

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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SPRING

March is the month when the influence of Spring begins to be felt even by the least observant, though according to Dan Chaucer, it is not till the "Showers Sweet" of April come that men and women long to "go on pilgrimage." But the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus" is the real harbinger of Spring, the time

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

It is the time when the singing of birds begins to swell into something like a chorus as the days lengthen, and though Winter may raid us again with lapsing bitterness, there are sure to be bursts of sunny gladness that reach our hearts. Then, with one foot on the threshold of the vernal year, we learn afresh how great and constant is the power of Nature over the spirit of man.

There are people who would have us believe that it is the poets and the artists who have tutored men and women into a love of Nature. They suggest that, by means of acute artistic perceptions, they lay claim to her as a monopoly. It is only by specialisation that she can be known, and the poet and the painter are the specialists. The artist particularly is often sure that one must understand how to look at a lovely scene to appreciate it properly.

We should be sorry to undervalue the debt we owe to poets and artists who have taken us into their confidence and have shown us how they see the natural world with delight. But their helplessness to us is not that they have revealed something we did not see, but that they have expressed for us more clearly something which we did see perhaps dimly, and feel perhaps vaguely. Like Byron, we have known what it is to—

"Mingle with the Universe and feel
What I can ne'er express yet cannot
all conceal."

The poet expresses for us a larger part of this understanding of the world about us, and so we are grateful to him, but he is an interpreter of what we already felt rather than on originator of the sentiment of natural beauty.

Our contention is that the influence of Nature on the spirit of man is far more widespread and potent than we are inclined to believe. By Nature we mean our scenic and atmospheric surroundings, and the life of animal and man which those surroundings frame—mountain, plain, and sea, brooks and rivers in all their changeful aspects, woods, copses, and orchards, and the beautiful shapely trees that stand alone, cornlands, meadows and chequered allotments, heaths and wastes, fertile fields, the pageant of the earth's colouring, the fleeting visits of flowers, the quality of the air and its accompanying dissolving views which we summarise as weather, the fascinating round of the seasons, the mystery and majesty of the other worlds that we see afar across the dark abysses of infinite space, the wonderful gradations of life through the animal orders, lurking reptiles, insects of the land, water, and air, the loveliness and melody of birds, the pathetic familiarity of animals that are on their way to domesticity or have arrived there, and all the follies, humors, passions, powers, heroisms, and hopes of man. What wonder that our glimpses of this vast changeful panorama, matter ever acted on by force and permeated by progressive forms of spirit, move us strangely, even when we do not definitely think about our surroundings!

The poet and the artist survey the great field of Nature, or some parts of it, with conscious admiration, and the philosopher studies it to find out the reason of things, but to the multitude of ordinary people who are not consciously observant, or of set purpose thoughtful, Nature brings her messages that are received as if by instinct, and those messages colour our lives far more than we realise. Perhaps we feel her power most

spontaneously when we are made sensitive by physical weakness. To one confined indoors what a difference divides the bright day from the dull day. It is as though a weight were lifted off the heart. The change is dramatic and cannot be disregarded. It is just the same with the coming of Spring. One may question whether any soul is so inert as to fail to make some kind of response to the gentle potency of the fruitful sun.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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HOME RULE—MADE IN ENGLAND

The only people interested in the Irish Home Rule Bill are the English people. It is creating mighty little interest in Ireland and seems to be the cause of much smiling rather than much comment. When a large body of the Irish people were clamoring for Home Rule—as a step toward other things—it was almost impossible to drag and force it from the English people. Now that Ireland has moved a long way onward, and ceased to worry about Home Rule the English have begun to do the worrying, and are trying to think out methods of forcing Home Rule upon the Irish people. If it be forced upon them they will use it as they would any other instrument which comes to their hands for the purpose of strengthening the power of the Republican Government that has already been proclaimed.

AND DEVELOPED IN IRELAND

If a separate Parliament be forced upon the Nationalists of Ulster—or even of six counties of Ulster—five years will probably not pass and ten years certainly not, until by the continual accession of new-made Orange Nationalists to their ranks the Ulster Nationalists will have obtained control of the Ulster Parliament. This is a certainty. At the present time and for years past there is and has been a slow but steady flow of the thinking portion of the Orange community into the ranks of the Irish Nationalists. Under a Home Rule Parliament in Ulster this flow would be multiplied tenfold—for three reasons.

In the first place after they have got their own Parliament and consequently have their eyes turned from Britain and turned inward national thinking and national feeling is as certain to come to them as the dawning of the next day's sun. In the second place the political strife and schisms which must as a matter of course develop in the ranks of the mere powerful party will continually be sending bodies of Orange insurgents into opposition—hating them up with their Nationalist friends. In the third and chief place the rapid growth of a Labor party among the Orange working-men of Belfast and the Northeast (who have developed a most bitter hatred of and opposition to the Orange capitalist oligarchy) will develop anti-Orangeism, anti-Britishism and real Irish nationalism amongst these Orange laboring men. Consequently if Home Rule should now be forced upon Ireland, in the shape of two separate Parliaments and if by some unlikely accident the Irish Republic were for a time sidetracked it is the safest prophecy under the sun that within ten years (probably much less) the most emphatically national and the most rabidly anti-British of the two Parliaments will be the Ulster one.

ULSTER DELEGATION HOME BUT CARSON WON'T COME

The Ulster delegation of Protestant ministers returned from America in Belfast again and is comforting the Belfast people with the assurance that America, far from being in favor of Irish National claims is with the exception of a little clique of powerless men who want to win the Irish vote solidly against Ireland getting anything. And Belfast is drawing a big breath of relief over the welcome news. It has set Sir Edward Carson dancing a waltz dance with delight or of pretended delight—for we suspect that he is too astute to think that his brother demagogues would treat political matters with any more truth than himself. His friends and followers had moved Heaven and earth to try to induce Sir Edward to come to America himself instead of sending the ministerial delegation. But he, wiser than his friends and followers, absolutely refused. Now that they believe what the delegation has told them, it is said that Sir Edward's followers have again pressed him to come out and clinch the work of the delegation. But Sir Edward just as firmly refused.

Sir Edward Carson is far and away the sanest man of his party—a thing which can not often be said of a demagogic leader. In fact he is sane that it is a matter of common knowledge amongst his English Unionist friends—his biggest backers—that hardly any of his political enemies despise his howling Ulster following more

than he himself does. It is well known among his intimates that Sir Edward's Ulster followers provide him with some of his best jokes. Amongst others he tells with gusto how two County Antrim Orangemen discussed their great Leader, Orangeman number one wondered whether King George or Sir Edward was the greater. But number two immediately laid the question to rest when he answered: "Why, znan, King George hasn't got speak enough to speak up agin the Pope. While the Pope, I'm t'w'el is trimblin' in his skin for fear of Sir Edward."

PERSONAL NOTES ON EMINENT IRISHMEN

St. Patrick's Church in Belfast has been presented with a remarkably beautiful Irish cross by the famous artist, Sir John Lavery, R. A., who was there baptized, and who, a short time before, painted and placed on the side chapel of the Church, his beautiful "Madonna of the Lake." The Irish oak from which the cross is made, formed part of the roof of an ancient church at Ballenderry, built over five hundred years ago. On the base of the cross is a Gaelic inscription taken from one of Dr. Douglas Hyde's religious songs of Connaught. Translated it reads: "In the name of Jesus Christ, Who was crucified for us alive." Some of the symbols and details upon the cross were got from a very ancient cross in the possession of the eminent Belfast archaeologist and Nationalist, Francis Joseph Biggar.

Mr. Biggar by the way—a man noted for activities in Irish antiquarian matters, is a nephew of the famous Joe Biggar, Parnell's rough and ready lieutenant, a man who, in his day, troubled the English Parliament by his presence more than would (in Mr. Gladstone's words) "a charging troop of American red Indians." Once Joe held the English ministers in all-night sittings for a month—reading to them from Government blue books from midnight till breakfast time in the morning—just to chasten them. And another time for the same purpose he held the house for seven hours and forty-six minutes while he expatiated upon the benefits to mankind of the potato.

Mr. George Russell, who is known to the whole literary world as poet and mystic under the pen-name of A. E., has come to hold more or less the position of a consultant on the subject of Irish politics. Though attached to no definite political party, not even to the following of Sir Horace Plunkett, he is much in touch with all not merely as journalist, who is willing to be all things to all men, but as a philosophic patriot who looks deeply into the heart of things, and who has a sort of prophetic instinct which gives him hope for an inspiration.

This is much to his credit after his experiences as a member of Lloyd George's famous trap, the Trinity College Convention. In session for long months, Mr. Russell put his whole heart and mind into the task of softening the obdurate Ulstermen and he being himself an Ulsterman there were some who hoped he would work the miracle, but at the critical moment, when it was at length discovered that the English prime minister was to dictate to the Convention, Mr. Russell retired with dignity and honor.

When the shadow of conscription loomed in the spring of 1918, he did great service in enlightening the Labor Party and press of Great Britain and the western journalist or foreign correspondent of importance passes through Dublin without visiting A. E., who is to be found at his editorial headquarters in Plunkett House, Merrion Square, the paper which he edits being a co-operative agricultural weekly, the Irish Homestead, which circulates widely among the farmsteads of the four provinces. The office is a fine Georgian mansion with wide staircase, and 18th century decoration in the classic style. A. E.'s office is a painted chamber, semi-circular in form, with frescoes of symbolical figures adorning its walls—visions which, in his poetical moods, he sees and paints. There he sits among piles of papers and books, with clouds of tobacco smoke, rising towards the ceiling. When you disturb him he is either inditing an article on the bacon trade—or an exquisite and illusive poem, or a letter to a daily newspaper on the political situation.

IRISH DRAMA AND IRISH LETTERS

The Abbey theatre recently produced a new play, The Player Queen, by Yeats. Lennox Robinson, the Abbey Manager, was much congratulated on the production, though the play is one which, while interesting with traces of genius, reflects but little credit on the distinguished author. Lennox Robinson undoubtedly made the hit of last season with his own play, The Lost Leader, a bit of very sensational melodrama, in which Parnell comes to life again. Several plays by clever, young and promising Seumas O'Kelly, who died recently, have been repeatedly staged. His "The Bribes" is an old favourite, "The Parnellite" was a decided hit and "Meadowweet," which was not

brought out till a year after his lamented death, deals with the land purchase, and is extremely interesting. Two posthumous volumes of stories from his pen are having a big sale. The Leproschan of Killymen, published by the new Dublin publishing firm of Martin Lester, is a delightful piece of humorous writing, and in these sad, stern times what is more welcome than humor. The Talbot Press has issued The Golden Barque, his other volume, which has received most favourable criticisms, but none more entertaining than that in The London Times in which Seumas O'Kelly and Seumas MacManus were mixed up and spoken of as one and the same person, the Times' critic being unable to assimilate more than one Seumas at a sitting.

SEUMAS MACMANUS OF DONAGH.

IRELAND SINCE THE LARNE GUN-RUNNING

A CHAPTER OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY

Lecture delivered in St. Patrick's Parish Hall, Ottawa, on March 16, by Rev. John J. O'Gorman

One of the greatest Englishmen of the nineteenth century has told us: "Truth is never enforced except at the sacrifice of its propounders. At least they expose their inherent imperfections, if they incur no other penalty; for nothing would be done at all if a man waited till he could do it so well that no one could find fault with it." This is my only defence for accepting the invitation of the parish priest of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Whelan, to tell you the truth about the Ireland of today.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF IRELAND

Claiming no qualification for the task save honesty of purpose and such sympathy and insight as may result from Irish blood, and from that personal knowledge of the land, language and people of Ireland which has come from long study and oft repeated visits, I will endeavor, this St. Patrick's eve, to sketch Ireland's political history since the Orange gun-running at Larne, in April 1914. I hold no brief for any party in Ireland. I am neither a Unionist, Nationalist, nor Sinn Féiner. I am a Canadian. Canada is my nation and, under the King, I owe and own allegiance to none other. The ties which bind me, and most other Canadians of Irish blood, to Ireland are profound but they are not political. Ireland I look upon as a sister nation quite as capable as Canada of managing her own affairs.

FIRST PRINCIPLES ASSUMED

Three assumptions, as regards the Irish question, and only three, underlie this historical sketch. As I wish to be frank with you, I will tell you them in advance. My first assumption is: "Ireland is an island." Geography bears witness to that fact. It is a truism, but in any big question it is always the truism that are denied. It follows that, since Ireland is an island, Ulster, no matter how you delineate it, is part of Ireland. My second assumption is: "Ireland is inhabited by the Irish people." The history of the last nineteen centuries bears witness to that fact. There have been immigrants, of course, but if not in a few years, at least in a few generations, the immigrants invariably became Irishmen. The 100,000 Irish Protestant volunteers of 1793 knew no country save Ireland, and no race save the Irish race, though their remote ancestors hailed chiefly from Scotland or England. That the national unity of Ireland should be disrupted to please a religious minority (and apart from Belfast Protestants are in a minority even in Ulster) is a preposterous idea. The fact that there is in Ireland, as there has been in every other subject nation in history, a minority party there by the conqueror, enjoying political ascendancy and opposed to the national aspirations, does not change the fact that this minority in Ireland is Irish and hence part of the Irish nation. My third and last assumption is this: "The Irish people, like every other civilized nation, has the right of national self-determination." That is a truth of international ethics, a truth in defence of which the World-War was fought. Therefore, Ireland's abstract right to self-determination is unassailable. How Ireland can and how Ireland should exercise this right of national self-determination are problems, not for us, but for the Irish people to decide. We may think their decision wise or unwise, but we cannot deny that the decision be theirs. For liberty is nothing else than the power to choose.

PROPOSED SOLUTIONS

Three different decisions are proposed by three parties in Ireland, and a fourth is in some danger of being imposed by the prime minister of Great Britain; these are unionism, home rule, republicanism, and partition. The first proposal is: "Maintain the present union with Great Britain." Most of the Pro-

testants of Ireland, unlike their Irish ancestors of the time of Gratton and Wolfe Tone, want this legislative union with England. The handful of Irish Catholics who are opposed to democracy, agree with the Unionists. The union can be maintained only by bayonets, machine guns, tanks and aeroplanes. It is a denial of the principle of national liberty. The second proposal is: "Home Rule." Realizing the economic and other advantages that would accrue to Ireland had she, relative to the Empire, the political position of Canada or Australia, four-fifths of the Irish people during the past two generations worked for Home Rule. They were then willing to accept a measure of Home Rule as a start, but today nothing less than Dominion Home Rule would be considered. The third proposal is: "An Irish Republic." There is nothing sinful or inherently wrong in this. The loyal and Imperialist Ottawa Journal wrote a month ago: "Any man whose ideal is the independence of Canada has an ideal noble enough to warrant allegiance and call for respect if he avows it." (Editorial of Feb. 13.) What is a noble ideal in Canada cannot be an ignoble ideal in Ireland. Both in Canada and in Ireland, it may, as I believe, not be the best practical policy for our generation—and this generation can speak only for itself. But others may hold a different view, and these Irish or Canadian republicans have as much right to their political views as Mr. Ross and I have to ours. In the General Election held after the War was won in Ireland, as a protest against the denial of her national claims, elected 783 Republicans out of a parliamentary representation of 105. That action, occurring when the victorious British Empire was at the zenith of its military power, was the greatest moral defeat the Empire has received since the American declaration of independence. That the majority of the Irish people consider a Republic preferable to the present Union with its inevitable martial law, may be reasonably concluded. What proportion of the people of Ireland would consider the hypothetical possibility of an Irish Republic preferable to the practical reality of Dominion Home Rule, if they were actually offered the latter, is a question for which there is not sufficient data to answer correctly. The fourth policy—"partition"—is advocated by no party in Ireland. The majority of the Protestants of Ireland abhor it. It is proposed by that political opportunist who after the world fought five years for principles to the winds and for political advantages keep the Turk in Europe and establish a Protestant Ghetto in North East Ireland. How these four policies, unionism, home rule, republicanism and partition, and a greater question than any of them, the World-War, have affected the political history of Ireland since 1914, is a drama in comparison with which the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare are minor masterpieces. For it is no mere Oedipus Rex or Hamlet who is torn by conflicting duties and passions, but the oldest self-conscious nation of Northern Europe.

DEATH BLOW TO CONSTITUTIONALISM

The opening act of this tragedy—for it has all the greatness and sadness of a tragedy—began in 1912, two years before the War. The 750 year struggle of the Irish nation against its English invaders seemed on the eve of a pacific settlement. A position as an autonomous nation within the British Empire seemed promised Ireland by the very moderate Home Rule Bill that was passing through the British Parliament. It was felt by all that if a united Ireland obtained even this meagre amount of autonomy under a national parliament, the future would evolve itself. It was at this moment that constitutional agitation and British parliamentary prestige received what soon proved to be their death blow in Ireland by the reintroduction into Irish history of the old, old method of physical force. For on September 28, 1912, 215,000 Ulstermen over sixteen years of age signed a Solemn League and Covenant to refuse to recognize the authority of a Home Rule Parliament. The Orangemen began to arm against the British Parliament. A year later, in September 1913, the Central Authority of the Provisional Government of Ulster was formed, with the Ulster Volunteer Force as its army. This revolutionary body had 16 Barls, Marquises and Viscounts on its Personnel Board and was supported in its preparations for civil war by the Tory Party of England, who feared if democracy went northward across the Boyne, it might advance eastward across the Irish Sea. The possibility of actual civil war was not considered to be real, as the officer class of the British Army being semi-aristocratic, was honeycombed with Ulster treason to Parliament. This fact was made known to the world and duly noted in Berlin, when the Curragh Cavaliers, led by General Gough, refused, March 20, 1914, to go to Ulster to fight for King or Parliament.

PRO-GERMAN CONSPIRATORS

Things had come to a pretty pass. The English junkers, to protect their ascendancy in England, helped to organize the ascendancy class in Ireland for civil war, and induced the aristocratic officer class to connive in their armed defiance of Parliament and of democracy. The Cecils and Somersets of England saw that their cause was identical with that of the Lansdownes, Londonderrys and Abercornes of Ireland. That the world might know how impotent the British Parliament was, even after those democratic Irish had got the House of Lords' Veto abolished, the ascendancy class of England and of Ulster, with the connivance of the British Army and Navy, seized the roads and telegraph wires, held up the customs officials and the police, and landed at Larne, Bangor and Donaghadee, 35,000 German rifles and 2 million rounds of ammunition. This occurred on April 24, 1914. The officer in charge of this "unprecedented outrage" against the British Parliament, was Major F. Crawford, who publicly stated: "If they were put out of the Union . . . he would infinitely prefer to change his allegiance right over to the Emperor of Germany."

INFLUENCE ON WAR DECISION

No wonder then, as Ambassador Gerard assures us that the preparations for civil war in Ireland were a contributory factor in deciding the Kaiser to start the War. Meanwhile, the success with which the British Parliament had electrified the rest of Ireland. All through the nineteenth century, Ireland, though nominally united on an equal footing to England, was treated as a conquered country, the inhabitants of which might not have either militia or arms. Carson's Volunteers had however won for one corner and one party in Ireland, this primary right of a citizen—his right to bear arms in defence of his country.

LOGIC OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS

Hence almost spontaneously, under the guidance of a group of Irish Irelanders headed by Eoin MacNeill, one of the cofounders of the Gaelic League, the mere Irish founded in November 1913, the Irish Volunteers. The English Government which had allowed the Orangemen to arm now forbade the importation of arms into Ireland. The Irish Volunteers smuggled some arms and began to drill. It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish Volunteers were, like Carson's, a sectarian organization. It is only the enemies of Ireland who are sectarian. Irish national movements are always organized on a non-sectarian basis. Ireland has religious liberty. She has not political liberty. Hence she organizes on a broad national basis. The Volunteer movement put a new spirit into Ireland. "We are about to attempt impossible things," said Patrick Pearse prophetically, "for we know that it is only the impossible things that are worth doing." The Irish Volunteers were not organized to fight the Orangemen. They were organized for the defence of Ireland from internal or external aggression. "It is the duty and dignity of Christian manhood to bear arms," wrote Joseph Plunkett, "as he who has the power to found a family must have in himself the power to defend a family." Ireland was naked of defence. The British Army in Ireland was not an army of defence, but an army of occupation, and was so described in official documents. "It is in Ireland not to defend the nation against invaders, but to defend the Government against the nation," said Professor Tom Kettle, who died on the Western Front. "Ireland needs 100,000 Volunteers to defend her, lest the Germans should invade her," wrote the G. O. C. of the Irish Volunteers, Col. Moore, on February 1914; and speaking of enemies nearer home, he added: "Let there be no abuse of Ulstermen, who indeed have shown a spirit of independence which we ought to emulate. It is the English Tories who are our enemies, not the Orangemen whom they are using for their own purpose." Eoin MacNeill, the guiding spirit of the Irish Volunteers, and a clear-headed Ulsterman, said bluntly and prophetically: "If we are to be ruled by force it must not be by latent force. The onlooking world must see right into the performance." The world is still looking on at the sorry spectacle of British martial law in Ireland.

PROPHETIC?

The Irish Volunteers were delighted that the Ulster Volunteers had rendered the British Parliament impotent north of the Boyne. "There were brave doings in Ulster this week past," wrote the Irish Volunteer of May 2, with reference to the Larne gun-running, adding the practical reflection: "What a pity it is to think that the young manhood of Ulster is being trained as soldiers to resist the consummation of the country's hopes. But everything changes, and perhaps the Orange Lodges who are now fighting to uphold the Act of Union that a

century ago stunk in the nostrils of the Brotherhood may in time change back to their old opinions."

THE OLDER NATIONALISM AND SINN FEIN

John Redmond, who had relied through his life on the honesty of the British Parliament in seeking legislative liberty for Ireland, and who had looked askance at both the Ulster and the Irish Volunteers, now joined the latter with the intention of directing them along constitutional lines. The Irish Volunteers were consequently, on the eve of war, under a Board that was half Nationalist and half Sinn Féin. The Nationalist Party needs no description. If it failed to lead Ireland into the Land of Promise, it brought her to a greater degree of prosperity than the nation had ever experienced in all her history. The Sinn Féin movement is much less understood. It is necessary to distinguish the Sinn Féin movement or ideal from the Sinn Féin political party. There is a republican party in Ireland which has received and accepted the name of Sinn Féin. It did not exist in 1914 except as the disorganized and discredited remnant of Fenianism. Griffith's political Sinn Féin party, prefer to change his allegiance right over to the Emperor of Germany." The Sinn Féin movement had transformed Ireland.

WHAT SINN FEIN REALLY MEANS

Sinn Féin does not mean "Ourselves Alone" nor does it denote "selfishness" or "isolationism." It means "Ourselves" and connotes national self reliance and self-respect, with due dependence on the Creator. In its broadest sense it is the doctrine of true nationalism. It was preached by the prophet Isaiah over 700 years before Christ when he told that small nation, Judah, not to depend upon or ally itself with the great Empire of Assyria, or the great Empire of Egypt. In quiet and in confidence shall be your strength." Under God they were to trust themselves. In Ireland, Sinn Féin meant that an Irishman should learn or speak his own language, play his own games, cultivate his own music, take pride in his own history, support his own industries and have confidence in himself and his own nation. It now meant that he should also defend his own country. In politics it necessarily opposed anglicisation and anti-national imperialism, but, according to the necessities of the day, it could as easily support Dominion Home Rule as Republicanism. Far from being insular it wished to restore to Ireland her continental trade and affiliations. That witty but heterodox Irishman Bernard Shaw, has truly said that the English of Sinn Féin is John Bull. The movement was and is undemotional.

AT LARNE AND AT HOWTH

The first result of the revolutionary Orange gun-running at Larne, was the Irish gun-running at Howth on July 26, 1914. Instead of the British army and navy coming at it as in the North, troops were called out, who, though they failed to get the guns from the Volunteers shot without warning into an unarmed and largely inoffensive crowd of civilians at Bachelor's Walk, Dublin, wounding several and killing one woman and two men. The Dublin City Council denounced the action of the soldiers as a "savagery crime." A week later Europe was at war.

AN INTERVIEW WITH EOIN MACNEILL

Exactly one week after England entered the War I was in Dublin and had an hour's interview with Eoin MacNeill, the founder of the Irish Volunteers. He discussed in the Irish language, very frankly, both the Irish and international situation. I had known him since I met him in the Middle Island of Aran in 1904, when he was perfecting his knowledge of Irish and I beginning mine. He told me that about the middle of July he was confidentially informed through an Austrian source that the German Kaiser had determined on war. Redmond was on the eve of going to the Buckingham Palace Conference. Professor MacNeill said: "I immediately asked my informant: Does John Redmond know this? and was told that he did." The conference, as is well known, failed, as Carson would not agree to any concessions, demanding that even two Counties that had a Nationalist majority should be excluded from the Home Rule area.

On the question of Ireland's part in the War, Eoin MacNeill was likewise frank with me. He said: "All Ireland agreed with John Redmond's offer made on the eve of war. 'I say to the Government that they may withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland, and if it is allowed to us in comradeship with our brothers in the North, we will ourselves defend the coast of Ireland.' On the other hand," Professor MacNeill added, "I went to London and told John Redmond not to promise a single Irish soldier for foreign service till Ireland first actually got Home Rule, otherwise Ireland would be cheated. At this," he said, "John Redmond indignantly answered: 'Do you accuse me of betraying Ireland?'"

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XV.

INGLEWOOD

During Rosine's visit to Hawthornden, which we have mentioned in a previous chapter, a letter was received by Colonel Hartland from Mrs. Benton, a letter written during her husband's severe illness; it was advice in view of the physician's expressed opinion that Mr. Benton's constitution could never endure the labor of farm life in that climate. To whom could she so readily turn for counsel as to him who so sacrificed himself for them in their extremity.

"Bad news?" inquired Mrs. Hartland, as she heard the exclamation when the Colonel read the letter, and saw the flush that passed over his face.

"I must go west," he said decidedly; "Philip Benton will kill himself and all his family."

"What has he done now?" asked his wife.

"He has conjunctive fever, and is nearly dead. I must start tomorrow."

"But why should you take the whole Benton family upon your shoulders, husband; you surely have already done more than could be expected."

"He who presumes to friendship's name
Reckons himself and friend the same,"

replied the Colonel, smiling.

"No; but really, Alexander, you have done a great deal," she said somewhat indignantly.

"And hope to do a great deal more. Poor Benton! Can you get me ready by tomorrow," he added, "to be gone—well, two weeks? My leave will not expire till two weeks from Saturday, which will give me time to go and come."

Mrs. Hartland knew that further remonstrance from her would be useless, and she desisted from further argument.

"But, father, you will not go without a sign of Rosine, or a message from her to her own people; it will break her heart when she hears of it," said Dr. Hartland, running over the letter which his father had put into his hand.

"I'd rather she did not know how badly off they are there," replied the Colonel, "and she might want to go with me."

"That, of course, is out of the question," said the Doctor, "for she would never care to come back, and we can't any more spare her now. She will not ask to go unless you propose it; and you can soften the matter as to Mr. Benton's illness, and make the government an excuse for the journey. I know you can find something to do for the Department on your way."

"Thank you, Ned, for the suggestion. I'll go," he said, rubbing his hands with delight at the thought of meeting Rosine; he was pining for her, although only separated for a few days.

Thus it came that he journeyed many miles out of his way before turning his face westward, and carried many messages of love from Rosine to her dear ones, without leaving on her mind any of the anxiety he was feeling lest he should not find his friend Benton among the living.

Colonel Hartland reached Athlaca readily, and found Horatio Leighton in the post-office as he inquired the way to Mr. Benton's farm. The young man piloted the stranger to the Prairie Home, and was a witness to the delightful reunion of tried friends.

All Philip Benton's reserve vanished with the Colonel, and he was once more a boy, he opened his whole heart, and was the better for it. Marion accompanied her father's friend to St. Louis, whither he was bound, and sought out Harold, whom they found diligently pursuing his studies determined to be first in his profession, with the avowed object of some future day of making a home for his parents, where they could live without labor; this was the golden vision for which he worked day and night. The Colonel was delighted with him, and expressed his admiration to Father Cote, upon whom he called with Marion. "He is a splendid fellow. I shouldn't wonder if he were President of the United States yet."

"O, I hope not," replied the venerable priest; "his soul would be risked at the White House. He is terribly ambitious now for a good object; but I often have to remind him, with the good Kemptis, that 'man proposes, but God disposes.' He has a noble object, and I get really enthusiastic myself when he talks of his blessed mother, and what he will do for her."

"God spare him to fulfil his purpose," replied the Colonel.

"Amen!" was the hearty response. Before leaving Athlaca, Colonel Hartland had made arrangements for securing the office of post-master for his friend, and had bought a pretty cabin in the timber adjoining the growing town, only a short distance from Mrs. Leighton. Here he desired his friend to locate himself. Horatio Leighton made a ready sale beyond its original cost, owing to the increasing tide of emigration brought to Athlaca by the prospect of a railroad through its boundary, and the

discovery of an extensive coal-bed within its borders. The interest of this sum, with the annual stipend from Mr. Hawthorn to his daughter, enabled them to live in that land of plenty with comfort.

That night before the Colonel was to return to the east the conversation between him and his friend was prolonged far into the small hours, although Mrs. Benton from the inner room assured her husband he would make himself ill again; the two friends seemed like lovers loath to part.

"I cannot but hope, Philip," said the Colonel, as he rose for the third time to say "good-night," "that your time may come when you and your family may live in the east again; it is too bad to throw them away here."

"East!" replied the other with almost a groan; "for them I wish they might, but for me, never. I hoped it would please the good Lord to take me to himself in this illness. O, Aleck it is a dreadful thing for a man to come to feel that his family would be better off without him."

"Don't name it, Phil," said the Colonel, seating himself again; "think of Lucy, how desolate she would be without you. Better off! Why I tell you she would not survive you long. What a woman she is!"

"You may well say that, but you don't know half she has been to me; but my noble, my generous friend, when that time comes, as I hope it will, then may she look to you as I have, Aleck?"

Colonel Hartland did not trust himself to reply, but he gave his hand to his friend in token of hearty assent. He wished to stay to see them out of that "lonesome, windy, grassy place," into the snug haven in the woods, but not being his own man his time was limited; he kissed Marion in parting, and told her that he should have her to pass a winter with her sister before long, and went away leaving light and good cheer in the Prairie Home.

Rice came over to assist in packing and removing, which was to be done immediately. He had been constant in his kindness to the family during the illness of Mr. Benton, and had at length won his respect for his sterling worth, so that now, when they met there was a kindly recognition of obligation on the part of the once proud Philip Benton, for the services of his long-remembered neighbor.

Mr. Benton was still too feeble to make any arrangements for leaving the one place, and occupying the other; and Colonel Hartland, who had taken a special fancy to young Leighton, had engaged him to attend to everything, particularly the broad ploughing around the farm, which was necessary in those days to save it from the devastations of the usual autumn fires. The men employed had finished the work only the day before they were packed, and Marion was playing a tune preparatory to boxing the piano; Horatio Leighton standing on one side, Mr. Rice with hammer and nails and eager listening ear on the other, when Sobriety rushed into the house, her eyes fairly snapping with light; "Uncle Sam's farm's a-fire!" she exclaimed.

There was a general rush to the door, to witness that grand and awful sight so wonderfully set forth to the life, by our own able countryman in his descriptions of prairie scenes.

"Fears it's like that day Miss Marion read me about in the book," soliloquized Sobriety.

"How very fortunate," said Marion, turning to her father, "that the ploughing was finished around the fence."

"Providential, my dear," replied he gravely, "but for it, we should have been beggared, to say the least."

"It come near makin' a mess on yer," exclaimed Rice, who had gone out and now came running round the corner of the house. "Here, you youngster," he added, addressing Leighton, "there's work for us."

The young man did not answer the call at once, and it was repeated. "I say, youngster, stir your stumps or you may burn up, pretty gal and all, don't you see the fence is took."

Leighton rushed to the door at this announcement. "Here," added Rice, "get up behind and give us a lift at that fire."

But Sobriety was before him, and had jumped upon the horse behind Rice, and away the two went, careering over the fields to where the fence was beginning to burn. Indeed there was no need of haste; the clouds of flame and smoke were coming down upon them like an army with banners, leaping over the turrows, and with their forked tongues catching here and there the spires of long rank grass between the sods that had been ploughed, curling about the dry fencing, and bounding through it to reach the stubble within. The dull lurid light spread over earth and sky, giving to the faces that gazed on this wonderful sight its own terrible hue. In a moment Leighton was mounted and going in another direction where the danger was equally threatening. The three worked rapidly, pulling down the fence and covering the already ignited rails with fresh ploughed earth, beating and literally fighting fire till the flames swayed in a different direction, when they returned, much wearied and blackened by their exertions.

"But for your timely help, my kind friends," said Mr. Benton, giving a hand to each of the men, "everything must have gone before this 'destruction that wasteth at noon-day.'"

In a few days the family were settled at Inglewood, the name which Marion had given to their new

home. Mrs. Benton's heart leaped with thankfulness as she strolled under the protecting arms of the broad centennial oaks and familiar maples, and in their friendly shelter she rejoiced continually. Marion, too, was happy, gladdened by her proximity to Alice Leighton. They were near neighbors, and that day must be indeed dark and stormy that did not bring a meeting between some members of each family. The remove brought them near, the physician who had so skillfully carried Mr. Benton through his dangerous illness, and whose advice had brought them to their present home. A promising, cultivated gentleman, brought to Athlaca by his attachment to the Catholic Church, could not fail to be an object of interest to both Mr. and Mrs. Benton, and with him had arrived the faithful pioneer missionary, who was earnestly spending himself for the benefit of which he had consecrated his life. A church had sprung up as if by magic, and Mrs. Benton no longer mourned the absence of the Holy Sacrifice.

Between Dr. Nelson and Mr. Benton had grown a wonderful intimacy, commencing with the confidential intercourse of the sick-room. The sensitive shrinking from strangers which had marked Mr. Benton since his sojourn in the west, had given way before the modest worth of Dr. Nelson. It was a study, a most pleasant study, for the wife to note the progress of this friendship, which was her own proud, cold, haughty, husband, and such a manly, Christian heart. The physician was one of those rare spirits who have no rough corners, or rather whose rough corners have been rounded by the discipline of a hard life. With great natural reserve and a quiet, unobtrusive nature, he had a soul that was always prompt to do right—sensitive and sympathetic as a woman, without any touch of weakness. His inner life flowed on like a noiseless stream hidden from view, and betraying its existence only by the fresher verdure springing up in its course.

Though a young man, for he had not reached thirty, his experience gave him the wisdom of added years; born to wealth and worldly hopes, his life had, since his orphanage at the age of fourteen, been one continued struggle with adverse circumstances; his father's riches faded before the wind of a terrible financial crisis, and he died leaving his wife and two children with a very small pittance for their support. The wife had soon followed her husband, and now Dr. Nelson stood in the world without the claim of kindred with any person save his sister, Philomona, whom, out of his own earnings, he supported at the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Mrs. Benton felt a motherly care for the young man, and longed to help him when he made light of the serious inconveniences of a life among a rude people, like the population of Athlaca. He had built his small cabin not far from Inglewood, and the grateful heart of Mrs. Benton could not resist the temptation of bringing him little comforts to his bachelor's hall, which only a woman knows how to provide. After the removal, all his leisure was spent with his friend, Mr. Benton, who never seemed to tire of his young companion. His extensive knowledge of men and things, aided the young man in his profession; while Dr. Nelson's guileless devotion to his faith, and his cheerful, contented waiting on God, afforded to Mr. Benton the example he most needed, that of a manly Christian.

Marion was fast becoming identified with Athlaca society, she was the leading mind, and she at once took her position at the first young lady in the growing town. In Sunday-school, in works of charity, in decorations of the new church and the altar, she was conspicuous everywhere. She had great success in removing prejudice against the Catholic Church, and she was equally successful in impressing upon her friends her importance in more worldly matters. Good Father Sheridan, the faithful pioneer priest, called her his right-hand man. Emigrants of the better class came flocking into the town, and houses began to dot the prairie in all directions. A new brick court-house to mark the county town, sprung up near the church, the law and the gospel working side by side.

Alice Leighton appeared to be regaining her health slowly but steadily, perhaps from the skill of Dr. Nelson, who had been consulted by her mother, perhaps through the constant motherly advice of Mrs. Benton, perhaps from a new interest which seemed to have sprung up in her heart for the temporalities of the new parish of St. Monica, in which she saw her young friend so interested; whichever it might be, something had brought out the before undeveloped resources of her character, in a way to astonish her friends.

The long winter, the dread heretofore of Marion and Alice, came laden with joy, congenial to the mind. The families made a point of meeting when evening drew her crimson curtains round "for social enjoyment. Mrs. Benton proposed historical research, and as Father Sheridan had a good library, and Mr. Benton's books were choice, they had great success in that direction, the gentlemen reading aloud, while the ladies plied the busy shaft of industry.

It is an interesting study to note in such a group as our friends formed, gathered around the cheer, the different impressions received from the same volumes. Mr. Benton with his strong powerful

will, deep thought and experience of life; Dr. Nelson with his calm, quiet aspirations after right and truth; Horatio Leighton with his yearning for position and advancement, and his honest avowal of the same. Mrs. Benton with her loving heart, and clear head; Marion with her father's powerful will unsubdued, and with the unconquered stirrings of her ambitious nature, astute mind and desire to be always first; Alice Leighton, with humble, quiet ways of seeking information from all; and dear motherly, Mrs. Leighton, with her large blue sock of which she was always knitting, and her kindly interest in all. It was a pleasant group, now and then enlivened by the happy face of good Father Sheridan, who by his solid good sense would often give the castles in the air built by the young people in a very sensible manner, a kindly way. It was proposed by Dr. Nelson, as one of these gatherings, that each should bring, on a certain evening, without consultation with each other, the male and female character in modern history which most interested them individually. Each was to give in his or her ballot with the names fairly written.

Mr. Benton's selection was St. Francis de Sales and Helena, mother of Constantine; Mrs. Benton's was St. Francis Xavier and St. Monica. Marion selected Napoleon Buonaparte and Joan d'Arc; Dr. Nelson, St. Francis de Sales and Katherine of Arragon; Mrs. Leighton brought Sir Thomas More and Madame Guion; Horatio Leighton, Charlesmagne and Mary Queen of Scots, while Alice Leighton selected Washington and Louis Roselle, the tale of whose wonderful life Dr. Nelson had just given her to read. Marion laughed at this choice, and in her heart really thought it very silly; she was quite confounded when Father Sheridan, who came in during the balloting, said Alice had made his choice among the female characters, and Mrs. Benton among the males. Out of these differing tastes came discussions, which added many items to the general stock of information. Mrs. Benton acknowledged to herself that during the whole of their married life she had never before so enjoyed the society and companionship of her husband. His old proud ways were seldom noticeable, he became more of a creature, and restored to the society of men, he found his sweetest joys in his dear and intimate union of soul with the partner of his joys and sorrows. His health was still feeble, the manly robustness of form, and quick haughty step for which he had been distinguished, were changed for a premature stoop and a slow measured tread. But Mrs. Benton would not allow herself to look forward to the probabilities, but dwelt in the happy present with her husband, planning for their childlike a good.

Through the flame of love ever burning in the breast of the mother, a correspondence was established between Harold and his father, at first formal and stiff, but gradually it had become a medium for the affectionate counsels of the father, and the respectful affection of the son.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SHADE OF HIS HAND

Miss Dorgan allowed herself a moment of indecision.

"I am so tired, Doctor," she murmured. "I have just come in after ten weeks with a typhoid case, and—"

"I know," the doctor's voice came back, "but I need you on this—it's a difficult proposition and I want an expert nurse."

"Is there no one else?"

"Not one," briskly. "Come! I'll give you today to rest and tonight I'll send for you. It means life or death, Miss Dorgan."

"Very well," Julia hung up the receiver with a resigned sigh, but with her professional interest quickened. She was a born nurse, who loved difficult cases, and she was not one to balk at hard work, wherefore her services were always in demand. But today, when she had come home to the little apartment, which she shared with two other nurses, she had felt that nothing short of a full week's rest would give recuperation to her tired body and strained nerves. Nevertheless if duty called, she was ready to go, therefore when the Doctor called around for her that evening he found her fresh, alert and eager for the fray, as she told him laughingly.

"It will be something of a fray, I think," was the physician's reply. "Nervous breakdown that I can't get ahead of—seems to be something in the way of recovery. I look to you to locate the something." Dr. Jardine always used the fewest words possible, but from the way he spoke Miss Dorgan gathered that he was more than a little interested in the case.

"That's quite a proposition," she remarked. "If you can't locate the trouble, how do you expect me to?"

The Doctor smiled to himself in the darkness. "I put that awkwardly, didn't I? Once she gets out of herself the trouble will locate itself. That's what I want you to do—get her out of herself!"

"How long has she been sick?" the nurse inquired.

"Almost a year; but—" as Miss Dorgan made an exclamation,—"don't let that discourage you. I over it to you to tell you that I am positive she can be cured, and I think, Miss Dorgan, you are the one to help her. Incidentally, you will be help-

ing me in downing one of the stubborn cases even I have ever encountered."

Often in the days that ensued Miss Dorgan was obliged to agree with the doctor that this was indeed a most stubborn case, and it was all of three weeks before she had coaxed her patient from the bed to an invalid chair by the pleasant window, which looked across an open stretch of park not unattractive even in a winter garb. She was a small vivacious woman, with large dark eyes and heavy dark hair folded back from a broad forehead. To Miss Dorgan, glowing with perfect health, there was something peculiarly appealing in this fragile bit of humanity, who from the first clung to her with the simplicity of a child, and she proceeded to mother her with all the tenderness of a generous heart. They got along beautifully, as the doctor could see, and it was not long before Mrs. Elliot aroused herself sufficiently to tell the doctor how much she liked her present nurse.

"She doesn't nag at me all the time, as the others did, to do this or take that. She's so comfortable to have around."

"I see... Let's you have your own way, h-m?"

"Well," the patient thought. For the first time she thought enough of a question to debate it. Then she looked up at the doctor with a faint glint of humor in her eyes. "I don't know about that. She seems to get her way in a good many things. But the odd part of it is, I don't seem to mind. I suppose," falling back into her old weariness, "it's because I don't care very much."

"I see," the doctor repeated thoughtfully. "She'll get you out of that, too," he was thinking. "As you say—'about'—she is a comfortable person to have about and I'm glad you like her; for she, it appears, seems to think she has a model patient."

Mrs. Elliot turned quickly. "Does she?" she asked, real interest in her tone. "I—I am glad. She is so kind that I do try to be grateful."

"Oh, she doesn't want gratitude," the doctor said cheerfully, rising to go; "she wants you to perk up and get round and rosy like she is!" And he went away with a satisfied smile. Things were working out all right, if they just kept on that way.

It was how work, however. Miss Dorgan was often sorely discouraged at the apparent lack of progress, or over a sudden setback that undid weeks of effort. Mrs. Elliot was a widow and childless; this much the nurse knew—but the invalid never spoke of herself or her family. She had the usual coterie of friends, many of them kind and attractive, but she seemed to have no close ones, none in which she manifested any special interest, or desired very often to see. About such things she was all too frequently languid and indifferent, lapsing also into long silent moods, that taxed the kindness as well as the ingenuity of the nurse to overcome. She was improving, Miss Dorgan could see, but progress was sometimes so slow as to be almost imperceptible.

One wintry day as they were seated in the pleasant upstairs sitting-room adjoining the patient's bedroom, Miss Dorgan drew her attention to a lady standing in the street below apparently waiting for some one to come out of the next house. "Isn't she sweet looking?" the nurse asked.

Mrs. Elliot glanced down. "Yes, she looks something like my mother," she said quietly.

"Ah!" said Miss Dorgan, interested. "That is your mother's picture over the mantel, isn't it?" raising her eyes to the spot mentioned.

"You look very much like her."

"Do you think so?" and the patient turned to regard the picture wistfully. "No one ever told me that before."

"No?" in great surprise. "I think the resemblance is marked. The contour of the face is like yours, and so is the same appealing look in the eyes."

"Appealing?" A swift look of pain had crossed the patient's face. "I—I wonder just what you mean by that."

"Maybe not appealing exactly," Miss Dorgan explained, thinking that perhaps the word did not strike Mrs. Elliot. "It's more of a questioning look, isn't it, as though she were asking—"

A choking cry came from the patient. "Don't!" she gasped. "Oh, don't say that!" She sprang to her feet and looked wildly at her companion.

In a moment the nurse was at Mrs. Elliot's side, holding her shaking hands, and striving to quiet this most unusual agitation, which finally ended in a paroxysm of tears and sobs. It was the first time Miss Dorgan had seen her patient give way to tears, and as she soothed her severely for whatever idle words had been the cause of the breakdown. Presently, wiping away the last of the tears, Mrs. Elliot turned to her nurse with quite a pitiful attempt at a smile. "You must pardon me, Miss Dorgan," she said sweetly. "Perhaps I am a little more nervous than usual today, and what you said—" She paused, a quiver on her lips, but went on immediately. "It's strange, but I haven't shed a tear in months and months—I don't know what you will think of me."

"I think maybe it will do you good," said the nurse cheerily, "if that's the case; for you know there is nothing like a good rain after a long dry spell." She chattered on gaily as she made ready a composing draught, drawing attention laughingly to the supposedly tonic effect of what is popularly called "a good cry."

"Not that I recommend them as a daily indulgence," smiling quietly at

her patient as she seated herself and picked up her sewing, "but sometimes they do clear the atmosphere and relieve the mind."

"Relieve the mind." The words were very quietly spoken by Mrs. Elliot, and she sighed a little as she turned to the window, infinite sadness in her gaze. A high wind was blowing and there were fitful gusts of snow. The park looked very desolate with its gaunt, bare trees and bleak shrubbery, she thought, shivering at the sight in her warm room. "It's like my life," she thought sadly, "bare, cold, frozen!" But it came to her with a sense of bitterness that there was hope for the park. Spring would come burgeoning across the land touching sward and tree and bush to life and loveliness. But never again to her heart would Spring come—never again! Unless...

"Oh, my God!" she breathed inaudibly. "Oh, my God, help me!"

Uneasy at her prolonged silence Miss Dorgan shook out her sewing and said brightly: "There, isn't it going to be pretty? Such a frivolous kimono for a sober little lady—why, my dear, what is it?" she added quickly in a solicitous tone, for her patient had turned to her with such a despairing look as she had seldom seen in human eyes.

"There is something I want to ask you," Mrs. Elliot said, a catch in her voice. "Something that's been troubling me a long time... Do you think—is it your belief, that one must keep a promise, made to the dead—the dying?" She clasped her hands convulsively as she finished speaking.

"That would depend," Miss Dorgan replied slowly, rather puzzled and anxious to say the right thing, "on whether it was a promise that could be kept or not—"

"Oh, it could," the patient broke in. "It was not impossible. Difficult, yes, but not impossible. What then?" feverishly.

"But, my dear, I could hardly venture to say," Miss Dorgan demurred. "Circumstances and conditions make such a difference that what might constrain one to keep such a promise would in all probability release another. If you are worrying about such a promise," she advised gently, "I would put it out of mind for the present. When you set well, you will be better able to deal with it."

Mrs. Elliot regarded her nurse sadly. "But that's what's minking me ill," she stated simply. "I know it, but I never"—she faltered—but courage enough to speak of it before."

"Would you like to tell me about it?" Miss Dorgan asked softly. "Do so, my dear, if you think it would relieve your mind."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "Yes, I want to tell you," she said. "Not but that I know what you will say... but even so it will relieve my mind."

She was partly of Italian blood, she began. Her mother, the daughter of Italian-born parents, had married an American, a wealthy man, who was captivated by her beauty, but who did not approve of her religion. So she had apparently given it up. There were six children, of whom Mrs. Elliot was the youngest, and when she came the mother had gone to the point of death. Stricken, perhaps, by morose scruping from her nearness to the dark valley, when she recovered the mother secretly had the child baptized, calling her Antonia, after, as she said, the good St. Anthony. Her father never liked the name, Mrs. Elliot said, calling her Ann in preference, but her mother seemed to love it with a peculiar tenderness.

"I still remember her drawing me into her arms and calling me her little Antonia—her little lady of the good St. Anthony!" the patient went on. "And when I got older she used to tell me stories of the saint and of all the good he wrought. I'm afraid it didn't make very much impression on me; and later when she confided to me that I had been baptized and that she hoped, some day I would be a Catholic, I know that I was repelled by the very thought. I was something of a little snob in those days, not altogether proud of my Italian ancestors and inclined to keep them in the background, and to become a Catholic meant nothing else to me than identifying myself with my mother's people. I think I concealed my distaste very well, for I was devoted to my mother and would not hurt her feelings for the world. She could not help seeing that I was not enthusiastic, but in spite of that she must have kept the hope in her heart, until I grew up and married—"

She stopped and looked up yearningly at the mother's pictured face.

"Poor mother! I don't think she was ever very happy. As long as I can remember, there was a sort of a veil over her brightness, and she always had that appealing look in her gentle, lovely eyes. It kills me now, when I think that I might have been more to her—" She closed her eyes on the quick remorseful tears.

"Oh, I mustn't do this!" she cried, pressing her hands over her eyes. "I am tiring you—and I have more to tell!"

The nurse reassured her. "You are not tiring me in the least," she told her patient gently. "I am deeply interested. Please tell me the rest."

"I wonder, Miss Dorgan, why tragedy pursues some people?" Mrs. Elliot inquired wistfully. "I was naturally of a happy disposition. When I was a child I went singing around the house all day long; but somehow life seemed determined to snatch the song from my lips. All too early I became aware of the cloud on my mother's happiness, and it hurt me sorely at the same time that

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Hennessey

"Something More Than A Drug Store"

I resented it; for I admired my father intensely—he was a man of standing—and dimly I sensed that he must be in some way the cause. Sometimes in the evenings my mother used to steal off with me as companion to the Catholic church on a distant street, where I knew she wept quietly all during the strange and to me incomprehensible service. Even then I could understand why she yearned for her own church—it was so peaceful and soothing, and the bowed heads at the last always filled me with a sense of awe. But there was a dread in it too, especially after mother had told me about her wish for me... Ah, well! There came other sorrows, the speaker went on with a sigh. "Two of my brothers were injured in an accident and both died later. That was before I was married. Then a year afterward the oldest one died in California, where he had gone for his health; and my mother's heart seemed to break, when death finally claimed my two sisters also—all within a period of less than ten years. And here I am," she broke out in a passion of despair, "only thirty eight, and all alone in the world—all alone! Isn't it terrible, Miss Dorgan?"

"Yes, it is sad," Miss Dorgan agreed gravely, looking at her patient with a new sympathy. Poor little lonely soul! Life had indeed walked roughshod over her hopes and dreams, crushed her and cast her aside like a broken, useless reed. Still, it was not sorrow altogether that had wrecked her nerves and set in the sweet eyes, so like her mother's, a troubled, piteous light. So the nurse conjectured as she went on speaking in her full quiet tones that Mrs. Elliot found so soothing. "But I have come to know, dear Mrs. Elliot, that there are worse things than loneliness, though, indeed, it is bad enough. I know, for I, too, am alone in the world—"

"You?" her patient broke in incredulously. "You, so bright, so cheerful, so happy?"

"Even so," smilingly. "And so will you be some day." "Never!" hopelessly. "Unless—" Her drasny glance sought the park again and Miss Dorgan gave her a keen look.

"You will be," she stated decidedly, "unless you have something on your conscience that stands between you and happiness."

"Oh, I don't ask happiness," Mrs. Elliot replied dully, with a weary gesture. "All I want is peace—peace! And you are right of course," turning fretfully to the nurse. "There is something... On her deathbed my mother made me promise to become a Catholic in reparation for her great sin, as she called it, in giving up her religion!" She looked at Miss Dorgan as though she had thrown down a gauntlet, but the nurse returned her look quite undisturbed.

"Yes?" she said. "And then?" "And then I didn't," she said sullenly. "Ah! You made the promise, then, without intending to keep it?"

There was silence for a moment while the patient clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "You despise me for it, don't you?" humbly. "But I wanted to ease her mind, don't you see?" she said, she could not die happy—I would have done anything—promised anything, Miss Dorgan—to give her the happiness she craved in her last hours!" Her voice broke and tears came to her eyes, fastened so piteously on the nurse's face.

"I understand," Miss Dorgan's tone was very kind. It was queer the things people did; but then the world was full of queer people. "Well, it seems to me," she went on cheerfully, "that you have no cause to worry about it. If you did not intend to keep the promise, it was, in effect, no promise at all."

"Do you think so?" But the patient's face did not clear. "I wish I could feel that way about it... but I can't!" impatiently, despairingly.

Julia was beginning to be puzzled. "But if you have an aversion to the Catholic religion—" she began.

"Oh, but I haven't!" eagerly. "Not an aversion—Oh no! but a dread—a great dread!" "But that's what Mrs. Dorgan smiled. "But that's foolish. Why should you dread it?"

"And is thy earth so marred, Shattered in shard on shard? Lo, all things fly thee forth thou first! Ma!"

She went swiftly to her patient's side. "Dear Mrs. Elliot," she said in a trembling voice, "will you let me read to you a poem that I love? It will tell you better than I can where to go for the comfort that you need. May I read it?"

"Surely, Miss Dorgan," Mrs. Elliot answered apathetically, concealing her surprise and disappointment. She did not know what it was she had been hoping for from the confidence she had given her nurse, but certainly it was not this. A poem! She shrugged her shoulders frowningly. "Oh, well..." She saw that Miss Dorgan was moved, however, and she watched her curiously as she began to read.

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days; I fled Him down the arches of the years..."

The very first words caught her attention and Mrs. Elliot listened closely until Miss Dorgan had finished. Then, quietly, she requested a second reading. She sat quite still after the last words had died on the air, but Julia saw that there were tears on her cheeks, as she stared steadily out of the window. The short winter afternoon was closing down and gray shadows were creeping across the park, shrouding the bare trees in a soft mist and lending a floating mantle to the clustering bushes and low shrubbery. Mrs. Elliot's heart swelled with a new strange joy as she caught the serene loveliness and knew that once again she could see the beauty of God's universe. She turned to the anxious nurse, lips trembling, eyes aglow.

"Is that it?" she asked in an awed whisper. "Is that it, Miss Dorgan? I—so weak, so unworthy—O how unworthily I have been—has His love been pursuing me?"

Miss Dorgan tried to smile, but it was a poor attempt, for she was shaken and near to tears. "Yes," she answered simply. "I think that is it. Can't you see—don't you feel it yourself?"

"Oh, yes, I do see it!" a wonderful dazzled light in her eyes. "For now I am happy and at peace. Thank God for me, dear, until I am worthy to thank Him myself!" She hid her happy tears in the nurse's warm embrace.—Helen Moriarty in St. Anthony Messenger.

THE OFFICE OF THE TENEBRAE

The average Catholic knows very little about the Tenebrae. In fact often he does not know there is such a thing. He has heard of Holy Week and the services of Holy Week. For these he has great reverence. They are to him a revival of the most solemn work in all history. They retain for him the most thrilling drama of all time. They tell him of Our Lord's seizure, judgment, conviction and death. These things he loves to hear because they are so intimately bound up with his own salvation. The story never loses its charm. And year after year as Holy Week again takes its place in the circle of affairs, he follows these ceremonies with rapt attention. And then it ever, does the Church seem to him to be at other times there is a grandeur and magnificence in her ceremonial. But they seem to take a minor role in comparison with her present action. Her artists, her musicians, her rubricists appear to have risen to the apex of human perfection. Her ceremonial has a depth, a solemnity, truly befitting the occasion. In almost a Divine way she tells the story of the death of God. It is the saddest and yet the most joyous story ever heard. To the Catholic, whether devout or casual, her manner of narration never fails. Its vividness brings home to him his own position in the great mystery. He is interested, indeed at times thrilled at the evidence of God's unfathomable love for His creatures. But of the Tenebrae he has scarcely heard. It is not his fault. Were he to hear it and realize its meaning he would never again be absent. Rarely, if ever, does he get an opportunity. And often when he does happen to witness its recitation, it is done in such a manner as to be robbed of more than half its charm. He does not know what he is missing. To him it is an enigma, something solemn and impressive, yet offered in such a manner as to be monotonous. He remains for the whole ceremony and leaves the church with a hazy recollection of the whole affair.

The Office of the Tenebrae expresses the theme of Holy Week. It is as it were the melody running through all its ceremonies. It is a cry of sorrow by the Church expressed in the language of the Prophets, of the Psalmist, and chanted in liturgical fashion to music which according to a leading authority who by the way, is a Protestant, Ernest Oldmeadow, surpasses in beauty and simplicity anything which the world has ever heard. Without the Tenebrae, Holy Week loses a great deal of its charm. With the Tenebrae the services take on a life and an inspiration that illumine all the ceremonial with a meaning and significance needing no interpretation.

ITS HISTORY The Tenebrae is that portion of the Divine Office called Matins and Lauds which is chanted publicly and with great solemnity on Wednesday,

Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. The name itself is derived from the Latin word "darkness." It is a matter of history that nearly all the ceremonies of the early Christians were celebrated when the sun had flung its shadows over the earth and night had come, clothing in darkness their meeting places and their altars. It was then they could with less danger practice their faith and its ceremonies. At all events we know that the Tenebrae derives its name from the literal meaning attached to the word.

The origin of the Tenebrae is lost in antiquity. It carries us back to the earliest days of the Church, when the Bishop would gather his Priests and Deacons together with the faithful and chant the Psalms and Lamentations that today form what is known as Matins and Lauds. The lessons from Jeremiah in the first nocturn, from the Commentaries of St. Augustine upon the Psalms in the second, and from the Epistles of St. Paul in the third, remain now as when we first heard of them in the Eighth Century. Liturgical reformers throughout the ages have always treated them with scrupulous respect.

And today in a simple way one might describe it thus: Each of the divisions of the Office of the Tenebrae is styled a nocturn or night prayer. From these everything not expressive of the grief of Mother Church is eliminated. Each canonical hour ends with the Psalm Miserere and with the commemoration of the Passion and Death of Our Saviour. No blessing is asked on the Lessons about to be read in the choir. Towards the ending the last prayers of each nocturn or hour, the reader lowers his voice, and no "Amen" is said by the people. The Gloria Patri, the Te Deum and all other evidences of joy and happiness is expunged. The whole effect is one of mourning, to mark, as it were, the Church's desolation.

THE TRIANGULAR CANDLESTICK The most unique outward feature of the Tenebrae, the feature that catches the eye of every witness, whether he remain for a moment or an hour, is the large triangular candlestick placed at the Epistle side of the altar. On each of the two opposite sides of the triangle are seven yellow candles. Surrounding these in a striking and significant way is a white candle. In all there are fifteen candles on the triangle. At the end of each Palm or Canticle one of these yellow candles is extinguished by a cleric who stands at the base of the candlestick with eyes on the master of the ceremonies ready to move at his behest. During the Benedictus the six candles on the altar are also extinguished. Finally the sole remaining white candle which has retained its place at the apex of the triangle, is moved and hidden behind the altar, where the recitation of the Miserere and the prayer uttered so silently by the Bishop or other dignitary of the occasion. The prayer being ended, and the whole church still in darkness, the white candle is brought forward again to the sound of clapping and beating of books, and resumes its place at the top of the triangle.

The origin of this triangular candlestick is hidden in obscurity. In the early days of the Church, when the ceremonies were carried on after dark, as a matter of safety, the use of lights was not only a thing of choice, but of necessity. The clergy arranged them so as to create an effect bearing some meaning strikingly significant. The triangular candlestick is the result of one of these efforts and it is the only one which has come down to us through the centuries.

Many interpretations are offered in explanation of this arrangement of lights on the triangle. Some writers inform us that all the lower lights were emblematic of the Apostles and other Disciples of the Saviour, who at the period when His sufferings approached a crisis, became terrified at His arrest, His humiliations, His condemnation and Crucifixion, as well as by the supernatural exhibitions upon Calvary and Jerusalem. They held that the extinction of the lights shows the terror and doubts by which they were overwhelmed. The white candle, which is never extinguished, but which only disappears for a time, represents the Blessed Virgin, who alone retains her confidence unshaken, and with a clear and perfect expectation of His resurrection, while plunged in grief, beheld the appalling spectacle that came as from another world to give testimony to a decree.

There is another interpretation more interesting because it more closely expresses the very theme which runs through the whole of the Office of the Tenebrae. This interpretation informs us that the candles which are arranged along the sides of the triangle represent the Patriarchs and Prophets who gave to the world the revelation which they had received. This revelation was imperfect, but as time went on each Prophet approached nearer the truth, making more perfect their revelation, and tending toward one point, which was Christ the Messiah. He, as the Orient on High, was to shed the beams of His knowledge upon those minds which had been so long enveloped in darkness. Just as these lower candles were extinguished, one at the end of each Palm, so were the chosen ones, after having proclaimed the truth about the Redeemer, consigned to death, many of them by the very people whom they had instructed. The white candle at the summit of the triangle is never extinguished. It

represents Christ, the Messiah, the Light of the World. At His death the world was darkened, but only for a time. Just as the white candle returned from behind the altar, shedding its brilliant light in the vast darkness of the church, so Christ by His Resurrection returned to a world grown dark by His absence. His roph and the Patriarchs, He triumphed over the forces of death. In this He showed His supremacy over them. He showed that he was their God.

THE TENEBRAE AT RHEIMS To obtain a proper idea of the Office of the Tenebrae one has to have the right setting. The ordinary church that we meet in our modern cities of America, both because of the busy life that our priests and people lead, and the lack of tradition which is an invaluable aid in setting forth in the proper manner the ceremonial of the Church, does not lend itself so aptly to our quest.

Imagine, if you will, then, one of the old cathedrals of Europe. Assume that you are kneeling in that grand and glorious house of God that is now but a memory. Picture to yourself Rheims. It is a cathedral built by a people of a solid, sincere faith, who lived about the Twelfth Century. Expressing as it does, the devotion and hope of these folk in the beliefs that constituted their religion, it is a structure to conjure with. The arches and walls, the paraps and apices, the very gargoyles on the outer front seem to speak of a spirit that is eternal. The whole edifice is full of the soul of the people who built and worshipped in it. Their children and their children's children at one time thronged its interior. Today, were it still standing, instead of having fallen under the fiendish hand of the Hun, their progeny would soon be gathering beneath its portals to participate in the coming ceremonial of Holy Week. Let us, then, imagine that you are among them kneeling in meditation awaiting the opening of the Tenebrae. The organ is silent. The cathedral echoes with the tread of a thousand feet. There is an air of solemnity over all things. The people are tense in expectation of the ceremony about to begin.

Suddenly there is a stir. Clerics are filing out, two by two, into the stalls allotted to them. The triangular candlestick with its fifteen candles is lighted and the six candles on the high altar are also lighted. A great hush has been brought forward and a stand ready for the reading of the Lessons and the chanting of the Lamentations. Out of the depths of the silences that seem to crowd the vast edifice, arises the sweet notes of the first antiphon, sung by the leader of those stalls on the further side of the altar. The Psalms are then chanted in that sweetly solemn tone that a great number of fine voices can produce. It is now time for the first Lamentations. These are taken from the Psalms of Jeremiah and under the name of the Daughter of Sion they bewail the desolation of Jerusalem over which Jesus went. The first Lamentation usually offered on Wednesday and Friday evenings are those harmonized by Palestrina and that of Thursday by Allegri. Their weird cadences fling out over the congregation, sound like a great human sob, a cry full of the tears of the centuries wrung from the Church over the persecution that has ever followed Christ and His children. They tug at the heart-strings; unconsciously a lump arises in one's throat. Perhaps in the silence and darkness a tear does wet the cheek. And then there is again the chanting of the Psalms and the reading of the Lessons in that same tone of sorrow over the destruction of one so good as Christ.

It is when we come to Lauds that we are privileged to hear two of the most musical compositions of the Tenebrae. They are the Miserere and the Benedictus. The grandest of these are sung on Good Friday, when the Benedictus from the Sixtine Chapel collection and the Miserere by Allegri are generally performed.

One listens enchanted by these recitals. Different feelings surge over the mind. Now one is in suspense; now in full contentment as the voices harmonize in one grand note. Kneeling there in the darkness, relieved only by the lights glimmering on the triangle and the high altar, keeping repressed every sense except that of hearing, one is borne unresisting by the uniformly directed tide of the harmonies. The voices come like trailing clouds of glory down past the nave to where you are wrapt in silence and they appear to be weaving among themselves a rich texture of harmonious combinations. There is a resistance, a struggle against the general purpose. These seem to be an effort to have nothing more than a momentary contact with each other. They are continually approaching and disolving into appealing dissonances till the whole volume as it reaches you meets in full harmony upon a suspended cadence. Again and again they divide and separate. It is delightful in the silence to analyze and follow the various tones as they float through the edifice. Here you trace one winding and creeping by soft and subdued steps through the labyrinth of sounds. Another appears dropping with delicate falls from one level to a lower. Then finally one appears to extricate itself; then another, in imitative successive cadence. As Cardinal Wiseman once wrote: "They seem as silver threads that gradually unwind themselves and then wind

around the fine deep toned bass which has scarcely swerved from its steady dignity during all their molitions, and filling up with a magnificent diapason, burst into a swelling final cadence which has no name on earth."

"LOOK DOWN, O LORD, UPON THIS, THY FAMILY"

There are no embellishments or artifice to mar the beauty of the human voice expressing such exquisite harmony. No organ is sounded. No instrument used, except the human voice which God gave to man. Its simplicity is thrilling. And when at length the white candle is borne away from its place of honor at the summit of the triangle, and there in the utter darkness that touching prayer, "Look down, Oh, Lord, upon this, Thy family," has been recited in soft and gentle speech, one's mind remains in a state of subdued tenderness. One's heart is full to the brim with feeling. One's eyes are wet with the tears that must have streamed down Mary's face as she saw her Son crucified. There is the usual clapping of the books, a relic of the signal of the master of ceremonies for the return to the society. Two by two the clerics file back whence they came.

It is over. The Tenebrae has been sung. The Church has mourned over her sorrows. She has wept over the suffering Christ. She has painted in musical tones a picture of her desolation. The good people are unmajored by the crash and toll of the ordinary rush to get into the open air is absent this night. There is still a solemn cast to their countenances. And you depart with them. You walk under the open sky with its twinkling stars and its fleecy clouds, silver touched in the moonlight. You are full of the emotion of the evening. You have finally heard the Tenebrae as it should be sung. You have seen it in its proper setting. You have heard voices, unimpaired by the crash and toll of the busy world make articulate the master genius of those artists who fabricated the wonderful tones of the whole Office. You can henceforth understand with a real understanding the greatness, the sublimity, the almost essential part that the Office of the Tenebrae has in the Ceremonial of Holy Week.—Rev. James J. McDonnell in The Tablet.

ON MAKING HOME HAPPY

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of making home happy. Not only the sweetness of this life, but the salvation of immortal souls is at stake. And after all it is so easily done! A little unselfishness, a little thoughtfulness, and a frank display of the affection that is too often unexpressed or even silent.

It would not be easy to find a more practical lesson on the subject than is furnished by the newly published, and very attractive book, "Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." These humorous, affectionate, intimate letters show the great American at his best—a man whom all must love whatever their opinions regarding his politics and his policies; a loving husband and a tender father, interested in all that concerned his children. He wrote with equal zest of Teddy Junior's trials on entering college, of studious Kermit's struggle with Latin, of little Quentin's mischievous pranks, and of the almost innumerable and often peculiar family pets.

These letters give glimpses of the strenuous president romping in the hayloft at Sagamore Hill, engaging in pillow fights against his little boys in the stately halls of the White House, playing 'tickles' with Archie and Quentin after they had gone to bed, or hearing their night prayers and rewarding them with nickles, "as Mother directed," when they knew their hymns by heart. The letters prove that his boys and girls were in his mind and heart every hour of the day when he made speaking tours or took hunting trips. He tells that he felt home-sick for them whenever he passed children while parading in the cities that he visited. In short Roosevelt was not only the adviser and disciplinarian of his children but also their playmate and best friend.

If every father was so close to his sons few boys would seek all their amusement away from home, and fewer fathers and mothers would carry aching hearts.—St. Anthony Messenger.

A SPLENDOR TO YOUR SOUL

Let us often visit Jesus in the Sacrament of His love. If prevented by distance or occupation from being present in body we can at least be there before Him in spirit. At the hour of death we shall then be able to say: "My Jesus, I paid you ever so many little visits during life: do not abandon me now, O Jesus my love!"

Even one Communion here and now, bringing to you the precious gift of grace, will have an effect in heaven and for eternity. Light is at this moment "laving" some star in the sky. That ray will not be seen for years, but some day your eyes or the eyes of others, will respond to that ray and enjoy its brightness. So every act of love or worship of the Blessed Sacrament imparts to your soul a splendor that will light up your minds and wills for eternity, flood with its effulgence your risen bodies and unfold to you in clearer brilliancy the entrancing vision of the Most High.

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Mr. Isidore Thomas, of Tilley's Road, Gloucester County, N.B., while expecting death, availed himself of help that was offered at random. Here is part of a letter he wrote to us—

"I beg you to publish my letter, so that people may know what Gin Pills did for me. My case was very serious. I was so sick everybody expected my death any day. Finally, on advice from friends, I tried Gin Pills, and in a short time was well again, and soon had gained 20 pounds." Kidney and bladder troubles, very often, work in secret ways. A bad condition may exist, with only a backache to indicate it. That is why the slightest pains in back or sides should be investigated. These pains, along with certain ailments—rheumatism, dizziness, constipation, lassitude, lumbago, highly-colored urine, headache, floating specks before the eyes, gravel, indicate kidney trouble. A course of Gin Pills, taken at once, will give relief, and prevent the progress of the disease, enabling the organs to right themselves and restore good health. Gin Pills are the sure, safe, quick remedy. Get a box from your druggist or dealer—50c. Money refunded if no relief found. Send for free sample. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, United States Branch, No-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 257

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1920

A CHAPTER IN IRISH HISTORY

Of Ireland's long and varied history perhaps there is no chapter more important, more heavily fraught with vital consequences, or more widely misunderstood, more maliciously or ignorantly misrepresented, than that which covers the past six years. We are therefore glad to give to our readers this week Father O'Gorman's accurate and comprehensive review of the events of this period.

No one in Canada is better equipped for the task than this still youthful Irish Canadian priest who, caught in the first tidal wave of enthusiasm for the Gaelic revival, was carried into the very heart of Irish Ireland. There he has remained. Such "insight and sympathy," such "personal knowledge of the land, language and people of Ireland," we submit, despite his modesty, make his qualification for interpreting contemporary Irish history to Canadians, in many respects, unique.

Dr. O'Gorman indulges in no flights of rhetoric, makes no impassioned appeal; but on the contrary, gives us a sober, temperate, restrained recital of facts. And in their proper setting and sequence these facts light up the whole dark tragedy which repeated misrepresentations have tended to obscure, to cheapen, to vilify.

To those accustomed to read and hear that the Irish were shirkers and slackers in the War it will come with something of a shock to find that native born Irishmen led native born Canadians in voluntary enlistment; and that they did so under conditions which would have absolutely killed recruiting in Canada. There is much ignorance, much positive misconception of Irish affairs amongst Canadians. We can scarcely blame those who information on such subjects consists of a series of impressions derived from the daily press; but we listened to an ex-Minister of Education—in ignorance, no doubt, rather than in malice—speak as though only "a part of Ireland" was affected by the War. Better informed, we believe that he would have said: "Ireland's war effort was not merely wonderful; it is unparalleled in history"—especially the war contribution of those "parts of Ireland" which by insinuation he excluded. Another reproach often heard is that Ireland refused to accept Conscription. Reading consecutively the events that make up the history of the past six years in Ireland we venture to say that there is not a right-thinking man in the British Empire or in the world who would not hold that Ireland would have earned lasting discredit if her resolute manhood had not, in the circumstances, spiritedly and determinedly rejected this infamous proposal.

It is unnecessary, though the temptation is great, to call attention to Dr. O'Gorman's admirable treatment of many other phases of the recent history of the present Irish movement. We recommend this chapter of Irish history to the careful and intelligent study of our readers; and not to our regular readers only, but to their friends and neighbors, who though deceived and prejudiced, are yet fair-minded enough to welcome the truth lucidly presented with malice towards none, with charity towards all.

The direct conclusions and logical inferences from Dr. O'Gorman's temperate historical sketch are presented with less restraint and greater righteous indignation by ex-Premier Asquith as the following despatch shows:

London, March 10.—Former Premier Asquith, who was recently re-elected to the House of Commons for Paisley, spoke scathingly last night of Irish conditions before the "Eighty Club," of which he was re-elected president. Never in the memory of the oldest club members, he said, had the methods of Government in Ireland been so reactionary, or denial of the elementary principles of civil and political liberties been so complete, so defiant, so insolent, as today. He charged that a very large proportion of the crime in Ireland was due to the "senseless policy" of the present Government.

While the and the Liberal Party were pledged not to apply coercion to Ulster, they were equally pledged to the home rule act now on the statute books, and he would think himself worse than a traitor if he asked the Irish people to accept any form of self-government less than was contained in that act.

A MOMENTOUS DECISION

Dark as are the clouds which lower over Ireland, the 17th of March, 1920, was illumined by some bright rays of hope and good omen.

On the morrow of St. Patrick's Day the United States Senate by a vote of 45 to 38 incorporated into its resolution of ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations this reservation:

"In consenting to the ratification of the treaty with Germany the United States adheres to the principle of self-determination and to the resolution of sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people for a Government of their own choice, adopted by the Senate on June 6, 1919, and declares that when self-government is attained by Ireland, a consummation, it is hoped, is at hand, it should promptly be admitted as a member of the League of Nations."

For reasons having nothing to do with the Irish reservation, the Treaty failed of ratification. The President, in an obstinately autocratic spirit that has disheartened and disgusted his warmest friends, practically denied to the Senate the coordinate treaty-making power given it by the Constitution. He peremptorily refused to accept the Senate modifications which he declared nullified the Treaty. There are 15 Senators—12 Republicans and 3 Democrats—who were and are irreconcilably opposed to the Treaty on any terms. Outside of these 20 Democratic senators followed the President; 21 Democrats threw over the president's leadership and voted with the Republicans to ratify with the reservations. The vote stood 49 for ratification to 35 against, falling short 7 votes of the necessary two-thirds majority.

The failure to ratify the Treaty, however, takes nothing from the momentous importance and significance of the Irish reservation. It is not precisely official recognition of the Irish Republic; but it goes farther in that direction than the most sanguine republican dared to hope for. It is a distinct and definite recognition of Ireland's right to determine her own political destiny; a distinct and unmistakable warning to English junkerdom that anything less will not satisfy the conscience of America or of the world.

It is easy to understand the exultant tone of the following cablegram sent by Eamonn De Valera to that whole-souled, single-minded and indefatigable Irish patriot—Arthur Griffiths:

"A Te Deum should be sung throughout Ireland. We thank Almighty God, we thank the noble American nation, we thank all the friends of Ireland here who have worked so unselfishly for our cause, we thank the heroic dead whose sacrifices made victory possible. Our mission has been successful. The principle of self-determination has been formally adopted in an international instrument. Ireland has been given her place among the nations by the greatest nation of them all."

In somewhat feverish haste to belittle the significance of the Senate's action, The Globe this (Saturday) morning quotes approvingly Senator Lodge's declaration that it is "purely hypocritical to have such a declaration come from a country which had fought for four years to prevent self-determination." The inference suggested that Senator Lodge held that Ireland bears the same relation to England as a State or group of States does to the American Union, is grossly misleading. What Lodge objected to so strenuously was the unqualified acceptance and universal application of the principle of self-determination.

He was entirely willing to accept the principle of self-determination as applying to Ireland.

This is quite clear from the N. Y. Times report of the proceedings:

Mr. Lodge then moved to amend so that the reservation would constitute an acceptance by the United States of the doctrine of self-determination so far as Ireland was concerned.

Senator Borah objecting to such limitation of the principle of self-determination, Mr. Lodge thereupon said:

"I made an effort to detach the question of Ireland from all other questions in the world, so that we could get a vote upon it, in the hope that we might adopt a reservation favorable to Ireland, and expressing our sympathy with her efforts and desires for self-government. The Senate having kept that language in, and making this a general declaration, has made it impossible for me to vote for it, desiring as I do to ratify the treaty."

The Globe, or any one else, is welcome to all the comfort to be derived from quoting Senator Lodge in the premises.

Significant also was the vote on Senator Sterling's amendment to strike out of the reservation the expression of hope that Ireland might soon have its own Government. This was rejected by a vote of 70 to 11.

MR. ROWELL STILL SQUIRMS BUT DOES NOT RETRACT

The duel between the Honorable Charles Murphy and the Honorable Newton Wesley Rowell covers many political issues with which the CATHOLIC RECORD does not concern itself.

There is just one question in issue between Mr. Rowell and us, and that is the deliberate, definite and specific charge he made against a body of Catholic gentlemen, the expatriated members of French religious orders who found an asylum in Canada.

In his North Bay speech, Dec. 6th, 1917, Mr. Rowell charged that these gentlemen "used that asylum to undermine Canada's strength in the struggle" in which we were then engaged.

Mr. Murphy investigated the facts and found that all these maligned clergymen of military age and fitness went back to fight for France, that many of them had already laid down their lives in that struggle at the time Mr. Rowell charged them with abusing Canada's hospitality and undermining Canada's strength.

No page in Canada's glorious War history is more glorious than that which records the valor and patriotism and magnanimity of these expatriated French religious. No refutation of baseless calumny was ever more crushing than the facts and figures marshalled by Mr. Murphy in reply to Mr. Rowell's reckless accusation.

Mr. Rowell admitted this; but he did not withdraw or apologize.

He never made the slightest pretence of substantiating his charge.

But he has never retracted it.

At the last session of Parliament Mr. Rowell made a labored effort to deal with the matter.

But he did not offer a jot or tittle of proof that his accusation had any foundation; nor did he have the manliness or self-respect to withdraw it.

We analyzed that speech at the time. Mr. Murphy has read that analysis into Hansard. There let it stand. In so far as the political historian may be interested we are content to rest our case on what is there set forth.

In his latest speech in the House of Commons Mr. Rowell made this reference to his famous—or infamous—accusation:

"My hon. friend devoted much time to my North Bay address. I dealt with that matter at the last session of this House, and it is not my intention tonight to go over the matters I then discussed."

"As I said in the House last session, and as I said in Bowmanville the year before, at the time I spoke I did not know that members of religious orders had gone over to France to fight in the War. I said that, had I known that, I would have paid them the tribute that I did to the other clergy of the Roman Catholic Church and which was undoubtedly their due. My view—and a fair reading of my statement will show it—was that I was not referring to the men who had gone overseas but to those in the province of Quebec who had remained behind. But I said then, and repeat now, that if my language was capable of the construction that it applied to the men who had gone overseas, I regret it, because I would be the last man in

the world to say anything disrespectful to or anything other than the warmest word of appreciation of men who had gone overseas to serve their country as these men did."

For all we know Mr. Rowell may consider this ample reparation for his reckless accusation against the body of men about whom "he did not know" anything in particular except the parroted slander which chimed in with his prejudice and suited his political purpose.

He does make a pitiful confession of complete ignorance of what the men whom he maligned had done or were doing; but his balking at the straight and narrow path of manly reparation is infinitely more pitiful still.

How much more satisfactory to Mr. Rowell's friends and admirers would have been the simple, straightforward admission:

"Mr. Speaker, when I charged those gentlemen of the French religious orders who had found an asylum in Canada, with treason to the land of their birth, and monstrous abuse of Canada's hospitality, I really knew nothing about them except certain rumors which I now recognize were entirely without foundation. I am immeasurably proud of their glorious record in the War and I regret that I was ever misled into making the charge that I made against them. I avail myself of this opportunity of withdrawing, fully and unreservedly, that groundless charge, and of tendering these gallant men the most ample apology it is possible to make to them."

The acclaim from political friend and political foe, from French and English, from Catholic and Protestant, from the exiled sons of France themselves, would have gladdened all honest hearts and have swept like an ozone-laden breeze through the ill-ventilated corners of Canadian public life.

But Mr. Rowell preferred the shifty evasions which we have quoted.

If he thinks that he has thus repaired a wanton injury we do him the justice of reproducing his words.

However, if that is Mr. Rowell's thought, we must admit that a man may regard himself, as a great Christian statesman, an apostle of Uplift and Service, a very devotee of Self-Sacrifice, and still have notions of truth and honor not dreamt of in the philosophy of men who moll through the lower reaches of human endeavor with just common, everyday, average instincts of decency and duty.

JUDGE RUSSELL'S LETTER

Judge Russell, of Halifax, on whose address to the Canadian Club of Moncton we commented last week, has written a letter to the Evening Mail of that city, correcting the report of his speech. He says he was commenting on the Irish grievance as stated by Professor Turner, of the University of Michigan, which is as follows, as quoted by Judge Russell:

"His statement of the Irish grievance to the effect that, although it was admitted that the people of Ireland were enormously over-represented in the Imperial parliament, nevertheless, being of a different race and religion from the majority of the members of that august body their affairs did not receive and could not receive satisfactory attention at the hands of their fellow members."

Professor Edward Raymond Turner has shown some tendency to be fair; but he has shown a vast ignorance of Irish politics; and the above statement of the "Irish grievance" is proof of that ignorance.

It is nonsense to say that the Irish grievance is, that Irish affairs cannot "receive satisfactory attention at the hands of their fellow members." The Irish grievance is, that the country is administered under an antiquated, corrupt system of Boards instead of government departments of a modern type; that the whole civil service of Ireland is officered on lines of religious test; and that every attempt, in forty-five years, to pass acts to ameliorate that system, has been voted down by a combined vote of the two English parties; thus forcing the Irish members to form a third party in the Commons; and to accept the fate of a third party; which is never to be listened to except when they hold the other parties at their mercy; and that, in the nature of things, can happen only once or twice in a generation.

Exclusion on religious grounds from the direction of the affairs of their native country is a very mad, denying form of persecution; and it is

of no use to point to land acts, or any other acts, in amelioration of other grievances, whilst that grievance remains.

The trouble is that Judge Russell and Professor Turner have never gone into the facts of the case; but are gravely exchanging guesses. Judge Russell ought to examine the blue books which deal with the civil service of Ireland. He ought to acquaint himself with the mysterious mechanism of the Board system. He ought to find out how the taxes of Ireland are raised and how they are spent. He ought to find out how many Catholics hold a public office in that much-exploited country. He ought to search the mysterious and intricate workings of Board Regulations, and shipping regulations and railway regulations; and all the other paraphernalia by which Ireland is ruled for the benefit of, and in the interests of, English capitalists.

Now, he won't find out all or any of this from Professor Edward Raymond Turner, who knows no more about it than Judge Russell; but he can find out a great deal about it from Hansard; from the published works of Irish M.P.'s; from such articles of those of Mr. John F. Taylor, K. C., in the "Nineteenth Century;" and from many other sources which he and Professor Turner seem never to have heard of.

We quote him further: "I proceeded to say that this was exactly what the population of Ulster felt would be their grievance if the proposals of the Sinn Fein party were put in execution by instituting a single parliament for the whole of Ireland. Their misgiving was, as I had frequently heard it expressed, that they would occupy the same position in such an Irish House of Commons as the Sinn Fein party and probably the Irish people generally felt that they occupied in the British House of Commons. I then proceeded to say that I thought that in both cases the grievance was probably more imaginary than real and that the minority in either case would enjoy the same influence as the province of Quebec had always enjoyed in the parliament of the Dominion of Canada in which although they were in a minority their rights had always been respected and conceded by the English-speaking majority."

Judge Russell ought not to use that inaccurate and deceptive phrase, "the population of Ulster." If he has been reading the papers of late, he has no doubt read of the laughable promptitude with which the "Ulster Unionist Council" abandoned all talk of a "Ulster Parliament," and gave up the idea of a legislature for the nine counties when they were suddenly brought to realize that in such a legislature, the "Unionists" would be, very probably, in a minority.

But even with that correction made, his proposition won't do. Judge Russell tries to be impartial; and his impartiality consists in putting on the same footing the century-old claim for self-government of Ireland, and the claim of a part of the population of a few counties to be treated as a self-governing unit; though they are clearly, upon every sort of political, social, and commercial considerations, bound up with the nation of which they form a part.

Judge Russell attempts to liken to each other two things which can only be contrasted.

He refers to Quebec. All the references which have been made to Canadian politics and parties, in the discussion of Irish politics, have been unhappy and inaccurate. Mr. Lloyd George led the way with his absurd variation of Canadian history when he told the Commons that Lord Durham's Report had led to the establishment of separate legislatures for Quebec and Ontario; and others have followed his lead.

In order to make a parallel case of Quebec we should have to re-arrange Canadian affairs as follows:

- (1) Cut out Quebec from the administrative control of all the Canadian Departments of State except the Department of Militia and Defence and the Department of Naval Affairs.
- (2) Establish in the City of Quebec forty-five Boards: Post Office, Harbors, Agriculture, etc., etc.
- (3) Fill the multitude of offices under those Boards with officials in the proportion of 80% of Protestants and 20% Catholics; including every office from the highest judicial office to the lowest menial task.
- (4) Make the patronage of those offices party patronage of the politicians of the rest of Canada and the minority of Quebec.
- (5) Give no representation in the Cabinet to those Boards, so that

there should be no man in the House or Senate who has the responsibility for what they do, with one exception; the Chief Secretary for Quebec.

(6) Appoint to the office of Chief Secretary for Quebec, not a Quebec M. P., not a French-Canadian; but always a Scotch, Irish or English M. P.; and always an M. P. for a seat outside Quebec.

(7) Reject utterly every motion, every bill, every suggestion, made by the members elected by the majority of Quebec; form a majority combination of both parties to vote down every attempt of that provincial majority to pass legislation, and even every motion for judicial investigation of administrative corruption.

Keep that up for a hundred years; and then say, if you will, to the people of Quebec: "Oh, you need not fear: You have influence here; we have passed four or five good bills for Quebec in the last hundred years. Cheer up; the first century or two of this sort of government is the worst."

Then you would have a parallel case in Quebec.

Judge Russell does not do well to enter into the financial relations between England and Ireland without taking up the Report of the Royal Commission on Financial Relations (of which our own Edward Blake was a member,) which found that Ireland has been overtaxed two hundred million pounds up to that time—about 24 years ago—of which not one cent has ever been repaid.

Judge Russell might come to the conclusion if he would direct his unquestionably keen mind to the matters we have indicated to him, that he agreed with Lord Dunraven, who, in the days when he was strongly opposing Home Rule, described the present system of governing Ireland as a grotesque "anachronism."

Judge Russell will probably admit that if Quebec were situated as Ireland is, it would give her small comfort to have a representation in the House, which though large, was not large enough to secure any change in that "grotesque anachronism."

Moreover, both under the Act of 1914 and the present Bill, that "grotesque anachronism" is in its main lines, continued. The matters and services to be placed under local legislative control are so limited that scarce a province in Canada would be content with such limitations.

Judge Russell finishes with the proposition that it would not be statesmanship to coerce "the Ulstermen." That is to say, the county majorities of four counties out of thirty-two, in a country which is, upon every consideration of law, politics, history, geography, trade, and commerce, a unit, and which has always, and for all purposes, and in all ages, been treated as a unit, ought not to be coerced into acquiescing in the political system which is the choice of a national majority; which majority includes the minority of even these four counties. More than that, these four counties are not to be coerced into refraining from coercing the county majority of two other counties and dividing them from the national majority with whom they have voted for generations.

Is it not curious that so many people who start out to be impartial, end by supporting the most extreme partisan claims?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

LOVERS of poetry (and they are not confined to any one rank or condition of society) must needs be interested in anything that concerns those who have given to the world its sweetest strains. We are reminded of this truth in looking over an old note book wherein are recorded sundry reflections on John Keats, culled from various sources. One in particular which has to do with the poet's brother, George, who about a hundred years ago emigrated to America, settled at Louisville, Kentucky, and died there, deeply regretted, in 1841, may be of general interest.

WRITING many years ago, Mr. James Platt, whose own name is not unknown in literary circles, recounts his discovery in the Western cemetery, Louisville, of the burial place of George Keats. Both because of his relationship to his more famous brother and of his own poetic gifts, this grave deserves to rank among the literary shrines of America. It appears, however, to have fallen into complete oblivion. Standing beside it the pilgrim's mind would naturally first revert to that lowly grave in

the far-away Protestant cemetery Rome, where lies all that is mortal of the author of "Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other immortal poems, and the affecting lines of that most imaginative of elegies, the "Adonais" of Shelley, irresistibly recur to mind:

"Go thou to Rome—at once to Paradise,

The grave, the city, and the wilderness; And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise, And flowering weeds and fragrant censers drear, The bones of Desolation's nakedness, Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead Thy footsteps to a slope of green access, Where, like an infant's smile over the dead, A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

OVER the grave of the less well-known, though scarcely less gifted (as some assert) brother in Kentucky, is a weather-stained headstone bearing this simple inscription:

"In memory of George Keats, a Native of England. Born 1st March, 1778. Died 24th December, 1841." Close by is another and smaller stone bearing the one word "Isabella," but at the foot of George's monument is carved the name, "Isabella Rosalind Keats," with dates of birth and death, showing her to have been but seventeen when she died. This is the grave of George Keats' daughter, who was a beautiful and accomplished young girl, and is said to have borne a striking resemblance to her uncle, the poet, both in look and character of mind. She is said to have had considerable talent as a painter, and to have given promise of poetic ability also. "Her name," opines Platt, "suggests the romantic feeling of the family with which Keats influenced a generation of English and American poets (including so masculine a man as Tennyson himself) and doubtless her name lent something of education to her disposition and character. Her name suggests, too, the romantic poem of 'Isabella, or the Pot of Basil,' and her story was not less sad than the heroine of her uncle's beautiful but somewhat immature production." The real Isabella's death was sadder in its circumstances than even that of the poet's, who died abandoned and alone in Rome. It is related that she was found late one evening, in the parlor of her father's house, mortally wounded in the breast from a gunshot accidentally discharged. She died in one or two hours. The whole world, touched with the beauty and tenderness of the name's associations has long enshrined it, as even in its sadness, a precious possession.

OF GEORGE KEATS' wife no mention is made in this connection. We know, however, that they were closely united in bonds of sympathy and affection, and of the wife's qualities we have testimony in John's sonnet, "To G. A. W.," written before her marriage. George himself is described by contemporaries as a refined and cultivated gentleman, still remembered and honored in Louisville and whose home, "one of the most elegant and tasteful in the city," was in his owner's lifetime the centre of such literary and art-loving society as the place possessed. We get pleasant glimpses of him in Lord Houghton's Life of the poet, where also are to be found many of the latter's letters, full of tender appreciation of the much-prized brother in far-away Kentucky. To him also is inscribed one of the more youthful sonnets of the early-dying, yet deathless poet, who by his genius and character has falsified his own affirmation that his name was "writ in water."

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLIC CHURCH

Matthew Arnold once wrote: "Catholicism is that form of Christianity which is the oldest, the largest, the most popular. It has been the great popular religion of Christendom. Who has seen 'the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism envelops human life, and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn, not only their religion from their Church, but they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture." "And if there is a thing specially alien to religion, it is divisions; if there is a thing specially native to religion, it is peace and union. Hence the original attraction towards unity in Rome, and thence the great charm when that unity is once attained. All these spells for the heart and imagination has Catholicism for Catholics, in addition to the consciousness of a divine cure for vice and misery."

IRELAND SINCE THE LARNE GUN-RUNNING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE
MacNeill's policy was to give a promise of soldiers for a promise of Home Rule, and actual soldiers for actual Home Rule.

John Redmond's offer that Ireland be entrusted with her own home defence, an offer with which the most advanced Sinn Feiners agreed, was refused by England. It was some six weeks after the War had been on, before the King signed the Home Rule Act, but it was immediately held up by a suspending Bill.

Consider now the position of the Irish nation in September 1914. Her position before the War was tragic enough. She had been on the eve of obtaining legislative autonomy and was thwarted of her right by the armed defiance of a section of her own people; for Orangemen are Irishmen.

Official figures have never been given showing Ireland's total military contribution to the War. The official number of recruits accepted for the Army was 135,069. This does not include those who joined the navy, nor does it include the reservists who joined up when War was declared, nor the Irish regular soldiers who were already in the army at the outbreak of War.

There are some who belittle Ireland's war effort. To my mind, it is not merely wonderful, it is unparalleled in the history of the world. I know of no other instance in the history of Europe, where over 100,000 men of the subject race volunteered to fight for their own conqueror.

It would be superhuman for the whole Irish race to have maintained this unselfish martyrdom for five years. To begin with, a considerable section of the Irish nation, the Unionists, were never called upon to play the role, as they fought for their friend and for a continuation of their own ascendancy.

I knew Patrick Pearse and six years since I first met him at the Connacht Fels in Galway. For years I read his inspiring editorials in Irish and English in the Claidheamh Soluis. That was before he covered politics. He was one of the noblest and most idealistic teachers this century has produced. His

possible reward, merely provincial parliaments with partition?

IRISH AND ULSTER VOLUNTEERS

The Sinn Feiners said: "No. We are under no obligation to England, till England fulfils her obligations to us." Redmond and the Nationalists judged differently. The Allied cause was just. Therefore Ireland must fight for it. Ireland thus began to fight for her own enemy, against the enemy of Europe.

MORAL EFFECT OF IDEALIST'S REBELLION

Pearse made the streets of Dublin red with blood, first because he considered that constitutional agitation would at most obtain for Ireland a provincial status; secondly, because he saw it cheated even of this fruit by the armed resistance of Carson's volunteers; and thirdly, because he believed that the only way to convince his own country (and the world) that Ireland must have all the rights of a sovereign nation, was to proclaim and establish an Irish Republic.

IN SPIKE OF "MALIGNITY" IRELAND LED CANADA

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IRELAND'S WAR EFFORT UNPARALLELED

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SOME HUMAN NATURE IN IRISHMEN

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charm can best be seen in Iosang, a volume of Irish tales, which are a proof that Irish literature can be written even by some who learn Irish when they are already adults.

Carson's adoption of physical force changed the patriotic teacher into the revolutionist. Just missed seeing Pearse in Dublin in August 1914. He wrote me that he had left for the West. A fortnight later I learned that in the very first month of the War he favored setting Dublin Castle as an act of national self-assertion. He was so engrossed with Ireland's national wrongs that he failed to read the international situation aright.

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NATIONALISM OUT OF TOUCH WITH IRELAND

The Nationalist Party, which before Easter week had been willing to postpone a settlement of the Irish question till after the War, believing that the Government of Ireland Act of 1914 and Ireland's 100,000 Catholic soldiers were a sufficient guarantee that she would get national autonomy, now realized that the nation did not approve of this one-sided bargain.

THE IRISH CONVENTION

The Government put forward as an alternative proposition a Convention of Irishmen to draft a scheme of Irish self-government. A new chapter in contemporary Irish history now began. By granting this Irish Convention, England thereby admitted Ireland's right to self-determination. Sinn Fein immediately demanded that the instrument of self-determination be adequate, namely that the Convention be free to choose complete independence if it wished, that the English Government pledge itself to the United States and the Powers to ratify the decision of the majority of the Convention, and that the Convention consist of none but persons freely elected by adult suffrage in Ireland.

SINN FEIN AS A POLITICAL FACTOR

To provide an atmosphere of goodwill the Government released June 17, 1917 all the Rebellion prisoners. The leader of these, a young Irish-speaking schoolmaster, Eamonn de Valera, presented himself as the Republican candidate in Clare, to fill the vacancy caused by the death in action of Major Willie Redmond. By a majority of 8,000 Clare voted for de Valera and an Irish Republic. Kilkenny City followed Clare's example. In October the Government raised and seized the arms of the National (i. e. Constitutional or Redmondite) Volunteers, though the Ulster Volunteers were left in undisturbed possession of 5,000 German rifles. Questioned in the House, on October 23, 1917 the Chief Secretary (Mr. Duke) said that "The young men of Ireland—200,000 of them—are being enrolled for the purpose of creating a new Rebellion in Ireland."

CONVENTION IN SESSION

Meanwhile the Government's Irish Convention had been sitting. Practically all interests in Ireland, except Sinn Fein, were therein represented. It opened in Trinity College on July 25, 1917, and began by electing Sir Horace Plunkett as Chairman. The Southern Unionists agreed to a modified form of Home Rule for the whole of Ireland, but the Ulster Unionists refused all overtures from their fellow-Irishmen, even scoring to accept the proposal of the leading Protestant in Ireland, the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, who advocated the Canadian plan of both federal and provincial parliaments, that is a national Parliament for the whole of Ireland and provincial parliaments for Ulster and the other provinces. Thereupon, Mr. Lyaght, a Dominion Home Ruler, in a letter of resignation warned the Government: "Every country to which the principle of self-determination is to be applied has within its borders a minority opposed to its national freedom. Is Ireland alone to be dominated by that minority, which, it must be remembered, has been offered in Ireland, concessions and democratic reforms unprecedented in any country in the world?"

RESISTANCE JUSTIFIED

Looking at the Conscription question at this distance of time and space it is hard not to justify Ireland's resistance. I was in the British House of Commons when it was introduced, and I felt that a greater blow had been struck at the British Empire by this action of Lloyd George and his Tories than by the German defence of Ireland, which was his alleged excuse. There are only two ways of governing a nation: by consent of the governed, or by Prussianism. To have enforced Conscription in Ireland would have been the same as Prussianism. England refrained from creating an interminable civil war which would weaken her both militarily and morally.

STATEMENTS WORTH RECALLING

One written statement of Lloyd George to the chairman of the Irish Convention is worth recording, as it contains in advance his present partition bill. "The only hope of agreement," he wrote on 25th February, 1918, "lies in a solution which provides for the unity of Ireland under a single Legislature with adequate safeguards."

The same day that he rejected the report of the Irish Convention, the Premier introduced a Bill to conscribe the whole manhood of Ireland (in its first draft priests also were included) from eighteen to fifty-one years. He couched his proposal in universal and immediate Conscription, a promise of some form of self-government, he added, "when the young men of Ireland had been brought in large numbers into the fighting line, it is important that they should feel that they are not fighting for the purpose of establishing a principle abroad which is denied them at home."

RESISTANCE TO CONSCRIPTION SPIRITED AND DETERMINED

His promise of some vague form of Home Rule at some future date was received with derisive incredulity. His attempt to conscribe Ireland met with the same opposition in that country which a similar proposal on the part of the British Parliament would have met in Canada, Australia or South Africa. The Military Service Act, nevertheless, was passed on April 15, and the Nationalist Party left Westminster. The menace of Conscription drew together all Irish parties, except the Unionists. A convention of leaders was called for April 18 at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. After consulting with the Irish Bishops, who were holding a meeting the same day at Maynooth, the Mansion House Conference issued the following declaration: "Taking our stand on Ireland's separate and distinct nationhood, and affirming the principle of liberty, that the Governments of nations derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we deny the right of any external authority to impose compulsory military service in Ireland against the clearly expressed will of the Irish people."

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into the recent Irish Municipal elections gave Derry, the second Orange capital, a Sinn Fein mayor.

Ulster, apart from the city of Belfast, is in majority Catholic and anti-Unionist. In the so-called six county area, four of those counties with Derry City have combined a Nationalist or anti-Unionist majority. To maintain an Ascendancy there "No Catholic need apply" the old wicked maxim—Divide and Rule—is to be applied to Ireland.

LLOYD GEORGE'S MOTIVE

This is the motive behind Lloyd George's partition bill. This carving out of Ireland a country which may be called "Carsonshire" gives to this Carsonshire and to the truncated body of Ireland petty provincial parliaments and demands that this divided Ireland pay as an annual tribute to the Imperial master eighty-seven million dollars. That Britain may be sure of getting this toll, she herself holds control of Irish Customs, Excise and Income Taxes. Needless to say, the vivisectioned Ireland will not be allowed to have a Militia. If she had soldiers of her own, as had every other nation under the sun, she might be unreasonable enough to insist on enjoying all the rights of a free nation. Ireland is not even to have the privilege of saying where the surgeon's knife will enter her body. Two counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh, and the borough of Derry, which have a Nationalist or Sinn Fein majority, are against the will of both the nation and of the local majority, to be added to Carson's pound of flesh. Armagh, the Sea of St. Patrick, will no longer be in Ireland. The vivisection will cut the heart from the body of the nation. A purely illusory means of reunion is proposed. These English Solomon's went actually to divide the living Irish child into two and wish the world to admire them for their wise partition.

PARTITION OF NATIONS AND DISRUPTION OF EMPIRES

The world remembers the partition of Poland; the world remembers that the three strongest Empires on the Continent of Europe, as three imperial eagles or vultures, fed on the prostrate body of Poland for a century and a half; and the world remembers that less than two years ago these three Empires were broken to pieces and the once partitioned Poland resurrected into a sovereign nation. It is some satisfaction to note, however, that the future rulers of England, the Labor party, reproduce this proposed crime of the Coalition Tories. This proposed partition which Bonar Law complacently calls Home Rule, is a much greater denial of Irish nationality than is the present Union. For the Union while it puts the Irish Nation under the control of England, nevertheless recognizes the existence of the nation it subjects. The King is sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, that is of two nations. The Irish nation he rules through a Viceroy through an Irish Executive Government and an Irish Privy Council. All the local Government boards and departments, whether under popular or under government control—are national. Dublin Castle itself is a proof of Irish nationality, for only a nation can be a subject nation. Even the 87 coercion acts of the nineteenth century bear witness that the island of Ireland is one nation. Ireland is not merely one administrative unit, she is also one judicial unit, with her own national judiciary, under an Irish Lord Chancellor. This judiciary is of course appointed by the conquerors. The educational system, from the Irish National Schools to the Irish National University, is again a recognition of the nation it was originally intended to denationalise. The Churches of Ireland, both Catholic and Protestant, the Church of Ireland, the Presbyterians, the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, and the Irish Catholic bishops unite in National Synods. I make no appeal to the geographical or the historical arguments which are conclusive in favor of Ireland a nation. Only contemporary history concerns me tonight. I maintain that the very machinery of the Union recognizes a hundred ways that Ireland is one national unit. To prevent that nation from ever enjoying the political rights of a nation, England is now engaged in partitioning Ireland. She forgets that she cannot hurt Ireland without hurting herself. She forgets that the history of Europe since 1918 shows that the partition of nations usually ends in the disruption of Empires. For nations survive empires. Empires were made by men, but nations by God. There is room both for England and for Ireland in the world. Each has her cultural mission to perform, and neither can perform hers fully unless both be friends.

BOHEMIA—A PARALLEL

I will conclude this sketch of Ireland's political history since the armed Orangemen successfully defied the British Parliament six years ago at Larne, with a comparison with Bohemia. Austria united the crown of Bohemia to hers in 1526. Henry VIII, assumed the title of King of Ireland in 1541. Just as there were English colonists in Ireland before Henry VIII's time, so there were German colonists in Bohemia before the battle of Mohacz. There was this difference, however, in the early sixteenth century, in nineteenth century Ireland the Norman, Welsh, Saxon and English colonists had been absorbed into the

Irish nation, while in a large part of Bohemia (German language and culture had already been paramount for centuries. Prague, the capital of Bohemia, was the seat of the first German University in the Middle Ages. In the nineteenth century Ireland, demanded Home Rule of England, and Austria. The British Home Rule of Austria refused. In the World-War, Austria conscribed Bohemia to fight for her, and England first conscribed and then tried to conscribe Ireland to fight for her.

At the eleventh hour, Austria offered Bohemia Home Rule. It was too late; the Czechs declared a Czechoslovak Republic. At the present hour England offers Ireland a mockery of Home Rule, containing deadly partition. It is scorned by the majority of the elected representatives of the Irish nation who claim that they constitute the Dail Eireann, or Parliament of the Irish Republic. There are three million and a half Germans in the Czechoslovak State. Large parts of that State have a German majority and are contiguous to Germany or Austria. Was Bohemia partitioned because the minority did not want to leave the German union? By no means. Lloyd George agreed with Wilson and Clemenceau that the historic unity of the Bohemian State must be recognized, despite the large section colonized by the German conqueror. The Germans of Bohemia are three times more numerous than the Unionists of Ireland, and like the latter they have held for centuries a political, commercial, social and religious ascendancy. Yet this ascendancy party in Bohemia must now bow to the forces of democracy and nationality.

GENERAL SMUTS' PROPHECY

I will conclude this comparison with the words of the greatest Dominion statesman in the British Empire, one of the really constructive forces at the Peace Conference, Lt-General Jan Christian Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa:

"Our statesmen in Paris dealt with racial problems resembling that of Ireland, and in every way as difficult as the Irish problem, and they may not shrink from applying to Ireland the same medicine they applied to Bohemia and many other parts of Europe. Unless it is settled on the great principles which form the basis of the Empire, this Empire must cease to exist."

SUPPORT IRELAND'S JUST DEMAND

I appeal to all who care for the British Empire, to all who support democracy and hate ascendancy, to all who cherish patriotism and love liberty, to support the just, national demand of undivided Ireland for a government of her own choice. For Mr. Chairman, it is imperative that the present cruel martial law in Ireland with the unlawful reprisals it provokes should forthwith cease. It is imperative, not merely for the sake of Ireland, not merely for the sake of England, not merely for the sake of the British Empire, but also for the sake of the whole League of civilized Nations. For "No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled."

THE WHOLE OF THE HUMAN BROTHERHOOD SUFFERS FROM A WRONG DONE TO ANY MEMBER. CHRISTIANITY IS NOT PRACTISED WHEN BROTHER HATES OR HARMNS BROTHER. MAY THE SAINT WHO WAS CHOSEN BY GOD TO BE THE GREATEST BENEFICATOR OF THE IRISH RACE, OUR OWN GLORIOUS APOSTLE ST. PATRICK, OBTAIN OF GOD, BY HIS POWERFUL INTERCESSION, PEACE AND JUSTICE FOR THE LAND HE CONVERTED TO CHRIST.

FRANCISCAN FATHER PILOTED BATTLESHIP

Catholic News Service
Birmingham, Jan. 31.—How an English Franciscan Father piloted a battleship was told a few days ago at a reunion of the Birmingham Catholics, when Father Alexius Calderbank returned to his parish, after serving as a naval chaplain during the War. Father Alexius was asked to undertake the duties of liaison officer with the French ships in an Allied squadron of British and French war vessels. During the fulfillment of this duty the squadron with which Father Alexius was serving was ordered to return to its base at Scapa Flow. When the squadron was off the north coast of Scotland foul weather set in, and the ships were separated. The French flag-ship when Father Alexius was serving got into difficulties, and the ship's navigators, not being familiar with the coast, which is very dangerous especially in rough weather, got out of their course, so that the ship was heading for a dangerous reef of rocks. Father Alexius had some knowledge of the coast, and he told the French commander of the imminent danger, and volunteered to pilot the ship into port. His offer was accepted, and acting under his orders and guidance the steersman got the vessel into harbor with perfect safety. For this remarkably capable and gallant achievement Father Alexius received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the French Government, and was also mentioned in dispatches. Father Alexius is Guardian of the Franciscan Monastery at Olton, near Birmingham.

Better be an hour too early than a minute too late.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT
PALM SUNDAY

CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO OUR SOULS

Everything done by our Divine Saviour during His life on earth was done for our instruction. Let us see what lesson we may learn from His solemn entry into Jerusalem, of which we read in today's Gospel. Jerusalem is a type of our souls. When Christ entered Jerusalem the Feast was close at hand, and now Easter is approaching. He was visible to all as He entered the city, and now He wishes to enter our souls, invisibly it is true, but none the less really and essentially, in our Easter Communion. Every Catholic Christian ought to observe the festival of Easter, and prepare to give our Divine Saviour a worthy reception when He comes to his soul in the Easter Communion.

How ought we to prepare to receive our Lord worthily, so that when He comes, He may bring peace to our souls?

1. We must go forth to meet Him, as the crowd went out from Jerusalem when He was approaching the city from Bethphage, and we do this in the Holy Sacrament of Penance. When Jesus intended to enter Jerusalem, He sent two of His disciples on in front, saying to them: "Go ye into the village that is over against you, and you shall find an ass tied and a colt with her; loose them and bring them to Me." In the same way, before He enters our souls, and before we receive Him in Holy Communion, He sends out His priests, to whom He gave power to loose us from our sins, saying to them: "Whosoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven," and commissioning them to release penitent sinners from their sins. We are told that two disciples went to the village and did as Jesus commanded them, and in the same way our priests are always—but especially at Easter—ready to give absolution to all who are truly penitent, so that they may be worthy to receive Jesus in Holy Communion. A good confession is therefore the preparation which a soul makes when she is going to meet her Divine Saviour; it is the first and most important step towards making a good Communion at Easter, and at this season everyone ought to be thinking of it. Let us all do our best to make an honest confession of our sins and to be truly contrite; in that way alone can we escape all danger of committing sacrilege through communicating unworthily.

2. Being thus prepared to receive our Lord, let us spread our garments in His way, like the Apostles, of whom we read that they laid their garments upon the ass, and set Him thereon. A pious commentator tells us that these garments signify devotion, reverence, humility, faith, hope, and charity, and we should have all these things when we go to receive our Lord's Body. If we have faith—if we really believe that in Holy Communion Jesus Christ, the Son of God, God from all eternity, is truly and indeed present, as truly as He is and always has been present in heaven, we cannot fail to approach Him with reverence and to gaze at Him with awe; our reverence and awe will resemble those of the angels in heaven, who lie before Him prostrate in adoration. If we believe that He instituted this most holy Sacrament through love of us, and that He gives Himself to be our food and the nourishment of our souls, that we may have everlasting life, we can not fail to love Him in return, and to long ardently for this food. If, on the other hand, we consider how unworthy our sins have rendered us to receive this heavenly guest, we shall say with all humility: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof," and then, deriving fresh courage from the infinite mercy of God, who welcomes sinners, we shall add: "but only say the word, and my soul shall be healed." When the indescribably happy moment comes for Jesus to enter our souls and take up His abode there, let us rejoice and exult as did the crowds accompanying Him into Jerusalem; let us thank Him with all our hearts for coming to us, and make His dwelling-place fair and pleasing to Him. We can do this by keeping His Commandments loyally and by resolutely avoiding sin. These are the palms that we can strew in His way; let us keep them always fresh and green. This is how we should keep Easter and celebrate our Lord's entrance into our souls. Let us continue to live thus, that at the last we too may have a joyful entrance into the heavenly Jerusalem. Amen.

THE PASSION

It is hardly a truism to say that the Crucifixion is the greatest tragedy the world has ever beheld. Only two or three other events since the Creation approach it in moment. All these transcendent events are identified with Christ and the supreme work of the redemption, but our redemption was wrought through the death of the Saviour. The Resurrection is indeed the test miracle, but we were redeemed before the Resurrection. The redemption was a glorious work, but it was accomplished amid suffering unutterable and in circumstances of unparalleled shame. As we are deeply involved in the consequences, we cannot allow its annual commemoration to pass without demon-

strating, silently, indeed, that we have some sort of appreciation and at least some modicum of gratitude for the great things that were suffered for us and so sorrowfully wrought for our salvation.

The fourfold story of the Passion, as related in the Gospels, has been read by millions upon millions of the faithful. Many of them have been benefited beyond measure by the simple recital of the tragic circumstances of the betrayal, the condemnation, and death of the Son of God. Millions have read and heeded not. They acknowledge the appeal but they make no soul response. For such as these neither the Crucifixion nor the Resurrection has much meaning.

But if we have the faith to realize the dignity of the Sufferer and the boon which He has purchased for us, we cannot refuse to go in spirit to the garden, to the pillar, to the tribunal, and to Calvary. Near the cross we will find one who is neither disciple nor apostle, neither a grateful penitent nor a claimant for the first place in the kingdom, but an outsider, a man whose duty alone makes him a witness to all that transpires, a non-participant in the tragedy and its guilt, but one, withal, of clean heart and noble instinct,—even the Roman centurion who saw all and heard all and who, when he felt the earth trembling beneath his feet as if in terror at the unspeakable sacrifice of the Crucifixion, cried out in the enthusiasm of his new found faith: "Indeed, this was the Son of God."

It was, indeed, the Son of God. It was He that suffered all and He suffered it for the redemption of every son of man. To refuse our infinitesimal tribute of gratitude during the solemn commemoration of Holy Week is to prove ourselves unworthy and basely ungrateful. "O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to My sorrow."—Catholic Transcript.

FALLEN AWAY CATHOLICS

One of the serious questions of the day to Catholic leaders is the number of fallen-away Catholics to be found in both the country and city. In the country places, where schools in which religious instruction are given are far apart, or do not exist, and where Churches are miles from many Catholic families, it is easy to understand how in our busy days children grow up without having the opportunities for instruction and piety which are the foundation of a solid Catholic character.

The dangers to Catholicity in the country are largely negative, and may be partially overcome by diligence and sacrifice on the part of parents and clergy, when the priest has not too extensive territory to look after. In such instances the value of the Catholic paper cannot be overrated.

It brings its weekly message and keeps alive the spark of faith, as well as contributes the required information which active minds are seeking on all subjects today.

There is no more useful means in the Church of helping scattered families than a vigorous and well-timed weekly paper, which gives the news of the Church at large, as well as the Catholic attitude on public and social questions.

In the city the dangers are many and positive. Too often Sunday is made merely a day of rest and dissipation. Many allege that they are too tired to arise in time to assist at Mass, after the strenuous labor of the week, and the late hours of Saturday night. Other elements of city life, particularly dangerous, are the amusements, cheap theatres, movies and dance halls. In too many cases these means of recreation are transformed into places where religion and morality suffer. One of the useful functions of public authority should be a wise supervision over the places where the young spend their evenings and leisure hours. It is idle to find fault when a crop of thorns and thistles have grown up, if the sleeping husbandman did not guard his fields against the bad weeds and cockle. It is just as true of children, who seem to be as susceptible to dangerous impressions and evil suggestions as they are open to the attacks of disease germs.

Companions exert an influence which parents seldom realize, and as a consequence the Church is solicitous about keeping the young away from dangerous companions. This is much more difficult in the city than in the country, and in our day, when parental control has almost disappeared, presents a problem for serious consideration.

During the Lenten season this should be made a matter for our public prayers. Faith is a gift and like so many of God's graces is easily lost. No better practice could be followed than for each Catholic to take upon himself the blessings and the burden of bringing some negligent or fallen away companion to attend the public devotions and instruction in the Church. During this season in all our Churches special sermons are given, not only for strengthening the faith of Catholics, but for removing the difficulties and prejudices of non-Catholics. There is a dearth of zeal on the part of many good people, who seem to excuse themselves from all obligation of being their brother's keeper, by the excuse that he has similar opportunities for himself, and may resent the suggestion of invitation. Too often there is a want of zeal sometimes bordering on lukewarmness in this

attitude. The Catholic who is not willing to make an effort and even a sacrifice for his neighbor's good is selfish if not indifferent. Every man has a duty towards his neighbor. We Catholics in particular have a special duty towards the members of the Church, who on account of defective training or their own negligence have grown lax and are in danger of falling from the paths of virtue and truth.

Let Lenten time, then, be a season when every Catholic shall exercise something of the missionary spirit. Each of us has some friend or acquaintance who has fallen or is falling. Is it not an act of charity of the highest kind to reach out a helping hand to such a weak brother?—Internountain Catholic.

DETRACTION

There may be ways by which one can sin more grievously against the Eighth Commandment, but there is scarcely any way by which people do sin more frequently, than by detraction. Detraction consists in injuring another's character by speaking ill of him. The ill report may be absolutely true—for if the accusation made is false, the sin would not be one of detraction, but rather of calumny, of which we shall speak later. Granted that what is said is true, what right have we to reveal without due cause, that which will injure the reputation of another? Our neighbor's greatest possession, as we have seen, is his honor and good name. When I unjustly rob him of the esteem in which others may have held him, either by direct accusations, or even by insinuations or imputations, I am doing him harm, the extent of which oftentimes cannot be measured.

THE MEASURE OF HARM

The very element of uncertainty which attaches itself to the consequence of my word or speech, ought in itself to make me chary of detraction. Some people seem to think that provided they do not lie about another, no evil has resulted.

"I said nothing that would injure his character—therefore I did not sin," is the deduction that is apparently often made. But does it follow that one can reason thus? What means have I of knowing the effect that my words may have on him who hears them? It may happen that they are spoken before a keen-sighted, prudent individual, who has already sized me up as a giddy gossip, and places no reliance whatever on any report that I may spread; but even here, where actual injury to the third party does not result, the fact that it might reasonably be calculated to follow from my talk, attaches to it the possibility of sin.

NOT ONLY PERSONS

When we speak here of a neighbor, we do not restrict the term to this or that individual living in the flesh. What is said of a single person may apply with even greater force to a corporation or institution, inasmuch as the harm done is of more far-reaching consequence. Say, for instance, that one has built up a grievance against an institution of learning or a hospital, because of some inattention or unfavorable treatment. While a patient in the ward of the X. Y. Hospital, I may not have had danced upon me the attention which I felt I deserved. Am I therefore free to go about denouncing the institution and every official connected with it, discouraging any prospective patient with whom I come in contact from going there and doing all in my power to alienate the public mind in favoring or patronizing the place? Not by any manner of means. If I have been given sufficient reason to find fault with the way I was treated, then, as a resident of this glorious land of freedom I have the liberty of choosing some other hospital when I fall sick again, but I am not free to "injure another's character by speaking ill of that other," even though it be an institution that is concerned, and is the object of my detraction.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF GUILT

To determine the gravity of sin that may follow detraction, not only is the fault or defect which is exposed to be considered, but also the individuals themselves,—both the speaker and the one of whose fault he speaks. The manifestation of a grave defect in another is ordinarily likely to inflict a more serious injury on his good name than if the fault revealed were a slight one. Again, a person known to be prudent and worthy of credence, can do more harm by spreading defamatory reports than one who is garrulous and accustomed to gossip. Similarly, the fame which a man enjoys among his fellows, or the eminence of his position, must also be considered. For the more blameless one's name be, or the higher his position among men, the more detrimental is the result of any defamatory report spread about him. Because of their recognized position, a bishop or a priest would suffer far more serious injury through the revelation of some petty fault than would any ordinary layman, whose more grievous misconduct is made public. All these circumstances must be considered, then, in reckoning the blame one has incurred, through a sin of detraction.

UNCHARITABLE TALK

The difference between uncharitable talk and detraction is to be found in the loss of character which is consequent to detraction and which may not result from a mere remark or report that offends only charity. The latter virtue has a

GUARD AGAINST THE 'FLU

Serious Outbreaks of Influenza all over Canada

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"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brings Vigor and Vitality Thus Protects Against Disease

There can be no doubt that the situation regarding the spread of Influenza throughout Canada is one of grave concern. It is quite true that the number of cases does not constitute an epidemic such as caused the suffering and sorrow during the terrible days of 1918. Yet there is no disguising the fact that everyone should be on their guard against the disease.

In Montreal alone, from January 20th to February 21st, three thousand, one hundred and twenty-two cases of Influenza and 189 deaths from the disease were reported to the Health Department. If the outbreak had come at the beginning of the winter instead of the end, we might reasonably feel that the very cold weather would check the spread of the disease. But coming as it has, at the end of the winter, there is grave fear that an epidemic may occur. For spring, with its slush and rain under foot, its dampness and chill, its constant changing from cold to warm and back again, is a prolific source of coughs and colds, pleurisy and pneumonia.

The best protection, in fact, the only safeguard against the 'Flu, is, GOOD HEALTH.

Those who are not as well and strong as they should be; those who are underweight; those who are "run-down" through overwork or sickness; should build up at once. To purify the blood, to build up strength, a body-builder, a strength-giver, like "Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful fruit medicine.

"Fruit-a-tives" regulates the kidneys and bowels, causing these to eliminate waste regularly and naturally as nature intended. "Fruit-a-tives" keeps the skin active, and insures an abundant supply of pure, rich blood. "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and strengthens the organs of digestion, sharpens the appetite, brings restful sleep and renews the vitality of the nervous system. "Fruit-a-tives" contains everything that an ideal tonic should have; to purify the blood, to build up strength and vigor, and to regulate the eliminating organs, so that the whole system would be in the best possible condition to resist disease.

Now is the time to build up your health and strength, not only as a precaution against the ravages of Influenza, but also to protect you against "spring fever" and the inevitable reaction which comes with the appearance of warmer weather. Get a box of "Fruit-a-tives" today and let this fruit medicine keep you well. "Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 60c a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, trial size 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

wider range than has justice, which I violate when I engage in detraction. Charity requires that I love my neighbor as myself. If I would not be guilty of lack of charity towards another in speech, then, I should refrain from saying anything about him, that I would not have said about myself. By this test, it is not difficult for me to decide whether or not I have spoken uncharitably of him. When what I have said has hurt his good name in another's opinion, however, I have not only offended against charity, but against justice as well.

IN CERTAIN CASES

It usually happens that one's revelation of another's fault is made to a third party under the guise of a secret, with the exacted promise that the news go no further. Unless there be some reason for even this limited divulgence, though, there occurs an injury to the first party's character. He has a right to the good opinion of all men, including the one in whom you reposed confidence, and your secret bound revelation deprives him of that person's good opinion. It is generally conceded, however, that one may narrate, for the purpose of relieving his mind, or of obtaining advice, the injury which has been done him by another, even at the risk of lowering him in the third party's estimation, provided the latter be a person of prudence, and is not likely to divulge the information which has been given him.

SELF-DEFENSE

When one's own reputation is at stake, in the face, for example, of false charges, or in a court of law, it may well happen that neither charity nor justice will be violated by revealing the actual truth, and showing up the evil ways of the real culprit. Such a course is not to be attributed to vengeance, but is taken rather in the interests of justice and charity to that which concerns us most of all, viz., our own good name and reputation, regard for which takes precedence over any other's, however near or dear to us the particular individual may be.—Catholic Transcript.

Kindliness is the true wealth of the mind, and I beg you to keep it in your heart as a priceless treasure.—Givuti.

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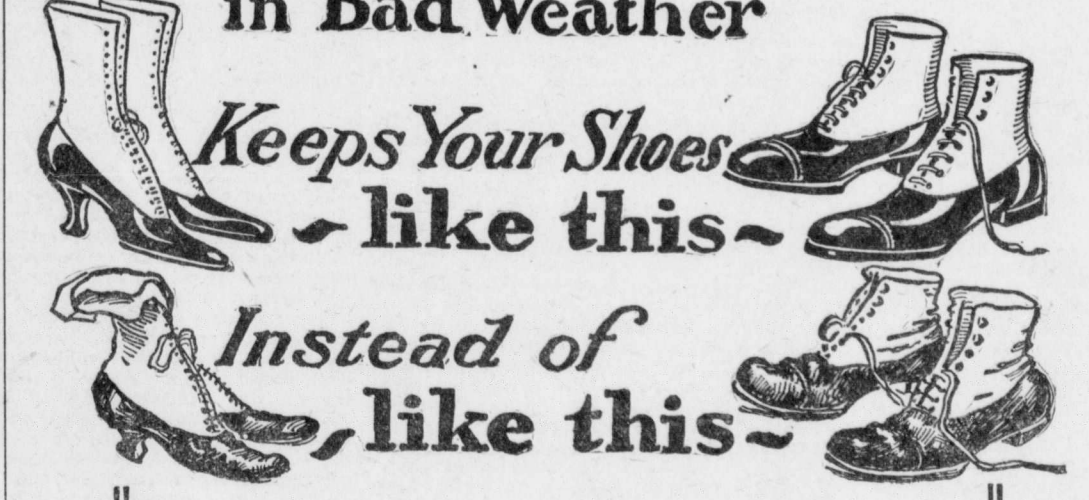
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN WITH THE SMILE

It isn't the fellow who has a smile because of the smile of others. But the fellow who counts is the fellow who smiles.

REGULAR READING

By systematic reading, a little at a time, but done regularly, a library can be easily gone through.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BROTHER MAN

Brother Man, sold to thy heart thy brother. Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.

HOLY THURSDAY

Only one Mass may be said in the same church on Holy Thursday. The celebrant wears white vestments.

NEATNESS AND CLEANLINESS AS A MARK OF REFINEMENT

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy. But not express'd in fancy; not gaudy; for the apparel of proclaims the man.

GOOD FRIDAY

This is the most sad and solemn of all the days of Holy Week, for today the Church commemorates the death of Jesus.

HOLY SATURDAY

The ceremonies on Holy Saturday begin with the blessing of the new fire at the door of the church. This fire is struck from a flint, and from it a candle is lighted.

men may be a source of edification to themselves as well as to others.

Extravagance, pomp, and extremes of fashion, never appeal to real men. A king in civil, is simplicity personified as far as clothes are concerned.

The neatly done patch on the trousers of a poor man is just as much of an index to his sense of self respect, dignity and refinement as the "shabby" coat on the rich man.

There are exceptions to every rule, of course, but generally speaking, the well dressed man is taken for what he represents—a little more than a par value.

It is a well-known fact that the heads of great business houses are always on the lookout for well-groomed, clean cut men.

For he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken—The holier worship which he deigns to bless Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken.

Follow with reverent steps the great example Of Him whose holy work was "doing good."

Instead of bells, wooden clappers are used at the Mass. The celebrant consecrates an additional Host on this day; which is placed in a chalice and borne in procession, often led by the children.

All the altars—except the Altar of Repose (Repository) which is decked with flowers and candles—are stripped bare. This is to remind the faithful of the way in which our Lord was stripped of His garments.

The holy oils used for Baptism and Extreme Unction are blessed by the Bishop on this day, and also the holy chrism.

The principal ceremonies for Good Friday are the Mass of the Presanctified and the adoration of the cross by both clergy and people.

The ceremonies on Holy Saturday begin with the blessing of the new fire at the door of the church. This fire is struck from a flint, and from it a candle is lighted, which is carried up the aisle of the church by a deacon or acolyte.

to commemorate the five wounds of Christ, and the precious species with which He was anointed in the tomb.

THE CHILDREN'S EASTER GIFT

Easter Sunday dawned at last. Such a bright, beautiful day that it seemed as if everybody must be glad just to be alive.

Proudly the little procession moved to the church in the early morning, each with a cherished plant. And there was a song of praise in their hearts, as well as on their lips.

"Yes, indeed," the children cried; "did he have our lily?" "Yes, darlings, I carried Donald's plant with the two lovely blossoms to a very poor little home, where there are no pictures on the walls, no carpets on the floor and nothing attractive or beautiful for the poor, sick boy to look at all day when his mother has to leave him alone for her work.

"Oh, yes, if I like an author I'm certain to get well acquainted with him. I enjoy following the processes of his mind. I feel toward him as I do toward a friend."

"Oh, I began when I was young; just getting into business. I saw that work was going to absorb most of my time and that intellectually and imaginatively I might run dry if I stayed in my rut. So, I resolved to do a little reading before I went to bed: the only time I could be sure of. Now I look forward to that interval of quiet after the fever of the day. No matter how irksome or perplexing a day may have been, there is always an oasis ahead. It's a funny thing, by the way, what that hour can do for me. Often when I'm tangled up with problems and cares, so soon as I sit down for my reading, I find myself feeling better, even before I begin. It's as if I went into another world where the conditions were serene and the air was clear. I long for that time of reading. It is amazing, too, the extent of the information and edification that can be gained by an hour's reading every evening."

"I'm glad my lily went to them," whispered Irene. "And, oh! Aunt Helen, if it will only help some of them to be good again!" "I am, sure it will, dear, and I was sure you would think that I did right to remember those who are so often forgotten in our ministries of love and good will."

"I am, sure it will, dear, and I was sure you would think that I did right to remember those who are so often forgotten in our ministries of love and good will."

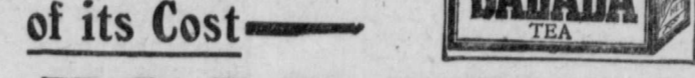
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"I am, sure it will, dear, and I was sure you would think that I did right to remember those who are so often forgotten in our ministries of love and good will."

The full moon on a still night is God's most ancient figure of the elevation of the Host.—Austin O'Malley.

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"SALADA"

Black, Green or Mixed... Sealed Packets Only. Never Sold in Bulk.

READING AS A LENTEN PENANCE

"Verily when the Day of Judgment comes," observes Thomas à Kempis, discarding with his wonted unctious "On the Doctrine of Truth," "we shall not be asked what we read, but what we have done."

The first books, no doubt, that would have to go are certain unsavory novels that "everybody is reading." Why should ladies and gentlemen welcome to their fire-sides, as fictitious characters in the best-sellers, wantons and libertines whom in real life they would carefully exclude from their homes?

Women have all the necessary qualifications to make good men, but they must give their time and attention to it when the men are boys.

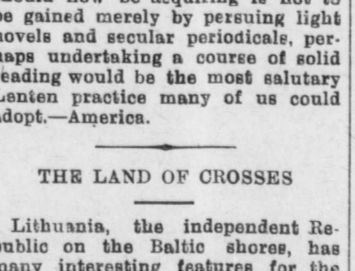
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A New Boy's Story



HELD IN THE EVERGLADES

BY Rev. H. S. SPALDING, S.J. Author of "The Cave by the Beech Fork," etc. 12mo, cloth, with frontispiece, \$1.25 postpaid. The story of an American lad, who, unconsciously in his own little way, contributes his bit towards helping Uncle Sam win the war.

carved wood, they are of gigantic dimensions. From a distance they look like masts of big ships. In some provinces, like in Suwalki, there is a cross for every mile of high road, in addition to a number of crosses on the fields or in the corners of streets within the villages. In every cross is a deep niche containing one or more statues and perpetually burning oil lamps, the flame of which is kept alive through a vow taken by some family from time immemorial.

The crosses are of every conceivable form. Some of them have the cross piece very high and others very low, while in some, hewn out of a single block, the cross piece is at an oblique angle. They are frequently painted in vivid colors or gilded. As the roofs are not lighted, the lights on the crosses serve the same purpose to the winter traveler, when the roads are buried in the snow, as does the lighthouse to the sailing vessels.

Prof. J. Basanavicius has just completed an archeological study of the Lithuanian crosses in which he shows that they contain the complete history of Lithuania from the early part of the fourteenth century, when they accepted Christianity.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE LAND OF CROSSES

Lithuania, the independent Republic on the Baltic shores, has many interesting features for the artist. There, art is not practised by only a few gifted individuals. Every Lithuanian man or woman is an artist, and art is applied in the every day life of the house or the farm. Kitchen tools, beds, chairs, spinning wheels, shoes, carts and carriages are ornamented with beautiful designs and carvings of the most fantastic kind.

But what attracts the attention of the traveler are the crosses on the high roads of Lithuania. Mostly in

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F. B. CLARKE, London, Ont. or General Passenger Department, Toronto.

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Protection

WHETHER you build a Factory, Warehouse, Barn or a Shed, assure yourself of a serviceable roof—one that will give continuous hard wear under varying weather conditions.

NEPONSET PAROID

solves your roofing problems. It enables you to lay a roof that will remain a good roof under all conditions, in all weather, cold, heat or rain.

The base of Neponset Paroid is a high-grade rag felt thoroughly impregnated with asphalt, making it positively waterproof and fire-resisting.

It is further reinforced with a talc surface, grey in color; or with a permanent slate surface, red or green in color.

Neponset Paroid is not only impervious to the driving storms, but protects you against fire through falling embers.

EASY TO LAY—With every roll of Neponset Paroid is supplied sufficient nails and cement with full directions.



NEPONSET ROOFS

OBITUARY

SISTER MARY PHILomena BRANDON

Sister Mary Philomena Brandon of Loreto Abbey, Toronto, after a long life of fervor and usefulness in the Institute of the B. V. M. died on the evening of Saturday, the 13th inst. She had nearly completed her sixtieth year in the Master's service, having entered the Community at the early age of sixteen. Her death was preceded by a severe illness lasting over several months, and borne with sweet uncomplainingness throughout.

MRS. MARY FORSTER

The death occurred on Friday, Feb. 27, of Mrs. Mary Forster, widow of the late Matthew J. Forster of Hamilton, Ont. Deceased was born in Ireland eighty years ago, coming to this country when quite young. She was a member of St. Patrick's congregation for fifty years. Of a kind and loving disposition she will be greatly missed not only by her family but also by a large circle of friends. In the presence of her family survive: Sister M. O'Connell of St. Joseph's Community, Mrs. J. M. O'Brien of Detroit, George Edward of Victoria, B. C., Mrs. Cauley and Louie at home. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's on Monday, March 2nd, by Rev. F. Forster, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, assisted by Rev. Fathers McGoy and Kirby. Fathers Cassidy and Englert were present in the sanctuary. Father Englert read the prayers at the grave, taking the place of Rev. D. Forster of London who was unable to be present.

MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON

It is with sentiments of profound sorrow that we record the death of one of the most beloved and highly respected residents of this parish in the person of Mrs. William Harrison who died at her home in Kinkora on March 2nd. Deceased had been all her life a devoted and zealous member of her church and was ever ready to do her share in the happiness of her acquaintance. She was, however, well and happily prepared—having received all the rites of Holy Church from her devoted pastor Rev. Father Hussey on the morning previous to her death. This blessing certainly was the reward of a well-spent life in the devout practice of holy religion, for her earthly career had been marked by a constant preparation for the everlasting glory of Heaven. Mrs. Harrison was a woman of excellent qualities and her genial manner, amiable disposition and zealous solicitude for the welfare of others, won our respect and ingratiated her into our affection. The family now mourn the loss of a mother who fulfilled every duty which that sweet name implies, and though she is no longer with them, the influence of her sweet gentle manner, and unselfish disposition will be ever felt in that home circle where she is so missed. A sorrowing husband and a family of seven, remain to mourn her loss—Peter of Toronto; Michael and Mrs. Chas. Stock of Calgary, Alberta; Patrick of St. Peter's Seminary, London; Jeremiah, William, and Mrs. John White of Kinkora. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of a kind and loving mother. May her soul rest in peace.

JOHN J. HOPKINS

Early Monday morning, Feb. 22nd, there passed away at his home 41 Main St., Toronto, John J. Hopkins, an old and highly respected resident.

Deceased was in his eighty-eight year and until a few weeks before his death was in his usual good health. Even though ailing he did not take to his bed but was up and around each day as usual. Sunday night, Feb. 22nd, he retired at ten o'clock in his accustomed bedtime and seemed to be resting quietly, when the other members of the household retired about one o'clock, however, he was seized with an attack from which it was apparent he could not rally, and passed away at 1.25. Rev. Father Muckle was in attendance during his last moments and the members of the household were all present when the end came.

Deceased was for years in business in Woodstock, Ont. and was for some time President of the Oxford Fat Stock Club. About fifteen years ago he retired and moved to Toronto.

Deceased's wife who was a daughter of the late Captain Minchin of Dublin, Ireland, predeceased him twenty years ago. A family of ten survive, five sons and five daughters. The sons are F. E. and E. R., of Cleveland, Ohio, John of Woodstock, George of Stenon, Saak, and Alfred of Vancouver, and the daughters, Mrs. W. Slatery, North Branch, Mich., Mrs. T. Spellan, Toronto, Mother M. Constantine of the Loreto Community, Toronto and Edna and Georgina at home. All the members of the family were present at the funeral with the exception of the two sons in the West.

The funeral took place from St. John's R. C. Church, Kingston Rd., at six o'clock Wednesday morning thence to the Union Station, interment in Woodstock, Ont. Rev. Father Stanley officiated in Woodstock.

The pallbearers were two sons, two sons-in-law and two grandsons of the deceased. May his soul rest in peace.

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 bourse. 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.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes SACRED HEART BURS, QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURS, ST. ANTHONY'S BURS, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON, ST. ANTHONY'S BURS, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURS, COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURS, ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURS, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes BLESSED SACRAMENT BURS, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURS, HOLY NAMES OF JESUS BURS, etc.

DIRD

NEVEN.—At Chicago, Illinois, on February 16th, 1920, Thomas Neven, aged sixty-three years. May his soul rest in peace.

CRAIG.—On March 9, 1920 at the residence, 152 Rochester St., Ottawa, Mr. Matthew H. Craig, aged fifty-three years. May his soul rest in peace.

CARROLL.—At a local hospital, Ottawa, on Monday, March 15, 1920, James Stephen Carroll, in his forty-seventh year, son of the late James Carroll. May his soul rest in peace.

MANN.—On Sunday, March 14, 1920, at the residence of her son, 560 Rideau street, Ottawa, Annie Partell, widow of the late Patrick Mann. May her soul rest in peace.

MCDONALD.—At his father's residence, 856 Booth street, Ottawa, 7th March, 1920, Martin McDonald, aged twenty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

SEGWIN.—At 90 Maple street, Ottawa, Feb. 18th, 1920, Annie R. Mullins, wife of Samuel P. Segwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mullins of Metcalfe, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

TIERNAN.—Suddenly, as result of an accident, on 14 March, 1920, at Windsor, Ont., William Tiernan, nephew of the late Rev. M. J. Tiernan. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

NETTREVILLE.—At Maynooth, Ont., Co. Hastings, February 12th, 1920, Thos. Patrick Nettreville, in his sixty-third year. Obituary and obituary papers copy. May his soul rest in peace.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

LOOKING BACKWARD

The financial year of the Catholic Church Extension Society came to a close the last day in February. Looking over the twelve months past, we wish to express our satisfaction at the results achieved and at the same time our sincere thanks to the Catholics throughout Canada who are responsible for the success obtained. In due time, when a detailed statement comes to us from the chartered accountants, Page Higgins & Co., Toronto, it will be our pleasure to publish the results for the year. There is one matter, however, on which we may offer some comments. Last year, at this time, we stated that the following dioceses as such contributed something for the support of Catholic Extension: Toronto, Antigonish, Alexandria, Charlottetown, Hamilton, Peterborough, Calgary, Sault Ste. Marie and St. George's, Nfld. To this very respectable array of charitable institutions we are able to add this year, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Kingston. This is a very noticeable increase and indicates how the Extension Society is making its way in Canada.

During 1918-1919 we received from the above mentioned Canadian dioceses about \$17,000. This amount was collected in the parishes. This year, 1919-1920 our books show that the diocesan collections amount to at least double those of last year.

If the Extension Society was not proving itself—if it was not living up to its name—the very first to draw away from it and treat it with contempt it deserved, would be the bishops and priests of Canada. The fact that we found, on every occasion nothing but praise, encouragement and strong financial support from the clergy is a token to us and to every one interested in the propagation of the faith in Canada that the Extension Society is honestly doing the work for which it was instituted and blessed by the Holy See.

When the clergy, wholeheartedly approve of a religious work and do not kill it by mere tolerations and indifference, it is not long before the Catholic lay line up quickly and strongly behind it and impart that vim and vigor that makes for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This is the story of Extension during the year 1919-1920.

We pray you to generously continue to support the Extension Society. It is God's work and is sure to bring upon you many blessings.

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

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes DONATIONS, ST. ANTHONY'S BURS, etc.

PALESTINE AND HOLY PLACES

There is a fascination in the mere mention of Palestine and Holy Land. It is a country redolent of holy memories. It was there that our Saviour was born, there that He lived, and preached, and wrought His many miracles; there that He died and finally rose to life again. In almost every nook and corner of its many villages you cannot stir a stone but you start a souvenir. No wonder that even those who are not friendly to the Catholic faith admit that the whole country lies bathed in a magic light of spiritual memories far more beautiful than the wondrous glory of its radiant sunshine.

To learn something about this unique country ought to be a pleasure to every Christian. Unfortunately the sources of information are not always to hand, or at least, are not accessible to all. Here is a little book, however, which will fill the void quite admirably. It is a pamphlet called "The Good Work of the Holy Land," published by the Com-missionary of the Holy Land, Father Matthew, O. F. M., from the new Commissariat, 79 Bolton St., Ottawa.

The Rev. Father has just returned from an official visit to the Holy Places. He has much to say about "The Holy Land during the War" and "The Holy Land at the Peace Conference." He tells us that two of the most renowned Basilians of olden times are to be re-erected; the one dedicated to the "Transfiguration of Our Lord" on Mount Thabor, the other in honor of "The Agonizing Heart of Jesus" in the Garden of Gethsemani. It is gratifying to learn that the World War has wrought, at least, this much good, and it is even more consoling to be told that Christians are now enjoying in the Holy Land far greater freedom than has been there for many centuries.

We would advise every Catholic to write for a copy of this timely pam- phlet. It will be sent free of charge on application to: REV. FATHER MATTHEW, Commissary for the Holy Land, 79 Bolton St., Ottawa.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Account Book For the Farm. A revised edition of "The Farmers' Handy Account Book" is being distributed at the offices of the Home Bank of Canada, upon request. It provides a handy means of keeping track of the expenses of seeding, plowing and harvesting, and includes pages for recording sales of produce. They are useful, and you may have one for the asking from our nearest branch.

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to yield 5.40% to 6.10%. The income on these Bonds is now more liberal than could previously be secured. The present is a most opportune time for alert investors.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Interest Rate. Includes 1922 99 and interest 5.86%, 1923 99 " " 5.80%, etc.

Securities will be delivered to you free of all delivery charges. Consult us about your investment problems.

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H. R. BRERETON & COMPANY Dominion Bank Building TORONTO

plent. It will be sent free of charge on application to: REV. FATHER MATTHEW, Commissary for the Holy Land, 79 Bolton St., Ottawa.

PRAYER FOR THE PRIEST

Have you ever said a prayer for your priest? He deserves it—and he desires it. Your thought that he does not need it is complimentary, but he wants it. Cut out the following prayer and place it in your prayer book: "O Jesus Eternal Priest, keep this Thy servant within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may harm him." "Keep unstilled his anointed hands which daily touch Thy Sacred Body." "Keep unstilled the lips purpled with Thy Precious Blood." "Keep pure and unearthly a heart sealed with the sublime marks of Thy glorious priesthood." "Let Thy holy love surround him, and shield him from the world's contagion." "Bless his labor with abundant fruit, and may they to whom he has ministered be here his joy and consolation, and in heaven his beautiful and everlasting crown."—Amen.

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL NURSE. A DIGNIFIED, ENVIABLE, PROFITABLE calling. Intelligent ambitious women over eighteen are trained at St. Catherine's Hospital, School of Nursing, Brooklyn, N. Y. in thorough standard diploma courses qualifying for future advancement. Separate residences, good surroundings. For particulars address Director of Training School, St. Catherine's Hospital, Brook- 2148-4f

MERCY HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL. For Nurses, offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age, and have one year of high school or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at the present time. Applications to be sent to the Director of Nurses, Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2110-4f

FARMS FOR SALE. 100 ACRES IN OXFORD COUNTY FOR miles from church and separate school stores and three railroad shipping points; five acres firewood, pasture and fresh running water; balance in crop, and two good orchards; well; good barn and good fences. Value \$6,000. Will take mortgage for \$4,000, necessary. Adjoining fifty acres also available. Address Joseph Sealey, administrator, La Salette, Ont. 2152-2

100 ACRES ABUTTING CENTRE ROAD in the township of East Williams, County of Middlesex, 9 1/2 miles to Parkhill, 11 miles to Catholic Church and school; six acres of pasture and of dwelling May 1st. For further particulars apply to Angus O'Hanley, executor for estate, Parkhill, Ont. R. 7. 2152-4

VANCOUVER ISLAND FARM FOR SALE. 168 acres of cleared small orchard; lake of Georgia; sea and lake fishing; hunting grounds, etc. Frame house, 1000 sq. ft. with splendid water supply; large new barn and out- buildings. Railway station, churches and schools. Excellent market. Rural mail. Splendid location for beautiful home. \$30,000. Apply Box 150 CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2156-4f

200 ACRES IN THE TP. ARTHUR, CO. Wellington, South half Lot 7 and North half Lot 8, on 2nd concession, 12 miles from Kenilworth, a C. P. R. point, and Catholic Church; convenient to school. Rural mail and telephone. Buildings comprise a modern two- story brick dwelling with steam heating and good bank barn. Sixty concrete tanks supplied by windmill, implement shed and other outbuildings. All land under splendid state of cultivation, excepting five or six acres of pasture and well fenced with spring creek at rear of land and well fenced with spring creek at rear of land. This one of the best farms in the county and can be purchased on easy terms. For further particulars apply to Daniel Cantion, R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2156-4

ALMOST 400 ACRES OF CHOICE FARMING land, splendid location, lying beside the County Pro. road, 11 miles from a thriving village high school and church; largest shipping point north of Toronto. This property is well fenced and well watered by springs and dug wells, two good sugar-bushes, also some sweet with pine house, hard and hemlock; 12 rooms brick air furnace, 8 rooms frame house painted with good veranda, best of callars, 2 good barns, 2 hay barns with implement sheds combined, 2 driving sheds and a garage, 3 apple orchards, 110000 property is a real snap. Free from noxious weeds. Will be sold separately or together just to suit the buyer. There has been made \$5,000 to \$10,000 in terms of structural work on the property. For further particulars apply to L. Adolphus Matthews, 2152-4

40 ACRES OF LAND AS FERTILE AS IS in the Dominion. Eight minutes ride from the City of St. Catharines, in which is located the largest Steel Mill Mills in the world. There is also to be expended in 1919 and 1921, fourteen million dollars more in structural work on the mill. Also located here the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills which has the largest output of pulp in the world. In 1920 we have five Catholic churches. Telephone central office. Address M. J. Doyle, R. M. D. No. 1, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 2153-4

ASSISTANT TO GENERAL MANAGER WANTED. IN EASTERN CANADA WITH FIRM annual sales over \$50,000. Applicant must have some general knowledge of this business. Architectural drafter and estimator always employed. Must have fairly good education, well rounded business ability and good character. Position permanent with salary commensurate with qualifications. Applicant will please state age, general business experience, nationality, religion, married or single, salary required and how soon he could be taken up if references accepted. Not necessary to send application accompanied by resume. Apply Box 179, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2153-4

ACCOUNTING COST-C.P.A.-EXECUTIVE

The Best Paid Profession. Book-keepers wanted. Only those wishing for advancement to qualify as accountants. Homestudy course to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before.

TEACHERS WANTED. TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 12. Emily, Victoria county; second class professional; dates to commence April 12, 1921; state salary expected. Address Geo. O'Connell, Lindsay, Ont. R. R. No. 5, Phone Ontario 31-32. 2153-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR ST. JOHN'S Separate School, Ellice; fully qualified, \$500 per year paid. Start after Easter. Close to city. Apply to Jas. Quinlan, Sec. Treas., R. R. 5, Stratford, Ont. 2153-2

WANTED. WANTED AT ONCE TWO CATHOLIC GIRLS, one for plain cooking and housework. The other to assist with child and housework. (Would consider mother and daughter or two sisters.) Apply at once stating wages, etc. to Mrs. Clare White, 301 West 88 st., New York City. 2154-4f

WANTED FOR PLAIN COOKING AND LIGHT HOUSEWORK. Young girl or middle aged woman a good home. Apply Mrs. John Thomas, 777 West End Ave. New York City. 2148-4f

WANTED A GOOD RELIABLE EXPERIENCED married man, Catholic, to take charge of my store; must be able to look after books in my absence. Smart and good at looking after business. Reply apply with references to Box 44, Excelsior, P. O. 2153-2

A CATHOLIC MAN (SINGLE) TO TAKE charge of a small farm on which there is a good house and barn. Good wages. Experience and references required. Apply Box 179, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2153-4

FOR SALE. IN THE VILLAGE OF DUBLIN, A BAKERY and grocery business, dwelling attached; a few blocks from church and continuation school. Reason for selling death of proprietor. Apply to P. O. Box 12, Dublin, Ont. 2152-2

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