

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE EXPERT

This is the day of the "expert." He or she tells us what and how to eat: how to make a town beautiful or to purge children of wickedness, and to dole out charity according to rules. The male and female are in the business with a wealth of technical language and for a salary. We may have done things badly or inefficiently—that is the word in the past; but the records of social endeavor contain not a few achievements to the credit of the "unscientific" worker. And even now they are adding to their achievements. They hold no sociological diploma, but what is far more potent and productive of result is the sympathy; the charity which is not a mere poultice for chronic ills but a tonic that strengthens and oftentimes cures. We have no quarrel with the "experts" except when they take themselves too seriously. For instance, some of their statements breathe an optimism which is the property of the young and inexperienced. Not that we place them in either of these categories, for they abhor liquor and are, as a rule, in the serene and yellow stage. That they are optimistic is evidenced by their theory that all the ills of humanity are remediable. So some day when they have cut out the dangerous tonsils, and renewed bad teeth, and corrected our eye-sight, and given us of their plenteous wisdom this world will blossom like a rose. We believe with them that self-indulgence breeds suffering. But how are they going to remove the vast amount of pain that, so far as they can see, is not the effect of self-indulgence?

### NOTHING TO SAY

They may talk about the punitive and preventive purposes of pain at public meetings, but we don't think they would enlarge upon it in the presence of those suffering from some incurable malady. What have they to say about the war's pestilences, countless private griefs, terrible catastrophes? Nothing, absolutely nothing. What is the explanation of the purpose of pain? Guided by reason, by the latest and brightest light of science, they are as much in the dark as the ancients who regarded suffering as an inexplicable fatality against which they had to battle as best they could. When the rain's pain and sorrow beat down upon us, and put out the glow in our hearts we need something better than an "expert" to shield us from hopelessness and despair. We need faith in God and His Providence. And because thousands in the great cities are without the faith, they chafe under the rein of law and pour out their souls in bitter lament and denunciation. We should like to hear what a family on the edge of starvation would say to the salaried "expert."

### THE CONSOLATION

They, however, who are journeying to the city beyond the spheres understand in some manner the mission of suffering. It gives us reason; it disciplines us; it is a source of meriting. They hear the words that vibrate in the heart of humanity: "Blessed are they that weep and suffer for their is the Kingdom of Heaven." They realize that suffering is the sculptor that fashions them for heaven. It is also a balance on which we weigh the worth of the things that pass. And when their eyes are wet with tears and their hearts gripped hard by grief, they know that blessing and consolation come like ministering angels to those who say: "God's will be done."

### DEMORALIZING

Some time ago the Outlook denounced the magazines and newspapers which exploit women on the physical side. Witness the advertisements and illustrations. The emphasis on the physical grows more emphatic and audacious and its object is unmistakable: semi-nakedness is exploited for business purposes. The mischief is serious because it is fundamental; it cheapens women; and anything which lowers the respect of society

for women strikes down one of the great safeguards of society. These illustrations are an insult to women because they treat them in the lowest plane; and they destroy that modesty which is just as truly the quality of a boy of fine grain as of a high-minded girl. They diminish the strength and happiness of society by diminishing its respect for widowhood and motherhood; for the respect in which women are held is one of the measures of civilization.

### A QUESTION

A reader asks why do Catholic young men choose the frivolous girl in preference to the sedate and educated. We pass on the question to our readers. De Maistre says: "A coquette is easier to get married than a savante, for to marry a savante a man must be entirely without pride, which is a very rare thing to find; while to marry a coquette one need only be a fool, which is a very common thing."

### THE CHURCH

The Church is eternal and imperishable because she believes in God; because she carries God in her arms; and is alone able to give God the absolute need of all peoples to humanity. To destroy the Church it would be necessary to uproot God from the reason and heart of man.

### THE RIGHT MARRIAGE

Tertullian in the second century writes: "How can we find words to describe the happiness of that marriage which the Church joins together and the oblation confirms, the blessing seal; the angels report and the Father ratifies." This the marriage of Catholics, and not mixed marriage, unblest and hateful, which the Church abhors.

### WORLD'S HOMAGE TO VICAR OF PEACE

Rome Correspondence of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times

Rome, October 8.—It is with feelings of intense satisfaction a Catholic views the frank recognition given by the various powers to the beneficent work of the Holy Father. Germany and England lead the way in thanking Benedict XV. for his good offices for sick, wounded and prisoners. Belgium, Austria and Serbia do likewise. Only the other day the Republic of Chile conferred upon the Papal Secretary of State the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit, because he had been the medium through which the Holy Father wired an expression of the pleasure it gave him to learn Brazil, Chile and the Argentine Republics had entered upon a treaty of friendship. And now comes forth a French freethinker, one of the leaders of the pacifists of Europe, with a hymn of praise to the successor of St. Peter. Let me take an extract from his work recently published, a work which will be quoted widely, in periodicals before very long.

"Holy Father," writes this enemy of the Catholic Church, "you are adding a sublime page to the Gospel. You are applying the Gospel to actual events. What need is not so much the word on eternity as its interpretation at the present hour. (Mind, the freethinker is speaking) You have given to the world the Gospel of the present moment. Your call must be understood. You wish to invite all friends of peace throughout the world to hold out their hands to you to aid in bringing to an end the war, which for a year has transformed all Europe into one vast battlefield. You want all men, whether they belong to the Roman Church or not, to unite with you in a work of perfect charity. I am a freethinker and I am ready. Holy Father, you alone have the magnificent privilege of being able to say, and to see reechoed by all newspapers and to sink into all minds that which honest souls think. All honest souls—reduced for a year to the servitude of desolating silence—can at least show you the homage of their gratitude, their admiration."

### AGAINST IMMORAL LITERATURE

There is a campaign in which His Holiness has shown a deep interest, viz., that presently carried on against immoral literature in Italy. It is a terrible thing that to the poor soldiers fighting on the Austro-Italian frontier such vile stuff has been distributed to aid them while away spells in which they were not facing death. Already the Prime Minister of Italy has issued strict orders in this regard. With an eye to the practical issue, the Catholics have decided to send quantities of good literature to the soldiers. One of the chief promoters of this work is Mgr. Tiberghien, a

wealthy French prelate resident in Rome, who on explaining details to the Holy Father yesterday received a donation from the Pope on the spot.

Even in the United States Mgr. Tiberghien's zeal has been shown in a practical way in the interests of the Church Extension Society. And at present he has as honoured guests at his residence the Right Rev. Mgr. Kelly, president of the Church Extension Society, who is in Rome on important business. By way of parenthesis I may add I now cease to wonder at the marvelous success of the Church Extension Society of America, for certainly Mgr. Kelly, like Father O'Flynn, has "a wonderful way with him."

### THE MONTH OF THE DEAD IN WAR TIME

Catholic devotion consecrates the month of November to more than usual prayerful remembrance of the dead. The second of November is the Commemoration of All the Faithful Departed, and has long been kept in the Church with impressive piety. It is singularly appropriate that, in this dismal time of war, when souls are hurried out of the smoke of battle by the hundred thousand, into the presence of their Creator and Redeemer, the Head of the Catholic Church should extend to all the priests under his jurisdiction the privilege heretofore possessed only by Spanish priests of offering on that day three Masses for the dead.

Outside of the Catholic Church this privilege will have its full meaning only to the Schismatic Churches like the Russian and other Orientals, who like us, pray for the dead, and to the High Church Anglicans, who are trying to lay once more possessing hands on the ancient heritage which was wrested from their ancestors.

"The dead slain in battle!" How often the simple story of the great Jewish military leader, Judas Maccabeus, and his solicitude for the souls as well as the bodies of his troops, be remembered in the Catholic churches on the next feast of All Souls! Ever since the war began, in the Cathedral of Westminster, and no doubt in many other churches, a Mass had been offered every day for the dead on both sides of the conflict and without any other discrimination. The battlefield has been the scene of manifold mercies of God. May the dead who have already gone forth to the place of refreshment light and peace—may those who will fare forth to that dear country on All Souls' Day, pray for peace with honor, and a regenerated world.—Boston Republic.

### VETERAN PRIEST AGAIN A HERO

WON LEGION OF HONOR IN 1870

After having won the cross of the Legion of Honour on the battlefield in 1870, Father Malmuirie lived a peaceful life as chaplain at a hospital in Algiers, says a dispatch from Paris. The war came, and although over seventy he felt he was still vigorous and full of courage, and so volunteered as stretcher bearer. There were three chaplains in the army to which he was attached and two were killed. Father Malmuirie escaped and has been named in the order of the day.

"Military Chaplain Malmuirie (Jean) of the group of stretcher bearers of the first Division of Infantry, combatant in 1870, wounded at Sedan, has not hesitated to face the fatigues of war despite his seventy-one years, and has given to all the finest example of coolness and courage in bestowing care on the wounded under an intense fire."

Father Malmuirie has been proposed for promotion in the Legion of Honour from knight to officer.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

### POLICE LOSE A TRUE FRIEND

When the Rev. Francis J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, New York City, and Catholic Chaplain of the Police Department of the Metropolis, died the other day, the men of the Department lost a true friend. Two thousand of them followed the deceased priest to the grave. Bishop Hayes, who delivered the eulogy at the funeral Mass, first of all read a letter which was a eulogy in itself from Police Commissioner Arthur Woods who said, among other things, of Father Sullivan: "I have been thinking it over and cannot remember a single instance when I went hurriedly to see some man who had been shot or otherwise hurt and was in a hospital, without finding Father Sullivan there or else having him appear shortly after I arrived. It made no difference to him whether the man was a Catholic, Protestant or Jew; he was there to give what help one man could give to another man now." And again: "There are men now in the department who would be here no longer if it were not for his strong and sympathetic influence. Often when we have

found policemen so offending that it was only a matter of time before they would be guilty of some act that would cause dismissal from the force, we have sent them to Father Sullivan and he has reasoned with them, and labored with them, even going to the extent of patrolling their routes with them at times when he feared the temptation would be too strong for them to resist alone."—Sacred Heart Review.

### IS BECOMING CATHOLIC

RECENT STATISTICS SHOW GREAT GROWTH IN NEW YORK CITY

Commenting upon the birth rate in New York City, where it is shown that, according to nationality, the Catholic birthrate is the highest in the city, the New York Sun said recently:

"Another interesting point in this report is of sociological significance, since it illustrates most forcibly the influence of religious training. In the 'Summary of Number of Births, According to Nationalities,' the following figures are instructive:

"The birthrate among Germans was 11.61, among the French, 13.45, among English, 17.09, among Irish, 26.95, among Italians, 78.12, among Russians and Poles, 47.62, among Austro-Hungarians, 45.93, a thousand families.

"These figures show conclusively that parents of Catholic nationalities furnish the larger increment of population in this city. The difference is so large, the average being 49.50 among the Catholic to 14.05 in Protestant nationalities, that it must prove of the utmost significance to the social and political economist, especially if the comparative infrequency of divorce among the former class be considered."—The Pilot.

### CHURCH STANDS FOR PEACE

ARCHBISHOP HANNA'S ADDRESS AT PEACE CONGRESS IN SAN FRANCISCO

At the International Peace Congress, held in San Francisco, Archbishop Hanna delivered a powerful address on "The Church and Peace." The Archbishop said in part:

"In the momentous crisis through which the world is passing, in the final decision of the war which is devastating the earth, the attitude of the Catholic Church must necessarily be largely a determining factor. For in the struggle her children number millions, in the councils for sensation, and her guidance will be sought in the adjustment of a cause where justice and mercy and right ought to prevail.

### THE POSITION OF THE POPE

"To-night there sits in a little room in one of the world's greatest palaces a lonely man upon whom the burden of a world, upon whom the sins of men rest oh! so heavily. Of noble lineage, of high place in men's esteem, he is nobler, he is higher than kings and princes, by reason of his priestly office. His rule is vaster than that of all the kings of earth, and his cause more sacred. The confines of the earth are the boundaries of his empire, and hundreds of millions of the noblest, the purest, the truest, the most cultured of earth's sons give to him loyal, faithful obedience. He has been shorn of all temporal sovereignty, he rules in the world by truth, by justice, by kindly mercy, by love. The kings and warring princes of earth listen to his voice, and he has been able where others have failed, to mitigate the awfulness of the present struggle, to obtain an exchange of prisoners, to protect the aged, to give comfort to the wounded and to the dying, to soles the last hours of the fallen, to accentuate the greater brotherhood of mankind in spite of war's opposition. In his messages, which go to the ends of the earth, he implores his children to pray that peace may come, for he feels that there are crises in human affairs when there is naught to do save to get on our knees, as Lincoln once said, and to beg the God of battles in mercy to end the struggle.

### THE CHURCH STANDS FOR PEACE

"The Christian code begets a spirit that is uncommonly ungenerous with war. The character engendered by the following of Christ will tend to the avoidance of war where there is another honorable alternative, and in the light of Christ war, with its appalling loss of human life, with its appalling loss of treasure, becomes right only when actual aggression takes place, becomes right only when liberty and freedom to develop inherent human rights are threatened or violated, and to prevent such violation there is no alternative save battle. But when in times past war has devastated the land and filled the earth with its carnage, then the Catholic Church has sought at least to mitigate its evils.

"May I recall, in passing, the truce of God and its beneficent effects. May I recall that from the 'truce of God' has come our international

law, our international arbitration. May I recall the Religious Orders established to redeem the captive, to furnish solace to those whom war had rendered useless and outcasts. May I recall the great Democratic revival under the gentle St. Francis, which helped to break the power of the feudal lord, and did more than anything else to stop that bloodshed and pillage for which there was neither law nor right. May I recall the efforts of our Holy Father to bring truce at the last Christmas, and the efforts he is now making to stop carnage before the cup of bitterness overflows.

"And so, traditionally, the great Church stands for peace, and permits war only when in honor aggression demands resistance, only when human rights can in no other way be guaranteed. In keeping with the same traditions, when war has brought ruin, the Church has tried to mitigate its horrors, and in ways known to herself, to bring combatants to a realization of those things which make in the end for honorable peace.

### RECORD OF CATHOLIC TEACHING

"If then you ask, does the Ancient Church stand for peace, I can but point to her honorable record through the ages. If you ask, does the Ancient Church do ought to bring peace, I can but point to the action of Benedict XV., and the Bishops of Europe, in the struggle which to day paralyzes the earth. If you ask, does the Ancient Church point the way to a new peace of God, I can tell you of her doctrine on the value of human life, of man's mighty dignity and mighty place, and in the light of that doctrine, I can point triumphantly to the teaching of her Doctors, in accordance with which war is unjust when carried on save for national honor, national integrity, human rights. I can point to her traditions in accordance with which all the kingdoms of earth, and all earth's treasure can not compare for a moment to the loss of human life and the value of the human soul. If you ask, can the Church to-day help actively in restoring the world to the pursuits of peace, I can but tell you that she has no territorial interests, nor does she seek the freedom of the seas for her galleons; that in her there is no distinction between Greek and Barbarian, Slave and Free; that her children of every nation are national in the sense of being patriotic, not because in matters of faith and of principle they are separate from Catholics elsewhere; that her influence, in accord with her teaching will make men value less the things that pass, value more the things that must remain—justice, truth, right, mercy, helpfulness, love—and that when men really value things of earth in accordance with her standards, and not till then, will there dawn that day of peace for which we pray, will there appear that vision of brotherhood for which we long, and for which this magnificent assemblage stands as a powerful witness."—The Monitor.

### THE POPE'S HUMAN EFFORTS

Our Holy Father the Pope continues his efforts toward peace, and pending the arrival of that wished for cessation of hostilities, busies himself with work for the amelioration of war conditions. His heart is with those who are suffering in this great upheaval of the nations, and in every way possible he is endeavoring to mitigate the horrors of the struggle. The Observator Romano announced Oct. 2 that the Pope's sympathy to the belligerent nations to grant a complete rest for all prisoners of war on Sundays has been successful. The belligerents, who hitherto have allowed a weekly rest day, have now fixed on Sunday so that all war prisoners can attend religious services.—Sacred Heart Review.

### THE FAITH IN ENGLAND

We read in the Catholic Times that Father Fabian Dix, O. P., concluded a recent course of sermons on "The Mass" by most encouraging words on the situation of the Church in England to day. Concluding his address, he said:

"It has been God's good will to set the faith once more in England, and once again the lamp burns in the sanctuary before the tabernacle of the All-Holy, and once more Holy Mass is offered day by day through the length and breadth of the land. Time has wrought a great change, and we see wonderful things in our day. Almost on the very spot where the gallows of Tyburn stood in its grim nakedness to receive the tortured body of many a priest dragged there on a hurdle amid the jeering of the mob, there stands a convent where day and night the nuns of St. Benedict's Order pray before the Sacred Host, while the descendants of those who were most strenuous in uprooting every vestige of Catholicism now clothe themselves in vestments, and, in good faith, though pitifully mistaken, strive to offer a

sacrifice which they do not possess, and to adore a Presence which is not there. The Catholic and Roman Church goes on her way in the consciousness of her power, in the glory of her faith and sacraments. Time puts no wrinkles on her brow; age can not tarnish her brightness. She lifts up her voice and cries out to her children in sheer gladness of heart, for in that heart she wears a priceless jewel and that pearl without price is the Blessed Sacrament.

### STILL MORE ANGLICANS ENTER CATHOLIC CHURCH

CONVERTS FROM CHURCH OF ENGLAND'S MINISTRY CONTINUE TO FLOCK IN NUMBERS TO MOTHER CHURCH

London, England, Oct. 16.—Scarcely a week passes without the chronicle of one or more important conversions to the Church. Two more Anglican clergymen have been received, and once more Downside Abbey is the place of their reception. They were in charge of High Anglican churches, one in London—all Saints, Margaret street, and the other in Bristol. Their names are the Rev. R. P. Phillips, B. A., of Cambridge, and the Rev. W. Moor, B. A., of Oxford. Both are young and being without encumbrances hope to make their studies for the priesthood. New churches also continue to arise. At Teckmoundwike, Yorkshire, a costly one has just been erected, and at Rosyth, the great Scottish naval base, ground has just been secured for a church and schools. The church which Cardinal Bourne opened on Wednesday at Golders Green on the feast of its dedication—St. Edward the Confessor—marks an epoch in our churches, for it is of imposing size and of pre-Reformation architecture. Another new church has been opened at Pinner.

### DENOUNCES SECTARIANISM

We are glad to give additional publicity to the following extract from a sensible letter written by Dr. Gaylor, Protestant Bishop of Tennessee, to the Living Church, (Episcopate) "I am not ashamed nor afraid to call myself a Protestant Churchman; but I do refuse to be numbered among those fanatics who presume to declare that the two hundred and forty millions of Roman Catholics—that is, more than half of all the professed Christians in the world—are 'devoid of true religion'; and yet this is the avowed attitude of the Panama Protestant Conference. The promoters of the conference say in their published circular: 'This will be a brotherly conference as to how the needs of Latin America can be most effectively met by the Gospel of Christ'; but it does not say 'We have invited the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church to participate in conference.' On the contrary, they seem to assume the irreligion of all Roman Catholics and say, 'South America is without true religion.' I am no lover of the Roman Catholic system and its Italian traditions, God forbid; but I am glad that I am not a member of a conference which starts out with a vision so narrow and so sectarian."—St. Paul Bulletin.

### METHODIST'S VIEW

It is quite possible to differ from the Catholic Church upon points of doctrine without accepting as true every false political animosity has invented to discredit it. We shall be better Protestants, I think, for being fair. It is by no means necessary to my Methodism or another's Presbyterianism that we shall believe there was a Pope Joan; when there was not a Pope Joan; that we shall believe a religious spirit was responsible for St. Bartholomew's massacre, when the real impelling force was secular and political. Nor need a man be now unduly excited over the right of Henry VIII. to a divorce, or the question of Tudor or Stuart on the English throne, to be a devout and righteous member of the Church of England. Those old questions have hardened into history; they are no longer questions; they are facts. Mary Stuart and Elizabeth Tudor have gone to God, who has judged between them, doubtless; the Guises and the younger Bourbons—and the older, too,—have long since been laid in sepulchre; Philip II. is of less real importance than little Johnnie Jones who is playing outside the window. Let them all go; we have problems enough of our own without clinging to those we can never solve because the Lord in His own way solved them long before we were born. Let us not forget the past, but let us look at the past as we look at the present; let us bury its prejudices with its dead; its political animosities with its politicians. The Church of God is made up of human beings; its inspiration and authority are divine. And humanity has been weak even in the Church of God, but immeasurably weaker outside it. That is the lesson of the history of the Church and the states with which it has held a relationship.—Bird S. Coler ("Two and Two Make Four.")

### CATHOLIC NOTES

In Glasgow, Scotland, on a recent Sunday, 10,000 boys marched through the streets of that city, as members of the Catholic Guild.

On a recent Sunday Cardinal Gibbons confirmed at Holy Comforter Church in Washington, D. C. 320 children and 30 adults. Of the latter 22 are converts from Protestantism. The remains of the famous Florentine painter, Fra Angelico, who died in 1455, are believed to have been found in the Church of Santa Maria at Florence, according to a Rome dispatch.

In Bengal the Jesuits have converted at least 100,000 natives in the last twenty-five years. In China and Africa there are fully 1,100,000 persons under instruction for Catholic baptism.

Cincinnati will establish a Catholic Young Men's Home, which will be generously supported by 800 representative men of that city who have pledged themselves to that effort. The National Society of Colonial Dames has commissioned Sr. Melva B. Wilson, a new York nun and famous Catholic sculptor, formerly of Cincinnati, to design a memorial in honor of the women of the Colonial period from 1607-1776.

The nuns in Italy to the number of 8,000 are caring for the wounded at the front and in the military hospitals; like those of all the belligerent countries, and like those whom Americans of fifty years ago remember in the same patriotic service in the sad days of our Civil War.

A strange feature of a fire which destroyed the Catholic Church in Hewlett, Long Island, is the fact that although the altar was destroyed, a large wooden crucifix resting on it was not touched by the fire. It is not known how the fire started. The loss is estimated at several hundred dollars.

The sad intelligence is cabled that when a Zeppelin airship was destroyed between Ghent and Brussels by British aviators, the air-craft fell, landing on a Catholic orphan asylum, killing two Sisters and two orphans, and injuring many others. The Zeppelin crew of 28 men lost their lives.

The Gilbert Islands are ministered to by 23 priests, 14 brothers and 18 sisters. Since 1888 nearly 20,000 people have been baptized. The death of 4 priests from hardships and fever on the scattered islands are bearing fruit in the rapidly growing Catholic communities. The average conversions are about 300 a year.

The Holy Father has conferred upon Alderman McCabe the Lord Mayor of Manchester, England, the Knighthood of St. Sylvester. Manchester has decided to organize a testimonial to Alderman McCabe upon his retirement from office after two years' service. A representative committee has been formed to further the proposal.

With the approbation of Cardinal Fitch of New York, the Knights of Columbus of that city have begun a campaign for funds for the erection of a great central building to serve as a Catholic headquarters for Catholic societies in the metropolis. It is intended that in the new building social and educational activities, somewhat on the line of the Y. M. C. A., will be carried out.

The Rev. R. P. Phillips, B. A., Queen's College, Cambridge, and Ely Theological College, curate at St. Michael's, Twomile Hill, Bristol, and formerly holding an Anglican curacy near Leeds, and the Rev. Wilfred Moor, B. A., Oxon., curate at All Saints', Margaret Street, London West, were received into the Catholic Church at Downside Abbey, Bath, recently says the London Catholic Times.

The entrance of Italy into the War has resulted in the closing of nearly all the religious institutions of men in that country, according to the Rev. P. Joseph Rhode of St. Louis, professor of sacred history in the College of St. Antonio, Rome, who arrived on the Royal Italian liner America from Naples. He has been recalled to this country to take a chair in a Cleveland, Ohio, college. The action was caused by the mobilization in Italy, which includes all men between eighteen and thirty-six years. The institutions which have been closed do not plan to reopen until the end of the War.

Mr. Edmund Granville Ward, eldest son of the late W. G. Ward—"Ideal" Ward of the Oxford movement—died in London, September 2, aged sixty-two years. His brother, Monsignor Ward, president of St. Edmund's college, administered the last sacraments two days before he died. Mr. Ward was very generous towards Catholic charities. He had spent 10,000 pounds on a new wing for the college of the English Benedictines at Douai. This, however, was confiscated by the French government in 1903. Mr. Ward was a Private Chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII., and Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Gregory. Mr. Wilfred Ward, editor of the Dublin Review, is a younger brother.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXIX

After reading the note that Virginia had written, General Morgan went to where Hal sat, and, laying his hand affectionately on the bowed young head, said: "My poor friend! I would give much to have spared you this! For the greater than brotherly love Hal entertained for Clay Powell was known throughout Morgan's command. "But," went on the General, "something may have happened to delay the execution. Does not Major—Mr. Davidson live in the vicinity of Georgetown? If he is there, he will not allow that terrible crime to be committed, for I know that he has it in his power to prevent its accomplishment. Start immediately for Mr. Davidson's, and if you are in time, tell him that I said he must save Clay Powell. When Colonel Powell is free, come with him to Nashville, and wait there for me."

Hal's silence, for his heart was too full for words, Hal parted from his general, and the true-souled Captain Hines, and started for Willow-wild. The words of Morgan had not awakened hope in his heart, for too well he knew the relentless character of Howard Dallas; and as he recalled all the misery that man had brought to him and to those he loved, he again raised his hand toward heaven and swore to avenge it.

The night was far advanced when he reached Willow-wild. "Come right in, Mistah Todd!" exclaimed the old negro, cordially, on recognizing his visitor. "Marse is gone to bed, but I'll call him up, an' den I'll look aftah yoh hoss."

He led the way to the library and lighted a lamp. A few coils still glowed on the hearth, and when on these the old servant threw a basket of chips and pieces of wood, the red flames quickly leaped up; and standing there in the light and warmth, though scarcely conscious of either, Hal impatiently awaited the arrival of the man he had come to look upon as the good genius of Clay Powell's life. In an incredibly short time the library door was flung open, and Mr. Davidson, with his long Breckinridge cloak enveloping his tall, spare figure, was in the room.

"So you were one of the number!" he cried, reaching out his welcoming hand. "I'm glad, very glad. How many were you? I never heard of anything more clever than Morgan's escape! But then there was never such a clever man as John Morgan. Where is that man of men?"

Under this fine of talk Hal instantly reached the conclusion that the worst son was then seeking to postpone its recital or draw his own thoughts from its horror.

"I left him in Ludlow," replied Hal, answering his host's last question.

"But he does not intend remaining there any length of time, I hope?" cried Mr. Davidson.

"When we parted this morning, it was his intention to start for the South immediately. By this time he ought to be out of Boone County," answered Hal.

"Who is with him?" "Captain Hines," replied Hal; and for the first time it occurred to his listener that those words and that voice were not what he expected from Hal Todd, after such a remarkable escape from prison. He drew near and scrutinized the pale face.

"Sit down, my boy!" he said kindly. "You look completely worn out." He turned and rang the bell. "Get some supper for us, Jack," he said, as the servant entered, adding, "And bring me my slippers. It's odd," he went on to Hal, "how effectively things get away from us when we're in a hurry. I could have sworn that I left my slippers by the side of the bed, and yet when Jack called me I couldn't find—"

But Hal had sprung from his chair, crying: "Mr. Davidson, I can't stand this! I'd rather know even the worst than endure this suspense."

Mr. Davidson looked upon the speaker, too surprised to answer him for a moment; then he said, for the words and manner of the boy had filled him with a vague fear: "Let us wait until you have had some refreshment. We can talk of those things afterward."

"I can not!" cried Hal; "if he is dead, tell me. Then get me a fresh horse. Morgan must not wait for me in Nashville."

Mr. Davidson was now convinced that the boy's highly pitched mind had given way under the excessive rigor of prison life, and supposing that the disordered brain was filled with imaginings of his father, he said, soothingly: "Oh, no! He's not dead. On the contrary, he is quite well and is back again at Cardome."

Hal looked on him, then broke into a harsh laugh. "I'm not mad, Mr. Davidson," he said calmly. "I was not asking about my father, but Clay Powell."

"Oh, h!" exclaimed Mr. Davidson. "How did you hear about his trouble? I see, Miss Castleton left word for you at Ludlow." Then he sprang to his feet, and going to the mantel, leaned an elbow on it and gazed darkly into the fire, as he said: "He is not dead. He will not die the death that Mrs. Powell prepared for him. He is to be saved to-morrow night. But the price paid for his life is awful. The next morning Virginia marries Howard Dallas."

Hal staggered back as if he had received a blow across the face. For a moment he gazed silently at the speaker; then he cried, bringing down his hand with violence on the back of the chair: "By God! She won't! I'll kill him first!" and as his listener looked upon the pale, set face, he realized that the words were not spoken for mere effect.

The servant now entered with the slippers, and as he warmed them before offering them to his master, he asked: "Do yoh want de suppah in here, Marse, or in de dinin' room? De fash' gons' down in de dinin' room, but I kin light it up in a jiffy."

"Bring the supper here, Jack," he said, and as the servant left the room, he turned to the young man and replied to his angry words: "Only his death, or hers, can prevent that marriage, for Virginia has given her promise. If she had not done so, or if she were to retract it now, nothing could prevent Clay Powell from being shot at the Park gate at sunrise the day after to-morrow."

"General Morgan said that you could, that you have it in your power to save Clay from death," interrupted Hal.

"General Morgan does not understand the present situation in Kentucky," replied Mr. Davidson. "The civil authority is entirely subservient to the military, and Howard Dallas is one of those who guide its operations. If I had only Mrs. Powell to reckon with, I might use the power General Morgan alluded to; but there is also Howard Dallas. No, only Virginia's sacrifice can save him, and she is making it gladly. Her period of endurance will not be long, I think, and his voice seemed to grow glad—for she looks like a dying woman. One more innocent sacrifice must be made to complete the series of crimes that Walter Powell unknowingly inaugurated when—" but he paused abruptly.

"I have never sought to draw the veil that was hung by my elders over the tragedy that was enacted here," said Hal; "but now I ask, believing that I have the right to do so, why has Mrs. Powell pursued Walter Powell so relentlessly?"

"Because he loved Mary Clay. Contrast your highest image of womanhood with Mrs. Powell, and then tell me if there is not an excuse for a man, half poet, wholly idealist, making the mistake he did—mistake it was, as he learned afterward to his bitter sorrow. That Mrs. Powell, then Angie Kertridge, loved Walter Powell she never denied. She proved it by saving him from death." Mr. Davidson walked across the floor, and when he came back to the hearthstone, he said, in a voice that sounded strange: "Those wooden hands she wears replace as beautiful a pair as were ever given by nature to woman, and she sacrificed them for the man she loved."

For a few minutes he gazed thoughtfully into the fire; then he continued: "Among the suitors for the hand of Angie Kertridge was an Englishman, Kentuckians had little love for Englishmen in those days, with the memory of Balmorais maniac fresh in their minds, and this one made himself especially objectionable to Angie Kertridge and her friends by his persistent efforts to force himself on our society. One Christmas night there was a party at the Park, and though uninvited, the Englishman was there. I can believe that his persecution—for it had now come to that—made Angie Kertridge beside herself with anger and hate.

"Before the evening was half spent, she came into the little room of the library where a few of us were smoking and cried: 'Of the many who call themselves my friends there is not one who will relieve me of the presence of that hateful, insulting Englishman?' At the words, every man there sprang to his feet. But Walter Powell was at her side first. 'Where is he?' he asked, between his teeth. 'Here,' said the Englishman, who had followed her to the doorway.

"Powell went to where the Englishman stood, and said: 'You will apologize to this lady and leave this house immediately.' 'I will not!' returned he. 'Then I denounce you as a villain!' cried Powell. 'You lie!' hissed the Englishman; whereat Powell struck him across the face. The next morning, in that woodland pasture which divides Willow-wild from Cardome, those two stood face to face in deadly conflict. The Englishman had insisted upon swords. Walter Powell could have laid his adversary at the first shot with fine Englishman's weapon. Kentuckians seldom settle their disputes after the European method. Yet I doubt not he would have come from the conflict victor, were it not for an accident, insignificant in itself, but a potent factor in shaping the destiny of those who, invited and uninvited, were in the wood that morning. The day had come in with a misty rain, and the dampness had taken the slight stiffness out of Powell's linen cuffs, which, after the fowling of the day, lay back from the wrist over the coat sleeve. The cuff gradually crept down over his hand. We saw it was troubling him. His adversary saw it, too. Powell could not ask for time; to continue was to invite defeat; so he deliberately lifted his left hand to thrust the refractory piece of linen. A gentleman would have scorned to take advantage of the moment, but the Englishman was a cowardly cur. Quick as a flash, his sword was in the air, then, in a downward stroke straight for Walter Powell's heart.

"How she came there unobserved we never knew, but Angie Kertridge's beautiful white hands flashed between the sword and Walter Powell's breast. She aimed to catch the sword; instead—oh, my God!" and the speaker sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor—"the horror of it! When one of the girl's hands fell to the ground and the other lay on Powell's white shirt front, a mutilated mass of bleeding flesh!"

He came back and dropped into his chair, and Hal saw that his face was white as snow.

"I have never been able to recall that morning, my young friend," he said, after a pause, "but all its dread does not break on me and overpower me. Your father sprang forward and took her in his arms, while the physician began to examine her hands. The duellists had dropped their swords and stood gazing at each other; then the Englishman turned and slunk out of the wood, while after him rang Angie Kertridge's voice, as she cried, 'Coward! coward! coward!' I have only to shut my eyes and listen, to hear that woman's voice as she uttered that word. It has rung in my mind all these years, and Lewis Castleton told me a short time before he died, that memory had the same trick of repeating it for him; and I doubt not your father and Walter Powell have heard it break unexpectedly across many an hour's silence. Her voice seemed to fill the whole wood, and when it ceased, as she fell into unconsciousness, it appeared ten thousand tongues took up the word, that every twig on the trees began to repeat it. We carried her home. One of the most skillful surgeons in the East was sent for, but nothing could be done for her, and the mutilated remains of her once beautiful hands were removed and wooden ones substituted. And with the taking on of those wooden hands, the whole nature of Angie Kertridge underwent a change. Society no longer went to the Park, and the father and daughter rarely left their home."

"But what of the Englishman?" interrupted Hal. "Did no one find him and give him the dog's death he deserved?"

"He disappeared," replied Mr. Davidson. "Years afterward he ventured back, and was challenged by Howard Dallas's father, who had loved Angie Kertridge, and whom she, perchance, would have married if she had not given her heart to Walter Powell. It was swords again—and well, Howard Dallas's mother was a widow that day. And here we have the reason for Mrs. Powell's fondness for young Dallas, and I firmly believe that she brought Miss Sears to the Park with the avowed intention of making her heiress to give Dallas an opportunity to come into the possession of her great wealth. But love of revenge is stronger in Howard Dallas's heart than love of money; so she will be defeated in her aims."

"With Lewis Castleton," continued Mr. Davidson, coming back to his story, "Walter Powell went the next summer on a visit to the home of Claude Clay, whose daughter afterward became Castleton's wife. It was there he met Mary Clay. She was the child of poor but respectable parents, whom she helped support by her needle. Related to this branch of the Clay family, she was given the place of daughter of the house, and was welcome to remain with them as such; but her independent spirit forbade her becoming the recipient of their charity, even if her affectionate heart would have permitted her to separate herself so completely from her aged parents. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw; the best I ever knew. Many of the wealthiest planters of the Blue Grass would willingly have become her suitor, but with her fine pride she held herself aloof from every advance of theirs, until she saw Walter Powell. There was a perfect affinity of souls; but he felt that he was bound, in a manner, to Angie Kertridge, and Mary Clay bade him remember that the way honor points in the one a man must ever follow, even though it leads to the heart's death. But some evil tongue went before him to Angie Kertridge with the story of Mary Clay's beauty and Walter Powell's homage to it. When he returned and would have fulfilled his part of the agreement, she repudiated his claims upon her and immediately afterward married his father. And then—"

Walter Powell was a fool! he cried, stamping his foot on the broad hearth stone, "although he thought it was I who lacked sense, if he did not believe me a villain. I warned him not to marry Mary Clay. I told him that I saw an evil influence threatening him and her, but he—I could laugh at his dreams if I had not seen his sorrow, yes, I experienced it!—he thought Angie Kertridge's action was the outcome of a magnanimity that he had scarcely deemed possible in woman, and reversed her for it. One year of happiness she allowed him—'Boy,' he broke off, 'if it were not for the good women we have known and loved, which one of us who has experienced, or seen the cruelty of her sisters—and what man has not?—could ever look upon the face of a woman with a sentiment of respect?—After that year,' he continued, 'he saw the true nature of the woman he had deemed so noble and magnanimous!'"

Here the servant entered with the tray and silently the master watched him, as he drew the round table toward the fire and placed on it the white cloth and napkins and laid the dishes in their places, neatly, deftly, and noiselessly. But when the table

was ready the instinct of the gentlemanly host asserted itself with the paralysis that seemed to hold his brain, and he said, rising: "You must be almost famished, my young friend, after your long ride?" and he courteously drew up a chair and bade Hal be seated. The sight of the palatable food was not without its effect on the boy's healthy young appetite, and the viands Jack's wife had prepared were eaten with relish.

"I hope that the gratification of my appetite will never become even one of the objects of my life," said Hal, lifting to his host the slight smile that had illumined the pale face that evening; "but to own up to a truth, there have been times when I felt that I'd do almost anything but take the oath of allegiance, for a meal such as we used to have at Cardome."

"I heard that the fare at Columbus was quite above the ordinary prison food," remarked Mr. Davidson.

"I am not able to set you right on that subject," said Hal, a little dryly, "as it was my only experience of prison diet. If there is worse, then I don't want to run across it. But I wasn't thinking of prison days alone. We've had it hard for the past two years. Some days we would have only three ears of green corn apiece, and some days we'd be divided with our horses. Still, you can easily see why we 'Rebs' do not look as if soldiering were a profitable occupation. Some days we wouldn't have even the corn."

"What would you do then?" "Hook our belts a little tighter and give thanks for our tobacco," he replied lightly. "Isn't it a marvel to you," he then asked, laying down his fork, "how our army has held out against such terrible odds and is not conquered?"

"It will never be conquered," remarked Mr. Davidson. "Defeated it is sure to be—may, don't interrupt me, my boy, but eat your supper! I am Southern to the heart's core and would have been with you, if I could forget the doctrine of human rights, and were willing to die for that belief against an apparent fact. Yes, for all this bravery and loyalty and endurance, than which the world has never seen greater, the Confederate army will be defeated. Nothing gained, absolutely nothing, and all lost! Liberty and independence are making their last fight in the land where Washington enthroned them; and it will be a futile one; except to show to future ages that in the American nation were men whom greed and corruption could not contaminate, who believed in the fundamental principle of their God-inspired doctrine of human rights, and were willing to die for that belief rather than live without it. The North will be victorious. She will save the Union, and as time wears on the South may come to think that while defeat was not best, still there might be a worse fate than submission to the Federal Government. But this victory of the North will make the Republic take a backward step, and it is doubtful if she will ever regain her old position. We can now wrest the Canadas from England, if we are big enough, and force Mexico and the islands of the West Indies to acknowledge the supremacy of the Stars and Stripes; we can become an imperialistic nation, without the stability of monarchical government. The conquest of the South is the first step in that direction; the rest may logically follow. A not less terrible menace to the nation's future is in the very act for which the North claims she fights—the emancipation of the negro. Freedom and the franchise of the freedman are his, and they will be like fire-brands in the hands of a child."

"Never was a nation confronted by such a situation as is before ours. Countries have had slaves and have set them free, and they have lived there harmoniously afterward; but slaves and masters were of the same race, or not of those so hopelessly apart as the Caucasian and the African. In Mexico and the South American States and the Atlantic islands the Latins solve the race question by intermarriage with the natives. What is the result? At home the Spaniard fills the world with the glory of his genius in every realm of art; what has the offspring of Spaniard and Indian done for his native land except to plunge it into bloody revolutions? But such a union is rarely found between the Anglo-Saxon and an inferior race—it is absolutely impossible. In this country with the negro. That the African will ever be the intellectual equal of the race of his former master is improbable, and generations of education will be necessary to take him out of his childhood of the mind. And that his present mental inferiority is such let no man dare blame the South. If we helped bring him to slavery, let it be remembered that we brought him from savagery, cannibalism, and idolatry into civilization and Christianity. While his growth intellectually will be slow, numerically it will be rapid, and he will become a power to be reckoned with, but in such a manner as we would deal with a child, who has in his hands the means to destroy our dearest possessions. His disfranchisement by States is a direct violation of the law that madly trusts into his ignorant hands the freeman's right; but it will and must be done, if the white race would preserve itself in Southern localities. He will be strong enough as he has the right, to resent this; and then behold the horror of a race war! Think not that the North will then be with the black man. All history proves that in the tie of race is the strongest, and in such a conflict, the white man of

the North will be by the side of the white man of the South; and extermination or banishment will come to the race that the North is now, as she has been for nearly four years, shedding the best blood and despoiling the fairest portion of the land to make the equal of the superior race, contrary to the decree of the Almighty God, Who declares in Holy Writ of Ham and his descendants, 'The servant of servants thou shalt be!' And God's word is immutable. Oh, my unhappy country! and he lapsed into a silence which Hal did not break.

Afterward, when the servant had removed the dishes and Hal had lit his cigar, Mr. Davidson, without any introduction took up the previous conversation where he had dropped it at the entrance of the negro.

"After that year began her diabolical work. As the old man had discerned Walter for marrying Mary Clay, the young couple were poor enough. The husband taught school in Paris. But they were supremely happy, and when a son was born to them, their cup of joy overflowed. When the news of the child's birth reached Willow-wild, Angie despatched her own waiting-woman to Powell's, ostensibly to nurse the young mother; actually to poison her. My God!" the speaker paced the floor as he went on: "shall I ever forget the anguish of that hour when I reached that little home to find her in her death-agony! The face of the diabolical negro, beaming with joy, betrayed the dread cause; a biscuit, glittering with ground glass, which I found, confirmed it." He came back to his chair, and sinking into it wearily, gazed for a time into the fire in silence.

"In consequence of that—for I could have frustrated the diabolical plot if I had heeded, in time, the intuition or knowledge, or whatever you wish to call it, that warned me danger was threatening her—and events which followed, my life was blighted, ruined. I hid it in oblivion. I swore, while her death remained unavenged by man—for Angie Powell had one friend who did not feel that her and my justice, and he was more powerful with Walter Powell than I—I should hold no communication with men. The fulfillment of that vow saddened the lives of those who loved me, broke the holiest of ties, the dearest of friendships. My only son fought under me at Buena Vista, and not until I found him dying on the field did I reveal myself to him. My young daughter-in-law, since her widowhood, has had to bear the great weight of care that large estates entail, do work for which she is unequal—care and work both mine. I have a grandchild who has never looked upon me with a knowledge of our relationship. I am as one dead to society. Men call me a fool. But I can not live among them, when they let her murderer go unpunished. I have lived only because I knew that Angie Powell's revenge is not complete while Clay Powell lives to bless and cheer his father's life. Hitherto, because she fears me, the great question was which life would last longer, hers or mine. But the war gave her all the opportunities. She would have been victor again were it not for Virginia."

The name brought Hal's thoughts back from the horror of the past to the misery of the present. He flung his cigar into the fire, as he said: "Virginia shall not do this. I will save her, I repeat, if I must kill him to prevent it! I could with less remorse look upon Howard Dallas dead by his hand than upon her as his—"

but his lips refused to frame the word. "Hal," began Mr. Davidson, "do nothing rash. All the evil that we cause ourselves and others comes because we act without forethought, permit ourselves to be carried on by the quickly expended violence of a passion. Would Virginia thank you for a release from her promise if it came through a murder done by your hands? Her few days will pass more serenely with the knowledge that her sacrifice brought life to her friend than they would in freedom from this promise, with the spectre of a crime, done for her, throwing its presence over her way. One must be sacrificed, and remember, she is willing."

"Tell me about it," said Hal. "A few days ago one of Mrs. Powell's servants was killed, and she demanded retaliation from General Burbridge, which he accorded her. As Howard Dallas is her assistant, one of the two Confederate soldiers that are to be shot because some one, a prowling negro probably, killed her servant, is Clay Powell. But she, shrewd as she is, does not know her ally, and Howard Dallas has not hesitated to betray her confidence in him to gain his own ends. He sent Virginia word that she could save Clay Powell by marrying him. As I said, she has accepted the condition, and Powell will be freed to-morrow night. The jailer will leave his cell unlocked and furnish him with the key to the outer door. Before the authorities are notified, the jailer will file away the bars of the window, to give the impression that the prisoner escaped in that way. Powell's horse will be waiting for him. With the boy, Job, he will go to Frankfort, where friends will get him off to the South. Job will return with a letter to Virginia, announcing his safety. I need not say to you that he knows nothing of the price paid for his freedom. He would die a thousand deaths rather than to permit her to save him at such a cost. He thinks his release is entirely due to Virginia's influence with the jailer."

Hal's head was bent in thought, but he now lifted it, a glad light in his eyes.

"If some one else were to give Clay Powell freedom, would not that release Virginia from her promise?" he asked. "Certainly," replied Mr. Davidson. "Then," cried Hal, rising, a bright smile on his young face, "Howard Dallas does not marry Virginia the day after to-morrow!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

Anna Rose in the Missionary

"Kate," John Lorrimer said one morning to his invalid daughter, "it is Sunday; suppose we go to Church."

"Very well," she replied, "to which one shall we go?" "The Catholic Cathedral," he at once responded. "There will be High Mass to-day, and the ceremonies are most impressive. But first I must explain to you just what Catholics believe in regard to Mass, otherwise everything will be meaningless to you. I myself experience no difficulty in accepting the doctrine of the Real Presence, though other things in the Catholic Church I do not care for; and he clearly explained said doctrine.

Very slowly, for Kate walked with crutches, father and daughter then proceeded to the nearby Cathedral. Kate's beauty-loving soul was thrilled by the music, the ceremonies, the magnificence of the church itself, and she realized that it was all just a setting, as it were, for the Real Presence. It was then the desire came to her which, through the years of trial that followed, never faltered: she would like to be a Catholic.

Mr. Lorrimer was glad that Kate liked the service. Later he told her of a plan he had in mind for her—of placing her as a boarder in a convent-school. He was away so much, and Kate and her step-mother were not very congenial, so the girl readily accepted the idea. Before Mr. Lorrimer left C— again (as it was necessary for him to do in a short time) he had the satisfaction of seeing her happily settled at St. Mary's Convent.

From the first Kate was well pleased, and she realized that these people did not shrink from her on account of her affliction, while Father Long, pastor of the church across the street from the convent, went out of his way to show her kindness, and became her friend.

Remembering her father's explanation, it was with great devotion that Kate heard Mass; at first on Sunday—later on, as her beauty grew upon her—very day. But this could not satisfy her for long; she must be a real Catholic. Father Long, to whom she confided her desire, told her she must have her father's consent before he could give her any instruction. Kate knew she could better manage her father in a personal interview than by letter, so she must wait for his return from one of his long business trips. At last he arrived in C—, and on his first visit to her, Kate told him of her desire. A shadow crossed his face. "Kate, dear," he said slowly, "would it not come between us? There would be confession, and you know I do not like it. We have been very close to each other; nothing has come between us—but I am afraid this would."

"No," she answered quickly, "I promise you it never will." He considered the matter bravely. Without doubt Catholicity would be a source of happiness and consolation to his invalid daughter, at least, as long as her surroundings were Catholic. But should circumstances place her among his own relatives, she would not experience much joy in the practice of that religion. Yet such an event was only a possibility; as long as he himself lived, he would gladly help Kate to practice her Faith. He would probably live longer than she, he reasoned, inasmuch as he was strong, and still in the prime of life. Kate, on the other hand, was very delicate. So he gave his consent, and the instructions were begun. Three months passed.

One day Mr. Lorrimer came to Kate with bad news. His headquarters had been changed to the city of S—. She must be ready in a few days to accompany him. "Wonder," Kate sighed wistfully, when he had told her, "if Father Long would baptize me before we leave."

"I'd hardly advise it," her father replied. "You do not really know much about the Catholic religion as yet, and it's something, Kate, you can't pick up and then drop again, like Protestants do with different religions. If you become a Catholic you are supposed to remain one always."

To Kate's surprise Father Long was of Mr. Lorrimer's opinion, and despite her pleading, refused to baptize her. "Doubtless at some future time you will resume your instructions," he told her.

"No," she responded despairingly, "I feel sure that unless you do so now, I never will be baptized." "There are other priests in the world besides myself," Father Long assured her, but no answering smile was seen on her lips.

For some time after that Kate's life was unsettled. In S— they stayed at a hotel, and sometimes, when his trips were not too long Mr. Lorrimer took her with



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him, always accompanying her to Mass on Sundays. But at length he began to look about in S— for a place where he could leave Kate in comfort during his long absences.

Months passed and Kate began considering the possibility of remaining in S—, but dreading another change, she hesitated to do so. Her father continued to take his long trips on business, never failing, however, to write her frequently.

Kate had a life interest in a small farm. It was her father's wish that she make her home with his sister Elizabeth, or his brother Henry. To the latter, especially Kate's affairs were entrusted. Should the suggested arrangements of making her home with his relatives prove unsatisfactory, possibly another could be made for placing her in an institution, preferably Catholic, as Kate was accustomed to Catholics.

It was Saturday evening when Kate arrived at her aunt's home. After she had received the greetings of the household, her aunt remarked, as she was about to show Kate to her room, that perhaps she would be too tired in the morning to attend church.

Just why it was no place for her because of these things Kate did not understand, and one of her cousins, endeavoring to explain, puzzled her further. "The priest is not any ahead of his flock," he was saying loftily, while Kate listened fearfully, expectant of some grave charge against the clergyman.

"Probably he was waiting for someone," Kate said serenely. Turning to her aunt she continued, "As you say, likely I will be too tired tomorrow to attend church."

A few Sundays later her Uncle Henry took her to the Congregational Church in L—. The church he generally attended. Kate was at once attracted by the gentle, kindly old minister; but the church itself was to her absolutely lonely and forsaken—empty, even as her own heart, longing for a Presence that now, perhaps, would never come to her.

Meanwhile, carefully and constantly, Kate's relatives did their best to rid her of her Catholic notions. Every evil lie that has ever been invented against Catholicism was told her—every nun was an impostor, every priest a rascal, and the Church itself, an institution for making money. When in anger loyalty she denied these things, she was informed that they had been kept hidden from her—her uncle knew. This only served to strengthen her desire for the Faith they calumniated. At length she told her uncle that she did not think she could be satisfied, situated as she was. She had kept up correspondence with Father Long, and it was arranged that her uncle should meet him in O—, as he knew of a convent in the city which (could terms be agreed upon) would receive Kate.

Praying, hoping, the girl awaited her uncle's return. At once, on his arrival, he came to her. "It's all off, Kate," he announced, "we couldn't come to terms. They asked more than we could afford." He looked away from her face, which was piteous in its suffering. "This ought to be a lesson to you," he continued, "as it shows how little these Catholics care for you. If they are as interested in a soul's welfare as they claim, why do they hesitate over money? Father Long said there was no reason why you should not be a Catholic at home, and have the priest occasionally come to you here. What do you think about it?"

"I think it would be impossible," Kate answered wearily. "If I were you, Kate," her uncle went on judiciously, "I wouldn't

write to that Father Long any more. Just sever connections with Catholics altogether."

"I do not care to do that," replied Kate. She was very silent that evening, and after supper discontentedly climbed the steps to her own room. It had become her custom to withdraw from the family circle. At that time, as things were, she felt especially her own isolation. She was supposed to be reading her Bible in her room—the Protestant Bible of which she was somewhat afraid, not knowing how much heresy it contained. Its beauty and poetry she loved, and many of the Gospel characters, as well as the Divine Christ, though generally she found solace and spiritual guidance in the "Imitation of Christ." Her aunt, however, had considered it her duty to burn this, as well as her prayer-book. So to-night, in her own room, Kate took the Protestant Bible and laid it unopened on her lap.

Then over her soul suddenly swept a sea of bitter anguish. Ah, why had she, the Light, Truth, been granted her, but the Way itself denied? She must take the husks of Protestantism for her portion; not for her even a crumb from the Table of the King. Well she must grow accustomed to it. Catholicity had rejected her, and in turn she would reject it. She would forget it. But her heart leaped in swift denial. No, that could never be, and she knew that should the opportunity ever come she would joyfully enter the Catholic Church.

Night after night she sat alone in her room with the closed Bible before her, brooding over the past, fearing the future. What must she do? She had written to Father Long, and anxiously awaited his reply. None came, none ever came, even in response to her second letter. Yet, knowing his past friendship, she believed even now that there was some reason for his silence and seeming forgetfulness.

One day, when Kate was not feeling so well, she did not trouble to rise when she heard the door-bell ring, although she knew that some visitor had called. Against the wall hung a small cross, though without the Christ-figure on it. Her aunt while permitting the cross, strongly objected to the figure. Kate's loving imagination could easily place it there. Presently her aunt came to her, "Kate," she began, "a young minister has called, a Moravian, you know, of our own old Faith that your father was baptized in. He is coming up to see you."

Kate was pleased. For generations her family had belonged to the Moravian Faith, and doubtless the young minister would be kind. Was he not the representative of Christ? Already he was standing in the doorway. There he stopped abruptly, his horrified eyes resting upon her cross. "Well," he said, glancing at her suspiciously, "this looks as if you are a Catholic."

"I'm as much a Catholic as anything else," Kate answered. "That's bad," the young man remarked warningly, "don't like Catholics, especially priests. They are so impudent and bold."

Sternly Kate held back the words, "It's a lie," that struggled for utterance. She was not particularly cordial to the visitor, and he did not stay long. As he went out he remarked irritably to Kate's aunt that afflicted people were always distressing to him, and he never knew what to say to them. To which remark she loyally replied with some asperity that she would advise him to make a study of the matter, otherwise he could hardly hope to be successful as a minister.

Kate heard, and hot tears sprang to her eyes. How different this minister had been from the priests she had known. She remembered many of them at the convent; cheery, busy, yet frequently the centre of interest, as they recounted a true story to the school children. They had been especially kind to her, and for them her affliction had been rather an attraction than otherwise. Her heart went out in grateful acknowledgment that here, also, was the true priesthood, brought to her at times by some wild Judas, yet standing as the Good Shepherd with His lambs; loving and beloved in the midst of little children; bending over the sorrowful, the afflicted, with strange power of comfort. Against the lies and revellings of centuries, yesterday, to-day, rise up these true witnesses proclaiming here another Christ; His touch in the anointed hands, His love in the priest's heart.

Some years had passed when Kate's unhappiness began to prey upon her weak health, and she became seriously ill. With home-sick longing she remembered, as she had seen at the convent, all the comforting things that Catholicity could do for the sick and dying. She thought restlessly of sending for the priest of L—, but in conversation she heard between her aunt and some visitor detested her. Catholics lived on a neighboring farm, and one of them becoming seriously ill, the priest was sent for. Some non-Catholic friends had called at the time the priest was there, and were told that they could not see the patient just then, as the priest was with her. To this the visitors replied that they would not mind—they'd just go in at the same time. When not allowed to go they became indignant. The lady was making her confession, but why should such a secret be made of that? They considered the whole affair highly improper. To all of which Kate's aunt agreed, and the girl realized to ask the priest to come to her would be to subject him to insult, while she herself would not be

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allowed any private conversation with him. Therefore, denied the substance, Kate caught at shadow. The Congregational minister for whom she had a sincere liking, was out of town, and the young Moravian had not remained in L—. So, at her request, the Methodist minister came to pray with her, and celebrate, in her sick room, the "Lord's Supper," only that she might realize more acutely than ever the shallowness of Protestantism, and the fact that for her the choice was between unbelief and Catholicity. Though seriously ill, she at length recovered her usual health.

Kate had recalled seven years with her aunt, when it was decided that she should now live with her Uncle Henry. There she went through the same ordeal as at her aunt's home, but now she had learned silence and the uselessness of contradiction, even when some assertion was made which she knew to be utterly false. She wondered greatly at the contrast between her father, and there his own people. She felt that should the Catholic Faith ever come to her she would owe it to him, as it was he who had first turned her thoughts in this direction. Aside from religion she and her uncle were constantly at variance. He was old and irritable, and gradually it came to him that possibly it might be better for all concerned to place Kate in some institution. Upon making inquiries, he heard of a good Protestant one in the city of S—; also, a Catholic one near the same city. He decided to visit each. Strangely enough, the Catholic institutions pleased him. Perhaps the terms on which the good nun agreed to take the invalid really decided him. She was to pay what she could afford. If her income should cease she should still remain at the convent; it would be her home.

There is little more to tell of Kate's story. Something of her trials I have recounted; but there are no words to tell of her joys, for in this convent the longing of her heart was granted, and she was received into the true Fold. It was the writer's privilege to see Kate Lorrimer at her convent home last summer, and to hear from her own lips most of this story. She told also of the perfect happiness that is now hers. Perfect? Yes, for though she is still afflicted, and must bear the cross of suffering, she had learned through the cross and sufferings of Christ to accept these things—to offer them as prayers for the souls of others.

In the chapel of that same convent there is a place of honor, a secluded corner, and a chair next to the altar railing. Daily Kate is there at Mass; daily at the time of Holy Communion the priest bends over her to administer the Sacred Host. And the heart that hunkered for him through long years He comforted at last—at last—her Eucharistic Lord.

O, Church of Christ holding aloft throughout the ages the emblem of the Saviour's Crucifixion, in Thee do the weak, the sorrowful, the afflicted find rest and consolation! At the foot of Thy cross do they find the courage and strength to bear their burdens and their afflictions!

### A CITY OF CONFUSION

#### SETTLING KIKUYU

The Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury is well known as a master of ecclesiastical compromise. When any difficult problem of Anglican doctrine or worship is referred to him, he manages generally to side-step a clear-cut decision, and to embrace both sides of the controversy in a vague, comprehensive platitudinous. His statement on the notorious Kikuyu trouble is thoroughly characteristic. The Anglican Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda would grant Church communion to African Non-conformists, and their brother Bishop of Zanzibar protests against their action as a violation of the most fundamental terms of Catholic unity. The matter is referred to his Grace of Canterbury, and his answer is, as might be expected, a feeble compromise. "The Church of England," he says in effect, "emphasizes the episcopal system"; here is a sop to the Bishop of Zanzibar. "But," he continues, "she does not place outside the Church every other system and body of men." Hence, he concludes, an Anglican Bishop may invite Non-conformist ministers to officiate in his Church, and may himself give Sacraments to persons belonging to other Protestant Churches than his own. The last part of the Archbishop's decision is an affirmation of the case put up by the other side. And thus, in the broad folds of his "comprehensive" theology, the Archbishop whips in the ears of both that both are right after all.

One could admire this clever evasion of the real point at issue were the matter one of mere politics. Compromise is the soul of politics. But the question is one that touches on the Truth of Jesus Christ, and compromise is the death of truth. The Archbishop was asked to decide whether or not the episcopal form of Church government is of divine appointment, so that those who form churches without Bishops are at once clearly discernible as outside the fold of the One Church established by Christ. In the Anglican Church there are two radically opposed schools of thought on this matter. They appeal for a decision to the highest official of their body, and are answered by a compromise which is in reality a confession of dogmatic helplessness, an inability to answer a plain question touching the most fundamental matters of theology.

And yet one cannot altogether blame the Archbishop. If he is vague and helpless, if he seeks to preserve the "status quo" by an evasive compromise, this is not so much his fault as the religious system to which he belongs. Anglicanism permits her people to be taught one set of doctrines by one section of her clergy, and a contradictory set by another section. She leaves them free to follow the preacher who keeps his hearers locked up in the icy theology of Elizabethan theology, and she leaves them equally free to follow him who leads them to the very gates of Rome. Or she may permit them to choose a "via media," a middle path of their own somewhere between these wide extremes.

And this hopeless chaos is allowed not merely for some months, or some years, or during a time of intense controversial excitement; it has been one of the most striking characteristics during the century past. In the midst of the clamor and chaos made by her mutually contradictory teachers, she raises no controlling voice to tell her people who is right and who is wrong. She has no such voice at her command. Her Bishops, as well as her clergy, form a divided house, and range themselves on opposite sides, each professing to be the true exponent of the Anglican creed. She admits to important offices, and retains therein, those who view the Gospel from an entirely different standpoint. In the same city, in the same small town, sometimes, contradiction is the keynote of her pulpit, and when questioned for a definite decision, she stands before her members in an attitude of impotent bewilderment or opportunism. She virtually acknowledges that she is unable to point out where the right path is to be found, or which of her various contradictory "schools of thought" represents the Gospel of Christ, as He revealed it, and which does not. She lets her people look around, judge for themselves, and take their choice. Not merely does the Church of England contradict herself, but—making a virtue of hard necessity—she even glories in the fact that she comprehends within her fold two or more schools of thought, which are in direct antagonism to each other in regard to almost every doctrine supposed to be found in the New Testament.

It is impossible to see how an institution teaching this mass of contradiction can claim to be considered in any sense the true Church of Jesus Christ. She once robbed the people of England of the clearly-defined Catholic faith, and now when they look to her for the Gospel she would put in its place, she answers their questions in terms of a misty, vague compromise, which may mean anything. From this point of view, the Anglican Archbishop is right in his statement on the Kikuyu trouble. He is asked for a definite decision. He cannot give it; he cannot solve the controversy; if he did answer clearly, his word would have no weight, for he has no teaching authority. And so, in the circumstances, the best thing is to affirm

the "status quo," to throw dust in the eyes of the disputants, and to escape in the confusion from an embarrassing position.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has not had long to wait for a staggering blow at his Kikuyu pronouncement. Dr. Dawell Stone, in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford, expresses the conviction that the Archbishop of Canterbury has misinterpreted the rubric about confirmation, and that it is a mistake to think that the Archbishop's statement must be regarded as a metropolitan utterance of such a character as would commit to it the Province of Canterbury and the Church people of the Province. The Bishop of Oxford assents to this view, and as a prelate of the Province gives the Archbishop plainly to understand that he does not consider himself in any way affected by the Archbishop's statement. "It is quite plain to me," he writes, "that the opinion of the Archbishop does not bind us, and is not intended to refer to us. The authority which is over us is that of the Bishops of the Province, with the Archbishop at their head, and not that of the Archbishop acting apart." The Bishop of London has also been outspoken. The statement does not directly affect his diocese, and he does not intend to be influenced by it. What of the Anglican Bishops in Africa? Doubtless as true Anglicans they will each pursue the course previously determined on. The Archbishop of Canterbury's statement will change nothing, and the Kikuyu affair will continue to trouble the Church of England for some time to come.—Truth.

### MINISTER SEES FALL OF CHRISTIANITY

#### STARTLING INDICTMENT OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS BECAUSE OF THE WAR

In dealing with problems called up by the present world war some preachers have fallen into a mood of despondency about the blessings of Christianity. Among these prophets of woe the Rev. G. Monroe Royce, a Protestant Episcopal rector of New Windsor-on-Hudson, has attained a sad eminence. His lamentations appeared first in the New York Evening Post, were afterwards taken up by the Literary Digest and are now being scattered, in pamphlet form, broadcast over the country. Here is a specimen of his indictment of Christianity:

"That Christianity continues to exist in the outward seeming is most true. True, there are still popes, patriarchs, bishops, missionaries and thousands of churches where the Bible is read and prayers are said the year round. But if these popes, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, ministers and churches all combined can not enforce upon the nations of the Christian world the first principles of the religion they profess, then it is perfectly evident that Christianity has broken down—in practice at least—and the question presents itself to practical minds, why this waste of men and money upon a mere theory of life that is not workable; upon a mere sentiment that has no practical value."

First of all, is it not inconsistent in these men who deprecate any influence of the Church upon the States manage their affairs independently of the Church. Would it not be strange in their ears if it were claimed that declarations of war between nations must have no effect before they were ratified by the Holy Father? And yet the Pope must bear the principal moral reproach because the war in Europe was not prevented. We are well aware, indeed, that the New York pulpit denounces both Catholic and Protestant Christianity; but the frequent repetition of "popes, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops," like a mournful refrain—with "churches and missionary societies" as a weak echo in the rear—shows where he wants you to look for the chief culprits.

In this connection another consideration obtrudes itself. For the last four hundred years the various governments of Europe have followed a policy of emancipating themselves from the influence of the Church. Even in Catholic countries the spirit of "Protestantism" has borne fruits. Instead of being guided by the supernatural principles of Christianity, represented by the Church, modern states have been drunk with the philosophy of materialism. Worship of mammon and greed of power have become their controlling forces. And now, as a consequence we have a war, the like of which the world has never seen. What does this prove? The collapse of Christianity? Not at all; if anything, it signifies the breaking down of a civilization not supported by the principles of Christianity.

Far, then, from being an indictment of Christianity, the present war is with all its ugly features, rather a demonstration of what governments are coming to when they attempt to get along without Christianity; it is an argument, however negative, in favor of Christianity. An illustration from the Old Testament is here in point. Whenever the Jews forsook their God and ran after strange idols, they were delivered into the hands of their enemies, until humbled by defeat, they returned to Jehovah. May we not suppose that God is dealing similarly with His children in the New Testament? Setting aside the warning of Christ to seek before all things the kingdom of God and its righteousness, the

nations have fallen prostrate before the idols of wealth and power; and those idols have set them against one another in internecine strife. We have a hope that they will emerge from the ordeal with a higher appreciation of the need of Christianity. For Christianity is in the land yet with all its saving grace and healing balm, if only the nations are humble enough to welcome its blessings.—Brooklyn Tablet.

### FAITH

Faith is our greatest treasure—it is a gift most precious bestowed upon us by Almighty God. Were some jewel given to us by an earthly king, we would never tire of exhibiting it to our friends and acquaintances, and would guard it most securely that it might not be lost or stolen.

There are many who fall by the wayside, many with whom God is not well pleased. Persisting in an evil bent, God permits them to follow a perverse free will to the precipice of apostasy. Like the stubborn people of Jerusalem they do not recognize the day of their visitation until the enemy casts a trench round about them.

Only those who persevere to the end shall be saved. The atheistic spirit is abroad and it is active. It uses all kinds of means to undermine faith. It takes God from education by making education dumb concerning even His existence. Some parents quite willingly expose their children to imbibes such a spirit and form of education, and appear to forget that the act tends to weaken the faith of both themselves and their children. Some appear disposed to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The Christian home should be safeguarded by good example, by exemplary associations and by good Catholic family newspapers and other Catholic periodicals. There are many Catholic homes which claim to be "above" these essentials, and really show that the side of Catholic faith is at so low an ebb that they need to pray, "Save us, Lord, or we perish."

Faith is the cornerstone and foundation of salvation and the root of all justification. Faith is the full assent to all that God has revealed and to all that the Catholic Church, as His ambassador, proposes to our belief. Faith is not knowledge. Yet the truths which faith teaches are no less certain than those which reason demonstrates, because the authority of God is the best source of certitude. The perfection of the intellect is to come "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away; but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."—Catholic Universe.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1915

THE CRISIS PASSED

Political crises in the midst of a crisis which dwarfs all purely political issues and makes all petty political ambition seem paltry and unpatriotic...

While it is difficult to judge the causes of political changes in Russia... the entire unanimity of all parties in France which she justly calls "the sacred union"...

Competent military critics believe, though the immediate objective was not attained, that the Dardanelles operations have justified themselves...

The military naval and civil authorities of the allied powers thought well of it; military critics—and ordinary intelligence can grasp their reasons—say it has justified itself...

"So long as I enjoy the confidence of the sovereign and this house I will not surrender my task," he said amid cheers. "I am as confident now as I was fifteen months ago that we can carry our righteous cause to a triumphant conclusion..."

Impossible to indicate even the striking passages of the Premier's masterly speech which inspired confidence, shamed pessimism and stripped intriguing politicians of their mask patriotism.

What, then, is to be thought of Sir Edward Carson? He has been fulsomely praised as a great patriot and denounced as a traitor. We think he is neither patriot nor traitor. He is an Advocate. That has been the business of his life.

It is quite natural that the anti-Anglo-Northcliffeites, and the infallible Tory reactionists should choose this able advocate for their devil's business of fishing in troubled political waters.

Direct, straightforward, comprehensive, convincing, the Prime Minister's speech stands out in noble contrast to the pitiful special pleading of Carson's rejoinder. Not only

is there here the advocate's suppressio veri and suggestio falsi, but also the truculence that might be expected from Carson's shameless political career.

In his speech, which bristles with the first person singular, he said: "In my letter of resignation, we should make her afraid of us."

And later: "Greece—the king's party—is afraid of the central powers. We ought to make her afraid of us. Our naval supremacy enables us to do this, and for my part I would not hesitate to inform her that unless she was prepared to join the allies in defense of Serbia we would break off friendly relations."

Thus would this statesmanlike highwayman use England's naval supremacy to teach Germany and the world due respect for the rights of small sovereign states.

Again: "I cannot understand why, in spite of this shortage the Government embarked on the Dardanelles expedition, which has hung around our necks like a millstone. 'I do not believe the Government was justified in entering upon an expedition which has cost 100,000 casualties and suffering of a baffling description unless it was assured by its naval and military advisers of a probably successful outcome.'"

The suppressio veri and suggestio falsi of this fatle and irrelevant criticism of an accomplished fact had already been shown in this passage of Asquith's speech:—

"People thinking and saying that the attack was initiated without full review of its latent possibilities are entirely mistaken. It was most carefully conceived and was developed in consultation between the admirals on the spot, the war staff and the admiralty and before any decision was taken it was communicated to the French Admiralty, which entirely approved it and agreed to participate therein. It was enthusiastically received and acclaimed by the illustrious Grand Duke, then commanding the Russian army, who rightly thought it would assist him in the Caucasus."

Competent military critics believe, though the immediate objective was not attained, that the Dardanelles operations have justified themselves in that they kept the main Turkish army, Turkish effort and Turkish munitions engaged in repelling this attack and thus saved the situation "which in the east," was all along as well as now "threatening the very vitals of our empire."

The military naval and civil authorities of the allied powers thought well of it; military critics—and ordinary intelligence can grasp their reasons—say it has justified itself. What of it? I, Sir Edward Carson, "I do not understand"—"I do not believe"—

Sir Edward Grey, pointed out the misleading nature of Carson's special pleading and made abundantly clear that the advocate turned statesman was still the advocate concerned not so much with truth and justice as with making points for his clients.

Here is a sample: "Sir Edward Carson," Sir Edward Grey said, "must have left the House and probably would leave our allies under the impression that the Government made a promise to send help to Serbia and then vacillated and hesitated and as a result some valuable opportunity for giving help had been lost."

"It was perfectly true that after the Greek Government took a different view of their treaty obligations to Serbia than that we had accepted, there was a close consultation between the British and French as to the best use which should be made of the forces to be sent to the Near East. But there was no delay in the preparations. The forces which were landed at Saloniki and are now engaged in the operations in the Balkans, and the preparations went on for sending further forces to the East. No time had been lost in giving any assistance in the British and French power to Serbia in her hour of need."

Sir Herbert Holt came in for some pretty severe criticism when on his return from England he expressed himself pretty vigorously on the rotten politics of men ranking high in England's public life. He might now point to Sir Edward Carson and the faction of whose political interests he is the able and unscrupulous advocate.

It is gratifying to all true Irishmen, at this juncture, to note the contrast between the consistent patriotism of John Redmond, the Irish leader, and the shifty opportunism of the truculent advocate of the hyphenated Irish non-combatants of Ulster.

However saddening it may be to find the government thus harassed when united support is imperatively demanded, it is encouraging to find that the wreckers have shot their

JOHN REDMOND AND THE GREAT CRISIS

Now had it been thought of at that time the question of the children of mixed marriages would have been settled by the same amendment. If the father is a Catholic and the mother a Protestant, as the law now stands, the taxes may be paid either to the Separate or to the Public school without regard to the question of which school may have to bear the expense of educating the children.

Since writing the above we have had a glance at the cable letter of that thoroughly well-informed member of the British House of Commons, T. P. O'Connor, who says that Mr. Asquith emerged triumphant from the most difficult situation of his political life on Tuesday of last week.

"One of the piquant contrasts in the debate," he writes, "was John Redmond's, and Sir Edward Carson's speeches. Mr. Redmond's speech was cheered by both the Tory and Liberal benches. Though he was most outspoken in his attack on the War Office methods and the mismanagement of recruiting in Ireland, these stupid errors made the more remarkable the extraordinary response of Ireland to the appeal."

Mr. Redmond was interrupted with loud cries of "shame" from all parts of the House when he attacked the narrow minded men who had refused to mention the gallant conduct of the Irish troops at Gallipoli, Suvla Bay and Loos. It is certain that the error will not be repeated, and that Irish bravery, never more conspicuous, will be recognized officially in official despatches. In spite of the unholy combination of the Orangemen in Ireland and cranks in America, the gallantry of the army is now universally recognized in England, and practically has killed the old hostility to Home Rule."

Though undifining politic opponents, T. P. has always had a word of kindly appreciation for Sir Edward Carson with whom he is personally on terms of friendly relations.

His reference to his political enemy retains much of his kindly feelings to the great Irish lawyer: "Sir Edward Carson's speech, by its vigor and directness, has demanded prompt action and encouraged the exasperated demand for vehement conduct of the war; but his letter to Mr. Asquith, with its violent tone in relation to Greece, is regarded as dangerously indiscreet, and makes difficult his ever again entering the cabinet."

As we have already noted the vigorous advocate is not a statesman. You can not teach an old dog new tricks.

The cable has not given us more of Redmond's speech than a sentence or two; but it has informed us that it was the subject of very favorable comment in the lobbies. In due time, when His Majesty's mails shall have brought us the text, we will place it before our readers.

A MANIFEST INJUSTICE

The Separate schools of the province of Ontario are permissive; that is, no one, either Catholic or Protestant, is obliged to support them. That is the key-note of the whole Separate school system in this province. Elsewhere—in Saskatchewan for instance—no option is given; Catholics within the district which has a Catholic school have no choice; they must support the Catholic school; Protestants and others must support the Public school. There is this to be urged in favor of the Western practice. Ratepayers cannot evade their just obligations by electing now to be Separate school supporters, and now supporters of the Public school, thereby shirking their share of the cost of building either the one or the other, when a new school becomes necessary.

However, the permissive system has worked well, as a general rule, in Ontario. And there is, so far as we are aware, no general desire to replace it by compulsion despite the well-known fact that, irrespective of religion, there are ratepayers who easily succumb to the temptation to shirk any avoidable taxation.

The successive Governments in Ontario have always taken a common sense view of this question. Whether personally in favor of or opposed to Separate schools the members of the Government recognized the fact of their existence, and that the general good of Ontario demanded that they should not be arbitrarily hampered, but rather enabled to fulfil adequately their share of the educational work of the province.

Hence the amendment to the School Act which made it obligatory that the taxes of the tenant whose children attended the Separate schools should go to the Separate schools. If the landlord be a Catholic and the tenant a Protestant the school-tax must go to the Public school; if the landlord be a Protestant and the tenant a Catholic it was conceded that the school-tax should go to support the school in which the tenant's children were educated. This is common sense and elementary justice.

Now had it been thought of at that time the question of the children of mixed marriages would have been settled by the same amendment. If the father is a Catholic and the mother a Protestant, as the law now stands, the taxes may be paid either to the Separate or to the Public school without regard to the question of which school may have to bear the expense of educating the children.

Though undifining politic opponents, T. P. has always had a word of kindly appreciation for Sir Edward Carson with whom he is personally on terms of friendly relations.

His reference to his political enemy retains much of his kindly feelings to the great Irish lawyer: "Sir Edward Carson's speech, by its vigor and directness, has demanded prompt action and encouraged the exasperated demand for vehement conduct of the war; but his letter to Mr. Asquith, with its violent tone in relation to Greece, is regarded as dangerously indiscreet, and makes difficult his ever again entering the cabinet."

As we have already noted the vigorous advocate is not a statesman. You can not teach an old dog new tricks.

The cable has not given us more of Redmond's speech than a sentence or two; but it has informed us that it was the subject of very favorable comment in the lobbies. In due time, when His Majesty's mails shall have brought us the text, we will place it before our readers.

EUCHERE AND DANCE

It has always been a difficult task to keep up interest and enthusiasm in the ordinary Catholic society or club. In the beginning there is a great deal of fireworks, and great deeds are planned to the accompaniment of many resolutions and streams of eloquence. But gradually the enthusiasm wanes. Activity gives place to a state of coma. Meetings have to be adjourned for want of the necessary quorum. One by one the members drop away, until but a few are left, and these few those who need least the vitalizing tonic of organization.

This is in outline the history of very many Catholic organizations. And very many good people have puzzled over the reason. We venture to offer a solution. And it is found in the title of this article. [In other words, very many societies lay too much stress on the merely social side. A stereotyped "euchre and dance" is the order of the day, and they recur with monotonous regularity. Now, it is true that a certain amount of that kind of amusement is not only necessary, but, looked at from the proper standpoint, is laudable. Our young people want, indeed need, that kind of thing, and the place for them to so enjoy themselves is under the proper auspices, with their fellow-Catholics, under the roof of a Catholic club. But the fatal mistake is to imagine that the provision of such amusement is the raison d'être of the society. It is impossible to keep up interest and enthusiasm on such a diet. The intellectual faculties must not be neglected if we are to hold our members together and achieve anything worth while.]

We commend to the officers of our Catholic societies a variation in their program. Let them remember the reasons that first led them to form their societies. In their first fervor they planned great things for their organization. Their club was to be an educational centre. They would endeavor to make their members better Catholics and better citi-

zens. Gracefully tripping the "light fantastic" does not help materially to attain this end. Let them decide on a varied plan of campaign for the winter months. Let the bill of fare include, in addition to a "euchre and dance," and a "amoker," lectures, debates and concerts. We predict that the results will be satisfactory and compensating. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE RECENT collapse of the Anglican Benedictine experiment at Perchore (Isle of Caldey), Worcester-shire, lends the Canadian Churchman to conclude, once for all, and for the very last time, that there is "really no room for it (the Benedictine Rule) in the Anglican Church." It will be remembered that a little over a year ago, almost the entire community which had established itself under Anglican auspices at Perchore submitted in a body to the Catholic Church, and, after due probation, continued their religious life as real Benedictines. A remnant of this community, however, remained at Caldey and essayed to demonstrate that, contingencies notwithstanding, it was possible to live the Benedictine life within the Church of England. It is the collapse of this later experiment, with the submission of the remnant to the Catholic Church, that has occasioned our Canadian contemporary's sage observation.

THAT SO essentially Protestant an organization as the Church of England could not assimilate the spirit of monasticism seemed to students of its history and constitution a fore-gone conclusion. It has been tried in many ways, and—it need not be questioned—in the most laudable of spirits, but with the entire genius of Anglicanism against it success was not possible. Preaching and teaching bodies, both male and female, having some outward resemblance to Catholic religious orders have had some measure of success in the Anglican communion, but to graft upon the same organization the monastic spirit of seclusion, penance, and contemplation was to submit it to a test which could have but one of two endings—total collapse and dispersion, or, as happily with the Parish community, submission in a body to the Catholic Church. This latter is what the Canadian Churchman rightly designates as the "only logical step." The Catholic Church similarly, says the Anglican Bishop of Hereford, is the "natural home" of those having monastic aspirations. Their ideal is certainly not to be found elsewhere.

BUT IS the collapse of the Caldey affair the death blow, as the Churchman seems to think, to similar experiments in the Church of England? We scarcely think so. So long as men continue to cherish the evangelical counsels, and to look back with admiration and longing upon the pre-Reformation life of England, even while shutting their eyes to its real significance, so long as such essays are probable. With the failure at Caldey before their eyes men are still trying to graft stones upon trees, and going even further in outward manifestations of the religious life as Anglicans than their Catholic exemplars. Only the other day, as we read in Old Country exchanges, the neighborhood of Edinburgh was startled by the apparition of a monk clad in the Franciscan habit with the typical brown beard and tansured head of the sons of the great Saint of Assisi, and with sandaled feet and crucifix thrust in girdle as if upon a mission bent gliding through the streets of the Scottish capital.

IT WAS, as we further read, naturally expected that this apparition would presently be found saying Mass at a Catholic altar, but not so. The "monk" was a member of the Anglican Society of the Divine Compassion, which has existed for several years, and has at least two houses in England. This society has been deliberately formed on the Franciscan model, and with the same aim of demonstrating the feasibility of such a life in the Church of England. In their case the Caldey episode will no doubt in time be repeated, but meanwhile the experiment, as others similar, is being made, and Catholics will only pray that these excellent men may soon see its futility and find their way as Catholics into the real Franciscan Order, where they will not exist on mere sufferance but under duly constituted superiors, and under the blessing and authority of the common Father of the Faithful.

THAT CATHOLICS are "superstitious," "ignorant," and "idolrous," is a commonly accepted fact among many otherwise intelligent and well-informed people. It is useless to deny it, the thing is so patent and self-evident. But what about Protestant superstitions? The idea is ridiculous! Protestantism is the religion of enlightenment and progress, and all the old childish fetishism which lay like a nightmare upon the "dark ages" has, so far as they are concerned, been relegated into the dim and forgotten past. Catholics alone and southern to this day dwell under these shadows, and to this may be attributed the backward condition of Romish countries and the slavish subservience of the masses to an ignorant priesthood. This and much more is the burden of complaint against us. That it is based upon ignorance, prejudice and misapprehension in no way militates against the gravity of the indictment.

BUT PROTESTANT superstitions though kept out of the limelight of denunciation are none the less a reality for all that. It takes only a crisis of national affairs or a great upheaval to bring them to the surface, and the present War is just such an occasion. It is not a Catholic journal that has been dragging this into the light of late, but the essentially prosaic and Protestant London Times. With the nationwide campaign for enlistments, and the exodus of troops for the Continent the thing not so much began, as became epidemic. Jewellers' trinkets, in metal and stone, which were attached to bracelets or chains to bring mutual constancy, prosperity and happiness, were first, the Times tells us, bought by the public and given as protective agents to relatives and friends who had enlisted.

THEN A SPECIAL charm for soldiers called "Touchwood," and described as the "wonderful Eastern charm," was designed and is having an enormous sale. The design is the little figure of a man, mainly head, with a khaki cap, sparkling eyes and gold or silver legs. The designer states that he has sold 1,250,000 of these superstitious images since the War began. In Regent's Park recently there was a curious scene when 1,200 officers and men of the City of London Rifles were presented each with one of these charms by a prominent actress. And yet such people scoff at crucifixes, scapulars and the like,—objects to excite the religious sense, not silly charms, which debase and destroy all simple trust in Providence. It is safe to say that such superstitious charms as described have no place in the trenches occupied by the Catholic soldiers of France, Belgium or Italy, nor, for that matter, by those of schismatic Russia. That in the British ranks such misguided devotees are not to be found among the sons of Saint Patrick or their Catholic fellows from the sister Kingdoms may be asserted with equal confidence.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

While the lines on the Eastern and Western fronts are practically deadlocked the Balkans remain the centre of gravity of the War. Things here have taken a decidedly favorable turn. The neutrally cabinet of Greece has resigned. This with the constantly increasing Allied forces in the Balkan Peninsula cannot fail to have a serious influence on Roumania. Were Roumania and Greece to join the Allies the Balkan campaign, instead of prolonging the War, would hasten its end in disastrous defeat for the Germanic powers. It is reported that the fall of the Greek Cabinet has caused consternation in Berlin. This can be easily believed. The Russians are developing strength all the time both in defensive and offensive operations, a fact which must have a tremendous influence on Roumania. The speedy conclusion of the War depends on Roumania and Greece joining the Allies, and there is ground for hope that both will do so.

The war in the Balkans begins to take shape. Two British divisions, amounting to about 87,000 men, left Saloniki yesterday for the Bulgarian frontier, where they will join the French army and the British brigade of Anglo-French troops in southern Macedonia is a matter of course, but it cannot be far short of 100,000, and more men are landing daily at Saloniki. The Allies are not likely to attempt the invasion of that part of Bulgaria east of the Rhodope Mountains from the Saloniki base. It must not be for-

gotten that these mountains, with many peaks of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet, and one of over 10,000, constitute a great, and in winter, an almost insurmountable barrier, separating Bulgaria from the Macedonian Highlands. The army now advancing up the valley of the Vardar is intended to prevent the Bulgarians from overrunning southern Macedonia or from cutting off the retreat of the main Serbian army which is seeking a refuge either in the mountains of Montenegro or in those of Macedonia. When the present period of rapid movement ends the Allies will probably be found holding a line from the Adriatic through Montenegro, Albania and southern Macedonia to the Bulgarian border near Strumitza.

The Bulgars are trying hard to defeat this plan of operations by the occupation at once of southern Macedonia. A force of about 15,000 Turkish officers has been despatched across the mountains from Velez toward Monastir. It reached the Babuna Pass north of Prilip without being challenged, but there two regiments of Serbs have held the pass against the Bulgars for about a week. The Serbs in this region are now in touch with the French left wing, and the addition of the British force should make a fairly strong front from the vicinity of Strumitza to Prilip. An official French report states that the Bulgars are entrenching in front of their lines near Krivolak, which would indicate that they intend to hold the Allies by defensive action there if possible while they complete the conquest of Macedonia. The Allies are not going to be rendered immobile by such tactics. It is announced that French and British cavalry patrols are appearing in the region between Prilip and Monastir. The Governor of that city, after a visit to the scene of the fighting in the Babuna Pass, sent a reassuring message to his wife advising her not to leave the city, as conditions at the front had improved.

The French despatch gives no warrant for a Bulgar claim that the French have been defeated near Krivolak. It states that notwithstanding violent preparations by the Bulgar artillery, the enemy failed decidedly in all their attempts against the Krivolak bridgehead. On the same day the French carried two villages and attacked the hill crests on the frontier. The Bulgar artillery have shown great activity, and have violently bombarded Valandovo. It is evident that the Allies are in touch with an important body of the enemy's troops.—Toronto Globe, Nov. 6.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

ST. LOUIS GIRL BUILDS CHAPEL IN AFRICA

Last week a young woman of St. Louis employed in a downtown office turned over a small inheritance she had just received in its entirety to the Sadality of St. Peter Claver for a chapel in Africa with chalice and altar for same. \$600 in all.

She made the gift in memory of her deceased parents and asked that the chapel be dedicated to the Holy Family and that her name as donor be withheld. For five years this same girl has been giving \$5.00 a month out of her salary to the foreign missions besides taking a practical interest in home missions. Her first acquaintance with the African Missions distinctly, dates back to a year ago last winter when she heard Baroness von Schoenau Wehr give an illustrated lecture on heathen and Christian Africa. Since the Sodality of St. Peter Claver opened its public office in the Fullerton Building, St. Louis, March 8, of this year, she has made repeated visits to the mission with small donations. The first forerunner of her present generosity was a donation of \$25 in the month of July for the ransom of a slave. In explaining how she happened to make the disposition she did of her inheritance, she said she felt she could get more out of her money in this than in any other way; that the happiness the very giving of it brought her was the truest earthly delight she could experience, then over and above there remained the consciousness of the awaiting supernatural reward. In the letter which enclosed the check occur two sentences mirroring a gleam of that zeal which breathed through the Infant Church when the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul. She writes: "I am most happy to be able to give this chapel in memory of my good parents, having just received the amount as a legacy from the estate. I do not want any publicity as donor. Please make a note of this in sending remittance to headquarters that my name be withheld from all publications."

We must be watchful, says Thomas a Kempis, especially in the beginning of a temptation, because then the enemy is easier overcome when he is not suffered to come in at the door of the soul but is kept out and resisted at his first knock.

When a certain man said: "Withstand the beginning, after remedies come too late." First a bare thought comes, then a strong imagination afterwards, and then a deed, and then a habit, and then a wicked enemy gets full entrance when he is not resisted in the beginning. And how much the longer a man is negligent in resisting, so much the weaker does he become in himself, and the enemy becomes stronger against him.

NOVEMBER 18, 1918

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A GERMAN TRIUMPH
A pathetic tragedy caused by the "Lusitania" crime is revealed by the grant of letters of administration of the estate of the late Paul Crompton, aged forty-four, of Ollstone Road, Kensington, W., and formerly of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

MASSACRE OF RUSSIAN REFUGEES
A correspondent of the Rusakoe Slove has described a dastardly massacre by the Germans of Russian refugees, women and children, at Kobrin. It appears that thousands of these poor people were bivouacking in the fields near the station. The Petrograd correspondent of the Morning Post thus summarizes the account of what happened from the Russian paper:

Suddenly, while the men were busy harnessing-up and the women were sucking their infants or packing away the remnants of the last meal, five German aeroplanes appeared above the retreating troops, and little notices were taken of them. But the aeroplanes, seeing from the bright-colored head kerchiefs worn by the women and the general appearance of this laager that there was nothing to fear, came down quite close, hovered quietly for awhile, and then liberally began to bombard.

THE RECONCILER DEATH
A reader of the Croix, who was wounded during a spirited assault on the German trenches, describes a moving incident which he witnessed as he lay stricken on the field.

As soon as the first moments of dizziness which follow on all wounds had passed, I looked in front of me. Quite near lay two soldiers mortally wounded; one a German, a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, was lying close to a young Frenchman who had been stricken in the side and in the head. Both were in growing pain and their faces were not moving, but I kept my eyes on them, for I was dreadfully upset at being unable to help the Frenchman. In the midst of my distress I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman, who painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away on his breast. At last he drew forth his hand and in it a little silver crucifix which he pressed to his lips, saying feebly but clearly "Ave Maria, gratia plena," etc.

HERMAN RIDDER
GREAT CATHOLIC PUBLICIST DEAD
HIS LAST WISH FOR PEACE
Herman Ridder, publisher of the New Yorker Staats Zeitung and who had been prominent in political and civic affairs for twenty-five years, died yesterday afternoon at his home 11 West Eighty-first street, in his sixty-fourth year. At 2 o'clock Mr. Ridder, according to his daily custom, had discussed with his eldest son, Bernard H. Ridder, phases of the war in relation to the news and editorial policy of the newspaper, and at the conclusion of the conference of twenty minutes he remarked:

"My peace soon be with us." An hour later he suddenly became unconscious. He expired at 4:15 from the effects of arterial sclerosis. Mr. Ridder last visited his office in the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung building, at 182 William street, on Dec. 16, 1914, but from his sickroom he had continued to be the guiding spirit and inspiration of the newspaper's policy. At the outbreak of the war he started a special column in the paper under the caption of "The War Day" in the English language, for which he wrote the first article, which has been continued by Bernard H. Ridder over the signature of his father.

During the last year Mr. Ridder, who had taken a deep interest in the war and its effects on this country, became greatly worried over the feeling aroused here, and with the idea of allaying this condition he announced his purpose in presenting his views in English in this statement of his position:

"It was not without many misgivings that I entered upon the conduct of this column. I could not be blind to the danger of misinterpretation to which I might be open. I assumed the task, as in duty bound, not as a German subject, which I am not, but as an American, which I am not, to create ill-feeling among Americans, of diverse sympathies, but to allay it. Truth alone can survive and upon truth alone can be founded the lasting impressions which must follow inevitably the present war.

Since the war all of his personal means were lost in the failure of the International Typetting Machine Company, of which he was President, and he lived practically penniless. In fact, his personal estate was insolvent. This he accepted with the philosophic comment: "After all the death of a poor man is one to be envied."

Some of his many civic activities included membership in the Chamber of Commerce, the German Hospital Board, the Catholic Protective, State Board of Charities, Charity Organization Society, and the Legal Aid Society. He was a member of many clubs and societies, and a director in the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Emigrant Industrial Saving Bank. He was vice president of the Hudson Fulton celebration and co-operated with Mayor Gaynor in organizing the "safe and sane" Fourth of July observance. He was a director of the Associated Press and member of the New York City Publishers' Association.—N. Y. Times, November 2.

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Some months ago friends of Mr. Ridder, and other supporters of his newspapers, assumed the debts of the publisher to insure the integrity of the newspaper propagation. His death, therefore, will cause no great concern in this respect. The papers, which consist of morning and evening editions, will be continued under the joint management and direction of his two sons, Bernard H. and Victor F. Ridder.

HERMAN RIDDER AS ERRAND BOY
Mr. Ridder, who was born in the house at 400 Greenwich Street, got a few years of study in the Public schools, was in turn an errand boy, a clerk in a Wall Street office and an insurance company, went into business for himself when he established the Katholisches Volksblatt in 1878. Ten years later he founded The Catholic News, which is now published by his brother, Henry Ridder. Herman Ridder became a stockholder in the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung in 1890.

During the campaign of Mayor Strong Herman Ridder entered politics by aiding to organize the German American Reform Association. He was active in the Cleveland campaign and in 1908. Chairman Mack appointed him Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. He was always active in tariff reform, and although an independent Democrat he supported the candidates of the Tammany organization on several occasions. He had many verbal political tilts with his political opponents in the Republican Party, the most prominent of which were the dispute with Senator Cannon and his exchange of views with President Roosevelt, when, after his visit to Mr. Bryan, it was reported to Mr. Ridder that President Roosevelt had referred slightly to him. This was denied by Colonel Roosevelt, but not until there had been much comment about it in the public press.

Frequently Mr. Ridder was mentioned for public office, and several times public posts were offered him, but he declined them. "I don't want public office," he said. "I would rather do what I may as a private citizen. He had broad human sympathies, as shown by his extensive charitable work, and he had a human side that won and retained friends for him. His two chief recreations were walking and attending baseball games. He was caught by a camera at one of the Giants' games, and a copy of the photograph, showing him in his shirt sleeves on a hot day, was presented to him.

"I'd rather have that picture," said he, "than a painting showing me with royalty."

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LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission
Tachowtu, China, Sept. 16, 1918.
Dear Friend,—In returning from Sienku in a rowboat down the rapids I had some thrilling experience. The mountain torrent which we were descending was swollen by the heavy rains and the boat flew along at a breakneck speed. At some places where the river made a sudden turn the boat would rush straight for the solid rock. One of the boatmen held a bamboo pole pointed with steel in his hand ready for action. At a given moment he would make a desperate thrust with the pole against the rock and, straining every muscle in his body, turn the boat's head away from it. It is a thrilling moment to watch him perform this feat. The least error in his movements and we would be dashed against the rock.

I spent a few days in my central station arranging the classes for the girls' and boys' school and instructing the children in the catechism. When I had just retired to bed one night I heard a loud rapping and upon opening the door was greeted by a man from Ging Choo, a village sixty miles away, who begged me to go and give the last Sacraments to his brother. It took me two days to make the journey, and we were walking from morning till night. I found the young man very ill and out of his mind, but after reading over the prayers of the ritual he greatly recovered. The patient of course, in his delirium, thought this misfortune had come upon him because he had given up the adoration of idols and smashed the kitchen god. They are doing all in their power to get his mother to renounce the faith and return to idolatry. The young man took ill while studying French and English in our college in Ningpo. To make things worse his father, who was in a delicate state of health, when he heard that his son in whom he placed all his hopes was sick and he himself became heartbroken and died. There has been a grievous plague among the oxen and many have died. The Catholics are blamed for this because they refuse to contribute to the upkeep of idolatrous worship. Meetings are being held and resolutions passed that the Catholics in Ging Choo must contribute towards the expense of a play stage to be given before an idol. Yesterday I related all this to the magistrate and he told me all I had to do was to give him the names of those who disturb the Catholics and they would at once be arrested and punished. This is very satisfactory and shows that a kind Providence is watching over us, and that my kind friends are praying for my mission. As I was writing the above a Christian from Ging Choo entered and tells me the sick young man has recovered and he told me the names of those who disturb the Catholics and they would at once be arrested and punished. This is very satisfactory and shows that a kind Providence is watching over us, and that my kind friends are praying for my mission.

NEW GAS ENGINE PRIEST INVENTS IMPROVED TYPE OF MOTOR

Lewiston Evening Journal
It is not generally known that Rev. Father Thomas M. Gill, superior of the Dominican Monastery, Bartlett street, Lewiston, is one of the finest mechanical geniuses in Maine. Not only that, but he is also a successful inventor. He has just completed and patented a gasoline engine which is the admiration and astonishment of every machinist that has examined and seen it work.

For two years, Father Gill has worked on this invention and has expended over \$2,000 in making and remaking its several parts. To day it combines all the good points of the old engines with several new ones, and all these in one half the former size and with from 30 to 40 per cent. more horse power.

In the work of assembling its parts Father Gill has had the assistance of Abner Nichols, the well known machinist of Augusta and it is unnecessary to say that he is equally enthusiastic over the new engine. The reporter is not a mechanic and therefore does not dare to attempt a full description of this machine for fear that an error may creep in, but the one fact which impressed him most deeply was its simplicity. Says Father Gill:

"The scheme of inventing a more powerful gasoline engine, more simple and less space, has long been in my mind but not until 1912 did I begin the work in earnest. Since then my spare moments have been given to this work, and now it is complete. It is now in working order and any person can see who desires to do so."

It is well known that the two gasoline engines most commonly used are the two cycle and four cycle. The two cycle engine fires every second stroke, while the four cycle fires every fourth stroke. The gas and air are lighted and then comes the explosion that drives the piston and does the work.

The four cycle is more elastic and can slow down easier. It is larger and cleaner and has much more power. The first stroke sucks in the charge, the second stroke compresses it, the third fires the charge and the fourth is for the exhaust. This is the general principle upon which the four cycle engine works in the gasoline cycle and compresses it with the first stroke. The second stroke fires and cleans at the same time.

The great improvement in the invention of Father Gill is that it combines both of the above engines. It is more simple, more efficient and can be run at a far smaller cost. It is less complicated and with two cycles equals the four cycles of all former engines. In other words his two cycle engine is more effective than any four cycle engine in common use, and is much less costly than any two cycle engine in common use.

There are no expensive parts to this new invention and a single explosion is far more effective than any other four-cycle engine in existence. Another valuable feature is the absence of any crank. All students of gasoline machinery have long seen the need of this and Father Gill can now exclaim: "Eureka." In his engine a can takes the place of the crank. The ports let one charge in and the other out at the same stroke. It takes in a bigger charge than the old four cycle and it is at the lowest estimate 30 per cent. more powerful. Still another great feature is that there are no connecting rods nor crank shaft or case. It has a wonderful flexibility and gives no kick whatever. The engine can have any number of cylinders from one up to eight. There are no gears whatever

and the whole affair is simplicity itself. This engine can now be seen in the main hall at the monastery and Father Gill tells the Journal that every person interested in such matters will be welcome to come and see it work. He will be glad to explain its working and they can see for themselves the tremendous power that this little engine shows.

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NEW GAS ENGINE PRIEST INVENTS IMPROVED TYPE OF MOTOR

Lewiston Evening Journal
It is not generally known that Rev. Father Thomas M. Gill, superior of the Dominican Monastery, Bartlett street, Lewiston, is one of the finest mechanical geniuses in Maine. Not only that, but he is also a successful inventor. He has just completed and patented a gasoline engine which is the admiration and astonishment of every machinist that has examined and seen it work.

For two years, Father Gill has worked on this invention and has expended over \$2,000 in making and remaking its several parts. To day it combines all the good points of the old engines with several new ones, and all these in one half the former size and with from 30 to 40 per cent. more horse power.

In the work of assembling its parts Father Gill has had the assistance of Abner Nichols, the well known machinist of Augusta and it is unnecessary to say that he is equally enthusiastic over the new engine. The reporter is not a mechanic and therefore does not dare to attempt a full description of this machine for fear that an error may creep in, but the one fact which impressed him most deeply was its simplicity. Says Father Gill:

"The scheme of inventing a more powerful gasoline engine, more simple and less space, has long been in my mind but not until 1912 did I begin the work in earnest. Since then my spare moments have been given to this work, and now it is complete. It is now in working order and any person can see who desires to do so."

It is well known that the two gasoline engines most commonly used are the two cycle and four cycle. The two cycle engine fires every second stroke, while the four cycle fires every fourth stroke. The gas and air are lighted and then comes the explosion that drives the piston and does the work.

The four cycle is more elastic and can slow down easier. It is larger and cleaner and has much more power. The first stroke sucks in the charge, the second stroke compresses it, the third fires the charge and the fourth is for the exhaust. This is the general principle upon which the four cycle engine works in the gasoline cycle and compresses it with the first stroke. The second stroke fires and cleans at the same time.

The great improvement in the invention of Father Gill is that it combines both of the above engines. It is more simple, more efficient and can be run at a far smaller cost. It is less complicated and with two cycles equals the four cycles of all former engines. In other words his two cycle engine is more effective than any four cycle engine in common use, and is much less costly than any two cycle engine in common use.

There are no expensive parts to this new invention and a single explosion is far more effective than any other four-cycle engine in existence. Another valuable feature is the absence of any crank. All students of gasoline machinery have long seen the need of this and Father Gill can now exclaim: "Eureka." In his engine a can takes the place of the crank. The ports let one charge in and the other out at the same stroke. It takes in a bigger charge than the old four cycle and it is at the lowest estimate 30 per cent. more powerful. Still another great feature is that there are no connecting rods nor crank shaft or case. It has a wonderful flexibility and gives no kick whatever. The engine can have any number of cylinders from one up to eight. There are no gears whatever

and for water. At one place the path for miles was just wide enough for a goat to walk along, and cut into the side of a precipice. The chairbearers had to pick their way step by step, especially at one point where the rock gutted out and took a sudden turn. They got half way around and then they shrouded to each other that it was impossible to go on and I found myself poised in mid air a hundred feet above the abyss. By force of muscle they got the chair round the curve and I was greatly relieved I assure you. At another point there was only the vestige of a path over a slippery sloping rock with the deep green water below. Here a couple of young convert boys as nimble as mountain deer lay down on the rock and held my feet step by step to prevent their slipping. Further on there was no path at all so I had to climb up the cliff at the risk of my life and down the other side. A convert doctor heard I was going to Saokang to say Mass and being very fervent resolved to attend. He had walked many miles and night came on when he came to this particular place. He tried to cross but slipped down and over the rock into the water. Fortunately he succeeded in pulling himself out and arrived at the chapel drenched and shivering with cold. He was not down in the mouth, however, but laughing and joking related his adventure.

Half way to Saokang we entered the home of one of the boys who were accompanying us. It would seem as though the people in that village had never seen a foreigner before. They crowded round the doors and windows and awaked into the room where we were sitting much the same as if a tame monkey or a chained bear had been brought to town, but here as elsewhere there was no sign of unfriendliness but just the reverse, every mark of hospitality. How I wished I could remain longer among them, a month or two, and gather them into the true fold; but we had to push on to Saokang, where a hundred newly baptized and catechumens were waiting us. A mile or two from the place the master and his school boys came to meet us. "The latter were overjoyed to see their beloved priest once more and expressed their joy by skipping about much the same as Mary's little lamb; no danger that these children of the mountains topple over the back of the river and how readily they leaped into the torrent and served me as a prop whilst crossing the shaky stepping stones!" And what has become of the idol? I asked as we passed a little shrine. "Oh! we threw it into the river," they replied with a roar of laughter. "What is your name?" I asked one. "Heaven's grove," he answered. "And yours?" I asked another. "Doc-trine of Heaven." "And yours?" "Cave of Heaven." "And yours?" "Son of Heaven." Every boy in the village has "Heaven" in his name, and they received these names while yet pagans. Surely Heaven is looking with a kind eye on this village nestled in the mountains, for nearly all its inhabitants have entered the Church during the past twelve months. The master whistled and they all came trooping into the chapel; if chapel it can be called. The altar, (a table) is in one corner, with a couple of little wooden vases and faded paper flowers on the desk. In another corner the master's seat is on a rough wooden stool in this upper room. No ceiling, just a row of windows or door, not even walls. The sun comes streaming in in summer and the chill blasts in winter. A school boy told me that "it is freezing cold in winter, the wind coming from six sides." I asked him to explain. "Before and after, on both sides and above and below," he answered. I looked at the floor. The cracks were an inch or two wide and the boards were nailed down. "Why don't you plan and nail the flooring?" I asked the owner. "It is the first convert we made here." "We are too poor to nail the nails and hire a carpenter," he replied, "and besides the boards are only lent; they do not belong to me." Could you imagine a poorer chapel than that? Several babies fell through the cracks in the floor to the lower story but were found unhurt, which the people attribute to Divine protection. They showed me a piece of land near the chapel which they would willingly give me if I wanted to build a church. How they would love to have a nice little church to adore in. The lot is rather sloping but could be made level. Besides there is no level ground in or near Saokang; mountains tower up on all sides. Of course the poor people could do no more than give the land and perhaps a log or two; the rest will have to come from my dear friends abroad. As I was preaching that evening to that lofty and attentive audience crowded into that loft and seats on rickety stools and benches a very old man pushed his way to the very front and sat on my bed, the only vacant space. "He wanted," he said, "to hear the doctrine for himself." All eyes were fixed on him with reverential awe and I could see that he was one of the principal part of the village. After the sermon I asked, as is usual with visitors, "his honorable name and age," and he asked mine. He thought that "I was awfully young," which was quite refreshing after my church building, etc., of the last few years. It appears he was very angry with the Catholic boys of the village who threw the idol he had made into

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

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Trees bare and gaunt, against a dull grey sky;
Grim spectre shapes that idly moan and sigh.
Leaves, sere and brown, trodden beneath the ways;
Innocent victims of the war of days.
Dirge-like the eerie winds tap on the pane;
There are bitter tears in the dripping rain.
All through the house the tread of ghostly feet;
On Memory's portals ghostly fingers beat.
I wait in the hope of Faith's vernal rays,
With a heart as void as November's days.
-REV. D. A. CASEY

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Tachowtu, March 22, 1918.
Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:
Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the cornerstone of the church in Tachowtu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours faithfully in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.
J. M. FRASER.

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The importance of providing for those depending on you is obvious. Do not deprive them of the protection a Will affords. Above all, select an Executor, competent to carry out the provisions of your Will. We invite correspondents and will send on request our special booklet on Wills.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPIERS TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"Lord, save us, we perish." (Matt. viii, 25) We are sailing, as it were, on the ocean of life, and are perpetually in danger of shipwreck and of falling to secure our salvation. We ought, therefore, as their hour of peril is near, and such fear is beneficial, not injurious to us, whereas false assurance of safety, by making men fancy themselves incapable of falling, often brings about their ruin. If always and everywhere we feel this wholesome fear, and if we distrust our own great weakness, we shall cling with confidence to Him who is able to support us, and we shall ever be mindful of God's holy presence.

Because Jesus was with them, the disciples in their hour of peril cried: "Lord, save us!" We may learn from this short prayer how we too ought frequently to remind ourselves of God's presence. Whenever we are, let us lift up our hearts to God in short but fervent prayers, or ejaculations. This practice is very important, and is in fact inseparable from that of living constantly in the presence of God; for such ejaculatory prayers are glances at Him, and help us to do right and avoid evil. By means of them we are reminded at the moment when we are called upon to practise them. They suggest to us now a heartfelt act of faith, now a resolution to trust implicitly in God, and now a feeling of love. In times of temptation we send up a short prayer to beg for strength from God, and it serves to recall to us His Will, and guard us against suggestions of evil, whilst, when we are hesitating between two courses, it is an admonition not to stray from the path that God would have us follow. If we frequently lift up our hearts to Him thus, our understanding will be enlightened, our perception of what is dangerous and sinful will be quickened, and our will to strip off all earthly weakness and attachments will be strengthened.

Many times in the day we send up to God these little flashes of prayer, we shall really be praying without ceasing, and, as St. John Chrysostom says, we are withdrawing ourselves for a brief space from the company of men, in order to join with the holy angels in praising God. By means of these frequent glances at Him we may to some extent imitate the saints in glory, who always behold Him and praise Him without interruption.

These short prayers have the advantage of being always available. They do not interfere with our work, nor do they check any enjoyment that is pleasing to God; on the contrary, they complete and sanctify everything that we do. They can even take the place of our regular prayers, if for some good reason we cannot devote our usual time to them, and when in case of illness we are too weak to make long prayers, short ejaculations bring comfort and strength. Happy is the soul that at its last hour departs to God with the words: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit"; it seems to be borne aloft on wings of submission and love. Our Saviour, dying on the Cross, set us the best example how to lift up our hearts in words few indeed, but full of ardent love.

What ought we to take as the subject of these short aspirations to be made frequently throughout the day? A pious man has said with perfect truth that everything heard, seen or perceived supplies us with a subject for such aspirations. If only we were in the habit of referring the things in our daily life to God, any sight, any word heard, any little event would be enough to fill our minds with thoughts of faith, hope, charity, sorrow for our sins, or joy at God's mercy, goodness and wisdom.

A little ejaculation may often consist of some saying that we have heard, or of a text from Holy Scripture or of a quotation from some pious writer, which we constantly call to mind. In speaking of spiritual reading and of meditation, I pointed out how excellent a plan it was to sum up in a few short words the chief points that we have noticed, and to go back upon these words often in the course of the day. By doing this we are lifting up our hearts to God, a most important and beneficial thing, and it is only thus that any lasting good is derived from reading and meditation. We may very likely forget what we have read and thought, and even our good resolutions are apt to vanish, unless they are constantly renewed. A kind of spiritual motto, however, comes back again and again to our minds, and serves to impress the whole subject more deeply upon our memory, and at the same time it increases the grace of God within us by means of the devotion and good will that we show when we repeat it.

It is not difficult to connect such aspirations with particular times, places or things, so that each of the latter inevitably suggests to us one special pious thought or ejaculation. Good prayer-books supply us with many instances of such short prayers. Some may be connected with definite moments in our daily life; thus, on awakening, we may say: "All for love of God" or "Lord Jesus, in Thy Name I will begin this day," or "If this were to be the last day of my life, should I spend it in sin? Give me, therefore, grace to resist all impulses to anger, envy, etc., and all evil thoughts and inclinations."

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On lying down to rest at night: "I lie down not knowing whether I shall ever wake again. Therefore I put myself in Thy Hands, that Thou mayest protect me in body and in soul."

Particular places may be made to suggest short aspirations. For instance, when we see a church, we may offer a little prayer to Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the altar. When we go into any house, we may say: "Peace be to this house and to all that dwell in it." Such thoughts as these would often put us on our guard against frivolous and uncharitable conversation, which is so apt to destroy peace.

Particular things seen may remind us to say a few words of prayer. Why are crosses, statues and pictures of saints put up in our houses and streets unless it be that the sight of them may suggest a pious thought to those who are prone to forget such things amidst the business of life? The striking of a clock ought to remind us how quickly time flies, and that it behooves us to make good use of it. The tolling of the passing-bell should make even the most thoughtless reflect: "Thou, too, wilt soon appear before thy Judge."

It is true that at first it is somewhat difficult to form the habit of making ejaculatory prayers, and we are so careless and so much distracted by the work, joys and sorrows of our every day life, that we easily forget them. Yet everything that seems hard at first grows easy by practice, and finally becomes a sort of second nature. I would gladly see you adopt this practice, but you must beware of praying mechanically, merely from force of habit saying certain words on certain occasions, without thinking about them at all, and without deriving fervor, admonition and comfort from their meaning and from all that they contain. They should not simply be repeated, but they should influence you in your actions. Accustom yourselves frequently to lift up your hearts to God in holy aspirations, and then even if you have no friend at hand to counsel you, you will never lack advice; if you no longer hear words of comfort, you will enjoy the sweetest consolation; and even if everything seems dull, mean and commonplace, you will be truly united to God. You will never perish through thoughtlessness, for Jesus will ever be with you, if you only call upon Him saying: "Lord, save us!" He will guide you safely through all the monotony and all the storms of life. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

RUSSIA IMPROVED BY THE WAR

A remarkable decrease in crime and a great increase in industry have already been observed in England and Russia as a result of the recent legislation against treating in the former country and against the sale of vodka in the latter. In Liverpool especially the good results have been so marked that the Government is urged to extend its measure of protection. It is claimed that the general prohibition of treating and the stopping of credit, besides effecting a great national economy, will put an end to a vast amount of poverty, suffering and misery. The abolition of vodka in Russia has been attended with the happiest results. A distinguished physician there who has given the matter close attention, declares that "crime has decreased to a remarkable degree. The saving banks all report great in-

crease in the deposits of the working people. There is beginning to be a greater demand for books and newspapers, and also a demand for more intellectual amusements. Hoolliganism has practically vanished, before the abolition of vodka, not a Sunday passed without there being cases of wounding to be treated in some of the hospitals of people hurt by fighting in a drunken state."

The Great War has opened the eyes of the world as never before to the monstrous evil of intemperance; and it is doubtful if there will ever be a return to the old days of unlimited drinking and treating. The restoration of peace and the impoverishment of so many countries as its price, will demonstrate the necessity of temperance.—The Ave Maria.

"BROKEN DOWN"

Dr. O'Malley holds up the light of truth to the old excuse we hear frequently of the man who is "broken down."

The vice of intemperance, he says, with its integral parts, gluttony, drunkenness and unchastity, is the cause of more sin and misery than any other form of revolt against the law of God. The concupiscence of the flesh is the predominant failing in the vast majority of the human family, and is the source of at least one third of all the pauperism and crime in civilized nations. There is good reason for the opinion that this vice is also the main source of insanity and other diseases, directly or indirectly. Gluttony alone, or over-eating, to use the more polite term, fills a thousand graves, whilst war and pestilence together fill only 10. An amazing number of "martyrs to pain" that pass through life in an immense cloud of sympathy are in reality martyrs to their bellies; and most of those eminent citizens who have "broken down from overwork," and are constrained to take long vacations and distant voyages, are simply broken down from over-exercising with the knife and fork. Over 90 per cent. of Bright's disease, rheumatism, whatever that is—neuritis, neuritis, neuritis for duty, brought to the medical men for cure by merchants, lawyers and physicians, is caused by overloading the stomach with palatable food or by taking alcoholic beverages for the stomach's sake. The theories on whiskey as a panacea for all the ills of middle life, inflicted upon kind doctors by otherwise intelligent gentlemen, are positively innumerable. But it is a stern fact that no person has ever yet taken habitually two or three drinks of whiskey daily, or a pint of claret, or a quart of ale, and escaped chronic alcoholism; and when such a patient comes to a physician and prates about a "breakdown from overwork" or "the will of God," and the like, he is either a hypocrite or a fool.

These two or three "drinks a day" means the month's rent for the man at a moderate wage, or the summer's vacation for the family of the man with twice that much, or better food and larger opportunity for the family of the man with still more. The burden of denial does not always fall on the wife in a way she can measure. It is like an indirect tax, a little here and a little there, scarcely measured at the time, yet making life a succession of worried days and sleepless nights. It is not a world where a man may live unto himself, or where the result falls only on the waster. Whatever lessens a man's efficiency handicaps his wife and children.

It may not be actual money. Perhaps the husband has the price of a drink, or many of them. But he is fighting a losing battle against age. He needs the resilience of his arteries and the elasticity of his tissues and the clearness of his thought processes in his battle—not only for himself, but also for the wife whose living he is making. He cannot afford it physically.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE COAT OF BLACK AND TAN

In its October issue, the Ladies' Home Journal continues its policy of catering to Protestant ministers and their wives. The latest offering is an article, by a sectarian clergyman, entitled "The Coat of Black and Tan." It offers suggestions as to the type of youth fit to enter the Protestant ministry.

We Catholics look upon a vocation, a yearning implanted in the heart to serve God in a special manner, as an essential requisite for aspirants to the priesthood. True there are certain qualities which make a man a better leader of his fellowmen, but not necessarily a better priest. Individual piety and a supreme longing to bring souls to closer union with their Creator, are the foundation on which the Catholic priest builds his services.

According to the writer of the article in question, two other things are the essentials of the Protestant minister. They are veritably a "coat of black," symbolical of the clergyman's broadcloth, and a "coat of tan," bearing reference to his health. Aside from these nothing is asked, except such qualities as will place a man in the front rank when human distinctions and leaderships are doled out. As long as physical and mental attributes are the requisites for entering the Protestant ministry, it is much wonder that Protestantism has lost what spirituality it once possessed and that a Harvard divine has suggested that "salvation" of man from worldly evils be made the only mission of the sects.—Chicago New World.

FREQUENT AND DAILY COMMUNION

The fact that a person may unhappily fall occasionally into mortal sin, is not reason for refusing him the favor of frequent Communion, provided that before approaching the Holy Table, he receives pardon for his sin in a good confession, says the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Perhaps there was a doubt as to whether one sinned or not. Now what is a doubt? Doubt may be defined as "the suspending of the judgment about something apprehended by the mind." It may be positive or negative. The positive doubt exists where there is an apparent equality of reasons on either side. The negative doubt exists when the mind suspends judgment for want of reasons on one side or on the other. For example, suppose one has been subjected to a very violent temptation which, however, he has resisted. But the violence and the wiliness of the temptation have so impressed him that he feels uneasy and fears to have offended God. As he has really no reason for that, it is a negative doubt.

But should he be troubled by bad thoughts on which he has dwelt for a while, and taken a little pleasure in them, but which he has banished from his mind on realizing the gravity of the sin he would commit by dwelling on them, there may be doubt about the nature of sin committed. There are reasons for fear because the person has dwelt on those thoughts; on the other hand, there are reasons for excusing such a person from mortal sin, since after realizing the gravity of the thought he has banished it. After weighing those reasons, even if the doubt regarding the gravity of the sin he may have committed, perseveres, he may decide in his own favor, and go to Holy Communion. This is called "taking the benefit of the doubt."

Don't Stir It. Please Don't Stir It. For Goodness' Sake Don't Stir Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal Porridge. If you do its spoiled. Read and follow directions on package. For early breakfast, make while getting evening meal, in a double boiler or in a basin of boiling water. When you get up, light gas under boiler, allow inner boiler to set in boiling water without stirring while dressing. Your breakfast is ready. It's delicious, very nutritious, prevents indigestion and relieves constipation or "money back." All grocers, 10 and 25 cents.

DRESS A MATTER OF TASTE

The Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., in the course of a sermon intended primarily for the instruction of Catholic working girls has a word or two on the artifice of dress that inspires or should inspire sober reflection: "Some say," remarks the preacher, "that dress is a matter of taste. Some say it is a matter of custom. The true Catholic girl makes it also a matter of conscience. Indeed, her two safest guides are good taste and a good conscience. Do not be led astray by the example of those who dress as if they had no soul to save or reputation to lose. By dressing foolishly you catch only the foolish. The wise are on their guard. Is it not the approbation of the wise that you should be eager to secure, and, above all, the approbation of God and of your own conscience? There is little joy in having gathered a garland of roses when you look upon your hands and find them torn and bleeding. Bleeding hands are nothing to a bleeding heart—a heart left bleeding all through its own folly.

"Live up to the dictates of your religion, live up to the dictates of your own good conscience, live up to the counsel given you by father and mother and confessor. You will then walk in the safe, open way. It may not be as broad as other ways, nor at the entrance as smooth, but it is the way that leads to life and not to death, the way that leads to joy and not to pain, the way that leads to the things that are of value when the petals shall have fallen from the roses and the lights grow dim and you go forth alone to the home of your eternity. For 'the silver cord shall be broken and the golden fillet shrink back,' and the mourners shall go about the street, and the dust shall return to the earth whence it came, and the soul to God who gave it."—New World.

THE CATHOLIC FAITH

The Catholic faith gives to the soul that loves it in all simplicity a vision and an inspiration beyond human knowledge and human power. To such a soul it becomes the power of heaven, the song of songs. It transcends not the things of earth; it lifts them up and immortalizes them with a halo of eternal glory. The rationalist descends the steps of mystery, of suffering, of justice, of death to defeat and despair. The believer mounts on the very same steps to a fuller life and an everlasting victory; he conquers in joyful triumph.

A Catholic peasant soldier of the present war, who has since been killed in action, wrote home to his wife and children, in answer to a letter from them which told of their tears because of his absence and his danger: "You tell me that your offer your tears to God. Oh; I am sure they are pleasing to Him; but I think He would be more pleased to see you bear the cross of separation for love of Him than to see you dragging it in tears. You know that we must

bear the cross if we are to come to paradise."—Catholic World.

ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD

An International News special announces Sister Rosina of Kempton as a heroine, lately decorated with the Iron and Bavarian military crosses.

In one of the battlefields, near St. Mihiel, this gentle disciple of the gentle Christ carried no less than seven maimed soldiers from the firing line and staunchly the wounds of an officer bleeding to death. "It is the same story as told in every war," says the Catholic News. "The angel of the battlefield shines radiantly amid the dreadful carnage."

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Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all toxic matter which it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Kennedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what would have cost me. The cure of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. Since the Lord has helped you and help you in curing the evil, I don't want my name published."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOUR OWN BOSS

Now and then I hear a boy say: "I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy." Did you ever know any one that amounted to much, who was his own boss? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he was glad to quit.

LISTEN TO THE SERMON

Sermons are good for the best of us—the right sort of discourses, listened to with the right sort of disposition.

There is a good deal to be hoped for in the young man who appreciates the value of sound, well-meant counsel, and will listen respectfully to the voice of friendly admonition.

more than you were ashamed to answer the others.—You have finished your excellent schooling, you have gone into business and you have come out a glorious success and now, finally, you are enjoying the hard work of your own industry: what next?—Oh! you suppose you must,—O nonsense, come out with the word, say it—die. Now you have answered well, for the Holy Scriptures tell us very truthfully: "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that judgment."

Dear friend, do you not candidly think it would be very good sense and noble business astuteness to take this into deep consideration, and plan also well for that part of the program that you must willingly or unwillingly play? Do not be taken up too much with the concerns of life, for they are soon over indeed. Where to-day are thousands of young men that walked over the same ambitious courses one hundred years ago that you are now spending years? You tell me truly that they are dead; but you should also add, likewise truly, that they did not take along with them their hoarded and coveted earthly goods.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the preachings.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the preachings.

THE KINDNESS OF A QUEEN

Once when the Dowager Queen of Spain, Maria Christina, was a little girl of five, she was taking a walk in the country with her governess, and a violent storm came up. There



There is a quaint story connected with the grave of a lad in a Seville cemetery and inscribed with the lines: "I believe in God, I hope in God, I love God."

INCONSISTENT

Truly, the Papacy in these days is in the same boat with the predestinarian who cried: "I'll be damned if I do, and I'll be damned if I don't!"

APOLGIZING FOR YOUR PARENTS

Kate is fully alive to the fact that her father and mother are old-fashioned people, whose early advantages were limited.

LONGEST REIGN

IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY IS THAT OF EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH Austria Hungary and Germany recently united in celebrating the eighty-fifth birthday of Emperor Francis Joseph.

chances are that they know a thousand things which you will only learn by patiently doing the duties God gives you through long and difficult years.

WISE, BUT NOT ACCORDING TO THE FLESH

There is a quaint story connected with the grave of a lad in a Seville cemetery and inscribed with the lines: "I believe in God, I hope in God, I love God."

POWER OF THE SPOKEN WORD

Few realize the power of the spoken word to deepen and fix the thought to which it gives expression.

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fronted a monarch.—Church Progress.

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A grievance toward another, suppressed, disordered, it goes in its mind that puts it into words.

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nifies them and doubles their way over us. Dwell upon the good each day brings and talk of it, and life's whole outlook is changed.

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