austria. Not only are there at stake political questions vital to the safety of the State, including the confirmation and continuation of the ministry of Dr. Seipel, the Catholic priest who has rescued Austria from ruin, but there are questions supremely important to religion, including the safeguarding of the Christian family and school from the concentrated attacks of irreligious elements, which continue their attacks on Catholic matrimony, Christian education and other existing Christian institutions.

The magnificent record of Monsignor Seipel, which has brought Austria congratulations from the ends of the earth, has been commented on so favorably abroad that those outside Austria may wonder that the victory of the Chancellor and the parties which supported him is not a matter of course. But it must not be overlooked that the restoration of order required many heavy sacrifices on the part of the Austrian people and that even the legitimate wishes of many classes could not be met with while the battle with chaos was being waged. Many indeed, seeing the ruin of the country has been averted and that Austria money has been stabilized are inclined to pretensions which they themselves would have thought absurd a year ago. It is in this human tendency that the Socialistic and demagogic attacks will find fertile ground and there is no question that there will be herculean efforts to capitalize the discontent of the thoughtless.

PRESENT STRENGTH OF PARTIES Up to the end of the mandate, Austrian Catholics, who are represented in Parliament by the Christian Social Party, had 85 votes. The German Nationalists had 29, Democrats 1, and the Socialists 69 seats. Dr. Seipel last summer succeeded in forming his parliamentary majority out of the anti-Socialistic parties and rested upon this power to begin the great work of restoration which has been the amazement of the world.

Politically the significance of the coming elections consist in the fact that they will show whether his work of salvation, order and peace is to continue, or whether Socialism, which accused Dr. Seipel of high treason, is to triumph.

For economy's sake, in the new elections, the number of seats will be reduced to 165 as against 188 previously, of which the government mustered 115. On the present proportional representation the Chancellor should be able to command 103 of these 165 seats. Should he succeed in raising this number to 110, he will have succeeded in gaining the important two thirds majority.

An indication of the magnitude of the restoration carried out by Dr. Seipel may be gained from consideration of the present status of Austria as compared with that of last September. A year ago the country was delivered to despair; now it is working calmly and economizing again. At the end of last September there were thirty-one milliards of Austrian kronen on deposit in the savings banks. Last July these banks showed savings amounting to 800,000,000 milliards of Austrian kronen, proving the return of confidence in the State and its legal tender. Every citizen is today aware that private property honestly acquired is safe. The State militia, which once assumed the aspect of a Socialist pretorian guard, threatening the parliament and the population, now peacefully and orderly restored order in itself and throughout the land. The authority of the State and the estimation of law have been revived. Attacks on Christian schools and the indissolubility of Christian marriage have almost ceased.

FOREIGN POLICY ALSO SUCCESSFUL No less successful than his internal policy have been Dr. Seipel's relations with other nations. He has made pacific and loyal connections on all sides. His ability to silence the efforts to unite Austria to Germany was chiefly responsible for saving the country from the difficulties and dangers that now threaten that unhappy land. In fact, were it not for the bitter antagonism of the Socialists and the irreligious, who count on swinging many of those who have suffered private ills to their side, there would be no question of electoral victory of this great statesman, who seems to be endowed, as it were, with grace from Heaven for his particular work.

The elections of October 21 will be on the basis of general electoral rights for all males and females twenty-one years of age. Mandates are distributed proportionately, thus assuring the minority parties as many deputies as they have votes.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MGR. CORBET, V. G.

On Wednesday, September 12th, Cornwall was en fete to honor its most distinguished and best loved citizen. The Right Rev. Mgr. George Corbet was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. Archbishops, bishops, an exceptionally large number of the clergy and a vast throng of the laity crowded the spacious church of St. Columban's where the venerable jubilarian offered up the Holy Sacrifice in humble thanksgiving for the great graces vouchsafed his long life in the service of the Altar. The deacon and subdeacon were the Rev. D. R. Macdonald and the Rev. D. A. Campbell; Rev. Father Duncan Macdonald was Archpriest, Rev. Corbet MacRae and Rev. R. A. Macdonald assisted at the episcopal throne. Rev. Father Huot was master of ceremonies.

The Rev. Father Hingston, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon. After the Mass addresses were read and purses presented; Father Leahy of Chrysler reading that from the clergy, and Judge O'Reilly that from the laity.

On Tuesday evening dinner was served in the tastefully decorated presbytery. The names of the Reverend guests follow:

Very Rev. Mgr. Corbet, pastor of St. Columban's; Right Rev. Felix Couturier, Bishop of Alexandria; Right Rev. Bishop Forbes, Right Rev. Bishop Macdonell, Very Rev. Mgr. Donnelly, Montreal; Very Rev. Mgr. O'Donnell, Canadian Extension, Toronto; Rev. Dean Kehoe, Ganaoquo; Rev. D. A. Casey, Canadian Freeman; Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa; Rev. Father Everett, Rev. Father Hingston, Loyola College, Montreal; Rev. Father Derouin, Rev. Father Jeanette, Rev. Father Marcotte, Rev. Father O'Rourke, Westport, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Rev. T. P. O'Connor, Napanee; Rev. Father Fleming, Rev. Father Dowdall, Pembroke; Rev. C. Gauthier, Greenfield; Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Glen Nevis; Rev. J. A. Huot, St. Columban's; Rev. Damien Secours, Chrysler; Rev. Father Leahy, Chrysler; Rev. Duncan Macdonald, Pastor of Nativity Parish; Rev. A. L. Cameron, St. Columban's; Rev. P. Murphy Nyando.

In addition to the list of Bishops and Clergy who were the guests at dinner the previous evening, the following were present at the High Mass—His Grace Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto and Archbishop Emond, of Ottawa; Mgr. Gavetti, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa; Rev. R. Martin, Secretary to the Archbishop of Ottawa; Rev. E. Nepveu, Rector, St. Charles's College, Montreal; Bishop A. Macdonald, Victoria, B. C.; Rev. Dr. Foley, Catholic Record; Rev. Wm. Fox, Palmyra; Rev. M. Fitzpatrick, Hotel Dieu; Rev. Chas. McRae, Rev. Albert McRae, St. Andrews; Rev. J. J. MacDonell, Lancaster; Rev. D. McPhee, Rev. J. Foley, Apple Hill; Mgr. Hartigan, Rev. Dr. J. McRae, Alexandria; Rev. M. MacDonald, Portmouth; Rev. E. Kelly, Toronto; Rev. Father McPhail, Ottawa; Rev. E. Meagher, Rev. P. Fleming, Rev. D. O'Reilly, Hogansburg; Rev. S.

Staley, Chesterville; Rev. A. L. Cameron, St. Columban's; Rev. P. Murphy, Cherochowski; Rev. T. Holland, Massena.

The dinner on the afternoon of Wednesday was attended by all these and by all the leading men, Protestant and Catholic, of Cornwall and the United Counties. One and all paid tribute to the worth of the great man and great priest whom all delighted to honor. The Right Rev. George Corbet was born in the township of Lancaster within the limits of the parish of St. Finnan, Alexandria, April 1st, 1841. He first attended the separate school, Alexandria, then in charge of the Christian Brothers. After preparatory studies at St. Joseph's College, Ottawa, and at St. Therese, Quebec, he completed his theological studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and was ordained in 1873 by the late Archbishop Fabre—the first of twelve hundred priests ordained by that great prelate.

The early years of his priesthood were spent in Kingston. Intimately associated with Archbishop O'Brien he early acquired a knowledge of diocesan affairs as well as a thorough knowledge of pastoral duties. Always intensely interested in Catholic education his influence is still felt wherever he was called upon to exercise the ministry. To Cornwall he brought the Presentation Brothers from Ireland and confided to these famous educators the boys' schools of the city.

Merely to enumerate the material works accomplished by Father Corbet would fill much space. Suffice it to say that St. Columban's Church, The Hotel Dieu Hospital, Nazareth Orphans' Home, all the several large and well-equipped schools, and other fruits of his zeal and energy cost somewhere about \$450,000; and there is no balance of debt that is not easily carried. Truly a great record in the material upbuilding of the church wherever in his long life he was charged with its interests.

OBER-AMMERGAU AND ITS PASSION PLAY

By Dr. Walter G. Kennedy The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play of 1922 was a manifestation of Christianity that the world was greatly in need of. It brought to hundreds of thousands of starving souls in every part of Europe and America the message of hope that the War and its aftermath had well nigh obliterated, and it gave, in the vivid portrayal of the earthly trials and ignominious death of the Saviour of mankind a newer meaning to the spirit of sacrifice, nobly evidenced in the tens of thousands of graves scattered over the fields of Flanders, and in the deep waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas.

The Ober-Ammergau drama is a survival of those mystery plays which in medieval times were the principal means of spreading the gospel of Christianity. But it took a plague to establish the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play as a permanent institution. In the year 1683 the black plague was raging in Bavaria, and though every precaution was taken, the little hamlet of Ober-Ammergau was caught in its coils, and nearly one hundred of the inhabitants perished. The terrified survivors made a solemn vow that if their community was spared further ravages of the dread disease, they would at stated periods portray for the benefit of mankind the story of the life, the sufferings and the death of Christ.

Their vow was heard, for no further deaths took place, and ever since the people of this little Bavarian village have, as an act of sacred obligation, piety and thanksgiving presented every ten years the wonderful story of the Cross. The continuous inculcation of the promise made in the seventeenth century into the minds of each succeeding generation of Ober-Ammergauers has undoubtedly had its effect on the life of the community to such an extent that the very atmosphere of the place is pregnant with the spirit and the fervor of the early days of Christianity.

Ober-Ammergau, though only two hours journey from Munich, the busy capital of Bavaria, is as isolated from the world, during the nine years period between the Passion Play performances, as though it was situated in the great Sahara desert. But to those visiting this village lying peacefully in one of the beautiful valleys of the Tyrol mountains during an ordinary year—that is, when the drama is not being put on—the daily life of the community is a revelation. The pastoral and sedentary occupations of the villagers make not only for peaceful happiness, but the life is strikingly like Bethany must have been in the days of our Lord. And this similarity is accentuated by the long hair and beards of the men, as no false beards, wigs or make up of any kind is allowed in the Passion Play.

As one watches Anton Lang, the impersonator of Christ, working as a potter in his little shed, it requires little imagination to picture Christ himself working as a carpenter in his father's shop in the little village of Bethany. The same with the village smith and the saddler, both of whom take leading parts in the play. The men look the part of the followers of Christ who afterwards became apostles and leaders of the early Christian church. The same again with the

women and the children. One can imagine the Saviour taking any of these little ones, and through them teaching his disciples the wonders of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The young women, and only single girls are allowed to take part in the Passion Play, seem to live that decorous life, so becoming to the women associated with our Lord.

Martha Viet, who in 1922 played the character of Mary the Mother of Christ, is a tall, sweet-looking woman of twenty-two. The whole of the activities of the village of Ober-Ammergau are a living interpretation of the beauties of the Christian life. Such a community is specially fitted to portray the greatest drama of all time.

THE PASSION PLAY According to the old text book, which bears the date of 1662, and which is in the possession of the Burgomaster of the village, the Passion Play of the early days, while very realistic would seem to our modern tastes crude and grotesque, and even bordering on blasphemy. But all the objectionable features of the early script have now disappeared and the Passion Play of today is a reverent interpretation of Christ's life and death in 24 tableaux and acts, interperated with special music and choruses, the whole taking seven hours to perform. The performance commences at 8 a. m. and finishes at 6 p. m.

The Passion Play once seen can never be forgotten. TULSA OUTRAGES PUT SQUARELY UP TO KU KLUX KLAN TESTIMONY TAKEN BEFORE MILITARY COURT REVEALS HORRIBLE RECORD OF BRUTAL ASSAULTS

Okla. City, Oklah., Sept. 10.—Responsibility for the series of outrages that have kept Tulsa County in a state of terror for more than a year and finally resulted in the invocation of martial law by Governor J. C. Walton is placed squarely on the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, according to information given by Aldrich Blake, executive counselor, who has revealed a startling story gleaned from 1,200 pages of testimony taken before a military court. Counselor Blake's accusation against the Klan brought out the first official admission that the military investigation at Tulsa was being directed against that organization. Heretofore Governor Walton and his assistants have refrained from naming the Klan in connection with the lynchings and other acts of brutality and terrorism. "Mr. Blake said: 'Through the 1,200 pages of testimony runs the same brutal refrain—it's always the Klan or some members of the Klan. 'In every case thus far examined, except two which have not proceeded very far, the evidence has led straight to the doorstep of the 'invisible empire,' known as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Not an alien has been accused; not a breath of suspicion against a single Tulsa citizen except members of the 'imperial organization.'

SCORES OF VICTIMS FLEE "The whole story of Tulsa will never be told. Men flee from savagery and torture. Scores of Tulsa victims have fled. The average man is pretty apt to change his address after his skin has been whipped until it is raw and he then is threatened with death if he tells. That is exactly what has happened in Tulsa, not once, but many a time—say 50 times, or 100 times, or perhaps 200 times—in a little more than a year. "The wet rope is out of style. In Tulsa they use a leather strap. It is about three inches wide, perhaps four feet long. The end of the strap is 'cat-tailed'—sliced into three straps. Fifty lashes will tame the strongest man. A mile and a quarter southeast of Alsuma Tulsa county's most famous whipping pasture. Strong men stagger away, ruined for life."

A MOTHER WHIPPED A mother roughly dealt with when a band of 20 men ridged her home and beat her husband; a child born prematurely as a result; a member of a township school board abducted by floggers and coerced into voting for a school head whom he opposed; an elderly man lashed because he opposed the way a school was run; a man and a woman routed out of their beds and taken to the whipping field, where the strap was applied to both, because the whippers said they had been selling beer—these are among the cases cited by Blake from the testimony. According to Blake, a Klansman testified as follows: "I think there were 150 men out there. They were all disguised with old hats and old coats and with handkerchiefs tied over their eyes. They had two prisoners standing near a telephone pole. The one that was whipped first was told to leave the country. The lights from the cars shone directly on the prisoners. A man from some other town talked to the prisoners. I did not know him—you see they usually have a man from some

other Klan—a stranger in the community—to take charge. It is well arranged."

"The woman who was lashed testified: "They took the quilt away from around me and I just had on my nightgown and they began whipping me and I began screaming and they put their hands over my mouth and I fell unconscious."

"I didn't know any more until I was back in the car and when I came to I was wet with blood. Some one had hold of my pulse and someone asked if my heart was beating. They blindfolded me again and brought me back home. I was sick at the time and have not been well since."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

LETTERS FROM THE MISSIONARIES WANTED A FORD

P. O. Box 29, Austin, Man., June 22, 1923, Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Donnell, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. My Dear Monsignor O'Donnell: To the priest at Austin, Man., is assigned the charge of the spiritual welfare of all Catholics in a district seventy-five miles square. This district includes three churches and six stations, and the total population falls short of fifty families. There is no train service on Sundays, and many of the Catholic families live at a distance from any railway. To many of these Catholics, Holy Mass, the Sacraments, religious instruction are available only at long intervals. Sick calls cover a distance sometimes of forty or more miles, and the tedious journeys have to be made with hired horse teams.

A Ford car would enable the pastor to get into frequent touch with all parishioners, to say Mass at the Stations at shorter intervals, to give instruction to the children, and prepare them for the Sacraments, to give speedy assistance to the sick and dying.

Bad crops and indifferent prices have not improved the financial standing of the people of the district. Their contributions scarcely meet the upkeep of the church, and the pastor depends for his living upon the Mass intentions kindly sent by the Church Extension Society of Toronto and friends in the East. I am the priest in charge, and I make a most earnest appeal to you for the sum of \$200 towards the purchase of the car. If this amount is forthcoming, I hope to gather the rest from my parishioners and personal friends. I sincerely wish it were possible to raise the necessary amount without this appeal to you, for I fully realize the many calls made upon you; but it is impossible. The need is so urgent, and the additional amount of work that can be accomplished so great, if I have this means of reaching my parishioners, that I make this appeal with confidence of your assistance. I am Rev. Father, Very sincerely yours in Christ, CYRIL JAMES SMITH, P.P., Austin, Man.

THREE CHAPELS WANTED Berens River, Man., June 17, 1923.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Donnell, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. My Dear Monsignor O'Donnell: I am in receipt of your letter of the 23rd of April, advising me to have my letter of appeal endorsed by the Bishop of the diocese. Thanks for the advice. I address this letter to Archbishop A. Bellevue, of St. Boniface, and hope he will endorse it and forward it to you.

I am a resident at Berens River, and in charge of three other important missions. Except here where I have a chapel already too small, I have none at all in the three posts I visit. So here is the object of my demand, for this summer. I want my chapel here 16 feet longer, for that I am short of \$200, and I want to build a chapel at Bloodvein Indian Reserve; there it is most urgent, but for this purpose I have no fund at all. A few dollars, say fifteen or twenty, are all that the poor people of this Reserve can give. Nevertheless they are all men of good will and as myself they would be all very grateful to the Church Extension Society if help comes from there. The chapel built at Bloodvein will be 24x28 feet, and will cost about \$500. The square will be made with logs.

I remain, Dear Father, yours very sincerely, J. de GRANDPRE, O. M. I. Facts stated in this letter are true; this is a field of poor missions in the strict meaning of the words. Any help given will be very highly appreciated and the Archbishop of St. Boniface will feel grateful for same.

Yours very truly, ARTHUR BELIVEAU, Archbishop of St. Boniface.

HELP WANTED

Rosetown, June, 20, 1923. Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Donnell, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. My Dear Monsignor O'Donnell: Many times have I appealed to your kindness and charity and was

generously answered by the ladies. They sent vestments and linen for my numerous missions; but, dear Father, once more I call on your heart, and I want you to please realize in what terrible need I am. The district here was badly affected by the cyclone on Saturday last, the 16th, and unfortunately my territory was the worst in damages of all kinds. The poor people who are too poor to support their church and pastor, will be yet and for a long time in misery, for their barns, stables and houses are in pieces, and we had to deplore two deaths through that cyclone right here in Rosetown. My church and rectory was damaged too, and I cannot see how we can bear all these expenses. The communications through telephones and telegraphs are all broken, so I cannot yet realize all the damage in my further missions, Plateau, Dunsmore, Conquest and Macrorie—but considering here around—it is to be feared that they had a lot of damage too—although I hope that there is no loss of life over there.

Please Rev. Father send us help if possible, for we need it in the worst way. The Archbishop was to see you last month for me, on his return to Regina from Quebec. I hope he did not forget; and he is so very busy and worried too. Hoping in your kind heart and charity, I am dear Father, yours very cordently.

T. E. BONNY, O. E. MATHIEU, Archbishop of Regina.

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:

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALTAR

In the shadow of the altar, oh, how oft I sit and dream Of the God I pray to love more and more; What a happy, happy feeling o'er my senses seems to stream As I gaze on the little Golden Door! All is quiet—not a murmur to disturb the peaceful calm That pervades the earthly home of my God,— It is here for every sorrow I am sure to find a balm; It is here I learn to kiss the chastening rod. In the shadow of the altar, close beside my "changeless Friend," Oh, how sweet when day is done, here to rest! In the sunshine of His presence, may it be my fate to spend All the long eternal years—God's own guest.

GERMANY AND FRANCE SHOW DECLINE IN BIRTH RATE

Germany, as well as France, is faced with the peril of a declining birth rate. The percentage of births decreased from 20.1 in 1921 to 17.14 in 1922. Deaths, on the other hand, increased from 189,804 to 219,690. There are 2,000,000 people in Germany who lack adequate lodgings. In Austria conditions are much the same, the children, the sick, the poor and the aged bearing the brunt of the suffering. Statistics for the three largest

cities in France show that the number of births for the first six months of 1923 was 48,756. For the first six months of 1922 it was 49,664 and for the similar period in 1921, 54,046. The decrease in two years was equivalent to about 11%.

BURSES FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

What is a Bursar? A Bursar or Free Scholarship is the amount of \$5,000 the annual interest of which will be perpetually applied to a student, till he becomes a Priest and Missionary in China. The sum itself is securely invested, and only the annual interest is spent for the training and education of a candidate for the priesthood. When one student has reached his goal, another takes his place, and thus all who are contributing towards the Bursar Fund will be helping to make Missionary Priests long after they have been laid to rest. Imagine how much good can be done by one priest and missionary! Let everyone, therefore, according to his means contribute to such a meritorious work. Send your contributions to Father Fraser care of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Table listing various burses and their amounts, including St. Anthony's Bursar, Immaculate Conception Bursar, etc.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE STATE OF GRACE

"The grace of God that is given to you in Christ Jesus." (I Cor. I. 4.)

Grace is the gift of God and the life of our soul. By it we participate in the divine nature. If we preserve our souls in the state of grace in life, we make certain of our everlasting reward and glory hereafter. Grace is given to us by God freely, lovingly, generously; our solicitude and daily endeavour must be to preserve it in our souls. But how few of us value it as we should! In the world how many do not believe in grace: reject it for a whim, a pleasure, an indulgence of their passions! And yet it is the all-important thing for each of us to preserve our soul in the state of grace. Yet can we know for sure whether we are in the state of grace?—for Scripture tells us that man knows not whether he be worthy of love or hatred—that is, whether he be in the favour and friendship of God, or whether he has driven grace from his soul, and left it "poor and miserable and naked" in the sight of his heavenly Father.

True, we cannot know for certain; but there are signs, which guarantee us a moral certainty, sufficient for a solid hope to be built on it, that we are friends with God, and have grace within our souls. "The grace of God that is given to you in Christ Jesus." Let us examine these signs, these tests, to help us to be solicitous and earnest in treasuring this heavenly gift.

The first is the testimony of our conscience. Conscience acknowledges that we have sinned, but can also claim that we have done that which is required for sin to be forgiven; that we need not fear that those sins of which we have repented can be our accusers at the Judgment. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity." (I John I. 9.) This testimony of our conscience is one of the greatest tests of grace, because we are only judged according to our conscience. We must "endeavour to have always a conscience without offence towards God and towards man." (Acts xxiv. 16.)

The second sign or test that we are in the state of grace, given us both by St. Leo the Great and St. Augustine, is fraternal charity. Truly, if we have God within us by His grace, how can we not have a little of the love and charity of God towards our brethren the well-beloved children of the same Father? St. John tells us, "If God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another. . . . If we love one another, God abideth in us, and His charity is perfected in us." (I John iv. 11, 17.) "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren" (Ibid. iii. 14.) And what is the life of our soul but "the grace of God, given to us in Christ Jesus?" Fraternal charity indeed is the great sign, the moral certitude of predestination, that the grace of God exists supreme in our soul. "As fire produces heat," says St. Bruno, "so grace produces charity." Charity diffuses itself to all and in all things, simply for the love of God. We see God in the poor, the suffering, the dying and the souls in purgatory, and it is to Him, through them, that we extend our sympathy, our kindness, and our help. And if we are thus charitable for God's sake, is it not that we love Him, or, at least, are striving to love Him? And to love God—is not that a sign, a test, a sure proof that we are already in the grace of God?

Remember the example of that religious, an ordinary religious as far as man could judge, who, when dying, knew no terror or anguish. His eyes were raised upwards so calmly, so hopefully, there was evidence of such peace of soul, that his superior asked him, was there no cause of sorrow or fear from the past? It is very true, the dying man replied, I have been careless and tepid, yet in spite of past infidelities I die in peace, because I have never judged my brethren, and I have the word of Jesus Christ, "Judge not, and thou shalt not be judged." My God, pardon me, as I have pardoned others; bear me no ill-will, as I have born none to others; forget my sins and iniquities, as I have forgotten anything that others have done to me. Grant me mercy for kindness; pity for my kindness for kindness. What a testimony does fraternal charity thus bear to our souls, that we are in the state of grace!

The last sign to be mentioned is this, and it grows out of the two preceding tests. If our conscience has not to reproach us with sin; if the love of God is urging us to the practice of fraternal charity, a light, a heavenly light illuminates our souls, revealing to us the nothingness, the paltriness, the vileness of this world and of all that it can offer us; and revealing to us, on the other hand, the beauty of the life of grace, giving us a relish of the supernatural, our prayers, our Holy Communions, yes, even a love of patient suffering, and a longing desire for heaven. Thus the light of grace leads us safely along the humble path that leads to life eternal. Let us pray for holy fear, lest we should lose reverence and

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care for the preservation of grace within us. How this life seems to fade away and lose all fascination to attract us; and how near the brightness of heaven seems, because of "the grace that is given to us in Christ Jesus."

OUR BLESSED LADY

TRIBUTE OF ST. BERNARD

There is perhaps no more beautiful tribute to the name of Our Blessed Mother than the words of her devoted client, the great St. Bernard: "Whosoever thou art, seest thyself, amid the tides of this world, tossed about by storms and tempests rather than walking on the land, turn not thine eyes away from the shining of this star if thou wouldst not be overwhelmed by the hurricane. If squalls of temptations arise, or thou faltest upon the rocks of tribulation look to the star, call upon Mary. If thou art tossed by the waves of pride or ambition, detraction or envy, look to the star, call upon Mary. If anger or avarice or the desires of the flesh dash against the ship of thy soul, turn thine eyes towards Mary. If, troubled by the enormity of thy crimes, ashamed of thy guilty conscience, terrified by the dread of judgment, thou beginnest to sink into the gulf of sadness or the abyss of despair, think of Mary.

"In dangers, in anguish, in doubt, think of Mary, call upon Mary. Let her be ever on thy lips, ever in thy heart; and the better to obtain the help of her prayers imitate the example of her life. Following her, thou strayest not; invoking her, thou despairest not; thinking of her, thou wanderest not; upheld by her, thou faltest not; shielded by her, thou fearest not; guided by her, thou growest not weary; favored by her thou reachest the goal. And thus dost thou experience in thyself how good is the saying; 'And the Virgin's name was Mary.'"

THE SOULS IN DURESS

Social work is the great demand of our age. As in the days of Ozanam, so now men test our faith by the expression we give to it in social deeds. There is social work in the tenements, factories and at home, there is social work in the wide regions of the Catholic missions abroad, there is social work in the famine-stricken areas of Europe where our gifts may bring relief from misery and starvation. In all these fields the Catholic can be active, but there is still another sphere of human suffering to which his charity must go out, the state of Purgatory, from which no tabulated accounts, in figures and statistics, will ever reach us of the anguish there endured, but where we know that our help is most greatly needed. To the souls there imprisoned, until they have atoned for the least and the last of their transgressions, unless our charity comes to their aid, we are bound by social ties in the greatest of all societies, the Communion of the Saints. To them, too, must our social work extend.

It was this thought that St. Francis de Sales so beautifully suggested and developed when he said that in bringing relief to the poor souls in Purgatory we practise almost all the works of mercy at one and the same time. We are thus offering true comfort and consolation to those in sorrow. We are assisting by our deeds the afflicted whom the hand of the Lord has touched. We are entering the prison-house of Divine justice, and by our Masses and prayers are lightening the chains of the prisoners, or breaking their bonds to set them free. We are practising hospitality, not indeed by inviting these friends of God to enter under our own roof-tree, but by assisting them to pass from their abode of pain into the home of Our Father who is in Heaven, into the mansions of His glory into which we ourselves hope to enter. There they will await us, but first will they repay a thousandfold our gentle services by their mighty intercession at the Throne of God.

We are, in fine, clothing the naked, not in poor earthly garments, such as we might bestow upon the

beggar at our gate, but in robes of unfading splendor. For we know them now to be pining in pitiful anguish and poverty, divested of the comfort, joy and brightness that had once been theirs in life. The love of God indeed still remains with them, but this is the greatest of all their torments that they now long for Him with untold yearnings, yet cannot reach Him unless our efforts hasten the day of their release. Thus can we exercise towards these our brethren the social words of mercy. It is not because of our own strength that we achieve these marvels of charity, but by the mercy of God which applies according to His Divine love and wisdom the offerings that we make for them.

To know in full the secrets of God's prison-house is not given to us here, but we can well understand how great beyond our comprehension those sufferings must be where the souls that departed in the Divine grace are still to be purified in the chastening justice of an infinitely pure and holy God, until every least stain of earthly vanity, every last remnant of the dross and stubble of life has been cleansed away. They "shall be saved, yet so as by fire." By the greatness of their agony and the greatness of God's love for these souls we can estimate the greatness of that charity that now comes to their relief and performs for them all those sweet offices of mercy we have just described. They are the friends of God, His Saints in duress. Thrice blessed therefore are the merciful who show them mercy, for God will bestow in return the gifts of His mercy on them.—America.

LIFE'S SORROWS

A continuous line of tragedy runs throughout the whole of life. The bleak line, trailed along our track, is ever marking down the good and bad, the guilty and guiltless with seeming unconcern—and yet there is a God who made all and rules over all. It is a mystery. But in the teaching of the Catholic Church we find the only solution that all satisfies the mind, while it tends also to ennoble our conduct. It is a key to the mystery, rather than a completely made solution.

This is her teaching, that life as we actually know it, is in its suffering, the expiation for sin.

The world, as we know it, is not as God made it. Sin has marred its beauty and destroyed its consistency as a perfect work; sin, the wrong use by man of his noblest gift, free will.

How one man's sin can work for misery and suffering we know but too well, from the history, let us say, of a drunken parent, leaving, to his children the full heritage of physical and moral disease. How, again, the selfishness of one generation of men can poison the wells of social life for more generations to come is seen in the history of the Reformation, with its rampant individualism. And that evil which has been brought about by sin or selfishness must be paid for by human suffering.

For good and for evil the life of one man is bound up with the life of other men; no man stands alone; we are a family both by nature and by grace, with a corporate life and responsibility. Therefore, it is that we have to bear the burden of one another's sin, as we share also in the glory of one another's good works.

The right view of suffering, therefore, is that of an expiation for sin, not only for our own sin, but the world's sin, too.

The innocent babe that dies in agony gains something of a martyr's crown of glory; its suffering is the payment of a debt not its own, and yet its own because it is one of mankind; and it becomes more closely allied to Christ because of its suffering.

The man or woman consciously accepting the cross, with its nameless horrors, becomes thereby a leader, because willingly bearing the burden of others; and according to the generosity of their acceptance is the degree of their eternal glory.

No wonder that so many have regarded it as a privilege to suffer, not from morbid sentiment, but from a healthy recognition of Christian principles. "These are they who have washed their garments in the Blood of the Lamb. Their youth is renewed like that of an eagle; as the lily small they flourish in the city of the Lord."—The Missionary.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHEERFULNESS

A cheery word with a friendly smile, And a loving thought behind, Are the everlasting flowers of earth
That angels love to find, And they breathe them into a floral cord
That binds your soul to Heaven, And ever a stronger knot is tied With each word of kindness given.

ACHIEVING MATERIAL SUCCESS

Some one wants to know the secret of success in life. That is not an easy question to answer because so much depends upon what is called success. Some men who have died without a cent to their names have been truly successful in their lives, and others, leaving vast fortunes, have been colossal failures. But if the question relates to material success it may be answered by certain rules and maxims that have been followed by others who made something out of their lives. Here is one set compiled as the result of the reading of scores of biographies:

1. Integrity.
2. The desire to succeed.
3. Industry, well directed.
4. Thrift as distinct from miserliness.
5. Civility under any and all circumstances.
6. The capacity for taking pains.
7. The cultivation of your natural gifts.
8. The habit of concentration.
9. Self-confidence, or a sane belief in yourself.
10. Persistence of a refusal to be discouraged.

It is possible to improve upon these rules, of course, but it is safe to say that anyone who attempts to follow all or most of them will come within measurable distance of succeeding in his or her trade, profession or occupation. It is needless to say that ideas are the most valuable thing in the world. This means that if we expect to accomplish anything out of the ordinary, it is necessary to think and think and think. The mental faculties may be improved by constant use just as the physical body may be developed by well-balanced exercise. In this connection the systematic study of your trade, profession or occupation is bound to be helpful. Thomas A. Edison says that he makes it a rule to carefully scan all the papers and periodicals that concern his life work. Often it is like hunting a needle in the proverbial haystack, but every now and then there may be a little paragraph of a three-line item that is stimulating or valuable. It is an incentive to ideas, too, and Lord Northcliffe attributed his success as a publisher to a single idea. And that idea came to him after dozens of other ideas had been tried and found wanting.

It is a mighty poor biography which does not contain something that will be helpful to the aspiring student of success. Some of these books seem to be dull and uninteresting, but the mere fact that it has been found worth while to print a book about an individual is proof that there must be a grain of wheat somewhere in all of the chaff. But the great big fact is in the incentive they furnish. The reader unconsciously places himself in the position of the hero or the heroine. The subject was a human being, even as we are. He had eyes to see and ears to hear, and the brain to conceive, and the will to execute. What others have done we can surely do. Take the life of Abraham Lincoln as a shining example. How many boys have taken it as a beacon-light to follow? How many have profited by the way in which he overcame what seemed to be insurmountable obstacles? There is not only instruction in this, but thrilling drama. It pictures a contest between a man and the life about him. Everybody loves a fight, and it is easy to imagine thousands watching that unequal contest and hoping that the man will win, as he did in this case.

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you earn it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, a hundred.

It would be easy to take each of these rules and preach a sermon on it, but it is not necessary because all of us will admit the wisdom underlying them. In one form or another they have been repeated by

most of the men who have won fame in this life. The fact that they were composed more than a hundred years ago does not detract from their value in the least. Charles M. Schwab, George W. Goethals, John Hays Hammond, John H. Patterson, John Wanamaker, George Eastman, Herbert Hoover and Matthew C. Brush have all had their little codes of action. These have not always been accurate, but they existed just the same and played an important part in their lives. Take Matthew C. Brush as an example. He began his business career by selling newspapers on the streets of Chicago, and eventually became the head of the famous Hog Island—the world's greatest shipbuilding plant. He might not tell you so himself, but there were at least five reasons why he was so successful:

1. He was always on the job.
2. He knew his business thoroughly.
3. He was never afraid to dirty his hands.
4. He stuck at a job until it was finished.
5. He had the faculty of picking out competent assistants.

It may be noticed that in the composite set of rules which lead to prosperity, we have placed integrity first of all. This has been done because honesty of purpose is indispensable to real success. This quality is not always stressed in the advice which is given to the young and the ambitious, but nevertheless it is one of the foundation stones of the edifice. It may be said that all of the great fortunes of the present day are not based upon integrity, but the answer to that is that victories won by ignoring honesty are hollow and unsubstantial, and only too often crumble into dust like Dead Sea apples. In an event, a good reputation is requisite to advancement in this life. If you are not trusted it is next to impossible to succeed.

It may not be out of place at this point to suggest that the best of us need an incentive in order to do our best. That is one of the reasons why so many poor boys in this country have accomplished so much. Being without the advantages of wealth, or position, or education they have had to struggle to get the things which come to others as a matter of course. It may sound like affection to say that great wealth—inherited wealth—is one of the greatest disadvantages a boy can have. If you doubt this, listen to the words of William K. Vanderbilt. He says that his life was never quite happy because he had nothing to strive for in this world.

More than once he declared that inherited wealth was a positive handicap to happiness. He declared that it was a certain death to ambition as cocaine was to morality. He added to this: "If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession. But the man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction, and the greatest, that of building the foundation of a fortune, is denied him. He must labor, he does labor, simply to add to an oversufficiency." One of the things that led to the success of nearly all of the persons under consideration was thoroughness. They capitalized their spare moments in the effort to know their business from top to bottom. Many failures come from the attempt to do things in a half-hearted way. Abraham Lincoln was a master of graphic expression. This was not an accident. It is true that he was without any formal education—that he educated himself—but he did this by his determination to be thorough. The way in which he grasped the power of the English language was simplicity itself. When he got an idea he aimed to express it in a way that might be understood by a child. How did he do this? Fortunately he has given us the answer. He said:

"I could not sleep when I went on the hunt of an idea until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over again; until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought till I have bounded it north, south, east and west."

The great writers of fiction have gone through a somewhat similar experience. They have not rested until they have got the right word. Building a story is akin to building a splendid house. If you would have something worth while you must get the exact brick or stone, and place it in precisely the right place. A friend of ours, who is a successful novelist, says that he has walked the floor for hours, and often gone to bed with a headache, in the search for the right word. But one that word was found it belonged to him forever, and when he had occasion to use it again it came to him without any effort.—The Rambler, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Like all things worth having in this world, a happy disposition can be obtained only by effort and by the overcoming of those traits in ourselves that make for unhappiness. Faith has a sort of vision of its own; but there is no light in which it can distinguish objects, except the light of prayer. The light of prayer is the beam of steadfast day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THANKS BE TO GOD

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness,
Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow;
Thanks be to God for shower and sunshine,
Thanks be to God for all things that grow;
Thanks be to God for lightning and tempest,
Thanks be to God for weal and for woe;
Thanks be to God for his own great goodness,
Thanks be to God for what is so;
Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty,
Thanks be to God when the barn is low;
Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty,
Thanks be to God when again they overflow;
Thanks be to God that the Mass bell and steeple
Are heard and seen throughout
Erin's Green Isle;
Thanks be to God that the priest and the people
Are ever united in danger and trial;
Thanks be to God that the brave sons of Erin
Have the faith of their fathers far over the sea;
Thanks be to God that Erin's fair daughters
Press close after Mary on heaven's highway.
—Old Irish Prayer

WHAT SISTERS MAY DO

A sister can help to cure a brother of a boy's natural awkwardness and blundering by saying all the pleasant things she can of him in his hearing.
She can do more for him by encouragement than by rebuke. "Boys flourish best in a kindly atmosphere."
She can take an interest in his fads and amusements and listen to him whenever he has anything to tell. In this way she becomes his most valuable confidante and comrade.
She can make her brother's friends by being ready to entertain them when they call. She should not be continually finding flaws in them or holding them up to ridicule.
She can teach him to be manly by occasionally claiming his protection and he will be quick to respond to such a call.
She should say nothing to her brother's disparagement before strangers. Harsh treatment will only result in hard heartedness.
Brothers stand in need of as much sympathetic affection as girls, and sisters should see that they get it.

In this way sisters can teach their brothers to be as fond of home as they are, and a fondness for home will keep anybody from straying from that path which leads to a noble manhood.—Catholic Transcript.

NUTS TO CRACK

What is it that has four legs and only one foot?—A bedstead.
What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaper.
Which is the greater number, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?—Six dozen dozen, of course.
What is that which, the more you take from it, the larger it grows?—A hole.
Why is a blockhead deserving of promotion?—Because he is equal to any post.
Why is money often moist? Because it is frequently dew in the morning and mist at night.
When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down and strikes one.
How can bookkeeping be taught in a lesson of three words?—Never lend them.
Name the first lady of the land?—Eve.
Which is the largest room in the world?—Room for improvement.
What word of one syllable, by taking away the first two letters, becomes two syllables?—Plague-ague.

What is it that makes everybody sick but those who swallow it?—Flattery.

WHY SHE IS POPULAR

Dora Deane was unquestionably one of the most popular girls in the town in which she lived, and some of the other girls wondered why. Louise Raye gave expression to this wonderment one day when she was spending the afternoon with Iva Ellis.

"I am sure that it isn't because she is so pretty that Dora is so popular," said Louise. "When it comes to looks, she is almost downright plain."
"I know," said Iva, "and it is not because she is so brilliant, for she is not as good a talker as a number of girls I know and she never got very high marks at school. All the same, every one seems to like Dora and, while she is truly a likeable enough girl, I don't see why she should be so wonderfully popular."
"I think I know why, girls." The voice came from the cozy corner in which half-invalid Grand-mama Ellis sat all day long. She was a frail little old woman, exquisitely neat and dainty in her dress, and with a very sweet and gentle spirit.

"What is that, Grandma?" asked Iva. "You say that you think that you know why Dora Deane is so very popular. Then tell us."
"Well, I think that I know Dora as well as any one in this town

knew her, for I saw her first when she was just two days old, and I have known her ever since and she will be nineteen years old the fifth of next May, for she was born the same day my first grandchild was. I think Dora is so popular because there is a certain dainty and sweet little flower that she wears all the time, although we do not visualize it as we do real flowers. It is what some one has called the 'sweet flower of courtesy.' She's a girl of a thousand little courtesies. I doubt if she ever failed to say, 'thank you' or 'I beg your pardon' or 'if you please,' when she should have said those words. I don't think that either of you ever saw her lose her temper or hear her speak sharply to any one or discourteously of any one. She is charming in her consideration for the old and she never fails to have something good to say of those who are under the sharpest condemnation. She has as choice a thing as a girl can have—a fine manner. They say that 'manners make the man.' Well, they make the woman as well, and they have a great deal to do with making Dora so popular."

"I guess that there is a good deal in that when you come to think of it," said Iva. "Dora certainly has lovely ways of saying and doing things. My father says that she has the most beautiful manners of any girl he knows."
"Did you ever know a girl of downright bad manners who was very popular?" asked Grand-mama Ellis.
"I don't know that I ever did. I know one I do not think I will name however, who is very unpopular because of her bad manners."
"Sometimes," said Grand-mama, "when Dora has been here I think of a verse of Whittier's—

"Our homes are cherrier for her sake,
Our door-yard's brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming."

"The 'social air' is made sweeter by all of Dora's many little courtesies that bespeak a good and a kind heart. That has been the secret of the popularity of many."—Western World.

THE GREATEST FORCE

Recent discoveries in physical science have led scientists to speculate about the possible exploitation of hitherto untapped forces, such as the tremendous energies that are stored up in the atom. It has been figured out that, if these pent-up forces could be harnessed to the purposes of man, the most marvelous results would be obtained, and all other sources of mechanical energy might be dispensed with. At present, however, there is no way of releasing these astounding powers and putting them to work in the interests of man. On the contrary, there is great danger in the present stage of knowledge that any tampering with these hidden energies may work terrific havoc and prove extremely destructive. Still, we know of these forces and some day, as science progresses, we will be able to utilize them.

In the moral world there also exists a power of vast possibilities which men, thus far, have failed to exploit to its full extent. It is love. Up to the days of Christ, it was but little known, and hardly applied in human relations outside of the family; and even in the home it was overshadowed by stern authority. In fact, frequently enough it has been regarded as a weakness unworthy of one who wishes to push ahead in the world and to achieve success. Christ brought love to a position of honor and gave it a foremost place in His moral teaching. He made it the very foundation of all human relations and the dynamic of all conduct. It was a startling innovation, calculated to revolutionize the entire moral world.

In spite of Christ's insistence on love, men have only accepted it in a half-hearted way. They have really been afraid of love. We imagine, even at this time, that a world built on love would go to pieces. We still believe entirely too much in repression, in force, in the application of stern measures, in retaliation, in severe retribution, in strong arm policies and in implacable justice. With regard to love, as announced by Christ, the world has its mental reservations. It is inclined to admit that love is a general rule of conduct is an ideal policy, but it is not prepared to regard the rule of love as a practical policy. Yet, Christ was no mere visionary. He had a profound insight into the nature of man and knew what was best for mankind. He has clearly, and with all the emphasis one could desire, declared that it would be possible and beneficial if love held universal sway. But still, the world clings to its own short-sighted views in this matter. It prefers the iron rule to the rule of love. Roboam adopted this rule and he brought Israel to grief and lost the kingdom he had inherited. Czars of all times have followed the same iron policy, and they have brought ruin to their countries and disgrace to themselves. The victors of the past and the present have placed an iron heel upon the vanquished and they have prepared new wars and more destruction. The employes, who imagine he can run his business without love is making a serious miscalculation.

The rule of love is a very feasible one. It really works excellently wherever it is consistently used. Where it is not used, friction is common and conflicts are inevitable. The rule of love is also a paying policy. Whatever destruction has been wrought in the world has been caused by hatred. It was hatred that led to wars, to civil strife, to strikes, to lockouts. The costs of these can only be expressed in staggering figures. Besides, the iron rule in the long run, in spite of its costliness, is bound to break down. It is long admitted that it is impossible to educate without love. The rod alone has no power to make men good. Criminals cannot be redeemed without love. In those two departments, that of education and that of criminology, the modern world has in a degree adopted a policy inspired by Christ's teaching concerning love. What-ever beautiful results have been obtained in these spheres are due precisely to that fact.

There is especially one realm in which love has found no application. That is the domain of international politics. There, as of yore, the only law acknowledged is the law of force. The sad results are visible. Mankind is paying the terrible price.

The world needs rebuilding. There is not a people that is not yearning for peace and longing for a return of good will. Yet instead of removing the ash heaps created by the war, the folly of nations is only piling up new wreckage. The scars of the terrible conflict, through which humanity has passed, are not yet healed; and new wounds are being inflicted. Evidently the world has gotten into a blind alley. It has lost the key to the situation. Well, there is one policy it has not yet tried. It is the great policy which Christ recommended. If no other power can save the world, love can. It is the greatest constructive force in the universe. But it lies neglected even as our unharnessed water power that could keep our whole industrial machinery in motion. Some day the world will exploit the force of love and marvel at the splendid results.—Catholic Standard and Times.

PURITY OF INTENTION

A great source of spiritual and supernatural loss to souls is want of purity of intention. Very many perform hard and laborious duties, and yet gain no merit, because these are not done to please God. Many again, do much for public or patriotic reasons, but these works are not meritorious, because they are not done for some supernatural end. Even good people do many good actions, but very often they merely think of pleasing their superiors, and so their works are not supernatural. Some, again, bear many sufferings, but they lose much of the fruit of their crosses, because they are not carried in union with our Lord's crosses, and for the salvation of souls. When some suffer persecution from others they are so engrossed in the injustice of the conduct of their neighbor that they never think of offering their crosses for the salvation of souls. If it is pointed out to them that they ought to bear with the injustice, for Our Lord's sake, and for the conversion of sinners, they will point out that their neighbor is acting wrongly. They cannot realize that Our Lord can make use sometimes of our best friend to be a scourge to us.—Southern Cross.

The wealth of heaven never perishes, never departs, never ceases, never brings with it care or envy or blame, destroys not the body, corrupts not the soul, is without ill-will, helps not up malice; all which things are and on earthly wealth. That honor lifts not men into folly, doth not make them puffed up, never ceases nor is dimmed. Again, the rest and delight of heaven endureth continually; ever being immutable and immortal, one cannot find its end or limit. Nothing which comes to an end is much to be desired; whatever ceases, and today is and tomorrow is not, though it be very great, yet seems little and contemptible. Then let us cling to heaving things which slip away and depart, but to those which are enduring and immovable.—St. Chrysostom.

CUTICURA HEALS LARGE PIMPLES

On Face, Itched and Burned. Caused Loss of Sleep.

"I was troubled awfully with pimples on my face. Little white spots formed at first which later broke out in large, red pimples that festered and scalded over. They itched and burned causing loss of sleep, and my face was disfigured."
"Other remedies were used without success. A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some, and after using them about a week I got relief. I continued using them and in a month was completely healed."
(Signed) Miss Marion Warner, Williamsburg, Ontario.
Daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum helps to prevent skin troubles.
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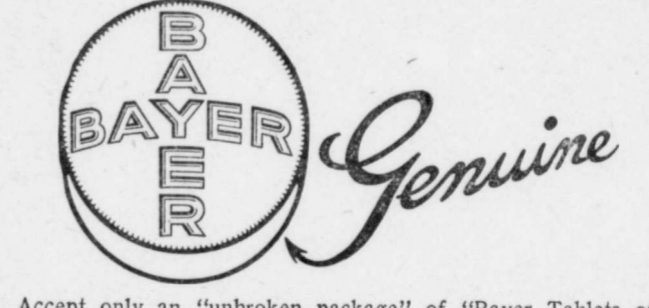
We sow a thought and reap an action; we sow an action and reap a habit; we sow a habit and reap a character—and character marks our destiny.

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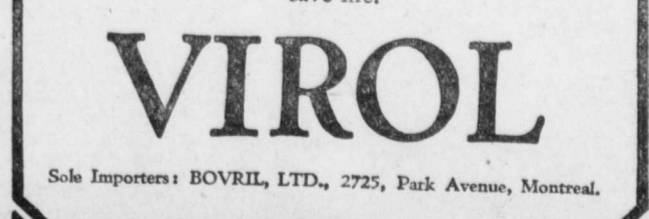
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ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

Assumption College will begin its fifty-fourth year on September 4th. The prospects of a large attendance are very encouraging. Several members have been added to the teaching body, making the staff the strongest in the history of the institution. The following priests will be on the staff during the coming year:

- Rev. D. L. Dillon, C.S.B., B.A., President.
Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., B.A., Vice-President.
Rev. W. C. Sharpe, C.S.B., M.A., S.T.B., Second Councillor.
Rev. J. S. Nicholson, C.S.B., M.A., Treasurer.
Rev. P. J. Howard, C.S.B., M.A.
Rev. C. Collins, C.S.B.
Rev. M. J. Pickett, C.S.B.
Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., B.A., Ph.M.
Rev. C. P. Donovan, C.S.B., B.A.
Rev. J. C. Spratt, C.S.B.
Rev. E. J. Tighe, C.S.B., B.A.
Rev. J. J. Glavin, C.S.B., B.A.
Rev. W. J. McGee, C.S.B., B.A.
Rev. J. B. Morrissey, C.S.B., B.A.
Rev. J. H. O'Loane, C.S.B., B.A.

Both students and faculty will be sorry to lose Father Welty, who will be at St. Michael's College, Toronto, but Father Nicholson promises to be an able successor. Father Oliver, who has been professor of English and Psychology in St. Michael's College, will be engaged in the same work in the college department at Assumption. The students will find a warm friend in Father Pickett, who won the hearts of the soldier boys by his cheerful disposition and unselfish service as chaplain during the World War.

Assumption College is entering upon its fifth year of affiliation with the University of Western Ontario. Up to date, Western has conferred degrees on thirty-one Assumption graduates. This year the number will be materially increased, as several students with fourth standing have already applied for admission. The affiliation of Assumption College with the University of Western Ontario enables the college to offer to its students all the advantages of higher education, crowned with a degree of a widely known University, without losing any of the advantages of a thoroughly Catholic college.

BRUSH YOUR TEETH ON BOTH SIDES

Care and cleanliness of the teeth is absolutely essential, therefore secure a perfect tooth brush marked "Nobility."

Each brush is guaranteed to last at least six months and is manufactured of the finest bristles possible to secure. No matter how severe you use the "Nobility" Tooth Brush it will not injure the teeth in any way. Not one case of pyorrhea has ever been reported when the "Nobility" Tooth Brush is used.

THE QUAKE IN JAPAN

Washington, D. C., Sept. 10.—Three hours before the news of the devastation of important Japanese cities by earthquake, the Rev. Francis A. Tondorf, S. J., of Georgetown University, notified the press associations here that a disturbance of major importance had occurred and gave the approximate distance from Washington to the shock.

Later, and when the news of the Japanese disaster had been confirmed, the seismograph of Georgetown recorded two more severe shocks within twenty-four hours at distances somewhat less from Washington than Japan. In the opinion of Father Tondorf, these occurred some place in the Pacific Ocean and were "balancing earthquakes," indicating that the earth was getting back to normality after the Japanese eruption.

Speaking of the Japanese upheaval, Father Tondorf said: "The records showed it to be extremely severe and that it continued nearly five hours to our seismograph. It began at 10:12 p. m. Washington time. The disturbance reached its maximum intensity shortly before eleven o'clock and lasted until three o'clock Saturday morning, Washington time."

"I gave that information to the Washington office of the Associated Press at six o'clock Saturday morning, which was three and a half hours before the first news of the Tokyo disaster came from any source. At the time I gave the information to the Associated Press, I told them that I estimated the distance as being about 6,000 miles from Washington, but that I would soon give them a revised estimate. A little later I gave them the revised estimate of 6,800 miles which I understand is within approximately 100 miles of the

distance from Washington to Tokyo.

The first Washington news of the earthquake, other than that supplied by Father Tondorf, came soon after nine o'clock Saturday morning and was based on the report of the Radio Corporation of America, which received advices from its Japanese station at Tomioka, which is 144 miles from Tokyo. These were transmitted by way of San Francisco.

Father Tondorf did not care to comment on the scientific aspects of the Tokyo earthquake, contenting himself with declaring that it was apparently of a type that came from a slipping of the earth's crust, consequent on an earth fault. A new seismograph, the only one of its kind in America, is now being installed at Georgetown. This will be in operation within two months and is highly sensitive. It takes magnetic photographs, instead of mechanical ones, and is expected to give better records than the four other instruments that are now in operation there. There were five seismographs at Georgetown, but one of these has been removed to give place to the new instrument.

STATISTICS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

According to the latest issue of the "Bulletin of Christian Schools," the official publication of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Institute conducts schools and institutions in the following places outside of France:

- America—Canada, United States, Mexico, Panama, Nicaragua, Cuba, Colombia, Ecuador, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Trinidad. 282 schools, 80,732 pupils.
Europe—Belgium, Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Malta, Rumania, Hungary, Greece. Bulgaria. 415 schools, 91,270 pupils.
Asia—Turkey, Syria, Palestine, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Indo-China, Burma. 61 schools, 21,000 pupils.
Africa—Egypt, Lybia, Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, Madagascar, Mauritius, Reunion, Canaries, Congo. 56 schools, 12,000 pupils.
Oceania—Australia, Philippines. 7 schools, 1,400 pupils.
Total (exclusive of France): 821 schools, 200,000 pupils.

Before 1904 the Brothers had, in France, 1,600 schools, 285,000 pupils, and 350 young men's societies or clubs with 33,000 members.

The Christian Brothers conduct State Normal Schools in Ireland, Belgium, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Nicaragua, Columbia, and Chili. They have Technical Schools of Art, Agriculture, and Crafts in Belgium, Italy, Guernsey, Columbia, Egypt, and United States. The most noted Boys' Clubs conducted by the Brothers are at Rome, Paris, Turin, Rheims, Lyons, Brussels, Cadiz and Madrid.

HITS HARD AT KU KLUX KLAN

St. Louis, Sept. 10.—Resolutions denouncing the Ku Klux Klan were adopted by the Democratic City and made public here by Joseph J. Mestres following a recent meeting. The resolutions said:

"These so-called 100% American organizations (the K. K. K. and its subsidiaries) whose members hide their faces behind a mask and under cover of the darkness commit their atrocious crimes, are usurping the powers of our lawmaking bodies and judicial tribunals."

It will bring you at once a copy of our booklet "Buying Bonds on the Partial Payment Plan." Therein you will find a sane, workable plan for budgeting your income and a simple method for the investment of a monthly surplus—no matter how large or small—in sound securities. A systematic programme of saving and investing a determined portion of your earnings is the foundation of an independent income. Our Partial Payment Plan will enable you to do this.

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The Catholic, the Jew and the negro are placed in a class that is un-American by this so-called 100% American organization, and we, the members of the Democratic City Central Committee of St. Louis, Mo., condemn the actions of this organization as un-American and will use all the power which we possess to uphold the Constitution of the United States and especially the amendment granting civil and religious liberty so necessary at this time.

The resolution marks the first open attack on the Klan by any political organization in Missouri, although there was a reference to the activities of secret societies in the platform of the Democratic State Convention adopted at Excelsior Springs in 1922, supposedly directed at the Klan. U. S. Senator James A. Reed openly attacked the Klan in his successful campaign for reelection last year.

TAKE CARE OF BABY

The life of a baby depends more or less on the sanitary care taken by the mother. Many an infant has had disastrous results from using a poor and unsanitary rubber nipple. Millions of "Nobility" Nipples have been sold and not one unsatisfactory case has resulted. It is a clear transparent nipple of excellent rubber, thoroughly antiseptic and will stand sterilization to the highest degree without collapsing.

IN MEMORIAM

McLAUGHLIN. — In memory of James Francis McLaughlin, who died at Newcastle, N. B., Sept. 19, 1922, aged forty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.
In loving memory of Marjorie, who died July 11th, 1921, aged twenty-five years, and Charles, who died Jan. 10th, 1922, aged fourteen years, beloved children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tobin, Brookside St., Glace Bay, N. S. May their souls rest in peace.

The lowest priced tea is not the cheapest. A pound of "SALADA" yields more cups to the pound, and so much more satisfaction than ordinary tea, that it is really the most economical to use.

Prayer is a key which being turned by the hand of faith unlocks God's treasures.

KEEP STRONG AND HEALTHY

It is impossible to feel active and energetic when the bowels are clogged from undigested food. When this condition exists it gives rise to constipation, biliousness, sick headache, a muddy skin, blotches, pimples and other liver marks; there is lack of energy and a more or less tired feeling.

People suffering from these ailments can get speedy relief by taking one or two of Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets at bedtime, and if necessary, one in the morning. These Tablets not only act as a laxative, but they are also an excellent tonic.

They are sold throughout Canada at 25 cents per bottle, and if your dealer does not keep them in stock we will mail them to any part of Canada or Newfoundland for 25 cents a bottle or five bottles for one dollar.

Take no substitutes and insist upon getting Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets. Address, The Dr. Norvall Medical Co., Ltd., 168 Hurst Street, Peterborough, Ont.

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