

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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LABOR'S DANGER

II

By THE OBSERVER

Since the English trades-unions, under the guidance of Socialist leaders, have taken a fancy to dictate how Great Britain shall be governed, the general public are commencing to ask how the members of these trades unions are equipped by nature or by training to run the affairs of the British Empire.

Canadians are interested in this question; and their interest is the keener because we have lately had in Canada a sample or two of the same sort of policy which has recently tried to displace the British Parliament and the British Constitution, and to run the Empire by trades unions, or, as we call them in Canada, labor unions.

What claims, precisely, have labor unions on the confidence of the general public. The term "general public" includes the whole citizenship of the Empire; and so it includes the members of the labor unions themselves. And, however much Socialist leaders may din into their ears that they have no interests save those of wages or their share of the profits of industry, there are millions of men enrolled in the labor unions who know better than that, because their conscience and heart and reason tell them better than that.

So when the "general public" puts the question, "What fitness have labor unions to rule the British Empire," the question is put by workmen to their own unions. And many workmen are beginning to doubt some of the things their Socialist leaders have long been telling them; and are, moreover, beginning to ask themselves whether it is safe and wise and in their own interests to let the bulk of their membership be controlled by a few men.

Take the late strike of the Railwaymen in England. A new minister of transport had just been appointed. On his very first day in the office he received an ultimatum. Forty-eight hours afterwards he had a strike on his hands; when he was just two days on the job. And this strike was upon a question which did not call for settlement for three months, upon the agreement of the men themselves.

What, exactly, is the division or allotment of authority in labor unions which can make such an occurrence possible? Who runs the unions? We met the other day a very intelligent carpenter, a member of a labor union. We asked him, "How is the question to strike or not to strike decided in your union?" "Well," said he, "there's a referendum vote; but, a few men swing the whole thing."

Now, before the British Empire gives up its King, Parliaments, and legislatures, and hands over the ruling of the greatest Empire in the world to the labor unions, we should like to see some improvement on the present system; and one of the main criticisms against the present system is, that it tends to place too much power in the hands of a few. But there never was a King in England, in the worst days of royal tyranny; there has never been a Parliament in Great Britain, capable of inflicting, or able to inflict in a year, one half the damage which the English trades unions have just inflicted on the people of England; and it was wholly unnecessary and wholly avoidable damage at that.

What is the idea? The idea is tyranny; and tyranny on a scale a thousand times greater and more dangerous than the tyranny for which Charles I. lost his head; or for which a score of other royal tyrants have at one time or another lost their heads or their thrones. There can be no tyranny like the tyranny of a class war; the tyranny of one class of the public inflamed with hatred and envy of other classes.

And this class hatred is precisely what the leaders of labor unions have successfully promoted, and are still promoting. And why? Because they are Socialists; the great majority of them; the ablest and

most active and most influential of them. There is Labor's chief danger. Its leadership is in bad hands. Labor is in danger so long as that kind of leadership exists. Labor has won much; and stands to lose it all for generations to come because that kind of leadership exists.

Labor unions are in the danger which human beings are always in when they have been successfully deceived. The great and splendid movement of labor unionism is being turned—and fast turned—into a machine for smashing all existing social, political and religious institutions. The recent strike in England was not primarily intended to benefit the men; it was part of a considered policy to nationalize the mines and railways of Great Britain as a preliminary to the total abolition of private ownership of property.

To say that multitudes of strikers don't see that point; and that even some of their leaders do not see it, is beside the point. A study of the work of Socialism in all the countries where it is at work; and particularly a study of the declared policies and trades union activities of Socialist leaders in England, leaves no doubt of the nature of the forces which are directing the fate of the labor unions at the present time.

TO BE CONTINUED

TO FIGHT NATIONALISM

YOUNG LIBERALS WILL CARRY CAMPAIGN TO UNIVERSITIES AND SCHOOLS OF QUEBEC

(Staff Correspondence of The Globe)

Quebec, Oct. 13.—The by-election in East Quebec brought about a somewhat dramatic showdown. To a hero worshipping people the prestige and influence of winning success to the "Old Chief" in the historic constituency which the great Laurier represented for some forty years can be appreciated. Each group angling for the honor. There were Liberal aspirants galore. And when the disagreement and uncertainty was at its height, Henri Bourassa, now the recluse, but still "Le Maître," precipitated his personality and policy into the confusion. Nationalists called for the candidature of Armand Lavergne, while Le Divoir announced conferences of electors pledging their support to the young lieutenant. With the embarrassing situation the older and canny politicians were loath to deal. The business of personally pulling chestnuts out of the fire does not appeal to shrewd and experienced manipulators.

Francis Xavier Galbrais, a respectable private citizen of the old and safe school of Liberalism, was regarded as a sufficient Liberal candidate under the circumstances. It was deemed best—expedient, at any rate—to let Galbrais fight it out with Lavergne, while the party leaders shrugged their shoulders and washed their hands of further responsibility for the result.

LAPOINTE TO THE RESCUE

The newspapers began to carry stories to the effect that Lavergne was likely to win the seat of Laurier. It was at this stage that a conference of young local Liberals made their dramatic move—and the dramatic always appeals to Quebec. They sent for Ernest Lapointe, the young member for Kamouraska, and made their plea to him. Lapointe was already credited with successfully opposing the Conservatism of Gouin and Lemieux and the Nationalism of Bourassa and Lavergne. Backed by a phalanx of ardent young Liberals in Parliament and out of it, Lapointe accepted the candidature, and today tendered his resignation as member of the House of Commons for Kamouraska. He will reach Quebec from Ottawa tomorrow morning, and will at once open his campaign.

TO FIGHT NATIONALISTS

Ottawa, Oct. 14.—According to comment among the members from Quebec here tonight, the purpose of the young Liberals who are organizing behind Ernest Lapointe's leadership is not only to defeat Henri Bourassa and his Nationalist propaganda, but to capture his following and turn it from Nationalism to Liberalism. They are planning to carry educational campaigns into the French-Canadian Universities and organize public forums of discussion in rural parts of the Province for the habitants. It is reported that the project has already attained such strength as to cause Armand Lavergne to decide to withdraw from the contest in East Quebec, regarding the contest at the present time as hopeless.

Liberal members here regard Mr. Ernest Lapointe as having shown himself a "dead game sportsman" in throwing up his seat soon in Kamouraska in order to do battle with Colonel Armand Lavergne. The only special significance in the event is

that the mantle of Laurier falls on Lapointe in so far as the late Chief's fight against Quebec Nationalism is concerned. In 1911 and since that great conflict the old Chief refused to have anything to do with the Nationalist movement in Quebec, and he kept Quebec solidly Liberal against the most insidious propaganda and the most violent attacks. When Armand Lavergne seemed bound to run in the constituency which had been represented by Sir Wilfrid so long, and seemed as well to have excellent chances of succeeding, the old friends of Laurier for sentimental reasons began to feel that it would be a profanation to have succeeded Laurier one who had always opposed him, but how to prevent it was the question. Colonel Lavergne is very strong in Quebec East, and has a good following throughout the old city.

Lapointe's course in Parliament has commended itself to his fellows in French Canada, as well as to the House generally. He is generally expected to succeed Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux as Lieutenant of the Liberal Leader in Quebec when Mr. Lemieux accepts the position offered him in Laval University.

ALL BOW TO HERO PRELATE

CARDINAL MERCIER IS HONORED BY PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC ALIKE IN TORONTO

(Toronto Globe, Oct. 15)

Cardinal Mercier, the soldier-hearted saint of Belgium, who stood erect and unshaken amid a sea of tyranny and rebuked the tyrants with words of burning accusation; who defied the German superman and proved himself the Superman of them all—"this man of God and of the people was greeted with deeply sincere acclamations by the citizens of Toronto yesterday."

During the last few years Toronto has welcomed many men whom the War has lifted into position of eminence by reason of their acts of valor or statesmanship, but none of those who came before have equalled in dignity and quietly impressive heroism the monumental personality who stood like a benediction in their midst yesterday.

Tall, lithe, graceful in figure and with a devout and thoughtful stoop, the Cardinal is the personification of staidness and humility. At the various functions which were given in honor of the great Cardinal there were present representatives of every department of public life, and leaders of Protestant as well as Catholic Churches assembled to pay their tribute of respect and admiration.

AT THE UNIVERSITY

"We are honoring today one of the heroic figures of the War," said President Sir Robert Falconer, in introducing the Cardinal to an immense gathering in Convocation Hall yesterday afternoon. The visit of his Eminence Cardinal Mercier calls forth anew those feelings of admiration for him which were maintained throughout that protracted ordeal, when, along with the King and Queen of the Belgians, he saved his people by giving them the heart of courage. Among his enemies he stood like a rock in the midst of raging waves which vainly attempted to engulf him. Silence him they could not, and at intervals his voice would sound forth over the tumult of war in majestic but impassioned protests which not only put iron into the soul of the agonized nation, but touched the heart and conscience of the allied world.

"When his words did not avail to check the ruthless depredations and deportations he rallied a band of patriots to alleviate as far as possible the distress of those who were being torn away from their homes, and thus by action as by speech his powerful sympathy became the comfort of his fellow sufferers."

"But the Cardinal is not only a great national figure. He is also a scholar of repute. His work as a professor of philosophy in the ancient but now ravaged University of Louvain was widely influential and striking in its originality, and from the academic chair he was called to the administrative duties of the leading Archbishopric of Belgium. In honoring him today, therefore, we recognize one who is worthy because of his intellectual attainments."

Rev. Father Carr, Superior of St. Michael's College, then presented the Cardinal for the degree of Doctor of Law, which was conferred by the Chancellor of the University, Sir William Meredith.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESENTED

Cardinal Mercier opened his address by paying a tribute of sympathy to the University of Toronto. He said that as he had spent the larger part of his life at the University of Louvain he fully appreciated the services that had been rendered to the cause of civilization by such institutions.

"I know especially what Toronto University has done for this noble Dominion of Canada. I know in the first moment of the War, when the

German invaded Belgium, that nowhere in the world would there be a greater resistance to tyranny or greater devotion to the cause of justice and truth than in Canada.

"I know that six thousand men of Toronto University enlisted in the War and that many of them sacrificed their lives in the cause of liberty, and I am honored by this degree."

A NEW KIND OF WAR

"You Canadians would not have entered the War for a parcel of territory or for a sum of money, but because you know the War was of a new kind in history—a War between Kultur symbolized by a banner stained with innocent blood and poisoned gases, and darkened by the ashes of universities, churches and private homes, and your banner, which symbolized right against might, truth against calumny, justice against tyranny."

ABOVE ALL HONESTY

"I ask you all as an inspiration to your souls to take the motto of St. Ambrose: 'Above all honesty,' a word which expresses the fervor, justice and love of our God."

The rear of the platform was packed with members of the faculty of the University and representatives of various educational institutions and leaders of the Churches. Rev. Dr. Chown, Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada; Bishop Sweeney of Toronto and Dean Harris were among those present.

STIRRING CIVIC RECEPTION

Owing to a delay in train arrivals his Eminence Cardinal Mercier did not, as intended, hear the singing of the Belgian National Anthem by some 2,000 Separate School children in St. Michael's Cathedral. When his train arrived at 10.52 he was met by a procession of Roman Catholic Church dignitaries, accompanied by Mayor Church, Major General Emsley and Col. J. J. McLaran. As he passed up the steps and through the station scores of onlookers bowed their heads in his honor, and his Eminence with a smile and bow acknowledged their greeting. The Cardinal celebrated Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, where more than 1,000 people attended, and then at nearly 11 o'clock, took breakfast with Archbishop McNeil.

The City Hall Council chamber was filled long before the hour appointed for the civic reception. His Eminence was promptly on time, however, and the crowded Council floor and galleries gave him cheer after cheer. Mayor Church, in his address of welcome, asked Cardinal Mercier to carry to the Belgian people the heartfelt sympathy of the citizens of Toronto in all the sufferings they had so patiently and bravely borne.

"The allies," the Mayor said, "could not have won the War if the brave Belgian army, numerically inferior in strength, had not maintained a self-sacrificing resistance to the German army."

Cardinal Mercier replied: "I accept with sincerity and pride the noble things you have said of my country and I also thank the Mayor and the citizens of Toronto for their kindness, personally and on behalf of my nation."

AT THE EMPIRE CLUB

At the Empire Club luncheon at the King Edward Hotel there was a record club gathering to greet Cardinal Mercier. To provide for the throng, table accommodation was set in the hallways and corridors, and when luncheon had been finished tables were carried out of the dining-room to provide seating room for the scores waiting in the corridors. Among those seated at the head table were Archbishop McNeil, Bishop Fallon, Bishop O'Brien of Peterboro, Bishop Sweeney, Bishop McNally of Calgary, Bishop E. E. Wachsler, Mgr. Whalen, Bishop Selard of Saint St. Martin. Seated directly on the Cardinal's right was Hon. Dr. Cody, Minister of Education, who concluded the meeting with a masterly tribute to Toronto's eminent visitor.

As one man the big audience arose to honor his Eminence when he entered the dining-hall. And when he arose to address them the applause which broke out lasted several minutes. He thanked them and proceeded: "I always wanted to come to Canada, although under the burden of my age I was hesitating for a while to come either to the United States of America or here. I was encouraged by your compatriots, among them Hon. Dr. Cody, whom I saw at Malines and finally I decided to accept the very kind invitations."

"When in Malines," the Cardinal continued, "I was impressed with the sincere sympathy of your soldiers—your glorious and beautiful boys. I was always struck by their sincerity of religion, their respect for liberty, also by that combination of qualities of people which you have inherited from the Anglo-Saxon traditions combined with the spirit of great undertaking. Therefore, I think that we who have throughout all the centuries struggled to keep liberty fell naturally, in this last great struggle, into sympathy with yourselves. We naturally felt we could rely on you. It was a great support to know that you, with the English and French, were prepared

to support our great cause. We know what your men did at Ypres, in Flanders, in the first attack against the Germans. You were the first to take the offensive against them at Ypres."

APRASE FOR CANADIANS

Before proceeding with his personal experiences, the Cardinal paused to pay tribute to the bravery of Canada's soldiers who fought for Belgium's liberty. With the French, he conceded them to be the bravest troops in the allied armies. As he had walked among their graves in Flanders fields he had uncovered his head and expressed to his comrade the opinion that to those and other of the allied soldiers who had given their lives in the great cause of humanity today owed it, freedom.

It was the most sorrowful moment of his life, Cardinal Mercier declared, when, while attending the election of the Pope in Rome, he was informed of the arrival of a telegram apprising him that his beloved University of Louvain had been burned, with his cathedral in Malines, and that his Bishop's house had been under bombardment. "At one moment," he proceeded, "with a touch of pathos in his voice, 'I pictured before my eyes all that had been precious in my past. I spent twenty-five years in Louvain as professor there, and I saw before my eyes not only the books, but the beautiful gallery of paintings, recalling to our memories all the traditions of the glorious Louvain University from the fifteenth century to the last days of our existence there. And I saw a vision of all those glories, which were for us inspiring, which were for our youth a great education in itself."

BELGIAN WORKMEN IDLE

His Eminence proceeded to relate how Belgians, workmen were offered the alternative of signing up with the Germans for voluntary labor or else being taken as prisoners in Germany and compelled to do hard labor. Many refused to give in to the enemy and were taken away prisoners. Thousands came back after some weeks, utterly worn out and exhausted under their taskmasters. To-day these same workmen were looking for work. Agriculture had been saved in Belgium partly because of the generosity of the Canadian Government in giving to the Belgian Government the Canadian army horses. But industry, because of the diabolical German depredations of the Germans, was at a complete standstill. Machines which the Germans could not use for themselves they destroyed so that Belgium could never use them again.

"Our workmen are there offering their arms for labor," he continued. "But there are no manufacturers to give them labor. A feeling of disappointment has pervaded them. They expected a continual picnic in the days of peace, but there is not even the condition of normal life. And the authorized idleness which has come upon them has provided an easy field for the radical Socialist, the Bolshevist—a field of revolt and excitement. And I must state that I fear more for my people at this moment than I feared ever during the War. I hope still, with the help of the great nations, with the influx of raw material for industry, that matters may be remedied. I shall try to encourage as much as I can social organizations and institutions."

For the barbarities and exposure of citizens as protection to German troops Cardinal Mercier said he could find no other explanation than that of an attempt to terrorize the Belgian people into submission.

"During the first days of the War when the Germans used to come to me and order me to do this or that. I used to say to them: 'It is not for me to discuss whether you were right or wrong in invading my country. But I take your own Chancellor's words that he knew he was committing injustice. During your occupation here you have to be as kind as you can to protect our poor people against the consequences of an act which is acknowledged to be unjust. Therefore, I have to accuse you of failing in your duty as an occupying power in my country.' Each time I spoke I rather observed they were going back, and I became the accuser and they were the accused. My conclusion was: 'What they know they are they will be if I oppose their cruelties in public, and I decided to publish my letter on 'Patriotism and Endurance.'"

SPORT WITH VON BISSING

"That letter was written a fortnight before Christmas, 1914, and was sent by devious ways into Holland to a priest who was my representative there, and that priest was entrusted with the care of it, to send my letter to France, to England, and so you got it in Canada and in the United States. It was written in Latin and I supposed General von Bissing could not read Latin. I said: 'This letter has to be read out to the people from the pulpit twice, on Friday, the first of the year, and on the 3rd of January, on Sunday.' In fact, all my priests who got my letter read the first part on the Friday. On Sat-

urday morning, in the darkness of the day at one o'clock, three officers came in a motor car to my Bishop's house.

"I went down stairs and one of the officers asked me, in the name of General von Bissing, why I had written that letter. I answered that it was because I thought I had to write it as Bishop, illuminating the consciences of my people, to tell them their duty during the occupation of Belgium. The officer told me I was inciting the people to revolution. I said I did not preach revolution. I preached liberty. Then the officer produced the letter, which said: 'Dear brethren, you have to respect exterior regulations of public order but in your consciences you have neither to give respect nor esteem to the occupying power. You have to keep your esteem, your respect, your love for our King Albert.' The officer said, 'What is that but inciting to revolution?' and I told him he must not take one portion of it alone, but take in the context and he would see it was not inciting to revolution."

His Eminence went on to relate how, when ordered to appear before von Bissing whenever he should be summoned, he declared he could go on Saturday or Monday, but would not go on Sunday. In spite of orders and remonstrances from the German officers he maintained his independent position and finally the German representative of Bissing went back, embarrassed, to consult with his chief. While in Brussels he saw the Spanish Minister, who told him that the proper course for him to take was to send Cardinal Mercier to Rome to answer to his Holiness, the Pope. "The poor man was very embarrassed," proceeded the speaker, "and wired Berlin asking what to do." In accordance with his instructions, the letter was again read from every pulpit in the diocese on the Sunday, and again on Monday the German officer came back, this time with an armed guard, and he presented a three-folio-length letter from von Bissing, written in German, in which he said certain questions were set out which had to be answered immediately.

MAKES GERMAN TRANSLATE

Club members laughed heartily when the Cardinal told them that in order to gain time he had declared that before he could read it had to be translated into Latin, and the officer spent a laborious hour and a half performing the task. Even then the Cardinal declined to answer in two minutes something that von Bissing had sent out after three days' deliberation, and the officer, in despair, declined to leave the house until he got his answer. He seated himself in the Cardinal's room and watched his every move. "They must have thought I was going to run away," his Eminence laughingly declared. "Because once when I crossed from one side of the house to the other I saw the soldiers jump out of the motor car and run round with rifles held ready, as if they were chasing a rabbit." Finally, late in the afternoon, he wrote his answer, and the exasperated officer departed.

"When the second part of my letter was read," the speaker said, "many of the German soldiers were so interested in what had been going on that they attended the churches of my diocese to hear it read. I suppose they understood parts of it. But many of the priests were fined or put in jail for reading the letter. Although a strenuous effort was made by German officers to get the copies away from them, some of the priests refused to give them up, and others gave up the original after having made a copy from which to read."

Hon. Dr. Cody's brief concluding tribute was vigorously applauded for the eloquence with which he tendered Toronto's tribute. His Eminence, he said, was welcomed to Canada as scholar, prelate, philosopher, statesman, professor, churchman, patriot and Christian.

JESUIT EXPLORERS

DISCOVER INTERESTING RELICS IN CAVE ON ISLAND OF JERSEY

Catholic Press Association

London, Sept. 18.—Even in that most exclusive and very English gathering of savants, the British Association, the Jesuits have claimed attention this year. At the session, which has just closed, a paper was read on a most interesting discovery, made by a party of Jesuit Fathers in Jersey. They found, in 1914, a cave on the north coast of the island, which could be entered by means of a rope from a hole in the cliff's side. They preserved their secret until last year, when Rev. Father Morin handed over the fruits of their discovery to a local archaeological society. Examination of these has brought to light a very puzzling geological fact, for teeth, bones and antlers of an extinct deer, belonging to the Pliocene Age, have been discovered and identified. These occurred in high brackets, associated with stalactites, and seemed to show a land connection with France at some time, as they most closely resembled corresponding parts of an animal found in Auvergne.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Constantinople, Turkey, a beautiful monument or memorial is to be erected to the memory of Pope Benedict XV, in gratitude for the assistance he gave the Orient during the War.

With episcopal sanction, a Trappist monastery has been founded by a French priest, Father Denis, at Pango Son, Annam, China. It already numbers a dozen Annamite members, one of whom is a son of the notorious persecutor of the Catholics, Minh-Maug.

Paris, Sept. 18.—On November 11 there is to be a striking event, a military pilgrimage of thanksgiving, which is fixed for the anniversary of the armistice. The fetes will be presided over by Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims, who will accept the address of the pilgrim soldiers.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—The Rev. Major Edward J. Watan, intimate friend of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and the oldest ranking Catholic chaplain in the United States army, is dead here today. He was appointed an army chaplain by President Hayes in 1877 and served through several frontier Indian campaigns, the Spanish-American war and the late European War.

One of the most impressive spectacles ever witnessed in New York waters took place Sunday, Sept. 29th, aboard the Italian battleship Conte di Cavour when his Grace, the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D. D., Archbishop of New York and Catholic Chaplain Bishop for the United States army and navy, celebrated military Mass.

Bern, Sept. 17.—Things are advancing quickly for the Catholics of Switzerland. After thirty-three years of persecution, Catholics now enjoy all their rights. Indeed, a Catholic is a member of the Council of State; a Catholic is a vice-president of the National Council; a Catholic has for some time exercised functions analogous to that of Mayor, at Geneva.

The green, white and gold flag of the Irish republic was flown from the balcony of Mayor Chas. P. Gillett's suite in the Newark, N. J., city hall as the city officially welcomed Eamonn de Valera, president of the Irish republic. It was the second time the flag appeared, the first time being on the anniversary of the Easter uprising in Dublin last April.

After five years of exile spent in the United States, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz of Michoacan, Mexico, has returned to his episcopal see. The Archbishop was accorded an enthusiastic reception upon his arrival in Morelia, the episcopal city. More than ten thousand persons met the Archbishop at the station. When the venerable prelate entered his carriage, the people rushed to the vehicle, unhitched the horses and pulled the carriage themselves, singing and cheering the Archbishop on his way to the Cathedral.

Mgr. Pietro Piacenza has just died at Piacenza. He was archbishop of the cathedral Protonotary Apostolic, Conductor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and emeritus professor of Liturgy in the Seminary of St. John Lateran, as well as honorary canon of Lourdes. Mgr. Piacenza was well known as an authority on the study of the Sacred Liturgy, on which he had published works of the highest authority. It is stated that it is entirely due to his influence that the former Minister of War, General Mezzacarpa, died a pious and Christian death in 1905.

Prince Alban has been admitted to the religious habit as a novice in the Franciscan monastery at Diefdorf, Germany, where he will make his studies for the priesthood. The prince is a son of Prince Wilhelm of Lowenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg a Protestant branch of the House of Lowenstein. During the War Prince Alban held a commission in the Royal Hanoverian Uhlans, and during his war service he came into contact with Catholics, and finally abandoned the Protestant religion to embrace the Catholic faith.—The Monitor.

London, Sept. 18.—The Knights of Columbus, who have done such splendid work here for the American boys, seem to propose to remain, for the financial papers have just discovered them as a new society of mutual benefit, which has just been registered at Somerset House with offices in the Haymarket, one of the best known of London thoroughfares. The K. C. have still some clubs open, and their future program may include a British branch of their admirable and live organization.

The Belgian Minister for the Interior has given instructions for a search to be made for the place where was buried the body of the son of Marshal Foch, who fell during the battle of Verdon in the Belgian Ardennes in the early days of the War. The Allied commander's son is believed to have been buried near the road between Baranzy and Gorcy. The son of Rene Viviani, who was French premier at the outbreak of War, was killed in the same neighborhood, as was also the well known writer, Ernest Petchar, a grandson of Renan.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXVIII—CONTINUED

He paused as if to note the effect of his announcement, and he fancied that pale as his listener was already, she became still paler, which fact gave a malicious motive to his next words. He would wring her heart if he could, since his preference was not for himself. With this object in view, he detailed every circumstance of Gerald's departure with such length and minuteness that Mildred felt like begging him to stop. But she braced herself with a strength which he little dreamed, not even flinching when the greenish eyes were fixed most firmly and significantly upon her face.

"I guess The Castle has seen the last of Gerald. He couldn't tell where he was going, more than he'd made up his mind to travel, and he's withdrawn all his connections with the factory. He didn't care to say good-bye to anybody, which I reckon is a little strange, being as you're here and know him so long. But Gerald's queer at times; I reckon he never got over all that excitement about his father's death."

He paused again as if he expected some question, but his listener remained mute.

"Well, now we'll come to Chester. Being as Gerald's gone, and being as I intend to give up the factory pretty soon, and as the search after Chester ain't in no way a getting down here, I've been a thinking of putting him in Gerald's place in the factory. Of course he can't fill the place right away, but I can teach him, so he won't be long out of it. Then Chester's got smart business ways. I knowed that of old, and I reckon Eastbury's about the safest place for him. Everybody knows that there ain't no kinder feelings between us, and they'd never suspect me of sheltering him. He can keep up the name he goes under now at Hogan's, and if he's known as a friend of yours, why he can't come of it. He can live here at The Castle, and if he don't want to make himself known to Cora, why nobody'll tell on him. Now, if he's willing to come to these terms, why I am his man, and I swear to Moses that I'll stand by him, and that he'll never be arrested in my house, nor in the factory either. What do you say to the plan, Miss Burchill?"

She could not reply, that it found no favor with her, for there were two advantages to give it special commendation: the one, that Cora to whom she was so warmly attached, and whose affection she could not do more than to hate, would not be separated from her; the other, that in the event of any future adverse fate overtaking Horton, she could be indeed a mother and protector to his favorite. Robinson seemed to argue favorably for her answer from her hesitation to answer, and he waited as if to give her ample opportunity for deliberation. She said, at length:

"I shall not conceal from you, Mr. Robinson, that the prospect of having my uncle live with me is a very pleasant one; particularly so since it assures to me no separation from Cora, and were I certain that he would incur no further risk of arrest by accepting your offer than by fleeing to some retired spot abroad, I should beg him to agree to your proposal."

"Why the case is just this," warmly answered the factory owner, who was bent on the plan because he thought it would involve the least delay of his marriage. "The track that the detectives are after is all wrong. I ain't been squandering the time since you promised to marry me; I've just been posting myself on all the doings about Chester, and I tell you, Miss Burchill, that I don't think there's a spot in the hull world where he'd be safer than living here and seeing to things at the factory; and then I'll always keep posted, and the minute I get wind of any suspicion being turned down here I'll ship him off like lightning. I've got money and influence, and I'll use 'em both. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, so far as I am concerned; but I must consult him."

"Oh certainly. I calculated that you'd do that, and I've wrote it all out in a letter that I want you to give him. He'll be mighty surprised, considering the way we used to meet and part long ago; but when he hears you're going to be my wife, maybe he won't wonder so much."

He took an unsealed letter from his pocket as he spoke, and placed it in her hand.

"I want his answer as soon as possible. Can't you go to see him now?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

She turned to depart, but he was speaking again:

"There's another thing, Miss Burchill—He hesitated, as if doubtful how to make this further communication. She waited, not even helping his hesitation by a question. "Do you intend to tell Chester how it was that you came to give your consent to marry me?"

"Soon, which she could not repress, flashed into her face and marked her tones as she answered:

"I shall not tell him, Mr. Robinson; for I feel that if I did, rather than allow me to sacrifice myself for him, he would voluntarily and immediately give himself up to justice."

The factory owner was secretly relieved; that had been also his unpleasant conviction.

Again she turned to leave the room. He called her, and by her Christian name. It sounded so unfamiliar pronounced by his lips, that it gave her a sort of shock; she stopped suddenly and turned to him.

"Don't look so skeered," he said, approaching her. "I ain't going to harm you. I only want you to be a little chesery like, just show that you'll try to love me a little."

"Love you!" she said, receding from him, while even the faint trace of color in her lips fled. "I thought you understood the terms of my contract with you. I promised you no love, and I consented to marry you only to save my uncle. Mr. Robinson, nor shall I ever be able to love you. My duty as your wife, when I have become such, I shall try to perform. More I do not promise, nor have you any right to claim. Had you a heart you would not have used your knowledge of my uncle's escape in such a way as to demand from me the sacrifice which you do. And now—you drew herself up with an air before which Robinson involuntarily quailed—"I must insist that until the marriage takes place you will never again allude to the subject of affection between us," she walked calmly by him, and out into the hall, closing the door gently behind her.

"Methusalem!" exclaimed Robinson. "She's as titchy as Gerald; but wait till the marriage takes place, as she says, and won't I crush that proud spirit of her'n? Yes, she'll take her turn with you," shaking his fist at the corner of the room at which he always gazed when subjected to his nightly terror.

He was interrupted by a knock at the door, and immediately after Mrs. Phillips thrust in her bright face:

"Won't you come to one of the parlors, Mr. Robinson? You know I've not been in here since the evening you gave me such a fright, and I really am afraid to enter now."

"Nonsense," said Robinson going to the door, and flinging it back. "Nothing to be afearer of now; it ain't no hour for me to have my spells. I never have them when the sun is shining."

Thus assured, she entered and seated herself where an opening in the heavy winter curtains disclosed a view of the grounds. Robinson took a chair in front of her. Though wish all her beauty she had not made the conquest of his heart which Mildred, all unknown to and undesired by herself, had done, there was to his pleasure in watching the play of Mrs. Phillips' exquisite features, and he fastened his eyes upon her in a way which disquieted for the moment even her brazen indifference.

"What's the news?" he asked. "I have come for yours," she answered, with her little silvery laugh. "I thought to keep away from The Castle,—for some time at least,—but my impatience to know how your suit was progressing with Mrs. Burchill would not let me rest."

"Oh, as to that, it's famous," he replied, with a chuckle; and then he detailed his plan for Chester Horton, keeping back, however, that Gerald had left.

She clapped her hands with delight: "How splendid! And Mildred will really marry you, and then, dear Mr. Robinson, will you allow me to come to The Castle even if your wife does not wish me to come?"

"A look from which even Helen shrank came into his face as he answered, "My wife shall do just as I want her to do, for I shall be her master," and he chuckled again,—a little low, vicious chuckle that Helen seemed to hear even after it had ceased.

"And does Gerald know that Mildred is going to marry you? And what did he say about it?"

The factory owner did not chuckle this time, he laughed,—laughed till the very gums over his yellow tusks were visible. Anticipation of the wretch he felt his reply would give to Mrs. Phillips' heart caused his mirth, for the agony of the widow would be a sort of balm to his own wounded vanity at the rejection of his love by Mildred:

"I guess Gerald was a good deal out by Miss Burchill's engagement to me, for right away that he heard of it he got up his connections with the factory, and next day he went away for good."

"For good?" She gasped the words, while the color died out of her face.

"Yes; couldn't tell even where he was bound for, more than he was going to travel, and he went off in a mighty hurry. But Methusalem! Mr. Phillips; you needn't be out up about his goin'."

"Oh Mr. Robinson, he was my stepson, you know, and I had hoped to be always near him." She broke down into real tears.

"Well, I reckon you'd better take somebody else to your heart. Look out for a husband, Mrs. Phillips, and let your stepson go. He'd never have cared for you."

The tone of the last words maddened her dry eyes and summoned her pride to her aid. It stung her to be told by such a creature as Robinson, of Gerald's lack of regard for her.

"I am so emotional," she said, readily assuming her pretty air of childish dependence, "and I give my affections for duty's sake."

At which praiseworthy speech the factory owner elevated his eyebrows a little and smiled cynically. "Then you assure me," she continued, rising to depart, "that I shall be permitted to visit The Castle after your marriage?"

"Not a doubt on that," he answered. "I shall be master."

At the door to which he accompanied her, she paused to ask something which seemed to have come suddenly to her mind: "Did Miss Burchill question how you obtained all the knowledge you have of Mr. Horton's whereabouts? Do you think she might have any suspicion that I had aught to do with it?"

"She has asked nothing about it," was the reply. "I reckon she thought if she asked that I wouldn't tell, and so she jist kept whatever suspicions she might have to herself. But as for thinking you'd have done such a thing as open a sealed letter, I could ever see that Maird chill would as soon think you'd burn yourself. She ain't like you, Mrs. Phillips, and she don't know the things that some people can do." At which words Mrs. Phillips winced, and felt her heart swell with more malicious rage than ever against Mildred.

TO BE CONTINUED

MRS. MORAN'S ROOM

Dr. Harding had stepped into the superior's office for a moment of consultation.

"What's the matter, Sister?" he asked as he was about to leave, noticing a cloud on her usually open countenance. "You look put out."

"I am," Sister Martha admitted frankly. "It's Mrs. Moran,"—laughing a little. "That woman will be the death of me yet."

"What's the trouble now?" "I can't get her to go home,"—in an exasperated tone. "There's nothing in the world that matters with her now, but the minute anything is said to her about going home she begins to cry and takes to her bed. I had Sister Benedict talk to her yesterday. Result: she had the nurse standing attendance on her all night."

Dr. Harding nodded and laughed. "I know. You simply can't pry her loose from St. Monica's. You've been too good to her, Sister."

"I haven't been lately. I'm ashamed of myself sometimes that I have so little patience with her," and the worried look returned to Sister Martha's face. "She's all alone in the world—I know that; and I'm sorry for her. Still it isn't as if she didn't have a fine home of her own; and, anyhow, St. Monica's is a hospital and not an old ladies' home."

"Don't worry, Sister. Let her stay." The Doctor laughed again as he opened the door.

"But that's it! I can't!" Sister Martha returned. "If she would take another room; but she won't. And I must have that room for three months, at least."

"How's that?" And Dr. Harding checked his steps at the serious tone. "It's this way; the superior explained. That room is partially endowed. You remember Mrs. Grace? She left an endowment for it with one provision: that for three months out of every year it is to be occupied free of charge by some woman of refinement or one who has been better days and who would not be able otherwise to secure such accommodations. You and I know how many such there are."

"But what you make us of another room?" the Doctor inquired. "I should think it would be the same thing."

Sister Martha shook her head. "No; it is expressly stated that it must be the Oriel Room. And I must keep to my part of the bargain, or I shouldn't feel right about taking the endowment. That's the reason I must get Mrs. Moran out of the room."

The Doctor looked thoughtful. "Why not explain it all to her?" he suggested. "I don't believe you will get her out any other way."

"I've never told any one," the superior replied slowly. "The purpose of the bequest is defeated if the facts about it come out."

"I feel sure she will respect your confidence. And I really think the matter will appeal to her, too; for, despite her cold exterior, she is very kind-hearted."

"She is," Sister assented heartily. "Really, we all love her; that's why this contention about the room has upset me so. And she's been so stubborn about it! You'd think she and I was running the place,—breaking into an amused laugh. "She actually told Sister Benedict last night that we would have to set her out on the street bag and bag gage,—she would not leave of her own accord."

"You build better than you know when you made that room so attractive," Sister, observed the Doctor, after they had laughed together over the situation.

"Better—or worse!" Sister Martha murmured resignedly, as she turned her reluctant steps towards Mrs. Moran's room.

Mrs. Moran's room, as it had come to be called—she was there now eight months—was without doubt the pleasantest room in the whole hospital. It was a long room on the southwest corner. It was full of windows; and the oriel, that gave the room its name, was cozy with a big couch and many cushions. Here one could lie and look out onto the park, and catch through the trees the distant silver on the lake. A couple of restful pictures on the pale-tinted walls, books on the low mantle, easy chairs—Mrs. Moran glanced about her as she took her morning constitutional back and forth across the polished floor, anchoring her lame step by means of a stout cane. Her rheumatism was gone, but one

foot was still sensitive to the touch of the hard floor.

"Only a little corner, but they begrudge it to me!" she murmured in great bitterness, as she paused in front of her beloved oriel. "What harm, but I'm willing to pay twice what they're asking! But no! And me so happy here, and so well taken care of."

A knock broke in on her sore ruminations; and she looked around, startled; a swift look of fear settling like pallor on her old face. It was this look that met Sister Martha's eyes as she entered, and her heart melted within her.

"Don't look so frightened, Mrs. Moran dear!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "I'm not going to turn you out. See, I just came in for a little chat with you this morning."

Mrs. Moran's cane slipped to the floor and she sank into the nearest chair. "I know you came to talk about the room," she faltered. "I don't want you to think I'm stubborn or mean, Sister; but I hate to leave it." (as Sister Martha started to speak.) "You don't understand! Sure, it's the first bit of home I've tasted in more than thirty years." Tears came to her eyes and overflowed onto the wrinkled cheeks.

"I'm very glad if we have given you even a slight taste of home," the superior said gently. "Don't you know that it makes us happy to think we have an understanding. And I want you to go, and let me understand. As long as you feel that you are welcome to stay; but I shall have to give you another room."

"But why?" Mrs. Moran broke in, frowning fretfully. "Why can't I have this room as well as any other? I have plenty of money; I am willing to pay anything you ask—"

Something in Sister Martha's look made her pause. Mrs. Moran's ability "to pay" had an unhappy fashion of obtruding itself on all occasions.

"It's nice to have plenty, Mrs. Moran," (Sister's voice was very even when she spoke); "but it can't buy everything, as I dare say you've found out by this time."

"Ah, I have that!" And Mrs. Moran's head dropped dejectedly. Sister Martha relented again.

"For instance," she went on cheerfully, "no amount of money could buy the friendship you have won since you came to the hospital. Why, Sister, Mrs. Moran's room the gathering place for the Sisters as well as the nurses when they have a moment of leisure."

"It's the room they're fond of, just as I am," the old lady looked up to say eagerly. "Don't I know? The Sisters always say, 'Oh, how pleasant your room is, Mrs. Moran.' And isn't the view wonderful?"

"The girls say there's no such couch as mine in the whole hospital."

Sister Martha laughed. "Well, they can't talk to couches, however comfortable; and I've never heard that windows tell stories, no matter how many they may hear themselves. Come, Mrs. Moran; you are too modest. The real drawing power of a room is the one who lives in it."

Mrs. Moran cast a helpless, despairing look around the charmed abode.

"I know you are going to make me give it up," she began querulously; the tears again threatening to overflow.

Sister Martha felt her patience fleeing before this most perverse of old women. After all, it would do no good to tell her the story of the endowment; she was too set in her intention not to move; and a sense of the failure of the mission made her more stern than usual.

"It's late in the day you're learning the lesson of giving up, Mrs. Moran," she said coldly.

The old woman started and looked at Sister Martha strangely for a long moment. Then she spoke in an altered tone:

"True for you, Sister," she said meekly. "Some lessons are hard enough to learn. You'll—give me another room, won't you, for a little while longer? I don't feel strong enough yet to go home to that lonely place."

The quick capitulation and the supplicating tones were almost too much for the superior.

"Of course I will, Mrs. Moran!" she replied hurriedly. "And some day I'll tell you why I have to ask you to give up this room. God will bless you for being so generous, I know."

Mrs. Moran only looked at her mutely, her old face fallen into such sad lines that, once outside the door, Sister Martha allowed herself a deep, almost audible sigh.

"The poor soul!" she thought remorsefully. "After all, she's only a lonely old woman. I hope I wasn't so cruel when I gave her up. I wish I could go back and tell her she might stay there!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Moran sat, a stony figure, staring with dry eyes into space.

What, after all, were rooms to her, or anything else? Only that they served sometimes to make her forget—no, not forget, but to cloud awhile the unhappy memories and thoughts of other days. Give up, did she say? Ah! how can Sisters know their own lessons that the world teaches? And still she had to live on, solitary, lonely, alone. Everything had been wrenched from her,—everything, except just the one thing alone, and that she would never give up; the hope that was the one bit of brightness in her miserable existence. It was the sole prayer of her life, the

very breath of her body. God knows it was little enough to ask, after all she had suffered!

She bowed her head in her hands as memories of other days came thronging about her,—memories of her childhood in Dublin, of her girlhood, of the very day she met Peter Moran. She remembered, with a swift pang, how the girls envied her the devotion of so gallant a swain, and how she innocently revelled in it. Her marriage, the long journey to Melbourne, disenchantments, broken illusions,—they all came over her with the same poignant misery. Then

unbelievable joy in the midst of it all, her baby,—her little we girl! Often she woke at night with the feel of her little head in the crook of her arm. Yes, thirty years since she held her in her arms,—thirty years since he stole her child away in the night, leaving the mother alone in a strange land. Thirty years, and she had not died of the loneliness and the agony!

Ah, what did Sisters know of such things? Give up? Had she not earned something of it in all these years of search and wandering, up and down the world, and across and over it,—first in Australia, then in America; never finding trace or tidings of Peter Moran or her child?

"No, you're right, Sister," she muttered aloud; "all the money my mother left me—God be good to her in heaven!—couldn't find me my little girl; couldn't buy me peace of mind nor rest for my poor heart. I was more content here these last months than I have been in years. Not that I forgot you, my little share of the world," she groaned, with tears, "wherever you are in all this wide creation. May the Lord and His blessed angels guard you, since your mother can't!"

Mrs. Moran's room on the next floor was found to be not less pleasant than its more famous rival, the Oriel Room below; and as she realized this as the days went on, the Sisters kept to their kind way of dropping in to see her, always bringing a book or a magazine, or a little something to cheer her, and so far as the couch was concerned, it appeared to suit the nurses equally as well for half an hour's merry chat or gossip as for a more serious and girlish confidence. She had no lack of company; and if she was a bit quieter, a little more subdued than formerly, no one noticed it,—except herself, that is; and she knew that she had changed in some subtle way since the day Sister Martha had spoken the fateful words about "giving up." They had struck home "giving up." They had struck home in some intangible way, piercing that had encased her for so many years; showing her, as nothing else had been able to do, with what blinded eyes she had walked through the world, seeking always, vainly enough, for that which she thought would make her own happiness; and yet touching it, and leaving it on all sides. Always she had walked alone, restless, embittered, dissatisfied, flinging away in a mad, hopeless search the money that might have given comfort or relief, or even life itself to some of God's poor creatures. What, if by her selfish absorption, she had missed her own healing?

"Maybe," she thought, in a new, sad spirit of humility, "God doesn't want me to find her; it's not worthy I am of so great a blessing. Well, His holy will be done!"

Dreadfully enough she contemplated life without this supporting hope; but as the days went on she began to find a certain comfort in her resignation. Gradually the restless light and the yearning faded from her eyes, and a peace came to her that she had not experienced in years. Then to her one day came Sister Martha, a smile on her lips, to tell her that in a few days the oriel Room would be hers if she wished.

Mrs. Moran's pale face flushed. "O Sister, how kind of you!" she exclaimed. "To let me go back" (she began to laugh shamed-facedly) "after all the fuss I raised about leaving it! Aren't we the queer creatures the way we hold on to foolish things?"

"We are," the superior agreed heartily. "And I'm glad to see you have found out that, after all, a room is just on the level of a piece of furniture. But what have you here?"

She showed a miscellaneous lot of things scattered around on bed and tables. "Old pictures, is it?"

"Yes, and a few things that I always carry with me that belonged to my mother. See, here's a picture. Wasn't she the grand-looking woman? And this is my father; and here—"

"Who's this?" Sister Martha broke, seizing the picture of a young girl. "Why, it looks exactly like—"

"That's myself, Sister dear, do you mean to say you wouldn't recognize me?"

Sister Martha was still staring oddly at the photograph. She looked up absently. "Oh, yes, I see!" she said slowly. "I do see the resemblance now. But it's strange, this picture looks exactly like Miss—like Miss—"

She paused and looked at Mrs. Moran in an intent look. "And, now I come to notice it, you look like her, too. That's the resemblance that has always puzzled me. Why, you look enough like her to be her mother!"

To the superior's surprise Mrs. Moran grew deadly pale.

"And who is Miss—?" she asked, almost in a whisper. "What is she?" Tell me, Sister dear, who she is?" Sister Martha felt herself curiously affected by the older woman's agitation, and she experienced a reluct-

ance to answer her questions. There was something strange here; and the similarity of names, too,—though of course that might be only a coincidence.

"There, Mrs. Moran dear!" she had just begun soothingly, when on the door came a soft, interrupting knock. It was Sister Benedict's bright face that appeared in the opening.

"Here we are, Sister Martha!" she called gaily. "I have brought Miss Moran to see Mrs. Moran, as you bade me. They pronounce their names differently, but they may be some relation—"

She got no farther; for Mrs. Moran had crossed the room with incredible swiftness and took the young girl by the shoulders.

"Your name's Maureen," she stated hoarsely, breathlessly. "Maureen Catherine, for my mother—"

The young woman, trembling too, looked back into the haggard, beseeching, agonizing eyes.

"Yes," she made answer softly. "I am Maureen; and you—I know it—you are my mother!"

"God is good,—God is good!" was all Mrs. Moran could say between sobs, as she held her recovered child in her hungry arms, while two silent and deeply moved Sisters stole out of the room.

It was not strange that ever after the Oriel Room at St. Monica's was known as "Mrs. Moran's Room;" for before she left, pathetically happy in the possession of her long-lost daughter, she gave to Sister Martha that which enabled the big-hearted superior to dispense more of the charity so dear to her to the derelicts along life's way. The sun came into the room, and the birds' song, and the moon's pale light, and peace to tired bodies and to world-weary souls.—Helen Moriarity in the Ave Maria.

"FIGS OR THISTLES?"

J. W. Dawson, in America

I was on my way to lecture before the boys of a large correctional institution situated near New York City. I had left the train and was wending my way along the narrow green fields and over the wooded hill to my destination. I was to lecture on patriotism and, as I walked, I tried to gather my thoughts together. But the charm of the May evening was too strong. To the right, after off, dimly the outline of New York City rose golden on the horizon. About me were the sweet scents of spring. A robin twittered in a nearby tree and accentuated the silence of the quiet place.

My thoughts turned away from patriotism to things deeper. My eyes saw the far-off city and my soul knew the meaning of those shining minarets and what they symbolized, the clinging bruist, the heartless struggle, the sweat, fearful straining after material gain. A-weared, I turned to the peaceful fields and in their soothing benediction, I thought of Tennyson's words:

I have seen Him in the shining of the stars,
I have found Him in the flowering of the fields,
But in the ways of men I found Him not.

I wondered at the facility of mar. To live, to die, with a toilsome interim of worldly strivings, was this all? Why, then the race, the contest, if such the prize? My heart grew saddened but the message of the trees, the birds, the flowers etc. etc., came back to me and gave me a fresh hope, a stronger courage, and a fresh spirit of joyfulness. In the gentleness of His messenger, I saw God's great humanity and His message came more strongly therefore, that "Not alone by bread does man live."

These were my thoughts as I entered the place where I was to lecture. My step was light and springy, for my heart had been refreshed. As I walked up the steps of the building, I was glad in the possession of a spiritual truth newly rediscovered. The building itself was a handsome structure overlooking a broad stretch of country. I passed down the corridor and after a moment's greeting with the superintendent, was facing my audience.

And what an audience it was! The boys numbered about 800 and not one over fifteen years of age. And even then crime and depravity had marked most of them for their own. The sharp, coming face of the boy criminal looked up at me, alert, keel, resourceful—a bright boy misled. Alongside of him was the vacant staring face of the pervert, numb to all sense impression, except one. Down the aisle was the lazy bully who required but a few years and the right training to make him an expert hold up man, at best a liability to society. Each wore the mark of sin so that even he who ran could read it.

As I stood looking out upon those boyish faces, anguish filled my heart. Infants, mere babies were these in years, yet learned in depravity. I thought of the green fields outside, and the message they had brought me and in the midst of it all was this terrible spectacle of sin.

When the lecture was finished, I spoke of these boys with the apparent indifference. He told me a story, so shocking that it seemed incredible, and were sent there for absence from school. In practically every case, investigation showed that the boy was a moral pervert first and then a truant.

I left that institution in sadness. I had come to teach patriotism to boys

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who had lived beyond the pale of moral law, without which government or patriotism cannot exist. I went to build a superstructure but found only a weed grown, sandy waste where foundation should have been. Of what use without patriotism or morality? Why teach love of country where there is no knowledge of God? Why speak of civic duties where moral obligation was not recognized?

If the problem of youthful immorality were confined solely to this one institution the situation would be serious enough. But such is not the case. That school is only one of many. In New York City alone there are many such places where the same story can be told, with even greater degree of moral degradation. Go up to the Criminal Courts building and attend the Court of General Sessions. Look at the daily line of from five to seven prisoners in each of the five parts, standing before the Bar, to be sentenced for burglary, for murder, for felonious assault, for carrying dangerous weapons, for the most serious crimes in the penal code. Look at them and find me a man over twenty-five! Boys, mere boys! You will be frightened and saddened by their youthful faces.

Go to the place where the city distributes drugs, gratis to the "dope fiend." Watch carefully as they slink and shamble into the little building and come out with quick, light steps. Tell me how many men, full-grown men you see. Boys broken before they are built.

There is not a judge today sitting in our criminal courts who will not tell the same story, that the majority of the serious crimes are committed by persons of youthful years. The evidence of the strict attorney is merely cumulative; it states the same thing. The lawyers bear witness to the same truth. The vicious criminal comes from the ranks of our youth.

The symptoms are too strong, too universal to point to any slight, transitory cause. They are the result of a deep-seated cause and are not haphazard happenings of chance. They point with a sharp direction to some underlying reason. What is it?

There is and can be only one explanation. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" We have done and are still doing our sowing. Can we object to the harvest? "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Leave the city's correctional institutions, its criminal courts, its public drug stations and take your seat in a classroom of our public schools. Listen to the lessons that are taught, examine the teacher's plan-book, look into the text-books, ask the principal, or the superintendent what he holds to be the underlying principles of modern education, and tell me if you find a single word of God Almighty. Tell me if you discover a single line, a suggestion, an inspiration that might spell out a religion higher than the making of material success. Find me a moral code that is higher than that based upon the fear of being caught. Find me Jesus Christ in our schools.

If you cannot, do not quarrel with the boy in the court-room, the penal institution or the drug house. The fault is not his primarily. When our educators substituted Rousseau for Christ in the classroom, they made possible this fearful condition. When they took away from the child all religious principles and fed his mind the pagan philosophy of Kant, Hume and Locke, they made fertile the fallow places for the blossoming of crime. When they tore out of the curriculum faith in God and replaced it with the materialistic conception of life they put in the child's heart low ideals that could not but debase his soul. No one can mistake the three characteristic marks of modern education. They are first, gross materialism, second, content teaching and third, lax discipline.

Materialism, generally speaking, is the tendency to give undue importance to materialistic interests. This definition applies to our schools only mildly. They do not merely "give undue importance to materialistic interests." They exclude everything else. We have no religious teaching as such. This is a matter of common knowledge. What then is given to replace this, to bring education above mere pagan teaching?

In our public high schools, at the most critical period in the child's life, the nearest approach to any such substitution is the teaching of the "Idylls of the King," for the purpose of inculcating the purely ethical virtues of chastity, bravery, regard for the weak and the proper use of power. In the English curriculum this is the only attempt to reach the supernatural. Not only is the training negative but a great number of teachers themselves think that all religion is a humbug and do not scruple to impress their views upon their pupils.

In economics and history the same and worse conditions exist. The emphasis is entirely materialistic and at times outright Socialism. Late text books have gone so far as to declare that there are no natural rights. Historical interpretation is predicated at all times upon considerations inimical to spirituality and religion.

Outside of an occasional lecture in the auditorium, given to the school in assembly, on civic duties or patriotic ideals, there is nothing in the whole course of studies that can be spelled out as spiritual or approaching the spiritual. It is a sordid paganism, without the pagan's idealism, fortitude and strength.

Education to-day is solely for content. When Rousseau, Spencer,

Locke, Pestalozzi, Froebel and the other innovators repudiated the "discipline" of the scholastic training they gave the pendulum of education a great momentum in the direction of content study. It is still swinging and has now reached its greatest arc. There is not a teacher to-day who dares "drill" his pupils. In the first place he has not the time. In the second it would bring down upon him the ire of his superiors and in the third the child would seem ignorant of so many "essential" things such as how to make a fireless cooker or to do the latest design in raffia.

The child of to-day upon graduation knows everything except how to think. He is stuffed with miscellaneous facts to pass his examinations. He is filled to the brim with information on many subjects. Before leaving elementary school, he will have had "courses" in biology, geometry, chemistry, physics, and a modern language, and he will not know how to add properly, spell accurately or write a business letter in correct English. Place before him a simple example in arithmetic, such as, if it takes nine men four days to do a piece of work how long will it require five men to do the same task. Or ask the young graduate to spell ten words in ordinary use, such as too, received, believe, confer; require him to give you ten lines of memory work and to tell its meaning; these are simple tests. Yet they will show the woeful value of content education. Do not take my word for the results. For three years I conducted similar tests in one of our city high schools.

I want you to see what I saw. Then you will know that education to-day is a misnomer. It is a pointing in rather than a leading-out. But then you know we cannot be surprised even at this loose use of words, for Latin has long since been discredited because it is a discipline study only. The operating principle in modern education is interest. The courses of "studies" are arranged with this always in view. The child's inclinations are catered to and his likes and dislikes are the why and wherefore of pedagogues. "Keep the child interested." "Do not bore him." "Do not force him." These are the signposts on the educational highway. What is the result? Following these guides the teacher makes easy the road where the child desires to go. He smooths the rough places, levels the hills and makes shady the pathway. He takes his pupils on a sight-seeing tour, never lingering long enough to give the child ennui. Work? The child does not know what that word means. There is no drill, no severe, systematic training that has for its purpose the development of perseverance, determination and courage. There is no formal training in doing things that inculcate discipline of the mind or the will. There is no pressure on the child to complete a task not because he likes it but because it must be done, nothing to inspire the child with respect for authority.

The child of today because of the education, so-called, that he receives, together with what he sees in the moving pictures is an incipient libertine needing only the proper companions or circumstances to bring out what there is no religious, moral, or even pagan inhibition to suppress. We cannot expect anything else. What is there to guide the boy who sees about him the alluring evidences of wealth? What is there for him to cling to, in an age that approaches Rome in richness of living and looseness of morals? What is there to strengthen him against the world's temptations? A true education based upon religious principles and affording discipline of heart and mind, take that away and the boy falls to the animal's level.

Go into the houses of correction. Look in at the stations for distribution narcotics. Visit the criminal courts. *Ecco signum.*

FRENCH CATHOLICS

EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN STATES THE HEART OF FRANCE IS SOUNDLY CHRISTIAN

Rev. Dr. Van Allen, Rector of the Episcopal Church of the Advent, Boston, who writes under the name of 'Presbyter Ignotus in the Living Church,' speaking of his experiences in France says:

"I have just come from service in one of the smaller French Cathedrals. It was all homelike enough; the Breaking of the Bread hallowed the Lord's Day with the Lord's own service. And the devotion of the people was visible and gratifying. The heart of France is soundly Christian, without doubt. One could not but regret the malicious 'anti-clericalism' that had named the square immediately adjacent to the venerable church, 'Place Emile Zola.' It was a distinctly vulgar thing to do, as if a foul-mouthed street urchin had put out his tongue at the successor of St. Gatien and St. Martin. I thought of the statue of Renan, erected by his admirers just outside the Cathedral of Treguier, and of the Christians' response—a great Calvary with the last words of another great apostate. Julian the Emperor, carved at the foot of the central cross, 'Vicisti, Galliae!—Gallian, Thou hast conquered.'"

"Anti-clericalism in France is an unlovely thing at best: it is hatred, and hatred is destructive and blind if it is not that poet's dower of which the poet sings, 'the hate of hate.' Little as I love Vaticanism, it is vastly preferable to the poisonous and obscene spirit of Voltaire, renowned in men who are his spiritual descendants however much his intel-

lectual inferior. "One is struck by the predominantly amiable and gracious faces of the French clergy. Many of them are notably venerable and spiritual."

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The Soul of a Vision

So then— My part is ended. Other men, And women, too, still play their part, With courage resolute and dauntless heart.

My broken comrade— Seared by scars that time can not efface, Is not the jest of fortune; for his aid A nation's mighty fortunes doth provide.

And those who live— To carry on our story down the years, Face not their "quiet days" in bitter pain; (Forgotten, now they've stilled the nation's fears) Dwarfed by the lust of pride and selfish gain.

My Canada— Thou fair land for whom great love Inspired my youth to ancient sacrifice; Grant that our serried ranks in realms above May witness bear thee, worthy of the Price.

To Pay Debts of Honour

To the Dead and to the richness of their dying we must give pause, and in humility confess a debt beyond redemption.

Before the altar of their sacrifice, Canada is consecrated to make its dominion worthy. The Torch that illumines Victory so dearly bought, must burn eternally. Each year of peace must record an added lustre to our heritage. But to those who have come back in suffering, Canada owes a debt which money can, in part, repay.

It is a Debt of Honour. Canada was pledged to the end, that the wounded and the sick be adequately cared for, until they were fairly fitted for the competitive existence of civil life.

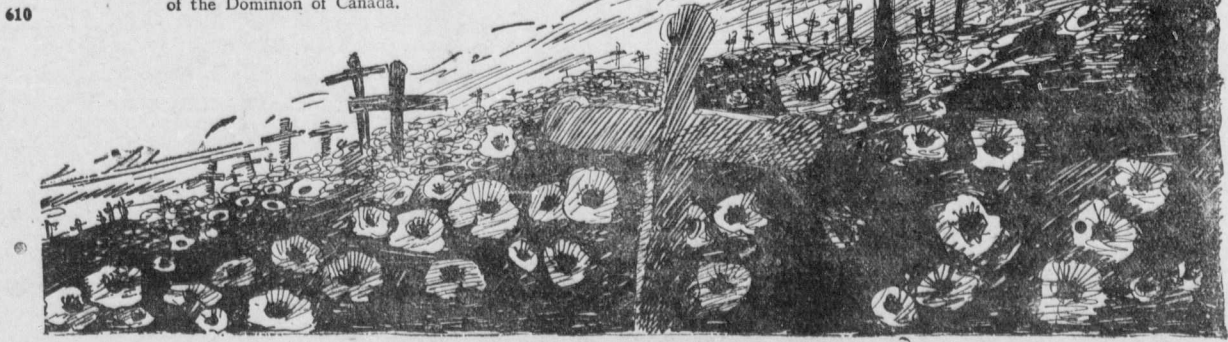
For this purpose, our medical services, and our vocational training schools must be maintained until the need for them is no more.

These, then, are some of the purposes for which the Victory Loan 1919 is being raised. Other purposes are told about in other announcements.

As you read them, the conviction will grow upon you of the absolute necessity for the

Victory Loan 1919

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The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1919

COLLEGES AFFILIATE WITH WESTERN UNIVERSITY

The affiliation of two Catholic Colleges with Western University is a matter not only of great interest to Catholics but marks a step in advance of importance and significance in the educational development of Ontario.

The Catholic ideal is a Catholic University where the truths of revealed religion are the unquestioned basis of the whole superstructure of education.

Armed with revealed truth and guided by its light the Catholic student is not only not hindered but helped, not restricted but freed from others in the illimitable field open to human thought and endeavor in the search for truth.

In view of the inadequate and misleading reports which have found their way into some newspapers, and the not less misleading rumors that are current, it may be useful to state definitely just what the affiliation of our two Colleges with the Western University means.

Assumption College and the Ursuline College, like most of the other Catholic educational institutions in the Province of Ontario, have been doing High School work. They prepare students for matriculation and for other Departmental examinations.

Matriculation opens the door to the Arts course in the universities as, also, to the study of law, medicine and other technical and professional courses. Our Colleges and Convents do not stop with the High School course. Assumption College gave a College course proper of four full years after matriculation. Though this might be the equivalent of the best Arts course in the province, the College could not confer the degree in Arts.

Affiliation with Western University supplies this power, thus enabling Assumption College students to be graduated in Arts. Besides the honor, the incentive and reward of serious study, the degree of B. A. confers substantial advantages in the matter of professional studies.

In this connection it is well to recall the fact that Pius X. urged the Catholic Colleges of Italy to take up the State examinations, as many students who entered these colleges with the intention of studying for the priesthood might change their minds; and on leaving these colleges without having in due course taken the regular State examinations find themselves severely handicapped in preparing for any of the secular professions. This is a common sense

view of the matter, and applies to Ontario as well as to Italy.

No one familiar with the history of our educational institutions will deny that in taking up the regular Provincial examinations in their High School departments they have attracted a better class of students, widened their sphere of usefulness, deepened their influence, and established themselves more firmly in the confidence and esteem of the Catholic people.

Due to some misleading newspaper announcements there is a widespread belief that affiliation involves the closing up of Assumption College in Sandwich and the Ursuline College in Chatham. That is not the case. These institutions will carry on as usual in Sandwich and in Chatham the work of secondary education.

Similarly misleading was such newspaper reference to St. Peter's Seminary; it is perhaps unnecessary to state that St. Peter's Seminary is not at all affected by the affiliation of the colleges and will continue its work as an entirely separate and independent institution.

There is good reason to think that the affiliation of the two Catholic colleges with Western University will not only benefit enormously Catholic education in western Ontario, but will give such impetus to the development of Western University as will make London the great university centre for this important and populous part of the Province.

Catholics will very naturally be keenly interested in the question as to how far or in what way University affiliation will affect the Catholic aspect of education as given in the affiliated colleges. The answer is that it will not be affected at all. There will be the same religious atmosphere and environment, the same religious influence permeating the lives of the students, the same discipline in the colleges under the same guidance and inspiration as heretofore. Much is added, nothing is taken away.

LETTERS AND LETTERS

During the course of Mr. Rowell's speech in the House of Commons, a month or so since, there is a reference to letters which is interesting and suggestive. It will be remembered that in this speech Mr. Rowell made a belated attempt to explain or justify his notorious charge against the residents of French religious orders resident in Canada during the War.

Mr. Rowell took issue with Mr. Murphy over some matters connected with Ontario politics during the former's leadership. In such matters the CATHOLIC RECORD is not concerned; but for the sake of clearness the point in issue may here be specified. The ex-Secretary of State asserted that before Mr. Rowell would accept the leadership of the Liberal party in Ontario he stipulated that a fund should be provided out of which the new Leader should be indemnified for any loss he might sustain in his devotion to his public duties. The President of the Council averred that this fund was to promote the "advanced social programme" and the "progressive policies" for which the party under his leadership was to stand.

What a wonderful treasure to priests in our parishes would be young laymen of the stamp of Gioius Borsi! We have plenty of young men who are enthusiastic workers in the material affairs of the parish, but to whom the purely spiritual does not appeal. We have others who are zealous defenders of

themselves to decide between this tweedledum and tweedledee of Ontario political history.

But following his side of the story of the fund is this passage in Hansard: Mr. ROWELL.—He (Mr. Murphy) had scarcely made his statement in the House before he was told by letters of protest from Liberals in Ontario that they were untrue. Did he then rise in his place as an honorable gentleman and withdraw the statements? You sat through the session and you know that there was no withdrawal; and despite his knowledge that they were untrue, either he, or those associated with him, or the Liberal information bureau—I do not know which—had his speech printed and distributed throughout Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, containing those statements that he knew to be false.

Coming from the defamer of the French religious who has never withdrawn his false and defamatory accusation this passage in Mr. Rowell's speech is the last word in effrontery.

But Mr. Rowell, too, received letters. Six months after Mr. Murphy had irrefutably shown that the French religious, against whom as a class Mr. Rowell levelled his specific charge, had the most glorious record of any class in Canada, or in the world, for magnanimous patriotism and heroic achievement in the War, Mr. Rowell made his Bowmantville speech. His evasion, his clumsy and deliberate garbling of his own North Bay speech, his failure to substantiate or retract, were all pointed out in the January 4th issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

After reading the CATHOLIC RECORD of January 4th last a Toronto gentleman of education and standing, disgusted at his gross want of fairness, immediately wrote Mr. Rowell this letter: "I came across the enclosed article in the CATHOLIC RECORD this evening and if the speeches in which you make the accusations referred to are correct, I am amazed, shocked and grieved that a man occupying the position in Canada you do could be wilfully guilty of such calumny."

There may be people—God pity them!—who, admire Mr. Rowell's course in this matter; but he must keenly realize at times that the demagogue's delight in tickling the ear of the groundlings is poor compensation for forfeiting the respect, awe, and incurring the contempt of that portion of the population represented by the writer of the foregoing letter.

RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM

I have just read "A Soldier's Confidences with God," that wonderful little volume which sets forth the daily religious experiences, the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of a devout young soldier of the Italian army, and which is claimed to rank with the Confessions of St. Augustine. What seemed to me the most salient feature of this remarkable diary was not its literary charm nor the wealth and appropriateness of the Scriptural quotations, nor even the deep insight into the spiritual life and a knowledge of theology so exceptional in a layman. It was the glowing enthusiasm of the young officer that stood out most prominently in all its pages. He is enraptured with the beauty of his faith. He is burning with love for God and overflowing with gratitude to Him. One could not help feeling that, if there were a few more such zealous and well instructed young ones of the Church in sunny Italy, the anti-clericals would not long be in possession of the citadel and a Goldsmith could not brand his people as "even in penance planning sins anew."

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the faith, but who often do more harm than good because they are so poorly armed and equipped, so lacking in discretion and a definite knowledge of their religion. Among the victims of the War were four young Catholics from four different nations who stand out as exemplars of the type of layman the Church is so sorely in need of.

Kylie, the University professor, the well armed champion of the historic claims of the Church, the ardent lover of the glories that were hers and of those Catholic traditions of Oxford which came down from the days when the sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic held forth in old St. Mary's—he during the brief span of his beautiful life bore aloft for the benefit of his co-religionists in our own land the motto "Excelsior."

The WORK is first of all thoroughly scientific; that is to say, its deductions are based on actualities, and from the turn of these facts he points the way to the probable course of Catholic education in the future. The problems solved are many, but one in particular is outstanding, and it is this: that in order to secure the cultural development and intellectual progress of the Faith in America it is indispensable to inculcate true principles of Catholic education in the minds of the nascent generation. The Faith, he affirms, will keep pace with the intellectual advancement of its adherents. For this reason, as he ably insists, believers must be religiously educated. Only by blending the harmonious elements of morality and intellect will we succeed in realizing the ideal of the intellectual Catholic.

THE BOOK before us minutely describes the problems of Catholic Education in America. Step by step, supported by authentic statistics, the author points to certain detrimental agencies tending to undermine the Catholic structure of education. An outstanding feature of the book is that it rejects the idea of excluding the cooperation of Catholic laymen. The cause of education must be espoused by the layman, who should be quite free to take hold of any subject taught in the higher schools and in the universities. It is the maddest truism to affirm that through all the centuries laymen have under the aegis of the Church borne an honorable part in the intellectual development of the race. Nor has Father Burns overlooked the entrance of women into this field. The position of Woman has undergone rapid and radical change in recent years. She is operating in new fields under new conditions, hence her education must be equal to her trying tasks and to the perils of this new position.

AFTER SHOWING the moderate cost of education in Catholic colleges as contrasted with secular, the author emphasizes the necessity of increased endowment for the former if they are to keep pace with the requirements of the day. It is in reality an appeal to Catholic self-respect. He proves that Catholic education is indeed, humanly speaking, the great bulwark of the Faith. Ignorance and incompetency are bars to progress far more effective than all the machinations of heresy or secularism. Education to the Catholic is synonymous with success. Religion is no static state; it is rather an ever-moving essence always culminating towards perfection by an educated profession of its undying rationality.

A SECULAR paper in India having stated in a very patronizing way that "at last the clergy of the Church of Rome have turned their attention to Sanskrit studies," a Calcutta savant has called it attention to a few facts which under the circumstances may be termed illuminating in that quarter. The first Sanskrit grammar ever written by a European was that composed by Heinrich Roth, a Jesuit who died at Agra in 1668; the first European book in which *Devanagari* appears, is the *China Illustrata* of Fr. Kircher, another Jesuit; the first Sanskrit grammar printed in Europe was that published by Paulinus a Sancto Bartolomeo, a Carmelite, and this grammar was based on MS. material left by Hauleden, a German Jesuit. Further, one of the ablest Orientalists of the last century was Monsignor de Harlez, the master of such scholars as De la Vallée, Poussin, Carney, Colinet, Casartelli; that the scholar recently chosen to deliver in Bombay the Wilson lectures is Father Zimmerman, and that the Sanskrit review, the *Museon*, is edited by two Catholics, one of whom is a priest, *Sic passim!*

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THE HISTORY of the Church is replete with incidents which reveal an agency more than human. How often, for example, we read of mys-

terious interpositions in the matter of sick calls which cannot be accounted for save by the supernatural. One such incident which seems to come within this category is related in recent English exchanges. We reproduce the Catholic Times' account, somewhat abridged.

A CATHOLIC lady attended by a nurse was lying seriously ill in her home. During the night she took a bad turn, and the nurse, knowing enough of Catholic ritual to be aware that Extreme Unction should be administered, was anxious that a priest should be brought. There was, however, no messenger available, and she could not leave her charge for an instant. In her perplexity she picked up a prayer book and herself had begun to read the prayers, when the door opened, and a priest, one of the Fathers of the Brompton Oratory, walked in.

"Thank heaven you are here," fervently exclaimed the nurse, "but who told you to come?" "You telephoned," said the priest. The nurse assured him that she had not done so. "Well I was telephoned for by someone, and came at once," was the reply. He then proceeded to administer the solemn rite, remaining in the room until the end, which came in about two hours.

The NEXT morning he sent for the priest who had been on telephone duty the night before. "I am sorry I was so abrupt with you when you called me last night," he said, "but I had been dreaming and was barely awake." "I didn't call you last night," was the reply; "there was no ring last night at all." "Do you mean seriously to tell me that you did not come into my room between twelve and one last night, and say that Mrs. B.—was dying and I was wanted at once?" "No." "Do you honestly forget that I was a little brusque for the moment?" "No. There was no call; I never left my room."

AN ULSTER SABBATH

It was a whiff from Sandy Row and the city of unredeemed Bigotry. Various and strange are the methods resorted to nowadays for filling the pews. A sure method, one that rarely fails in Ulster, is the announcement of an "anniversary sermon." Men who keep the Sabbath in their own quiet way (God forgive them!) will dress up in their Sunday best and travel miles to hear an Orange-dive trounce the Pops and make their flesh creep about "Popish plots."

In later years these Ulster Orange divines added to their slender incomes by stumping England on the "Rome-Rule menace," until the English people, finding it bad enough of these anti-Popery pulpitiere and refused to hear the Sabbeathists. Their trade has declined terribly in Ulster. Many are the stories told by six-bottle village squires of the terrible thirst which these Orange parsons developed in the course of an election campaign. But that stout defender of the Pope, the late Duke of Norfolk, a life-long opponent of Irish self-government, finally put them to rout by making Carson climb down on the "Roman Catholic menace" fiction. Poor Carson! No one knows better than he what these Ulster sabbeathists mean: how hard the road has been since first he entered Parliament as a Unionist member for his alma mater in Dublin. They would have lynched him when he advocated the justice of Irish Catholic claims to a university education in which their religious teaching would be safeguarded. Of course Carson was actuated mainly by a desire to preserve the Protestant tradition of the State College, but before he had time to convince his suspicious Ulster friends that he wasn't an emissary of the Pope in disguise, he again fell into disgrace by advocating the modification of the King's Declaration—the awful Accession Oath which insulted every Catholic subject of the King, and which Edward VII. mumbled with a suppressed oath of his own invention that made a deep impression on sensible people who had given little thought to the subject. For this terrible offence Carson's name was immortalized on the dead walls of Portadown and Belfast as "Papish Ned"—a title he shared, in Ulster, with the late King. Those were days when one caught glimpses of a better and more tolerant Carson—the fire eating crusader who reserved his anathemas for the "rotten Governments" of Salisbury and Balfour. But he has fallen into the hands of the Ulster Philistines once more and his last state is worse than the first. Tell it not in Sandy Row or on the Shankill Road! Carson has been driven from the hall of learning in Dublin, where intelligent Unionists scouted his campaign for the partition of Ireland as treason to the country, and has where they don't like the Pope, and where a wrong step would cost Carson his leadership.

AT COOKE'S CHURCH, TORONTO

But why should he worry? Has not Rev. Wm. Patterson, D. D., vowed to carry the fiery cross to Canadian shores and to out-Billy Billy Sunday in butting against Canada's greatest menace! It was a warm, sunny afternoon when the Rev. William mounted the famous white horse and led his congregation over the Boyne—metaphorically speaking of course. I watched the quare glint in the eyes of these devotees of the "pious and immortal memory" and wondered how many of them could recite the Ten Commandments, of which the modern William spoke. Looking at the Orange rider as he warmed to his work, I wondered as he realized the wickedness of his performance, or if he, like St. Paul, before his conversion, was sincerely bigoted? Many of his statements were so palpably false, or the half truth that is worse than a lie, that I grieved for this big specimen of Ulster bigotry who had eyes and saw not.

WILLIAM'S TRUMP CARD

On one occasion he scored a temporary triumph by a most dishonest method. I quote his words as published in the Toronto Telegram of September 29th: "I remember speaking in the University in Belfast on one occasion. I said the worst thing that could happen the Roman Catholics in Ireland would be to get Home Rule. The man who followed me was a prominent lawyer. He said: 'I am a Roman Catholic; I differ from your former speaker in his theology, but I agree with him in regard to Home Rule and Roman Catholics.' He said: 'We are now cursed and ground under the power of the hierarchy, but under Home Rule we would be cursed more.' No one present, it may safely be assumed, was in a position to challenge this statement, but as I thought of the only possible man to whom the speaker could refer, my contempt for Rev. Dr. Patterson increased. Why did he not give the name of this prominent lawyer?" Will he deny that the man to whom he alluded was J. F. McCarthy, B. L., author of *Priests and People*? It is well known in Ireland that Mr. McCarthy became a Protestant, all the while trading on public platforms as a Roman Catholic. He was unknown in Ireland, save on extreme Unionist platforms, and certainly he himself would be the last to assert that he was prominent in any other capacity than as a tall to the anti-Popery comet in Ireland. Dr. Patterson, to say the least, took a mean advantage of his audience, knowing their ignorance of McCarthy and his doings. But does Dr. Patterson not owe something to his cloth and to the good name of his Church? What evidence can be attached to anything that Irish question, when he deceives his audience over the unnamed McCarthy and also about "priest ridden Ireland." Why does Dr. Patterson hide the truth from his flock? Why not tell the real truth about England's manipulation of Vatican influence in Ireland? Need one wonder at the antics of this no-Popery crusader, when it is remembered that, in his eyes, Carson is "the greatest man in the British Empire today." How many outside Cooke's Church would swallow such an absurd statement? But it provoked cheers, and the perspiring Doctor gained fresh courage as he looked into the hard, unimaginative faces of the seventeenth-century Protestant Ascendancy men led by Free, Dane and Thos. Crawford. Hon. Mr. Garry missed a real treat. He should have heard his colleagues Crawford and McPherson as they, in fancy, once more crossed the Boyne and put to rout the army of James I.

Disgusted as I was at the whole performance I could scarcely retain my seat as the preacher dwelt upon the virtues of "Daddy Cooke." Now it is possible to conceive that he did not know who Cooke was. He was the Government agent for the distribution of the Regium donum grant to Presbyterian clergymen, and by this means, as the flunky of the English Tory Party, old Dr. Cooke led Ulster Presbyterianism in Belfast into the Tory camp, where it has remained to this day. He was the champion of the landlords, opposed the disestablishment of the State (Protestant) Church in Ireland, and resisted every reform, including the first Reform Bill.

Equally absurd were Dr. Patterson's previous statements in an interview that Ulster paid eighty per cent of the taxes and that land purchase was virtually confined to the Protestant North. Let Dr. Patterson table his proofs! I do not charge him with deliberate lying, but false statements are false however sincere the author of them may avoid the embarrassing fidelity of established facts. I am inclined to the opinion that Rev. William Patterson, D. D., is not quite as bigoted as he would have his Orange congregation believe.—The Nomad in The Statesman.

THE VATICAN AND POLITICAL CHANGES

Rome, September 28.—The recent critical events at Fiume and the resultant political complications here in Rome do not affect the Vatican directly, but Pope Benedict is closely and anxiously following developments.

The judgment of the Vatican upon the situation may be gathered from an article in the *Osservatore Romano*, remarking upon the infraction

IN "CATHOLIC Education: A Study of Conditions," (Longmans, Green &

of discipline by such regular troops as followed d'Annunzio as a serious feature of the adventure. The number of regulars, however, is not great, and overwhelming patriotism is offered as an excuse for them, but the fact of insubordination appearing at all in the army gives an unfortunate opportunity to the socialists to quote it as supporting their theory of disobedience to authority.

The Vatican is carefully keeping aloof from the political phase of this and other problems, and consequently those who accused the Holy See of favoring the restoration of the Hapsburgs in Hungary now confess their mistake.

LYING PROPAGANDA

A particularly mean lie—one of a long and deliberate series—is here mailed to the counter. The letter from the Bishop of Cloyne explains itself; we take it from the News Letter of the Irish National Bureau at Washington.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of June 30, and I thank you for forwarding me a cutting from the New York Times containing a letter signed "R. W. St. Hill," and dated June 28, 1919, which I would not otherwise have seen. In this letter I am mentioned as having been an eyewitness of the harrowing scenes that followed the torpedoing of the Steamship "Lusitania" in May, 1915. I did witness these scenes, but plainly for political purposes, and to attack a particular party—I am represented in this letter as a witness to an incident which would have been very discreditable if it had occurred, but which, in reality, is an absolute fabrication, without any foundation in fact.

When I read this letter, portions of it seemed to me strangely familiar and I could not at first tell why. Then I remembered that in January, 1917, an American journalist came to Queenstown looking for "copy" regarding the "Lusitania" disaster. He called on me. I was very busy at the time, and in response to his repeated requests, I showed him a type account which had just been prepared for the press, but which I had not had time to give in my typed sheet were rather badly mixed up, but others, such as the incident of the sailor who gave his socks to the little shivering boy, were correct. Now, I find this account served up again, but for a very different purpose. During the War, many and many of the American sailors called to me here and I always had a welcome for them. I have a register in which I entered the names and addresses of some hundreds of American boys and there is not a word about I do not get letters from some of the fine lads whose friendship I am glad to possess. Several of these lads are listed, but I cannot find "R. W. St. Hill" nor can I recall anyone of that name, though his reference to photos here in my room would seem to indicate that he knows it.

I notice that my account of the disaster is now twisted to afford matter for an attack on Mc de Valera. I am not a Sinn Feiner. I believe, and always have believed, that the self-government we all desire for Ireland could be better attained by other methods, but I must strongly protest against the statement that is unfairly and untruly worked into my narrative that, at the time of the disaster, Sinn Feiners—though begged and implored to assist in the digging of the graves for the poor victims—not only refused to dig the graves themselves, but did all they could to impede the soldiers who did dig the graves. That statement is a deliberate falsehood. On the first place, the disaster occurred on May 7, 1915, and it was only after, and as a direct consequence of, the savage repression of the Easter Week Rebellion when it occurred in 1916 that the Sinn Fein policy spread throughout the country, far before that it was hardly known at all and the Rebellion when it occurred was very largely confined. The truth of the matter is this: The "Lusitania" disaster was the first, and by far the biggest, of the innumerable outrages by German submarines in this locality with which, alas, we were afterwards

so familiar. It came as an absolute surprise and the arrangements for the reception and relief of survivors were not as complete as on subsequent occasions. The military authorities naturally took control. Such a thing as the digging of graves for close on two hundred victims at very short notice, was an impossibility for the few grave-diggers employed at the local cemetery. Queenstown is not a large town and there are no supplies of surplus labor available and so, soldiers were sent to dig the graves, not through any callousness or opposition on the part of the (then nonexistent) Sinn Feiners—for without exceptions, everyone in the town did all they could to help—but simply as part of the official arrangements for the funeral and because no one else was available. How often, in cases of epidemic and disasters, has not the same thing been done elsewhere, why then should the fact that the military dug the graves here on the occasion of the "Lusitania" disaster, be made the foundation for an absolutely false charge? I repeat that the people of Queenstown did everything in their power at that trying and awful time to assist the survivors and to show their respect for the dead. I may perhaps also mention that in the morgues the police searched each body and placed anything found in the pockets, on the chest of each corpse. Money, jewels and valuables of all kinds were there for several days; inside the morgues there was no supervision, one policeman at the door of each was in entire charge; hundreds of people passed through, but nothing whatever was touched.

By a coincidence, the mail that brought your letter enclosing the letter from "R. W. St. Hill" when I cannot recall, brought me a letter from another fine young lad named Hill, whom I deservedly esteem. One sentence in his letter is singularly apposite: "I suppose everyone in Ireland at present is waiting anxiously to see how their future will finally be settled and not worrying very much about the Peace Treaty." I must repeat the words for the length of this letter, but I want to make my position clear. I remain, dear Sir, Yours faithfully, (Signed) REV. W. F. BROWN, C.C., Secretary to the Bishop of Cloyne.

WALTER SIDGREAVES

JESUIT DISTINGUISHED FOR ORIGINAL OBSERVATION AND SCIENTIFIC STUDY

In the death of Father Walter Sidgreaves, S. J., the Director of the Stonyhurst College Observatory on June 12th, 1919 in his eighty-second year, we are again reminded of the immense work that is accomplished in the realm of science by the Catholic Church and her children. His loss to the Observatory, the staff of which is greatly depeted owing to the exigencies of the War, is a severe one. He was born on October 4th, 1837, the second son of Edward Sidgreaves Esq., of Grimsburgh, near Preston, and was educated at Stonyhurst College. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1855, and was ordained priest in 1871. He had a long and distinguished scientific career. His first directorship of the Observatory was during the years 1893-98, while the late Father Perry was engaged in his geological studies. In 1898 he commenced the regular series of magnetic observations, which have since been continued uninterruptedly since that time. In 1896 he installed all the self recording meteorological instruments in the Observatory, the Observatory having been chosen by the Board of Trade as one of the seven principal stations for meteorology in the British Isles. The following year an eight-inch equatorial was purchased which permitted of great development in the astronomical work of the Observatory. He accompanied Father Perry on a magnetic survey of the west and east of France in the year 1898-99. He also served as companion to Father Perry in the two Government expeditions to observe the transit of Venus across the Sun's disc in Kerguelen Island in 1874, and in Madagascar in 1882.

On the death of Father Perry on the total solar eclipse expedition of 1889 at Salut Isles, French Guiana, Father Sidgreaves succeeded him in the direction of the Observatory. While maintaining the solar work inaugurated by Father Perry, he devoted himself more particularly to stellar spectroscopy. He devised some very efficient instruments with which he took remarkable photographs of the spectra of the new stars of 1892 and 1901, as also of many other stars. The results of his Astrophysical work have appeared in several papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society. His photographic work in stellar spectroscopy was awarded a gold medal in the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and a grand prix by the Franco-British Exhibition of 1905.

During his second directorship of the Observatory he installed a 15-inch equatorial telescope, the memorial subscribed for by the friends of the late Father Perry, he acquired a seismograph, and erected a powerful wireless telegraphic plant. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1891, and served for many years on the Council of the Society. He also taught as a young man, chemistry, and mathematics, and as a priest, physics, for 25 years, at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. His lectures were marked by much originality in exposition, and remarkable skill in experimental demonstration. His original researches on the spectrum of

the star Lyrae formed the subject of a lecture he delivered before the Royal Institution in 1904.

He contributed two memoirs to the Royal Astronomical Society. The first on the "Spectrum of Nova Aurigae" contains a long list of bright and dark lines measured in the spectrum of the star, and is a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of the constitution of new stars. Nova Aurigae was the first new star the spectrum of which was photographed, and Father Sidgreaves was one of the first observers to obtain such photographs. He recognized the similarity between the spectrum of the star and that of the solar chromosphere.

The second memoir, "On the connection between sun-spots and earth-magnetic storms" contains a discussion, founded on a very great number of measures of the areas of sun-spots from the Stonyhurst drawings, and the ranges in the magnetic elements derived from our photographic records. The conclusion he arrived at was that the connection was not one of direct cause and effect, but that both the spots on the sun, and the magnetic storms on earth were due to clouds of electrified particles which existed between the sun and the earth.

In solar physics, one of the chief studies he made, was of a long series of photographs of the H & K calcium lines of the sun's spectrum, in the general light of the sun. The result was to prove that the sun is akin to that class of stars which show both bright and dark lines in their spectra.

Contrary to the usually accepted theory he held, from a study of a long series of the Stonyhurst drawings that the umbrae of sun-spots were elevations above, and not depressions below, the sun's surface. He also contributed several papers to the Journal of the British Astronomical Association, the Astrophysical Journal, and other scientific periodicals.

He was a most painstaking, methodical, and accurate observer. For the last nine years, however, except for observations with the transit instrument for time, he practically gave up astronomical work, and devoted himself almost entirely to the magnetic observations and reductions, which he had himself inaugurated fifty-six years ago.

He was buried at Stonyhurst, with which College by far the greater part of his long life had been identified, and which he had so faithfully served, on June 14th, 1919. R. I. P.

POPE BENEDICT

URGES SUPPORT FOR THE JUST CLAIMS OF THE PEOPLE

Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to the Holy Father, has, through Cardinal Lucon, sent the following communication to the French Hierarchy in reply to their recent collective letter.

Your Eminence: The Holy Father has received the copy which you have sent him of the collective letter which the French Bishops recently reminded the Catholics in France of the principles which should govern families, societies, and States. In addressing himself through your Eminence, to the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops his thanks for that communication, the Sovereign Pontiff not only approves of the exposition of those principles, which will be subsequently developed and explained as circumstances suggest, but moreover he praises the opportuneness of the moment chosen for recalling them to the attention of the French people. For, as the episcopal letter well remarks, after the victory achieved by arms in five years of a struggle unparalleled in history, the question of repairing the material and moral ruins of the War now presents itself.

Now, if the former can be repaired by the resumption of economic activity and the financial help of the State, the second can only be remedied by bringing the people back to the principles of the Faith and of Christian morality. Whence it follows how important for the fatherland is the influence of the Catholic Church, aided continually by the Holy Ghost.

To come to a particular feature of the subject, who does not see that henceforth there will be everywhere a current stronger and stronger towards democracy? The classes of the proletariat, as they are called having taken a preponderating part in the War, wish in every country to derive the greatest advantages from it. Unfortunately they are often deceived and moved to excesses which, whilst overthrowing the social order desired by human nature itself, finally turn to the detriment of all, and injure especially the workers and those who are least favored by fortune. Is not what has happened in other nations recently prosperous and now reduced to extreme misery—a state of things which it is sought to extend throughout Europe and even to the whole world—an evident proof of what we have just stated?

traced in the immortal Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of Leo XIII. And in order that these limits may be more surely respected, in order that the baleful excesses referred to above may be avoided, the Bishops suitably advise the Catholics of France to unite amongst themselves and with other citizens of good will in following the pontifical directions given in the past and never revoked.

The Holy Father is fully sure that the French Catholics will show special earnestness in their fidelity to the exhortations, advice, and guidance of the Holy See and their zealous pastors. They will thus work for the general welfare of their dear native land and for the peace and harmony of all classes, an essential condition of the welfare of peoples, and at the same time will bring back to Jesus Christ those who, for their misfortune, have gone far away from the adorable Master.

In this sweet confidance his Holiness renews with all his paternal heart his blessings to the venerable episcopate of France, and I seize the occasion myself to offer to your Eminence the homage of the profound veneration with which I kiss your hand and remain your Eminence's humble and devoted servant. P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

TO CONTINUE WORK WITH TROOPS

The New World

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, in a letter to James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, yesterday urged that the Order still continue its welfare activities with the soldiers in France, Germany, Siberia and the Canal Zone and Insular possessions until "such time as the army is in a position to undertake the responsibility." The letter from the head of the War Department came in answer to the country-wide protest which the Knights issued against the preposterous ousting of the Seven affiliated civilian welfare organizations.

With the abolition of the Commission on Training Camp Activities which was the official ruling body over all welfare organizations in the War Department recently announced that the soldiers would be looked after by an organization of army officers to be established within the General Staff.

Mr. Baker in his letter acknowledges the interest which the Knights of Columbus displayed in their desire to have the soldiers' welfare in the future looked after. He said: "I quite agree with you that so much of the program as relates to leisure time at least should be conducted in such a way as to induce a feeling of ease and comfort among the men, approximately as nearly as possible the conditions of home life, atmosphere and spirit. We hope to accomplish this by the employment of carefully selected men and women, who because of their training during the Emergency, as representatives of the affiliated organizations, or because of their natural ability and interest, are qualified to carry on a welfare program as employees of the War Department."

In contemplating the end of Emergency, I turn with gratitude to you and your able associates, who so willingly accepted the responsibility placed under the Knights of Columbus. I extend to you the appreciation of the War Department, and the thanks of every man of the Service who came in contact with your representatives in the field.

You are requested to continue your work with the troops in France, Germany, Siberia, Panama Canal Zone, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands and Alaska, for a further period of three or four months, or until such a time as the Army is in a position to undertake the responsibility. The War Department in the future, as it has in the past, will feel free to call upon the Knights of Columbus for advice, counsel, and active assistance wherever the need develops. Cordially yours, NEWTON D. BAKER.

THE FAMOUS JUDET CASE

CARDINAL GASPARRI'S STATEMENT TO HIS FRENCH VISITOR

C. P. A. Service

Rome, August 28.—As usual, as soon as there is an "affair of some one or other in France," the Holy See is dragged in. If the simple truth were told, it would not matter. When the simple truth has come out, as in the case when it was asserted that Caliaux had been in communication with the Vatican, it always redounds to the credit of the Holy See. But the Judet case is now giving opportunity for publication of things far from the simple truth— which is that in February, 1919, Ernest Judet was in Rome and was received by the Cardinal Secretary of State, and this is the account given in the Osservatore Romano of what His Eminence said:

"We protest against the report circulating in certain circles in France, that the Holy See in the European War sided with Germany against France. The Holy See has been and is impartial, and nothing will make it abandon its impartiality. We declared this in the letter to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, and we repeat the same thing to all who question us on this point. It is easy to see how such false re-

ports are exciting French Catholic opinion against the Holy See and thus impeding the religious revival in France from producing its full results. "Certainly, as the Holy Father said in the recent consistorial allocution in terms that leave nothing to be desired, the Holy See condemns all excesses by whomsoever committed. But in the present circumstances we cannot pledge the Pontifical authority on one side or the other of the belligerents, because the higher interest of the Church forbids us to do so.

"Besides, you have been able to see in the dispatch published by the Paris newspapers that the Belgian Government, which is more concerned than the others in the present question has highly appreciated the Pontifical allocution. Other illustrious personages of Belgium and France, including the Bishops, have spoken or written to us in the same sense and everybody has read the declarations and appreciations of Monsignor Deploige, the illustrious successor of Cardinal Mercier as president of the Superior Institute of Philosophy at Louvain.

"Apart from the consideration that the Holy See before pronouncing in one sense or the other should possess a full knowledge of all the reasons and all the facts which can be brought forward by all the parties (a thing at this moment extremely difficult, if not impossible), the function of the Holy See in the present frightful War resembles that of a mother who sees her sons fighting in her presence. Assuredly the mother would not begin while her sons are tearing one another by declaring one right and the other wrong, because by doing that she would only exasperate the combatants and increase their irritation. She would first of all entreat her sons to be calm and to make peace. In the same way the Holy See cannot examine at this moment the reciprocal accusations and decide on which side the wrong lies. It invokes peace with all its might, and being unable to stop the War, it is trying by all the means in its power to render its consequences as little painful as possible. By doing this it may avoid the strictness impartiality it will be able to effect something."

It will be remembered that in June of that year came the explicit condemnation of the German violation of Belgian neutrality. In view of what is now being alleged His Eminence said that it is exactly what he did say to M. Ernest Judet in February, 1919.

CARDINAL ADDRESSES BISHOPS

PRIMATE OF BELGIUM THANKS ASSEMBLY OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS

A heroic Primate of Belgium, Cardinal Mercier, addressed the members of the American Catholic Hierarchy on Wednesday morning, September 24, on the occasion of their first annual meeting at the Catholic University. He entered the hall of assembly accompanied by Bishop Wachter and other ecclesiastics, and was received in a most cordial manner by Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal O'Connell, and all the assembled members of the hierarchy.

In a discourse of about thirty minutes Cardinal Mercier conveyed the eternal and profound gratitude of the Belgian people to the American Catholic Hierarchy and our country people generally for the generous aid extended to Belgium during the great War. He said that close as had been the ties of Belgium and the United States in the past, owing to the equally democratic constitutions and habits of both peoples, they would still be more intimately related by reason of American generosity and the common labors and sacrifices sustained since the entry of the United States into the conflict. He expressed his happy astonishment at the splendid growth of Catholicism in our country, and assured his hearers that he would never tire of describing to his people the marvels of both charity and education which he had witnessed since his arrival on our shores.

The Cardinal then described at great length the incredible losses which the Catholic Church had sustained in Belgium, the murder and death of a great many priests, the scattering of the Catholic flock, suffering by starvation and deprivation, and other gross wrongs and abuses; and in particular the sad condition of 800 churches in his diocese, many of them destroyed, and all brought into more or less dilapidated condition. He trusted that the Catholics of America would continue to aid generously their suffering brethren in Belgium who had hitherto never asked help from any one outside their own little prosperous land. He said that very soon, under God's providence, Belgium would rise from her present conditions of misery and suffering, and would again take her place among the great national churches of Catholicism.

Cardinal Mercier remained to dinner with the Bishops, and after dinner spent a pleasant hour meeting them individually and renewing his acquaintance with several whom he already knew personally, either as Louvain students, or as visitors to his episcopal residence.—Catholic Bulletin.

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS

By Bishop McVickar

The Church today needs sorely a strong, active Catholic press, and has frequently in a most solemn way called upon all Catholics to support it generously, yet despite these exhortations, emanating as they do from the highest sources of authority, the press of the Church finds the greatest difficulty in maintaining even a mere existence. The indifference of Catholics in this respect is in strong contrast with the splendid faith so generally characteristic of them.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

HARVESTERS WANTED

The plaintive cry of Christ is heard throughout the World today "The harvest is great and the laborers are few: pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into the harvest." How many Catholics turn a deaf ear to the appeal! How few there are who concern themselves with the supreme interest of the Church and of Christ—the salvation of souls! How few the number that ever offer up a prayer to the Almighty that by God's grace young men and women may offer themselves to the Church and consecrate themselves and all they possess to the saving of immortal souls! Surely the Good Master when He uttered these sacred words had in view to teach us the lesson that in the salvation of the World our cooperation is needed and that we can do much towards the accomplishment of God's ends if we only follow the expressed wish of God. It is to be drawn also from the words of Christ that if we pray for harvesters the Good Lord of the harvest will see to it that our petition receives a favorable response from Him.

We have Ember Days during the course of the year. Why? These twelve days are special days of prayer and penance. The Church expects us in these days to pray, to fast, and to abstain that by the mercy of God we may have holy ministers of religion.

Our sanctuary boys if rightly directed will turn their steps towards the Altar of God. We know there are in the ranks of the priesthood many zealous servants of God who have vowed themselves to the Sanctuary, because of the influence exercised over them as sanctuary boys by some good priest.

Catholic parents ought to offer up special prayers to the Blessed Mother to direct them in fashioning the lives of their children. The budding vocation to the Priesthood so evident to the watchful father and mother ought to be protected and everything possible done to bring it into full flower.

Why have we Catholic Schools? So that the Catholic child from his earliest years on to maturity may be steeped in a Catholic atmosphere. Surely the Catholic teacher must participate then in the formation of the vocations of the people. The teacher is the assistant of the parents and shares their responsibilities and obligations. Lofty Christian ideals must be the standard of the classroom.

When the youths and maidens of our land are thus helped and encouraged by their parents, priests and teachers the Great Master of the harvest will not be lacking and a sufficient number of laborers shall be found for His holy work.

The development of vocations is a work dear to the Extension Society. We have at present a number of young men in Catholic Colleges preparing for the Seminary. Pray God that they may succeed in their laudable purpose! Second your prayers with generous financial aid for the education of our future missionary priests.

OUR LADY OF AVIATORS

Automobilists have St. Christopher as their patron, sailors have Our Lady of Safety and cavalymen have St. George as their protector. Airmen have now theirs, as news from Paris just announces "Our Lady, Protectress of Aviators," is now a title fairly familiar in Europe. Bleriot was, it seems, the first to choose the Blessed Virgin as protectress of airmen when he flew from France to England with a picture of the Mother of God in his machine. Since then the devotion of airmen towards Blessed Mary has extended to all over Europe. In France the little church of Notre Dame du

Platin, situated in Saint-Palais-sur-Mer, is the meeting place for French aviators, and here they meet every year on the feast of the Assumption, Aug. 15. They bear Mass and carry in procession a statue of "Our Lady, Protectress of Aviators." Among the ex-votos at the simple little shrine are a number of miniature airplanes made of gold and of silver, gifts from airmen to honor her whose protection they have already experienced or hope to experience.—Catholic News.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

INTERESTING DISCOVERY MADE IN EXCAVATING FOR HIS PALACE

Catholic Press Association

London, Sept. 11.—An interesting discovery has been made in the Great Park at Windsor, where excavations are now in progress under the ancient elm trees to unearth the original palace of St. Edward the Confessor, which stood in these demesnes.

Capt. Vaughan Williams was attracted to the spot some months ago by noticing some old tiles there. Receiving permission to investigate, he has now a party at work, and already they have come on a long and solid old red brick wall two and a half feet in thickness and made of brick measuring fourteen inches. Further discoveries are imminent, and it is hoped to locate the actual site of the palace and also of the Saxon village which stood some eight hundred yards away. Two moats are still traceable around the palace, and give some idea of its circumference. The wall, just discovered, is believed to be one of the old platforms of a drawbridge, and search is being made for that on the other side.

The palace had fallen into disuse as long ago as the reign of Henry I, and much mystery has surrounded its ruins. It is of great interest to Catholics, for it was within its walls that St. Edward healed the woodcutter, Walwin, who was blind, and from whose eyes blood poured at the healing touch of the royal saint. It was here also that Earl Godwin, who had prayed his food might choke him if he was guilty of the death of Alfred the king's brother, found his words come home to roset, for he was choked by a piece of bread.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth, will I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

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

I propose the following burses for subscription.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. M. Fossarert

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

CONSOLATION IN PRAYER

Dear brethren, the ruler of Capernaum in to-day's Gospel had no doubt resorted to all possible means and ways to secure for his beloved son a soothing of pain and recovery from his disease; but without success. After the anxious father had in vain tried all human remedies, he turned for help and consolation to the Son of God.

And surely, dear brethren to whom else should he go, but to the Lord Himself, who indeed is the true physician of all those sick in body or soul; the true helper in all need, He, who made it the task of His stay on earth to bestow with lavish hands grace and benefit upon men.

(1) Necessity teaches how to pray, and how to have recourse to God. This ruler had been taught to pray by his adversity. Urgently he implores the Divine Saviour, "Lord, come down before that my son die."

(2) When sickness enters our homes, when dear parents, husband, wife, children or friends are thrown upon the sick bed, when in their misery they appeal to us for relief and we are impotent to soothe their pains, what indeed can we do then?

(3) The hours of trial and of adversity are often a severe test for our faith in Divine Providence, but, my dear brethren, pray and in prayer you will find consolation, strength, and encouragement.

THE ROSARY

The Church has set aside different months of the year for special devotions. The month of October is dedicated to the Rosary. During this month in all our Catholic churches the Rosary will be recited daily.

To speak of the Rosary is to reveal one of the secrets of the good Catholic's undying faith in Jesus Christ, and his unflinching love and loyalty to the Church which He founded.

In times of adversity it has been the anchor of hope that kept the people loyal to religion. During dark days when the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites put under a ban, the Rosary kept the lamp of Faith burning in the Catholic heart and in the Catholic home.

We have but to turn to Ireland for an example of the power of the Rosary. When the enemies of God tried to rob the Irish people of their Faith, the sons and daughters of St. Patrick clung to their beads with a tenacity that could not be shaken by bribe or by threat, by famine or by persecution, by hope or by fear. As a result the Rosary preserved that Faith of the children of Erin in the Incarnation and mysteries of Redemption, which is the very life of the Irish race.

It is an axiom of the Catholic religion that we cannot have devotion to God without having devotion to Mary. They are inseparable. This

is the secret of the Church's unflinching adherence to the Rosary.

The nations which three centuries ago threw off devotion to the Blessed Virgin on the pretext that devotion paid to the Mother interfered with the devotion due to the Son, have already paid the penalty. As Cardinal Newman says: "Germany, Switzerland, and England by so acting have in great measure ceased to worship Him, and have given up their belief in His divinity; while the Catholic Church wherever she is to be found, adores Christ as true God and true man, as firmly as she ever did."

Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well. The recitation of the Rosary is a loving tribute to Mary. During this month of October let us strive to perform this act of filial love for our Mother every day. Let us try to learn the doctrines which it teaches, and to practice the virtues which it inculcates.—The Pilot.

THE POPE AND THE TEMPORAL POWER

WHY THE POPE SHOULD BE AN INDEPENDENT SOVEREIGN

By the "Papal States" is meant more or less accurately that strip of territory in Italy lying between Rome and Ravenna, over which the Pope exercised temporal jurisdiction.

The Papal States were acquired from Pepin, King of the Franks, when he executed a deed in favour of Pope Stephen II. (752-7) which is known as the "Donation of 754."

From the very beginning of the Papacy the Popes had inherited a great many estates which in the course of ages came to form what was called the "Patrimony of St. Peter."

As the largest land owner in Italy, therefore, the Pope was naturally looked upon by the people as their protector, since the Byzantine rulers were not able to fulfil that office in time of danger.

When the Caesars were hardly able to defend the East, where they had shut themselves up, Rome, abandoned for nearly two hundred years by the fury of the Lombards, was constrained to withdraw from the emperor. Nor was this decisive step taken until the last degree of suffering and want had been endured, and when the capital of the empire was looked upon by its emperor as a country cast off, and left a prey to every passing marauder."

It was in such an exigency that Pope Stephen, having besought Byzantium for aid but to no purpose, finally in desperation, asked Pepin to rescue Roman territory from the ravages of the Lombards, who were invading from the North.

Pepin acceded to Pope Stephen's plea and marched against the foes of Italy. After a short campaign, the Lombards yielded to the Franks and promised to restore the territory which they had recently conquered. Pepin then handed over this territory to the Pope in the deed already mentioned. Yet hardly had Pepin left Italy, when the Lombards broke their promise and began afresh their attack on Rome.

Again the Pope sent for Pepin and again Pepin came and defeated the invaders; this time, however, he saw to it that the recaptured cities were really surrendered to the Pope, the keys to them being solemnly placed upon the grave of St. Peter. This event is known as the "Second Donation" and occurred two years after the first. Pepin refused to restore the territory, which he had acquired in a just war, to the Byzantine Government, for he said he fought not to aid the Emperor, but the Pope. For over one thousand years the Papal States acknowledged the Pope as their temporal ruler.

The Pope was deprived of the Papal States through the unscrupulous diplomacy of Cavour (the Prime Minister to Victor Emmanuel) and the violence of the military adventurer Garibaldi. Each step of the oppression and robbery, the usurpation of papal sovereignty, was taken under the sacred name of patriotism for United Italy. The mad desire to attain fame and opt before it all concern for the righteousness of the means.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Europe witnessed a political upheaval. Revolutionary ideas were spread broadcast and affected many governments. The spirit of radicalism, fostered by various secret societies, took hold in Italy and aroused by a frenzied few, shook the very foundations of the Papal States. That order might be restored, the Pope called for aid from the Austrians and the French. For a time the reign of terror subsided. But Cavour, the Piedmontese Premier, was secretly working for the union of the various Italian States under its King, Victor Emmanuel in order to accomplish his purpose, Cavour traded Savoy and Nice to the French in return for help in defeating Austria. With the latter's defeat, Cavour had a free hand in Italy and with the aid of Garibaldi, who carried out a success-

Kitchen Economy

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ful revolution in Southern Italy, he annexed four-fifths of the Papal States. The one province—the Patrimony of St. Peter, still remained to the Pope, and this was held with the assistance of a French garrison. However, in 1870, when Prussia declared war upon France, the latter withdrew her troops from Rome, leaving the Eternal City to the invasion of Victor Emmanuel. The spoilation of the Papal States was now complete, and Cavour's object of a United Italy was achieved.

The Pope seeks temporal sovereignty because it is necessary for the free exercise of his functions as spiritual ruler of the Church. A Pope subject to the whims and obedi-ence to the behests of a particular sovereign, soon loses his great influence for spiritual and temporal good throughout the Catholic world, for all the other nations look with distrust, and naturally so, upon his servile condition. The history of the Papacy will readily furnish, on slight perusal, examples of the sad results of the Pope's subserviency to kings and emperors.

In order to act freely, unhampered by any scheming government, the Pope must be territorially independent, subject to no law but God's, allied with no nation (except for defensive purposes), so as not to be prejudiced by the claims of any separate nation; supreme in his own territory, remaining neutral on all matters of international dispute, except when faith or morality is at stake. Only in such a position can the Pope truly be the "Holy Father" to all his children, instead of a god-father to a particular nation.

The government of these United States has wisely foreseen the advantages accruing from placing the District of Columbia beyond the control of any State. This territory, responsible only to the President, who appoints its three governing commissioners, insures the freedom of action to our chief executive and to the other officers of the Federal Government. If, on the other hand, the government were placed under the protection of one particular State, there would be present the danger that such a State would sometimes exert duress in one way or another, for its own advantage and to the detriment of the other States. It is for a like principle that the Pope claims the necessity of temporal power.—D. A. S., in Truth.

A CLINCHING TRUTH

The importance of religious education was never more evident than it is to day. The nation is becoming gravely concerned about the character of her citizenship. The child is father of the man. It is equally true that the pupil is the father of the citizen. No nation has ever achieved greatness that has not been careful of the instruction given to its children.

The teacher has never been appreciated by the world at his true value. Yet to his keeping is consigned the destiny of the nation. Fine buildings, well equipped schools, and extensive curricula can not supply the place of moral and religious qualities in teachers.

It is important that the child be taught reading and writing, science and history, mathematics and geography. It is more important however that he be taught to honor and reverence God. While he should be taught to obey the laws of the country, it is essential that he come to knowledge of God and His holy law. Nations are great only in so far as the individual citizens accomplish the will of God. Good citizenship depends largely upon the inculcation of the virtues of humility, of charity,

of honesty, of purity and upon the practice of prayer, all of which flow from religious training. History testifies to the elenching truth of all this. Nations of pagan antiquity were great as long as they clung to moral precepts, propounded though they were by their pagan philosophers. When morally waned

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among the Greeks and the Romans those nations slowly decayed. We are witnessing now a resurgence of paganism in our modern life and in the world's theory of education. Unless it is checked by the prompt application of religious principles it will lead to national demoralization. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—The Pilot. As a business proposition alone, the Victory Loan can be considered most attractive.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS
Softly and gently, dearly ransom'd soul,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ONLY A WORD

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,

"Back!" The command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort.

SAY YOUR ROSARY
Say your Rosary! How many respond with a regretful air:

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WHAT MAKES A MAN?
Buxton says: "The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that

INJURIOUS THOUGHTS
Injustice consists not only in deeds, but quite as often in refraining

PREPARED BY TRAINING
Men are all the time complaining about their poverty, their limitations,

THE DISSIPATED EMPLOYEE
The average employer is interested in his help, especially if he comes in contact with them.

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The following eulogy of St. Ignatius Loyola

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The wagon was heavily laden with great bags of meal,

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CARDINAL O'CONNELL GREETING KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM

On their first Sunday in the United States King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium attended a solemn High Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston. Cardinal O'Connell celebrated the Mass and Cardinal Mercier of Malines was present in the sanctuary.

King Albert and his royal consort were welcomed at the communion rail by Cardinal Mercier who greeted them heartily and presented them to Cardinal O'Connell. The Cardinals escorted the royal couple to gilded chairs in the sanctuary, where they remained throughout the High Mass.

Cardinal O'Connell read a brief and formal greeting to the King and Queen. Addressing them, he said: "We pray God to preserve you for many long and happy years, and to give you in future, for the sorrow and griefs so nobly borne, a thousand consolations by the complete restoration of your beloved Belgium, in which every American desires to have a share."

Turning then to Cardinal Mercier, who occupied a throne at the left of the sanctuary, he said: "Your Eminence, we see in the person of Belgium's primate one who, like a true shepherd, guards his flock at whatever cost. When the power of might seemed near its triumph you fearlessly stood for right and justice against mere brute force."

The King stood with his hands clasped in front of him. His shoulders squared, a truly martial figure. The slender Queen, gowned all in white, reaching scarcely to his shoulder, bore herself with simple dignity. After Holy Communion Cardinal Mercier accorded the pulpit to thank the people of the United States in the name of his monarchs as well as his own for the help this land had given them in their hours of direst need.

He said in his quaintly accented English: "I am now in your wonderful country and have had many bright days for which I thank God, but surely none more glorious than this. Here at this solemn moment is our beloved Queen and the man who is the living spirit of patriotism in Belgium. All feel happy in this united, patriotic brotherhood. On both sides, the Atlantic we are the same. We pray for the same things and have the same altar. We realize the majesty, unity, and Catholicity of our divine Church."

"When I go back to my people I shall take with me the picture of faith and Christian honor and charity which you have given me. America gave the world a splendid answer when you entered the War. You sought no territorial or political gains. You came in to help save the world. I want to express to you in the name of our nation, in the name of the Catholic Church, a tribute of homage and gratefulness. I pray for the recovery of the noble President of the United States."

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS

The month of November is especially set aside by the Church as the month of the Holy Souls. Scarcely have her sacred Ministers put off the festive robes used in her ceremonies on all Saints' Day, when she commands them to put on the black vestments and chant a Requiem for the Dead. During the entire month the Church exhorts her children to be mindful of the dead, who died in the Lord.

No matter how perfect our lives may be, all of us commit many offenses against our Creator, for which sooner or later, we must make reparation. The justice and the mercy of God demand that He exact from us a full atonement for these offenses. Few, in this life there are, who make sufficient reparation to the Creator; but God will not be set aside, and we must take the consequences in the next life when we can no longer disobey His commands.

It is the teaching of the Church that nothing defiled can enter Heaven. Though we depart this life a friend of God, in so far as not having offended Him mortally, yet, a debt remains to be paid on account of past transgressions. In His mercy God has prepared a place for us called Purgatory, where we must remain until all stain of sin is blotted from our souls. Then, and not till then, can we enter the heavenly mansions God has prepared for us. Though God has condemned us to undergo this punishment in His providence He so arranged it that our friends left behind us in this life may aid us by their prayers and so hasten the time when we may enjoy the Beatific Vision.

Instead, therefore, of lamenting our departed friends, we should redouble our prayers for them and beg Almighty God to shorten their time in the purifying fires of Purgatory. We can do this by offering up our good works for the Holy Souls, by reciting the beads for the Holy Masses said and by gaining some of the many indulgences applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

During the month of November the Church exhorts her children to pray for the souls in Purgatory. They cannot help themselves. But we can help them by our prayers and especially by offering the Sacrifice of the Mass for them. The Church urges us to hear their appeal to us for aid: "Have pity on me; have pity on me; at least you, my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—True Voice.

BISHOP GUILLIBERT

DASHED THROUGH FIRE IN AUTO TO AID HIS PEOPLE

Genoa, Sept. 17.—The terrible forest fires, which have been devastating the Riviera, are a source of the deepest concern to the authorities. Vast tracts of beautiful country have been destroyed, villages have been surrounded and cut off by the flames and serious want has been caused. Such a thing has been known along the Mediterranean coast before, and it is believed the fires are the work of incendiaries.

The bishop of Frejus, Mgr. Guillibert, has spent the week, visiting all the most tried villages in the region of Les Maures. He was welcomed everywhere with the greatest demonstrations of gratitude, and the people flocked to the churches to hear him. The bishop was greatly touched by the praise, lavished by the villagers on their priests, and the efforts of the latter to fight the flames and to sustain the courage of the inhabitants when cut off by the fire for two days and two nights, with great braziers, caused by the burning forests, all about them. At some points the bishop actually dashed his auto through the fringe of flames at break-neck speed to reach his threatened people.

OBITUARY

MOTHER MARGARET CRUCKSHANK

On Thursday, October 9th, she passed peacefully away at the Sacred Heart Convent, Grosse Point, Mich. Mother Cruckshank. The deceased Religious was in her eighty-fourth year, sixty years of her life having been spent as a Religious of the Community of the Sacred Heart.

Mother Cruckshank was a native of London, Ontario, and the daughter of John and Catherine Cruckshank, who in the pioneer days came to Canada from the Highlands of Scotland and who in their new home were ever identified with Catholic activities.

The deceased Religious received her education at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, and with the Religious of the Sacred Heart of London, the latter of which communities she entered at Manhattanville, N. Y., in 1859.

During her long and useful life, Mother Cruckshank laboured faithfully in the cause of Catholic education until the infirmities of age compelled her, little by little, to relinquish her chosen profession. The prayers of the former pupils and friends of this devoted Religious are asked in her behalf. R. I. P.

WILLIAM CORCORAN

The death occurred at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Oct. 10th, of Mr. William Corcoran, after an illness of only a few days. Deceased had been a resident of London for over forty years. He leaves to mourn his loss his wife, Mary Theresa, two sons, Rev. W. Tillman Corcoran, at present chaplain at Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor, T. Norbert Corcoran of London, two daughters, Marie and Margaret at home, and a sister Mrs. Thos. Stokes, of New York City.

The funeral took place to St. Peter's Cemetery on Oct. 13th. Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Cathedral by his son, assisted by Major Rev. T. M. McCarthy, M. C. of Stratford, as Deacon and Rev. L. M. Forrietal of St. Peter's Seminary as Sub Deacon. There were also present in the Sanctuary, Rt. Rev. Mons. J. T. Aylward of Sarnia, Rt. Rev. Mons. P. J. McKeon of London, who read the prayers at the grave, Rev. F. T. Powell, C. S. B., of Toronto, Rev. T. J. Yezzer, and Rev. J. J. Young, both of London. Rev. M. A. Brisson directed the choir.

The pall-bearers were Wm. Donohue, P. Flaherty, M. Jackson, T. J. Kiley, F. Smith and W. Smith all of London. The family of the deceased wish to express their sincere appreciation of all the kindness shown them during their sad bereavement.

CANADA BUSIER LAND THAN UNITED STATES

WITH ONE-FIFTEENTH THE POPULATION WE DO ONE-FIFTH THE TRADE

Tooting one's own horn, as they say, is not exactly a creditable performance, and yet there is a certain fact in connection with this Canada of ours over which Canadians might justly become jubilant. It is that, with but one-fifteenth the population of the United States, the Dominion does one-fifth the amount of trade. This statement is based on official figures just published showing the total of American trade for the year ending August 31. The comparison is made on the assumption that there are about eight million people in Canada and 120 million in the United States.

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The report shows that the American's exports for the year totalled \$7,415,000,000. Canada's \$1,233,000,000, a proportion of one-sixth. Their imports were \$3,233,000,000, ours \$870,000,000, a proportion of one-fourth. Their total trade was \$10,648,000,000, ours \$2,103,000,000, a proportion of one fifth.

The inference to be drawn from this is that Canada is a busier and more prosperous country than the United States, and that it must continue to be so. Canadians can ensure this by making the Victory Loan 1919 an overwhelming success. If it is Canada will continue to forge ahead; if Canadians fail in their duty they can expect nothing but reduced trade, unemployment and general depression.

DIED

HELFBERTY.—At Picton, Ont., on October 14, 1919, Patrick Helferty. May his soul rest in peace.

KEARNEY.—At Young's Point, on Sunday, Oct. 5th, Harry Kearney, son of J. E. Kearney. May his soul rest in peace.

McDONALD.—At the Charleottetown Hospital, on October 4, 1919, Miss Mary C. McDonald, organist of St. Mary's Church, Souris. May her soul rest in peace.

CORCORAN.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Friday, Oct. 10th, 1919, William Corcoran, dearly beloved husband of Mary Theresa Corcoran, of 142 Mill St., London. May his soul rest in peace.

CRUCKSHANK.—At the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Grosse Pointe, Michigan, on Oct. 9th, 1919, Mother Margaret Cruckshank, eldest daughter of the late John and Catherine Cruckshank of London, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

THE HISTORY OF NURSING

"To the feminine mind there has always been a sort of romantic fascination about any calling involving a certain amount of self sacrifice, and on this ground nursing appeals strongly to women, and it is the most characteristic of womanly occupations," said Father Flanagan, at Chesham Bois, in making an appeal for the local Cottage Hospital.

"In the remote past," he continued, "nursing was regarded largely as an act of devotion. For fifteen centuries nursing was almost entirely in the hands of religious. St. Paul recognized woman's fitness for this occupation, and appointed deaconesses to look after the sick and distressed, the earliest Visiting Nurses' Association, and an early Christian form of district nursing.

"St. Paula, a fourth century Roman lady, was the first trained nurse, and established the first training school for nurses of which we have any record. In her own city she devoted herself and her fortune to the service of the unfortunate. Pagan Rome had little appreciation, and no sympathy for this effort, and she went to Bethlehem, in Judaea, where she built a small hospital for the sick poor of the district, and for pilgrims overtaken by disease while travelling in Palestine. Here also she trained her band of women in the care of the sick. Later she built and equipped a hospice on the road to Jerusalem, for pilgrims who had met with accident and ill health on the way. St. Paula and her nurses were not cloistered nurses, but from this band developed the nursing sisterhoods which flourished in the succeeding centuries.

AFTER THE REFORMATION
"When the Reformation rolled its wave of intellectual confusion and

moral chaos across Europe, this splendid hospital system was destroyed, and for a considerable period the sick poor died in their hovels, or on the streets, or dragged themselves from door to door seeking aid. Even the well-to-do were forced to content themselves with the well-meant but bungling efforts of amateurs.

"Eventually hospitals were opened under lay governors, and nursing became a lay vocation. At first nurses were closely patterned after those of the nursing sisterhoods, but there were no standards either of training or efficiency, and with the substitution of mercenary for spiritual motives, the intellectual and the capable, who had been the glory of nursing, directed their energies in other channels. Nursing gradually passed into the hands of the degraded and ignorant, conditions gradually went from bad to worse, until the quarrelsome, avaricious, despotic Mrs. Gamp became the accepted type of nurse.

"Early in the seventeenth century, St. Vincent de Paul, assisted by many noble ladies of France, founded the Sisters of Charity, an organization which spread throughout the world, and has established numerous institutions for the relief of the sick and needy. The sick and helpless wherever they were to be found, they nursed in palaces of royalty, and in the hovels of poverty, in hospitals and in the military and naval hospitals. Wherever there was human woe, there also were the Sisters of Charity.

"In England the credit for the first organized effort to rehabilitate nursing as a suitable occupation for respectable women belongs to a Quaker, Elizabeth Fry, who, in 1810, established the Institute of Nursing Sisters."—The Universe.

SOCIALISTS AND G. B. SHAW LAUD CHURCH AND CLERGY

CATHOLIC IDEALS HELD NECESSARY IN LONDON FOR PRESERVATION OF CHILD LIFE

C. P. A. Service

London, September 2.—Some notable utterances have been made this week, which give hope that Catholic ideals are making themselves felt. The falling birth rate and infant mortality have also been employed by the Socialists, and in their organ, The Daily Herald, a doctor pays tribute to the Church, saying that it is a fact that where the Madonna, is worshipped, infant mortality is much lower than in Protestant countries, and that the poor Irish and the poor Italians in the slums of Liverpool and London, despite their unhealthy surroundings, preserve their children's lives to a far greater extent than do their Protestant neighbors.

The doctor concludes that, unless Catholics are imitated in their reverence for the Mother and Child, hygiene will not go very far towards preserving infant life.

Another tribute comes from an unexpected quarter. George Bernard Shaw, commenting very succinctly on the incapables in public

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life today, says that "with the exception of the Roman Catholic clergy, there is not a public body of men in the country today which is not composed of amateurs with a picked-up education."

The guarantee of your country backs up the Victory Bonds.

Canada will pay Victory Bond holders \$18,500,000 in interest on Nov. 1 and \$16,000,000 on Dec. 1.

TEACHERS WANTED

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER wanted for S. S. I. Rutherford; second class professional certificate. Salary \$700 per annum. Duties to begin at once. Apply to J. R. de Lanoy, Killarney, Ont.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER HOLDING 2nd class professional certificate, for the English Parochial school, St. Michael's Island, Ont. Apply stating salary and experience to Laurent Leage, Sec., Little Current, Ont.

LADY TEACHER WANTED: HOLDING first class certificate. Salary \$500. Address Rev. I. G. Hoffarth, Walkerton, Ont. 2193-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, Section No. 6, Snydenham. Duties to commence Nov. 1st, 1919. Apply stating salary and qualification, to Michael J. Dugan, Sec. of Schs., Anson, R. R. 1, P. O., Ont. Gre. Co. 2149-2

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER. DUTIES to commence November 3rd. Salary \$300 per month. Apply to John Nicholas, Bow Island, Alta. 2141-5

WANTED A PERSON TO ACT AS ORGAN- ist and housekeeper in a country parish in Ontario. State salary and references. Box 149, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2193-17

PRIESTS HOUSEKEEPER WANTED immediately, in a town not far from Toronto. Must be capable of looking after the household affairs and doing good plain cooking and making a cow. A woman brought in giving references to Box 154, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2141-2

FARM FOR SALE ONE HUNDRED ACRES, IN THE COUNTY of Arthur, 1/2 of a mile from school and 2 miles from the village of Kenilworth—a good business opportunity. The farm has a two story red brick house and cold water. Bank barn 50x70, with convenient water tanks supplied by windmill on a never failing spring well; a large stock shed 25x45 ft. with comfortable lean to; a driving shed 25x40 ft. There is also a large stock shed 25x45 ft. with line all through and gates into all the fields. There is also a acre of good bearing orchard and 1/2 acre of young orchard. This is a most desirable farm and can be had on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to Edward J. Brennan, R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2141-2

FARM FOR SALE 900 ACRES, IN THE TP. ARTHUR, CO. Wellington, South half Lot 7 and North half Lot 8, on road between Kenilworth and Kenilworth, a C. P. R. point, 5 miles from Church; convenient to school, rural mail and telephone. Buildings comprise a modern two story brick dwelling with steam, heating and bath, good bank barn 32 x 65 ft. with out- building, windmill, implements shed and other outbuildings. All land under splendid state of cultivation, growing five or six acres of pasture land and well fenced with spring creek at rear of farm. This is one of the best farms in the county. Particulars apply to Daniel Canton, R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2193-10

WANTED WANTED AT ONCE A MARRIED MAN TO manage or lease a farm of about 100 acres at Niagara Falls that is well equipped and stocked. On the grounds a large furnished house having all modern improvements, also gas, electric and water supply. This is a rare opportunity and farm made to suit the right party. If desired Schools and local business grounds. For property and full particulars apply to Rev. R. J. O'Neil, O. C. N., Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont. 2140-4

The BOYHOOD of NELSON

September 29th. 1758 October 21st. 1805

"I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." —Horatio, Lord Nelson, at Trafalgar.

Do you realize that you can satisfy some lad's yearning for the sea? The boy Nelson longed to follow in his uncle's footsteps, and in giving the boy his chance Captain Suckling gave to the Empire its greatest naval hero. Far from robust at the age of twelve, Nelson rose early to rank, and it is of special interest to Canadians to note that as a young officer he served in Quebec and was familiar with that great highway, the St. Lawrence. In giving his life for his country at Trafalgar, Nelson, by his famous victory, assured Britain's supremacy on the sea.

Some boy in Canada awaits YOUR assistance. You may never see or know him, but your contribution to the Nelson Day Campaign for \$500,000 will be the means of his joining a Boys' Naval Brigade at one of the eight branches now in operation or at others to be formed.

He will learn the elements of seamanship. He will take a summer cruise. He may get a year at sea. He will be a better citizen, and when the time comes that he is needed to help to man a Canadian merchant ship to carry Canadian goods to the markets of the world, he will be READY.

Should the day come when Canada and the Empire will again need defenders on the sea, let us have our own men trained and prepared. Let us have a body of our fellow countrymen ready to emulate the glorious example of our sea heroes from the time of Nelson to those of the last war.

So long as we are dependent on foreign sailors to man our merchant ships, there is no force to draw upon in case of an emergency such as confronted us in 1914.

"Thank God I have done my duty!" NELSON DAY CAMPAIGN for \$500,000 October 21-22-23 "Canadians Must Sail the Seas" Campaign Committee for the Province of Ontario Chairmen: SIR JOHN C. EATON Hon. Treasurer: SIR EDMUND OSLER Vice-Chairman: A. M. HOBBERLIN Assist. Treas.: N. L. MARTIN 84 King Street West, Toronto

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MAID WANTED WANTED BY CATHOLIC FAMILY in Toronto. Good home and considerable treatment. Apply stating wages required to Box 113, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2193-4

Executor's Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER OF THE Estate of Rev. George Richard Northgreaves, late of the City of London in the County of Middlesex, Priest of the Roman Catholic Church, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to claim against the estate of the said Rev. George Richard Northgreaves, who died on or about the Thirtieth day of April, 1919, are required to send, before the First day of November, 1919, their names, addresses and description and full particulars of their claims and the security, if any, held by them, duly verified, and after said date the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received. Murphy & Gunn, Solicitors for Matilda Jane Deane, Executrix. Dated this Fourteenth day of October, A.D. 1919.