

# 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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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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IRELAND'S FOREIGN TRADE

The extension of Ireland's direct trade with outside countries is going forward gratifyingly. Spain is now added to the countries with which direct trade had already been established. The Spanish service, to and from the port of Dublin, has been undertaken by the well-known firm of Connelly and Shaw. The service was opened by the arrival at Dublin from Valencia, Spain, of the steamship *Turri Patxo* of Bilbao, with a cargo of Spanish fruit and Spanish onions—three thousand barrels of Almeria grapes and six thousand cases of Valencia onions. And on the same day on which the fruit vessel arrived, a second Spanish vessel, this one from Cadiz, sailed into the port of Dublin with a cargo of wine and general goods, consigned to Messrs. Palgrave and Murphy. Still, on the same day, a steamship direct from Havre, France, arrived with a generous cargo consigned to Messrs. Michael Murphy, Ltd. The Dublin newspapers were jubilant over these arrivals which mark the breaking down of the brass wall that British trade had built around Ireland.

### CONNEMARA MARBLE

Another of the many little signs of the opening up of Ireland to the Continent of Europe and the world—the fact that Carrara, the famous marble-place of Italy, has arranged an exchange of marble with the Irish Marble Co., Ltd. In exchange for two cargoes of Carrara marble, the Italians are taking one cargo of Connemara marble. They are thus placing upon Connemara marble twice the value that they place upon their own famous Carrara marble. Connemara possesses the most beautiful marble in the world, and Kilkenny, the headquarters of the Irish Marble Co., possesses one of the finest black marbles in the world. The Irish Marble Co. is developing its quarries in both those places, and also in Kerry and Cork. Kerry has a beautiful golden Bressia marble, and County Cork has got the brilliant pink sunset and red marble, whose beauty has awaked the interest of experts.

Two weeks ago a cargo of the beautiful translucent Connemara green marble was shipped from Dublin to San Francisco. It was the first cargo of Irish marble destined to pass the Panama Canal. It goes to the City of the Golden Gate to supply columns, and other decorative works for St. Patrick's Cathedral there. When we think of the development and extension of Irish trade which is and has been proceeding, despite all the stress and crisis of the cruel war that held Ireland in its grip, we are compelled to wonder at and admire the activity and the practicality of the young fighters and dreamers who are waking and making the new Ireland. The amount of practical work they have done in the past couple of years is marvellous, and not the least marvellous part of it is that the most of this practical work was either done or directed by young men who being "on the run" and hounded from post to pillar could send adventure out into the light of day. It is a safe and easy prophecy that when, soon, the gyves are removed forever from Ireland's wrists the rapid progress of the little Island will in a few years astonish the world. At the same time there is little wonder that Britain, with her dwindling trade, just hates to see the gyves stricken from the wrists of a nation that is showing such vigor while they are still on.

### A VERSATILE WOMAN

The Countess Constance de Markievicz, the Irish woman leader, who was once sentenced to be shot, once transported for life, has often been "on the run," and has spent some years in jail, has shown herself to be a poet of merit as well as a fighter. She is one of the Goere-Booths of Sligo, a sister to the sweet poet, Eva Goere-Booth, and several years ago married the Count de Markievicz, a Polish artist. Her people have been of the Anglo-Irish class, always conservative and Unionists, but she broke away from the traditions of the family, and became Irish and National. Being in jail at the time of the cruel hanging of the dauntless Irish lad, Kevin Barry, she, like all other Irish people, was deeply moved over the taking away of the young boy's life, and her emotion expressed itself in the following truly fine poem:

We knelt at Mass, with sobbing hearts  
Cold, in the dawn of day,  
The dawn for us, for him the night  
Who was so young and gay.

Then from the altar spoke the priest  
His voice rang thin with pain  
Bidding us pray, a boy must die  
At England's hands again.

And as he raised the Host on High  
And reverently we bowed  
In silent adoration there  
The passing bell tolled loud.  
Tolled loud, each cruel strident stroke  
Fell blows of England's spite,  
Telling the hangman's work was done  
That might had conquered right.  
The cruel English tortured him,  
He never shrank or cried;  
Sublime his faith, the gallows tree  
He faced that day with pride.

Proudly he gave his life for her  
To whom his love was given  
His dying eyes knew freedom near,  
Saw death the gate to Heaven.  
Bright flaming dawn of a young life,  
Simple and pure and brave,  
One childlike prayerful sacrifice,  
His end—a felon's grave.  
His end, no end to lives like his!  
With us he lives away,  
Bright through our night, a shining star,  
He lights for us the way.

And Christ who died for love of us,  
Tortured and bruised and shamed,  
Gives courage to such hero souls  
Unbending and untamed

### R. I. C. OFFICER CONFESSES

Because the truce put an end to his burning, plundering, raiding and murdering in the Southwest of Ireland, General Decie in indignation with his weak-kneed Government, threw up his post as Constabulary Commissioner for Munster, and wrote to the bitter Tory Morning Post of London an extraordinary letter denouncing the Government for knuckling down to the Irish Rebels. In this letter he calmly and cold-bloodedly confesses, and moreover, takes pride in the confession, that he in his official position, with the knowledge and under the directions of the Government, had carried out most of the reprisals and atrocities that occurred in that section of Ireland within the last twelve months. He boasts of his success in this disgraceful campaign and says that it was the only plan for putting down the Rebels and that by it he was just on the point of succeeding in stamping out rebellion in the Southwest, when the weak-kneed Government consented to the truce—and to parley with the hated Rebels.

His bold avowal of the official atrocities that his chief, Sir Hamar Greenwood, had, in the House of Commons, month after month, lied his head off denying, seems to have given a cold shiver to England. And many of the English papers profess to be horrified by the disclosure so brazenly made. But those of the true blue papers, like that of the Morning Post, clapped him on the back and championed his cause just as they did that of General Dwyer when he proclaimed that it was right, just and proper to mow down with machine guns the five thousand Hindus who were corralled in a pit at Amritsar.

The London Nation, the most liberal of the English papers, commenting upon General Decie's letter, says: "This officer within whose area some of the most scandalous of the atrocities of the Terror occurred, such as the burning of Cork and the murder of the Mayor of Limerick, makes it known that the Black and Tan reprisals were carried out under his orders. Such an extraordinary confession has surely never been made by a British officer of his standing since the days of General Lake. His letter is the most damning document yet produced; it confirms the worst of General Crozier's charges. Anybody who takes the trouble to read his letter will understand at once how it is that we got into so terrible a plight in Ireland, and he will also understand why if there are other British officers in Ireland with the Prussian outlook of this officer, it is absolutely essential that there should be a joint inquiry of the kind proposed by Mr. Collins into the administration of the internment camps."

### SEUMAS MACMANUS OF Donegal.

### KING AND POPE ON IRISH ISSUE

BRITISH SOVEREIGN AND ROMAN  
PONTIFF EXCHANGE MESSAGES  
OF GOOD-WILL

(Associated Press Despatch)

London, Oct. 19.—Communications have been exchanged between Pope Benedict and King George on the subject of the Irish peace negotiations. The Pontiff in his message announced that he prayed for the success of the conference and the ending of the long disension. To this King George replied that with all his heart he joined in the Pontiff's prayer.

The telegram of Pope Benedict said: "We rejoice in the resumption of the Anglo-Irish negotiations and pray to the Lord with all our heart that He may bless them and grant

to your Majesty great joy and the imperishable glory of bringing to an end the age-long disension.  
To the Pontiff's message King George replied as follows:  
"I have received the message of Your Holiness with much pleasure, and with all my heart I join in your prayer that the conference now sitting in London may achieve a permanent settlement of the troubles in Ireland and may initiate a new era of peace and happiness for my people."

### INSIST ON RIGHTS

### ARCHBISHOP VIGOROUSLY ANSWERS BOARD OF EDUCATION

Toronto World, October 9

In taking strong exception to the recent stand of the (Toronto) Board of Education concerning an adjustment of the Assessment Act in the interests of the Separate schools of the city, Archbishop McNeil declares in a lengthy statement that all the Roman Catholics are seeking is that the Act of 1863 should be put into effect by a needed amendment to the Assessment Act. Since the Board of Education voted in favor of sending copies of their resolution to the Public school boards throughout Ontario, the Archbishop protests "against the use of school funds for propaganda," as he contends that it is illegal to use school taxes for any purpose other than the education of the children. The Archbishop's statement follows:

"The members of the Board think they have a right and possibly a duty to take as much as they can get out of the pockets of Separate school supporters for the education of the Protestant children of the city. Hence they pass a resolution expressing a desire to prevent any amendment of an obsolete provision of the Assessment Act, which allows them to draw large amounts from Separate school supporters. I do not believe that the majority of Public school supporters share the desire of their Board. The supporters of the Public schools have ample means to educate their own children. They do not stand in need of financial help from the supporters of Separate schools. They do not care to receive all the school taxes paid by the National Railways, knowing that these properties are in part owned by the supporters of Separate schools. They do not desire to appropriate all the school taxes paid by the Union Bank of Canada, the Royal Bank, and other financial institutions which now pay all their taxes to the Board of Education. They know that such institutions have many Catholic shareholders. They do not believe that the C. P. R. should be deprived of the right to divide the school taxes in Ontario, and probably they do not know that the Assessment Law, as it now stands, does forbid the C. P. R. to make any such contribution to the majority in such cases, but think that at least some of the skim milk should be allowed to reach their children.

### SLOW IN PRESSING RIGHTS

"Any public service which depends on provisions of the Assessment Act must go to the Legislature for amendments from time to time. Economic and other developments make this necessary. Every session of the Legislature has to deal with such amendments. The only public service which has been abstained from such action is that of the Separate schools. After thirty-five years of silence, and having waited until economic changes had made the situation intolerable, the supporters of Separate schools at length come forward to call the attention of the people of Ontario to the financial injustice done to their children. Then the Toronto Board of Education issues its anathema in due and solemn form for the benefit of all Ontario against those presumptuous supporters of Separate schools who think it burdensome enough to support their own schools, and protest against the violation of the Separate School Act of 1863. This Act expressly exempts supporters of Separate schools from the payment of taxes levied for the support of other schools, and it is the violation of this exemption that we seek to remedy by an amendment of the Assessment Act. The Toronto Board of Education sets up a man of straw and then proceeds solemnly to knock him down with a seven-paragraph resolution.

### CALLS CHARGES FALSE

"The first paragraph attributes to us the advocacy of a basis of division which we have not advocated. We have not proposed any basis of division. We have simply stated the facts which make it clear that the exemption clause of the Act of 1863 is not now made effective by the Assessment Act, and that it is the duty of the Legislature to make that exemption clause once more effective. The second paragraph does not call for remark. The attributing of

motives is generally gratuitous and useless. The third is a repetition of the first in another form. The fourth attributes to us demands which we have not made. Whoever drew up the resolution in question is not well informed.

"The fifth paragraph refers to the 'finality' of the Act of 1863, and claims that the granting of our demands would violate that finality. As a matter of fact, we are only asking that the Act of 1863 be put into effect by a needed amendment of the Assessment Act. The sixth is an inference from the unfounded premises of the first and the third paragraphs, and therefore an inference which does not touch us. The seventh is a verbose conclusion of protest against anything and everything that might be done to carry out the Act of 1863. The whole resolution is the expression of feeling or desire, not of reason or knowledge. There is a disposition to be unfair and no attempt to be exact.

"The Board of Education voted in favor of sending copies of that resolution to all the Public School Boards of Ontario. As one whom the Assessment Act forces to support the Public schools of Toronto, I protest against the use of school funds for propaganda over the province. The Board of Education holds funds in trust for the education of children in the city and suburbs of Toronto. Propaganda is not a legitimate use of that money. It is illegal to use school taxes for any purpose other than the education of children.

### AIM NOT DESTRUCTION

"Catholics were even accused at the Board meeting of an effort to tear down the Public school system. As if the Separate schools are not part of the Public school system! Whoever supports the Separate Schools of Ontario, whether Catholic or Protestant, is thereby committed to the principle of public schools. Excited men are apt to run into foolish exaggerations, and it is foolish to speak of a small minority trying 'to tear down' the school system of the majority.

### ARCHBISHOP HAYES SAYS KU KLUX A DANGER TO COUNTRY RATHER THAN TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes and Dr. James J. Walsh, Canadian historian, physician and a Knight of St. Gregory, denounced the Ku Klux Klan last Sunday evening at a meeting in Town Hall, under the auspices of the Catholic Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Service. Corporation Counsel John P. O'Brien was Chairman.

"Instead of this secret society being any danger to the Catholic Church, it is a danger to the country," said the Archbishop. "There never has been a time when I have been in the least afraid of it. And if there was any kind of collision it would be like one between a little Ford and a great big auto truck.

"I think the time has come in America when we must realize that we have the responsibility of the whole world on our shoulders. All the letters I get from the other side point this out and ask for assistance.

### JAPAN SEEKS CONTROL OF CHINA

### DR. REINSCH DISCUSSES THE POSSIBLE OUTCOME OF CONFERENCE

Washington, Oct. 18.—Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, formerly American Minister to China and at one time Counselor of the Chinese Government, in an interview today in which he discussed the Japanese phase of the Far Eastern situation declared he could not escape the conclusion that settlement on the continent of Asia was not what the Japanese sought. On the contrary, he said, he felt that the activities of Japan on the continent aimed at political control of its resources and populations as far as possible. Dr. Reinsch defined the fundamental American interest in China as being the "inherited and traditional right to act in China in co-operation with the Chinese, without anybody else interfering."

Dr. Reinsch said that there was a widespread and deep-seated misconception about Japan which "seems to be founded in part, at least, upon justice or a just consideration."

"That," he continued, "is the statement that the Japanese statesmen are confronted with a very difficult situation. They have a very small national territory, an active population rapidly increasing; they must provide the means of subsistence; they must provide the land for these people to live upon; they must have a place to go to where they can live. You are keeping them out of the United States; Australia is keeping them out of that region of the world. Where shall they go? They must go to China; they must go to Siberia and we must not obstruct them. That is an argument which appeals to men of fairness; they say 'that sounds fair,' leaving an 'impulse back of them' that is such an overpowering fact that you cannot oppose any appeals to it successfully.

"The Japanese have had Korea for almost twenty years; they have been able to go to Manchuria for almost twenty years; they have not gone; they do not settle in this region. The Japanese do not seem to wish to settle there. They have tried it; the climate and the competition of the local farmers and the small merchants have not been favorable, so the Japanese you will have are the employees of the railway—those who take care of the interests of the Japanese and the officials of the Manchurian line and the officials in Korea—but no settlement. In Manchuria there would be plenty of room for settlement if it had been undertaken earnestly and Japanese families planted there, but it has not been done. It is quite well known that the Japanese will not go to Siberia; that the climate is not agreeable to them as it is in Shantung and in parts of China more thickly settled; and in Manchuria the competition with the Chinese is so severe that unless the Japanese were protected by their Government they could not exist.

"I cannot escape the conclusion that settlement on the continent of Asia is not what the Japanese seek. They seek resources, supplies; they say 'our industry must have iron ore and coal.' The answer would probably be that they could make arrangements with the owners of these resources on the continent to have them supplied. But there you come against the cardinal fact of Japanese policy. Japanese industry and enterprise never stand alone. They always have back of them political power, military power, and they do not seem willing to risk standing alone. So the military and political influence comes first; they get claims, and these claims are then made into concessions and exploited.

"There is one place where the Japanese would settle, and that is our Pacific Coast. The idea is quite common among the Japanese university students that the action of the United States in keeping Japanese out of California, out of the United States, is hostile and unfriendly. It is also a misconception, because the Japanese themselves do not permit foreign laborers to come into their country and settle down in numbers. They do not permit Chinese and Koreans to come in. They would not permit American laborers to come in if they should come in numbers. Their laws are rather stricter on that point than ours."

Concerning the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments and Pacific and Far Eastern questions, with special reference to Great Britain's attitude and policies Dr. Reinsch said:

"A great deal in this conference will depend upon how England at the time feels with respect to India and Ireland. If the Indian situation does not improve, the India Office will be able to exercise a very strong influence with the British Office. The India Office looks upon the Far Eastern situation in this way: 'We have trouble enough in India; we shall make any kind of arrangement with respect to China that will relieve us.' If the United States desires to take a strong stand with respect to their rights, we are willing to be with them. But if they are going to be weak about their position, then we shall let things take their course and make the best of it. If another nation gets a hold on one part of China, we shall try to develop our hold on some other part."

"In China, the co-operation between ourselves and the British was quite perfect during the War. Before that, there had been rather a keen commercial rivalry, but in general the British looked down on the Americans a little; but still there was mutual good will and confidence. During the War, that grew into a very close feeling of co-operation. American and British associations everywhere joining and meeting together, and the relationship between the two nations was emphasized in China more than anywhere else. The British there feel exactly about the Chinese situation as we do."

"If a way can be found for the United States and Great Britain to pursue a common policy, then all these questions will melt away and it is only if Great Britain, scared on the one hand by the Irish situation and on the other hand by the India situation, withdraws into her shell and puts out measures of caution and asks herself whether she can give up the Japanese alliance without having anything at all in its place, then they may continue to play Japan."

"I know that it would be impossible to make an Anglo-American alliance. I feel, however, that the colonies, Canada and Australia, are very close to us and that through them an approach is possible between American and British policy, which would rest on a very sound foundation, and then the difficulties of the world would be in a way of growing less rather than greater. So long as the British feel that they need Japan for their temporary safety—I do not think that they can base permanent safety on Japan, but they may think they need Japan for their temporary safety—they would have to stand by these claims that Japan makes, and it would result in the conference having to be satisfied with a very limited achievement."

Our heart is like a mill which is ever grinding, and which a certain lord, gave into the keeping of one of his slaves, with the instruction that he should grind in it only his master's corn, and should himself live on what he ground. But this servant has a certain enemy, who, whenever he finds the mill unguarded, immediately casts into it either sand which scatters the flour, or pitch which congests it, or something which defiles, or chaff which merely fills its place. If, therefore, that servant guards the mill well, and grinds in it only his master's corn, he both serves his master and gains food for himself. Now, this mill which is ever grinding something is the human heart, which is always thinking something.—St. Anselm.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, Oct. 11.—Archaeologists at work on the ruins of ancient Ephesus have discovered a crypt believed to be the tomb of St. John the Evangelist.

Priests who served in the French army have turned over their bonuses to build a seminary. Three hundred thousand francs were collected.

Paris, Sept. 29.—The number of tickets for Lourdes sold by the railroad companies during the month of August alone is said to have been not less than 200,000.

Rev. William Arrowsmith, rector of St. Giles' Anglican Church at Cambridge, has been received into the Catholic Church by the Dominicans at Hawksyard Priory.

The Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, for some time chancellor of the Nashville diocese, has been named bishop of Toledo. He is not yet thirty-five years old and will be the youngest American Bishop.

Paris, Oct. 10.—A pastoral letter ordering prayers and a collection for the German sufferers of the catastrophe at Oppau has been sent to all pastors in the Rhenish countries by Bishop Remond, chaplain of the French army on the Rhine.

While Charles Williams, forty years old, a painter of 315 East Twenty-seventh street, lay pinned between the third rail and an elevated train last Sunday, Rev. Emmet F. Rogers, curate at St. Columba's Church, Manhattan ignoring all warnings of danger climbed to the dying man's side and administered the last rites.

In the Republic of Columbia there is a village of six or seven thousand souls where practically everyone is a daily communicant. The Missionary Fathers of the Immaculate Heart, who have charge of the work here, are obliged to use a ciborium so large that it looks like a small kettle, in order to minister to the thousands who daily flock to the altar rail.

The great strides which have been made during the past twenty-five years by the Catholic faith in Canada were referred to in an address by Rev. J. Welsh, O. M. I. (Provincial) of British Columbia. Since Pope Pius X. exjoined the practice of frequent Communion, the people of Canada have responded remarkably in that respect. In one church alone, that of St. Laurence in Quebec, on the first Sunday of each month, more than 6,000 people receive Holy Communion.

El Paso, Oct. 10.—Practical aid in relieving distress caused by unemployment is being given by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul of Hotel Dieu of this city, who are daily feeding six hundred members of families affected by the closing of the smelter plant near here. The food is collected and prepared at Hotel Dieu and is taken to the Catholic Parochial school at Smelter for distribution. The Sisters will carry on the work until the plant re-opens.

The Knights of Columbus have announced an annual award for patriotism similar to the Nobel prizes in science and the humanities. It will be bestowed upon a person in the United States, not necessarily a citizen, who in the judgment of a committee "shall have done the deed or spoken the word that will stand as the greatest contribution of the year to the promotion of the American spirit of patriotism." The nature of the award is to be decided later.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 12.—Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, is the first American to become a friend of the new Catholic university established last year in Milan. A group of generous patrons contributed to the endowment as founder friends. Cardinal O'Connell gave 25,000 lire to the university. He was for many years in Rome as a rector at the American college. He knows the country well and speaks Italian fluently. The new university has a plan to exchange students who wish to have the benefit of higher education in diplomacy, politics and international commerce. It aims to give specially complete courses in philosophy and social sciences.

One of the largest individual gifts to charity ever made in Chicago became known the other day, when William A. Wieboldt, department store owner, transferred fourteen pieces of real estate to the Chicago Charitable Corporation, establishing that company with a \$4,500,000 fund which will yearly contribute thousands of dollars to Chicago charities. The Chicago Charitable Corporation was incorporated on June 25 last, by Werner A. Wieboldt, son of the merchant, Kirk, W. Starr and B. J. Schwindt, officials in Mr. Wieboldt's stores. It was created for the express purpose of administering for the sole benefit of charity the income from the properties deeded to it by Mr. and Mrs. Wieboldt.

THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED

And so it happened that Jefferson Wilcox, seated in his new, ornate office, saw an advertisement that attracted his attention. He was not in the habit of reading advertisements, but this morning he felt particularly idle. Having exhausted the sporting page and the political news, he started reading the miscellaneous column, wondering at the strange things that people offer for sale—old magazines, shoes, half-worn evening dresses, baby carriages, canaries, rubber plants, antique silver. The initials R. M. and the post office address made Jefferson suspicious. He pushed the ivory button on his desk for his stenographer.

afford to cultivate its keener sensibilities. Collectors, installment men, loan sharks, broke down all barriers of pride. Pianos came and went in her neighborhood with magical rapidity; rugs were whisked off dusty floors and resold to more prosperous neighbors; men bargained and wrangled and parted with their possessions openly, and when there were no possessions left, friends and relatives came forward and fed and clothed and housed them with that generous improvisation that keeps them forever poor. The letter was finished at last, and she brought it to Jefferson for inspection. "Won't do," he said. "It sounds like a fake."

"Perhaps I don't," said Richard humorously. The discussion had ended there. After a few evenings of fugal consideration of the Colonel's wishes, Richard found that all the old gentleman's ideas, with the exception of the chimney, were impractical. If he could wrest a bare living off the farm this year, it must be by his own initiative and by his own manual labor. The small debt that he was obliged to contract for dry groceries and feed for the horses worried him. He could not agree to hire hands when he had no money to pay them for their time. Meanwhile he sought advice from the farmers who worked their truck gardens in his vicinity, and he listened eagerly to any suggestions offered by the loungers at the village store; he read all the books he could borrow on horticulture, and he sent to Washington for the bulletin that are issued here from the Bureau of Soils. When he spent his hundred dollars the items read: "One pair of satin slippers, repairing chimney, plow, seeds, spade, hoe, hammer, nails, hinges, window glass."

After two months of untiring effort, Matterson Hall began to recover some appearance of past prosperity; the shutters swung on strong new hinges; the window-panes had been put into place; the pillar of the porch had been repaired; the chimney bricked to its normal height; the roses bloomed with wild profusion in the carefully bordered garden beds; in the kitchen garden some of the earlier vegetables were ready for the picking, and the green blades of corn in the moist, brown fields promised an abundant harvest. But Richard had paid. He was tired, physically exhausted by the unaccustomed labors of a day. Too tired for anything but a hurried prayer at night as he sank into a dreamless sleep; too tired for any intellectual relief that he might have found in books; too tired to think, to reason about anything except the clamoring work for the morrow—currying the horses, milking the cow, plowing, digging, planting, grubbing up stumps, blasting away rocks, chopping wood, drawing water, working with old tools that broke in his energetic grasp, working feverishly like a prisoner trying to file his way out of his cell. The Colonel was of no assistance. He viewed the chimney with some thought of the old monks following the plow in prayerful meditation. But he was not like them, he told himself. He could not work with the ease and distraction of long-accustomed habit. His mind was focused on the tasks he had to do, and the tasks were unrelenting. One pair of unpractised hands trying to perform the work of ten, and hampered at every turn by the need of ready money.

perhaps he might dare to go into debt if a crop was assured. Now his farming was all experimental. He had no faith in the outcome. His seminary life seemed drifting into a dim background. He had put all thought of it away from him purposely. He never could go back. The Colonel needed him; Betty needed him; and, believing that he was facing the inevitable, the keenness of his disappointment lessened, and even his desire to return seemed dulled. After all, if the grind of the work could be lifted, he could find vast satisfaction in the life of a scholar. He could supervise the farm with an intelligence that would make it a paying proposition; he could live the calm, peaceful life of the old-time planter and he could write. It might be possible that his pen would prove more powerful than his preaching. His day-dream was interrupted by some one lifting his hand, and a woman's voice said: "I thought you were dead or hurt. You always were provoking." He looked up lazily. A girl stood leaning against one of the tree trunks, dressed in a black riding-habit, which was covered with mud. She wore no hat; her hair, plaited in two thick braids, fell across her shoulders; her riding-boots were muddy to the ankles. One cheek bore a daub of dirt that made the rest of her face look all the fairer by contrast. Her appearance was so startling that Richard rose hastily, oblivious to any conventional greeting. "Where did you come from?" he asked. She laughed with no trace of embarrassment. "I came over my horse's head into that mud puddle, if you must know."

intuition she had comprehended the struggle he was making. "I'll send you some," she said. "I'll have to pay for them with radishes." "Haven't you any money?" The question would have seemed preposterous in a drawing-room. Here in the woods, in the strangeness of their meeting, the conventions did not seem to count. "No," he said. "I have too much." "Too much?" he repeated. "I did not know people ever had too much." "But they can. We have too much now. We used to have too little. You remember how poor we were. I had to go to bed when mother washed my dress. I only had one. Poor mother died in the struggle; then father struck oil. Now we have silver mines, coal mines, oil wells, railroads; I've been everywhere. I went to school in Paris, Germany, Italy. I've been around the world three times; I've studied art and music and the languages. I haven't a particle of talent for anything. I've motored, and driven and ridden on camels and elephants; I've climbed mountains, crossed deserts, met all kinds of people. Now I've come back. I know you will laugh, but I wanted to come back here where everybody snubbed me in the old days—back here to make good." But Richard did not smile, and she went on: "Father has bought the old Hedricks' coal mines five miles from here. You remember old Mr. Hedricks had so much trouble with negro labor? Father has brought all sorts of men down. Such a conglomerate mass. They live like pigs."

kindly Bridget O'Donnell. "For all she goes with such grand folk, and seems to be having such gay times, I've seen the sadness in her eyes." The woman who had not yet spoken raised a toll-worn, unglowed hand, and brushed back a wisp of greying hair that had strayed from under her rusty bonnet. "I'm afraid it's the faith she's losing," she said softly. "She used to be day after day at the Communion rail, and now she's there not at all. High Mass on Sunday is all she ever comes to. Agatha Dederich was telling me she's dropped out of the sodality and she has even given up her work as league promoter. She needs a few of our prayers, I'm thinking. It's that crowd she goes with—they travel over-fast for a young girl like her, with no anchor to hold her. Margaret Maloney, God rest her soul, was a good anchor." "That she was!" returned Mrs. O'Donnell, heartily, and the other woman murmured assent. Meanwhile the object of their conversation had arrived at home. As she turned the brass knob, she heard the shrill peal of the telephone bell. She made an involuntary grimace of the sound of the voice that spoke her name as she took down the receiver—and yet it was a pleasant voice, deep and resonant. "Hello, Mary," it said. "Hello, Jack," she replied coolly, and without evident reluctance. "What is it?" "That's a fine, enthusiastic reception to give a fellow who has spent the entire morning trying to telephone you," was the mocking rejoinder. "What on earth do you do on Sunday morning—camp in that meeting house of yours? I just called to ask you if you will go to the Caruthers' dance with me Thursday evening. We are all going to motor down and stay for the week-end—they are making a party of it. I'm going out of town on a business trip this evening, and I wanted to ask you before somebody else got ahead of me. Won't you go?" his tone was entreating. She hesitated a moment and then answered in the affirmative. Friday was the first Friday, she had thought of going to the sacraments, but a week-end party at the wealthy Caruthers was not to be despised, and good-looking, prosperous Jack Hammerstein was her most persistent suitor. It was true that he was a divorced man, but every one knew that the fault had lain with his silly empty-headed wife, and Mary had told herself over and over again that the intimacy between Jack and herself was friendship—nothing more. The old adage about "He who approaches too near a precipice," she persisted in putting from her mind, and she replaced the receiver and slowly ascended the stairs. Every time she accepted an invitation from Jack Hammerstein she suffered from depression afterward. The house was so still and lovely—Aunt Myra, who was her housekeeper, had gone to her son's home for Sunday dinner, and Mary, yielding to an unaccountable desire to be alone, had refused an invitation to dine with Caroline Luscombe. She did not feel in the mood to listen to Caroline chatter today. The papers on her desk were scattered about, and she started to put them in order; a little calendar had fallen over, and as she picked it up the date caught her eye; May 28—May 28th! She gave a start—May 28th, her mother's birthday! Her mother—her gay, cheery little invalid mother, who had been her chum and her pal and her confidant. She thought of the same date two years ago when they had such a jolly time. She had baked a cake with forty-seven candles, and there had been half a dozen women of the Altar Society there, and as many sodality girls, her friends, and they had feasted and chatted and laughed and her mother's pale cheeks had glowed pink, and her blue eyes sparkled. And that had been her last birthday. Mary shuddered as she remembered the utter blackness of the days that came after—the cruel sickness—the frail little body writhing and twisted with pain, and the lips that gasped in agony. How well she remembered every detail of that illness. How she had knelt by her mother's bed and prayed—oh, how she had prayed that she might be spared! A few more years, she had asked for her, and they had been denied. Her mother's sufferings had passed, and with them the frail, brave spirit—and Mary had grown harsh and bitter in mind and heart. "It is not right!" her rebellious young self had protested. "God might have let her live. She was all I had, and He took her. I prayed, and He would not hear me." She would not pray again, she said, and yet some strange potent power drew her, Sunday after Sunday, to High Mass at St. Aloysius. At first, it was torture for her to go, but time caloused her. She was not unaware of the things that were being said about her, but she did not care. In her frame of mind, nothing mattered. As time passed, she flung herself into a whirlpool of gaiety. She had voluntarily dropped all her old friends, and the new ones were the worldliest of the worldly. None of them were Catholics and few of them attended a church of any kind. She was pretty and gifted and popular, and there seemed no limit to the "good times" she shared, and no end to the young

CHAPTER V JESS FIELDING

When the imaginary lady, with the "passion for antiques" had completed her purchase of the Matterson plate, Richard received five hundred dollars by express. Four hundred of this paid the interest on the mortgage. The remaining hundred was expended with infinitesimal care, every cent so carefully guarded that the Colonel was openly disgraced. Economy was an abstract virtue that he condoned only in the abstract. Penuriousness had never been practiced under his roof before. For three long evenings, from supper until bedtime, Richard sat with pencil and paper planning how he could spread out that hundred dollars to cover his immediate needs, trying to decide which of all his necessities were most essential. The list read: "Horse, plow, harness, seed, bricks, shingles, fence wire, lumber." Then, halting for a moment in his work, he would go to the bookcase, and getting out a number of farm journals, begin to study the cheapest and best fertilizers to add to his compost heaps. True to his habit of concentration, he would spend an hour poring over these old magazines, his scientific instinct roused by new methods, modern devices. Then he would begin another list of necessities: "Incubator, rubber roofing, tool grinder, gasoline engine, fruit sprayer." But smiling at the impossibility of securing these desirable appliances, he would throw that list in the fire, and begin again with the most rudimentary tools: "Spade, hoe, ax, hammer."

Richard found it wiser not to take the Colonel too seriously. "You have to do the social stunt for both of us," he said. "I'm too busy, and I haven't any clothes." The lack of fresh clothes was a real trial to him. He did not mind cheapness or shabbiness, but the few suits he owned were mud-stained, and he had always craved cleanliness. It seemed to him that he was always in the dirt. A grime had crept under his finger nails that he could not remove; the pores of his face seemed clogged with dust. It was when he realized that he was growing half-indifferent to these facts that he took his first real recreation. About half a mile from the Hall there was a small stream, that bubbled briskly over rocks and roots, and emptied itself into a hollow. In this cool-shaded swimming pool Richard had spent many hot afternoons as a boy, but the pool had become shallow with the years, or perhaps the difference was in his own height. He determined to widen and deepen it. Whenever he could spare an hour out of his busy day, he worked like a beaver scooping out the dead leaves, dredging out the stones and mud, digging away the bank on one side, and building a dam with the refuse on the other. When the work was finished and the water had cleared, the pool seemed a priceless luxury. Anxious to share it with some one, he improvised a little bath house on the fern-grown bank, and garbed in a bathing suit that he had left over from one of his summer outings, he brought Betty out to watch him disport himself in the water. She was enthusiastic about the place, and ran home to hunt a bathing dress for herself, making him promise that he would teach her to swim. After she had gone he finished his bath, dressed himself, and then lay for a few moments outstretched in the shade, his body so still that some inquisitive robin fluttered over him unafraid of the big sun-burned hand that seemed so important in its stillness. A dozen duties left undone came into his mind to plague him, and destroy the perfect peace of this brief interim of rest. Perhaps next year the farm would pay and permit a breathing space; perhaps he could introduce some of the modern time-saving devices;

TO BE CONTINUED

MARY MALONEY'S AWAKENING

"Good morning, Mary. It's a fine day." "Good morning, Mrs. O'Donnell." The pretty, fashionably dressed young girl, who had paused on the bottom step of St. Aloysius' Church to button her gloves, returned the kindly greeting of the old Irish woman absently, and hurried down the street in the wake of the home-going crowd. High Mass was just over, and three little old ladies, who had been neighbors for years, had passed in front of the church to pass the time of day with one another. They watched the girl's figure till she passed out of sight, and the one who had addressed her as she passed, shook her head. "Sure, all the days are dark days to Mary Maloney, poor bairn, since her mother died," she said. "She holds her head high enough," retorted one of the other women, tartly. "It's myself has stopped speaking to her, she's so uppity." "Ah, but it's a sore heart in her bosom, I'm thinking," replied

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men who crowded around her seeking for her favor. The height of her popularity had been reached when she met John Hammerstein, and he had eagerly added himself to the train of her admirers.

course, but it is a day on which I feel that I ought to go to church. I'm sorry, but you will have to get someone to take my place."

Hammerstein protested, "half angrily, but she was firm. A few weeks later Caroline Luscombe was talking to another girl of Mary's old "crowd."

into the hands of men and women that were devoid of moral discipline and to whom the sudden acquisition of wealth could not but be disastrous.

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Statistics on divorce in this country are beginning at last to give serious concern to the writers in the current magazines.

Both of these sets regard themselves as privileged, as superior to the rank and file of society. They consider themselves entitled to certain immunities which it would not be good to extend to the masses.

Father Hull discussing the Morals of today in the Bombay Examiner sums up the modern experience with trifling with the marriage bond.

His Church alone has kept up." —The Pilot.

OUR PROTESTANT BRETHREN The ill-repute into which Protestantism has fallen the world over is a most significant phase of the religious history of these extraordinary times.

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MORAL LEPROSY Recent events have lifted the veil from most disgraceful doings that are going on in certain circles that cultivate an attitude of aloofness from their fellow-men and affect an air of superiority over ordinary mortals.

into the hands of men and women that were devoid of moral discipline and to whom the sudden acquisition of wealth could not but be disastrous.

with the Church in defending the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they should be accounted as brethren.

FAITH IN ISRAEL Father Finn, S. J., visited Ireland this summer and his written impressions are interesting.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1921

THE IRISH PEACE CONFERENCE

Since the very inception of peace negotiations, beginning with the formal armistice between the two armies, we have personally been invincibly optimistic as to the outcome.

It is our conviction that the Conference will affect a settlement of the Irish question; and no result of the negotiations is for a moment worthy of that name unless it satisfies the Irish people. This is an elementary truth; it is impossible to think the British Government before deciding upon the Conference can have failed to recognize it with all its implications. The London Nation, while rather querulously finding fault with de Valera's "provocative" language, states this fundamental truth with clarity and precision:

"One thing is perfectly clear," says the Nation, "and that is that no Irish settlement is worth anything unless it is a settlement by consent, and unless the Irish people regard it not as a humiliation, but as an arrangement prompted by a wise sense for the honor and the interests of their nation."

So much taken for granted, it is evident that the bare initiation of negotiations is of stupendous significance.

The fact is that a settlement is imperatively necessary for England; it is keenly desired by the Northeast corner which calls itself "Ulster" or "Northern Ireland," and will be welcomed by the Irish people provided it be "an arrangement prompted by a wise sense for the honor and the interests of their nation."

These are the basic facts—or assumptions if you will—on which our optimism is based.

Out-Prussians the Prussians in Ireland was a tremendously costly policy for England. As leading English statesmen and publicists bitterly acknowledged it made her name "stink in the nostrils of the world." An intensely patriotic writer in an English magazine puts it this way:

"It is rather a tragic moment when a man suddenly discovers he is disliked by all his neighbors, particularly tragic if he happens to have been under the impression that to his own terrible cost and undoing he has gone out of his way to help them. . . . It is the tragedy of England today. There is certainly no good denying it. We are at the present moment the nation most disliked by foreign politicians and the Press, not least among our late allies. Perhaps our enemies alone have any sympathy with us, any respect, any understanding of our difficulties or of our ideals."

And this at a time when the problems of foreign policy are pressing; urgent, almost overwhelming; when Egypt is menacing and India seething with discontent that threatens to break into open rebellion; when, despite professions of "Anglo-Saxon" good-will and undying friendship and kinship, the desperate alternative presents itself of alliance with Japan should the friendly cooperation of the United States fail to be secured; in a word, when a thousand pressing reasons make it imperative that England find sympathy, friendship, cooperation among the nations, she finds that she has lost their respect and their confidence, and is both disliked and distrusted. That this is especially true in the United States—where England's need of friend-

ship and cooperation is greatest—no one knows better than the British Government.

This is a terrible price to pay for the utterly stupid and futile as well as utterly barbarous Black and Tan policy in Ireland. Those who were responsible for adopting the Prussian doctrine of frightfulness have had their will and their way; and the result has evidently proved to the British Government that the doctrine is as fallacious as it was seen to be when held by Germans or Austrians.

There is but one alternative to government by brute force, and that is by the consent of the governed. Therefore we believe that England has counted the cost and is prepared to pay the price for peace with Ireland.

There is no longer heard the outworn argument that "Ulster" is irreconcilably opposed to the democratic aspirations of Nationalist Ireland, this factitious problem, no longer serving the purpose for which it was created, has ceased to be considered insoluble.

The truth about Northeast Ulster is that the men of brains and of substance have come acutely to realize that, separated from Ireland, Belfast's commerce and industries face ruin. They have found that their political boycott of Ireland was the reason and the justification for Ireland's commercial boycott of Belfast, and the latter boycott, as Sir Philip Gibbs testifies, brought the Ulsterites to their senses. It is of course true that the Orange passion and prejudice, lashed into murderous fury by unscrupulous politicians, can not be so easily allayed; and the position of Sir James Craig is not an easy one. On the one side is the pressure of those who keenly realize that Northeast Ulster is economically united with and its prosperity dependent on the rest of Ireland; on the other, the unreasoning prejudice of the dupes of Carsonism.

In the Northern House of Commons in answer to questions as to his going to London to participate in the Peace Conference, Sir James Craig said:

"The reasons that prompted us to take a decision to attend a conference in Downing Street are as they were then. To refuse would be to leave us open to the gravest misrepresentation across the water. Secondly, I have a feeling that we might be let down behind our backs if there was no one there to say a word for Ulster. Ulster may come out of this very badly. Another important point is that we really have a good case which we need not be ashamed of. We will maintain the attitude we laid down in our letter to Mr. Lloyd George accepting the invitation."

"The second question is one that has been asked on many occasions and answered equally frequently. It is: If we go into a conference are we going to give anything away? I hope the public outside will be really assured that not only have we nothing to give away but that we have no desire, my colleagues and I, to give anything away, and if there was even any suggestion of giving anything away we would call this House together and take them into our confidence. Under no circumstances will anything be done behind the backs of the members of this House or of the backs of the public outside."

There is here an evident desire to keep the door open for effecting that understanding which the commercial and financial interests of Belfast demand and an almost pathetic appeal to the unreasoning prejudice of those who would cut off their nose to spite their face.

"We might be let down behind our backs," "Ulster may come out of this very badly," please let me go, I won't give anything away, at least I won't give anything away behind your backs, I promise to let you know all about it. Please let me go.

The same note of bluster and readiness to back down in a more recent speech suggests the lady whom the poet describes as "vowing that she'd ne'er consent consented." "My speech was intended to clear the air. Peace will come all the sooner by the facts being understood. A good many people still imagine that Ulster is bargaining, a factor in the situation that is untrue. Ulster bargains for nothing except to be left alone to work out her own destiny. This policy I intend to pursue, undaunted by threats or tempting offers of more liberal terms."

If Sir James had ended right there his declaration would sound very firm and uncompromising, just as he intended it to sound to a part of his constituents. But it does not end there; immediately following there is this significant sentence which plainly intimates that the coy maiden is very willing to be wooed:

"Ulster can only be won; she can never be coerced."

Here a quotation from an English Liberal newspaper is interesting and appropriate:

"Ulster holds a pledge that she will not be coerced, but that is not a pledge that she will be backed up through thick and thin in all opposition to Irish unity. Ulster objects to union with Republican Irishmen and in so doing claims to be serving the Empire. But it will become the duty of Ulster to see whether she is not serving the British Empire best by playing her part as a sentinel of Empire in a united Irish Government."

So you see there are not really "two Irelands," in any case not unless the peace negotiations fail, when the fiction may again become a dogmatic fact. In a despatch to the Globe and N. Y. Times at the moment of writing, commenting on the fear of the Ulsterites that they will be sacrificed to the desire of settlement we have this remarkable statement:

"All information obtainable in authoritative quarters, however, points to strict adherence by Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues to their Ulster pledges. The opinion is expressed by many persons that it will be possible to construct some plan which, while apparently leaving Ulster untouched, will give such advantages to the South as to compel Ulster to make terms with the South."

Which is one way of "strictly adhering to pledges?" Ireland has through her accredited spokesmen again and again proclaimed her willingness to be at peace with England. The presence of her delegates at the Peace Conference has no other meaning.

What will the terms be? It is impossible to forecast; besides, it is the business of the Irish people themselves to determine them so far as Ireland is concerned.

The stupidly obvious and malevolent propaganda stories of the truce breaking down, of Sinn Fein "extremists," and the like, need cause neither surprise nor alarm. There are those who are bitterly opposed to a settlement. The Morning Post, the mouth-piece of the now discredited faction that tried to quench Irish National aspirations in the blood of the Irish people, is still the spokesman of those who would prevent peace and perpetuate strife. A recent attack on A. W. Cope, Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland, who is credited with a leading part in bringing about the present Conference, called forth this trenchant criticism from Brigadier-General Crozier in the Daily News:

"In the Morning Post today (October 4) appears a heading, 'Dublin Castle Indicted.' This requires explaining to the ordinary reader. Mr. Cope, who is named in the indictment, has for months seen the futility of the old regime of terror. He played a prominent part in obtaining a truce. Mr. Cope is a civil servant. He is up against the people who do not want a settlement. These people live in Dublin Castle, in Ulster, and in the Strand."

This insight on the pernicious activities of the enemies of Ireland and of peace reveals difficulties and dangers; but the Morning Post's faction is, for the time at least, discredited and impotent and the friends of peace—whatever their motives—are in the ascendant.

Nor do we believe that the malevolence of the Morning Post faction—despite the truculence displayed by Lloyd George and some others before the Irish delegates were finally received on a footing of equality—will ever succeed in again renewing the horrors of the last two years of British rule in Ireland. The Magazine writer whom we quoted before suggests one reason:

"But the real dismay that settles on us is not due to the judgment of foreigners, which we have learned to meet with silence, but to the measured judgment of our conscience trained in the traditions of the past. . . . England's name has been invoked to defend crimes against those very laws of political freedom and justice which she has taught the world. They were her gifts to the nations, and she had sinned against her own light."

A great Irishman a hundred years ago put it somewhat differently. Sir Jonah Barrington claimed that Ireland in the rectitude of her just demands was not so hopelessly matched against her mighty oppressor, for despite all material advantages in the struggle the apparently invincible enemy was hampered and weakened by "the timidity of guilt."

England will not again flout civilized opinion, outrage the conscience of her best and most loyal sons, alienate the sympathy and incur the odium of all the nations. That has been found too high a price for Black-and-Tanning Ireland and defeating her object besides. The alternative is peace. Be it ours to pray with the Holy Father that the Irish Peace Conference will end the age-long disension to the untold benefit of both England and Ireland.

work they do, all the work that is worth doing, originates with a few men in each body; who actually have some ideas to put forward. Those few men really decide the matters; and the bulk of the convention takes guidance from them. Is that not true, upon the observation and experience of most of those who have ever attended a convention? I say, "most;" for there are usually a few men at every convention who imagine, being vain, that they have had a great deal to do and have done a great deal; whilst the majority laugh at them and follow the leaders.

Now, in this our own age and time, there are some men who propose that we amend the Constitution of Canada in such a way as to take from Parliament most of its power and transfer it to conventions. Out in Alberta, for instance, it is said that a majority of the Legislature elected last summer placed, when they were nominated, their written resignations in the hands of an association which acts by means of conventions; so that they are, nominally, representatives of the whole people of Alberta, but in reality merely delegates; recallable by delegates; recallable by an association; that is to say, recallable by a convention; that is to say, recallable by whatever few men may happen to dominate that convention; as a few men do, almost invariably, dominate every convention, everywhere.

No one who knows anything of the rise and progress of our political, representative, democratic institutions, can see without concern this retrogression towards conditions out of which, and above which, our political civilization rose by long and difficult progress.

The increasing mania for conventions and for the regulation and control of all things by conventions, is a very powerful reason for our giving more time, money and attention to education. Let us at least have conventions of educated people.

EDUCATION AND DIRECTION OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

By THE OBSERVER

Most of us have, at one time or another, attended a convention of some sort. In these times, when there is much talk of the referendum and the recall as methods of public government, it is interesting to recall our experiences and observations at such conventions.

The convention, in one form or another, is the oldest method for the consideration and decision of public questions. For the first convention, we must go back beyond the days of settled constitutions and parliaments, to the tribal meeting. The first people to hold conventions in North America were the Indians, who were very fond of them. The Iroquois were very strong on conventions; no great question of war or peace was decided without one, or several.

Even at that early date, however, and under those primitive conditions, enough common sense prevailed to put reasonable limits to the power and the proceedings of the tribal and inter-tribal conventions. The Iroquois did not lack a certain rugged common sense; sufficient to see clearly that they must have leaders, and that the leaders must not have their hands tied. They could, and did, rid themselves of an incompetent or untrustworthy chief, once in a while; but while he was chief they did not require him to lay his plans and his projects before the tribal gathering. He was not a delegate; and he did not place his resignation in the hands of a convention before he began to discharge his responsibilities.

The majority of men in Canada have, at some time or other, attended as delegates at some sort of a convention, political, fraternal, religious, temperance, municipal or something. This is the day and age of the convention. Electors, municipal representatives, agricultural societies, insurance agents, automobile salesmen, constables, fire fighters, politicians, lawyers, undertakers, grocers, retail merchants, wholesale merchants, manufacturers, civil engineers, mining engineers, all sorts of engineers, commercial travelers, fraternal societies, temperance societies, pro-liquor sympathizers, and anti-liquor sympathizers, barbers, tailors, workmen of twenty different occupations, railway men, long-shoremen, master mariners, good roads leagues, anti-tobacco leagues, leagues for the abolition of capital punishment, children's protection societies, leagues auxiliary to hospitals and to churches, town-planning societies, societies for the protection of birds, game societies, leagues to boost all sorts of possible and impossible things, societies to spread the light, to spread all sorts of light, societies for the redemption of men, women, children, horses and dogs, sheep protection societies, forest protection societies, fire prevention societies, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and to children, national and racial, and patriotic associations of every sort, kind and description.

They all hold conventions. The money and the time they spend on conventions and on travel assume, in the total, enormous figures. And in nine cases out of ten, the actual

the United States. In the matter of contributions the distinction of heading the list for the year belongs to Boston, New York and Philadelphia, in the order named, though the premiership in total contributions for the past ninety-nine years—still remains with Lyons. The total amount received at the central office at Lyons last year was over nineteen million francs, or close on \$4,000,000, and of this France contributed \$44,611, which, considering the financial state of the country after a war which well-nigh ruined it, is indeed remarkable. It goes to show that the missionary spirit of the French people is still very much alive, and that with the gradual rehabilitation of the nation, even the United States with its vastly greater wealth and population will have to look to its newly-won laurels as the mainstay of missionary enterprise. And, it may be added, Catholic contributions to such an object are not given, as some others, to "boost business."

A CASE of hardship, which came under our observation the other day, in which a poor widow who, to tide over an evil day had pawned a treasured heir-loom and but for eleventh-hour assistance would have lost it permanently, caused once more in our mind regret that in this country there is no institution such a may be found abroad, where, under religious auspices, temporarily embarrassed people may pledge their belongings at moderate interest, with assurance that in the event of deferred better days they will not be harshly dealt with or suffer permanent loss of a treasured belonging. In these trying days especially such an institution becomes a necessity in populous communities, and the fact that in this continent there is nothing to correspond with the Mont-de-Piété in France—to name only one—is legitimate matter for regret.

How VERY few ever stop to reflect that to a Saint of the Church—St. Bernardine of Siena—the pawn shop owes its origin. And to this day in France, Italy and other countries, even though the State has stepped in and taken possession, the pawn shop still retains many of its original characteristics, and is looked upon as a great public benefaction. In France, for example, the Marquis de Guerry, who died several years ago, left a legacy of some twenty thousand dollars for the redemption of objects pledged by the poor in Paris pawn shops. Again, when M. Santos-Dumont, the pioneer in heavier-than-air navigation, won the M. Deutsch de la Meurthe prize of a like sum he set aside half the amount for the same purpose. From which it may be inferred that notwithstanding State usurpations the spirit of St. Bernardine still survives in France. That it should cross the Atlantic and find lodgment in the great English-speaking countries of this Northern Hemisphere is among the greatest desiderations of the hour.

SAYS THE Christian Guardian (Methodist): "In the Philippines La Defensa and El Bolentin, two Roman Catholic papers, have come out vigorously against the Public school, which they stamp as 'godless,' 'unpatriotic,' 'immoral,' 'a cancer which saps the very vitality of the race,' 'a pernicious system,' etc. Let us clearly understand that in the Philippines, in the United States, and in Canada, the Roman Church stands opposed to the Public schools. It is well that the people of Canada should bear in mind this fact when our Roman Catholic friends are seeking to establish Separate schools upon a firmer basis. The Roman Church is the enemy of the Public school and would gladly destroy it if she could." Which is the best proof, if any additional were needed, that in dealing with Catholics the Guardian evidently considers it can afford to dispense with the Ninth (Eighth) Commandment.

Dublin, Oct. 5.—Evidence that the situation in Belfast is being purposely aggravated to embarrass the prospects of settlement between Ireland and England are being given daily. Protestant workmen are expelling their Catholic fellow workmen from their jobs at the point of the revolver.

WATCH AND PRAY

Dublin, Oct. 5.—Evidence that the situation in Belfast is being purposely aggravated to embarrass the prospects of settlement between Ireland and England are being given daily. Protestant workmen are expelling their Catholic fellow workmen from their jobs at the point of the revolver.

Ireland as a whole is obeying Episcopal advice to observe silence at the present juncture of negotiations and leave everything in the

hands of the nation's spokesmen. October being the month of the Rosary, the people are offering daily prayers that their hopes may be realized.

The fact that both sides are to meet without surrender of any principle has caused great satisfaction in Ireland, as it was evident that only on these free and unconditional lines would the conferences be at all possible. While grave difficulties are certain to arise, it seems certain that no subject, except possibly that of the northern counties, can imperil the conference.

BOY LIFE

THE BOY AND HIS FAILINGS (Adapted from J. S. Kitley's "That Boy of Yours")

His Failings are exclusively his. He owns them but seldom owns up to them. Some are due to his immaturity and will disappear with the passing of infantile diseases, warts and freckles and childish features, unless they are fixed by some foolish older person, who insists that passing phases of his development are permanent forms of depravity and succeeds in turning the changing hues into fast colours, all red. That boy showed his quality who defined a hypocrite as "A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face." Some of his feelings are due to his being an immature being, some to being an immature man, and the latter will not slough off at all. We have to classify them as among his unavoidable limitations, not to be outlawed, but to be harnessed up and put to work drawing his personality through bogs and over mountains. We are not to look on them as hopeless liabilities but as productive endowments. And yet they will always be idiosyncrasies if not faults.

He is often tortured with the feeling of being misunderstood. He is rebuffed for his humorous tendencies. A gentleman, just alighting from the cars, said to a boy, "May I ask you how far it is to the Palmer house?" The youth replied, "You may do so this time, but you must never, never do it again." He was probably misunderstood and called impudent when he was only a humourist.

There are four kinds of bad boys: The boy who is called bad without really being thought so; the boy who is both called and considered bad, but is not so; the boy who really is bad, but was almost compelled to be so; the boy who is bad in spite of all efforts to make him good.

The boy of the first class is almost sure to become bad, and to move down into the third class. To call him bad is very apt to make him so, unless he is a boy of a very fine sense of humour, or has enough good sense to see that the accusation is meaningless, a mere effort on the part of some folk to seem virtuous, or an exhibition of unregulated playfulness. The problem is not what to do with the boy, but what in the world to do with people as old as they are who think and talk so. The penitentiary would be a little too severe; so would the workhouse. A reformatory would be about right and the feeble-minded institute would be just the thing. "A House of Correction for Idiotic Parents," would be useful for each county.

The boy of the second class, both called and considered bad when he is not, is abundant. He is considered bad because he has not learned the artistic and emotional adaptation of his voice to the indoor life; because he celebrates Halloween and April Fool's day as often as he can; because he has not learned to refrain from wearing out his trousers where you don't want him to wear them out; because he does not show respect for the one who calls him bad; because it is easier for that one to call him bad, and thus dispose of the question, without the necessity of careful discrimination. Having classified him that way one can go on and treat him accordingly, for it never seems worth while to try to do anything with a "bad boy." "Idiotic" is not just the word for such folk. Perhaps the word "brutal" is not as scientific and colourless as required. If the boy does not become bad it is not their fault, while often he has the finest elements and sentiments to be wished for in a boy.

The boy of the third class would rather be good, if you should put it to a final vote, but in spite of himself, he has been made bad. Called and considered and treated as bad, he at last says: "It is in-

evitable. I have to be bad, so here goes. Sometimes the sense of being unfairly treated is so acute that the boy loses all control of himself. There is an organ called a heart thumping around somewhere in every boy, and if you know how to find it and get your fingers on its strings, you can lead him into better ways. "Paper, boy!" said a man, as he hastened to the station. "Can't do it," said a tough-looking boy; "git one from dat old blind man across the street. Dis is old Blindy's corner, and if any boy sells papers in this block us boys gives him a lickin'." You would never have dreamed, from his looks, that that boy had a heart.

The boy of the fourth class has had much to keep him good but he won't be good. He is a mystery. No, not that exactly. He made some mistakes a generation ago, possibly every generation for ages, in the selection of ancestors. But even then two things may be said for the encouragement of his friends: There is a bit of heart left; there is some power of choice remaining. So environ him properly, let him see in you what a sublime being a man can be, call in your friends to help you, send him to the country, or to a new neighborhood. Tell him how people like him.

Dr. Merrill is almost exactly right in saying that the boy is all right and that the problem of the bad boy is the problem of those who have him in charge. His ancestors ought to confess the handicap they put on him in giving him their dispositions, and then get to work to protect him from the natural consequences of it till he can be led to choose something higher and better for himself.

If the home were somewhat near right, also the schools, also the public in its provisions for the physical and mental and artistic and ethical welfare of children, there would be few bad boys, for heredity would soon become as correct as environment.

OUR CONSTITUTIONAL SCHOOL RIGHTS

BISHOP FALLON'S REASONED AND REASONABLE ADDRESS

Peterboro Examiner, October 3

St. Peter's Cathedral was the scene yesterday of a monster rally of the Holy Name Society from the city and surrounding districts. A body of men nearly 1,500 strong, from Peterboro, Grafton, Cobourg, Port Hope, Wooler, Hastings, Norwood, Lakefield, Young's Point, Douro, Ennismore and Lindsay, formed in procession at St. Alphonsus' Lyceum and marched up Hunter Street, to the Cathedral, with His Lordship, Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Bishop of Peterborough, leading the way. The Cathedral, with a total seating capacity of nearly 2,000, was taxed to the limit. His Lordship, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, addressed the gathering, prefacing his remarks with hearty congratulations on the magnificent turnout, and with a short address on the advantages of membership in the Holy Name Society, which he characterized as one of the strongest religious bodies in the continent of North America, admonishing his listeners as to the work which might be carried out by them in the discouragement of profane and immoral conversation, as well as of reverence to the holy name of the Saviour.

Remarking that he might dwell for some length on this particular subject, if time permitted, he proceeded at once to a discussion of a subject which is attached also to the glory of the Divine Name, and to the interests of the souls redeemed by Christ. He said:

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS

"I come to speak to you on the educational interests of the Roman Catholic minority of the province of Ontario. In other words, I come to speak to you concerning the educational interests of your own children, and what I have to say shall be spoken by the Book. I have not come to ask in your name or in my own for special favors of exclusive privileges. I have simply come to make a claim for fair play and to try to let you know what I think I may say without offense, the majority of you do not, and are not expected to know, namely, the basis upon which our claim for fair treatment and fair play rests in this province of Ontario. Now, I was born in this province and have lived most of my life here. I know its history and its people from the Ottawa River to the boundary at Windsor and I cannot believe concerning my non-Catholic fellow-citizens that there will be any hesitation in their minds if I can show them that under the constitution of Canada, under the guaranteed rights bestowed upon our Catholic people when they entered into Confederation, there are things from which we are suffering, constitutional grievances of which we are

the victims. I have no doubt that my fair-minded fellow-citizens of other faiths will say that the cause has been made plain and clear and it ought to be dealt with and should be dealt with by those who have the constitutional right to do so.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION

"Education is a matter of the most intense importance to every man in the State and to the State itself. No man, speaking generally, ever reached a high place or, having reached it, permanently held it, unless he had the power of education to bear him along and keep him there. There are exceptions, but no man of ambition, and every man has a right to have a high and holy ambition, has ever reached the realization of his desires in the fullest extent, except by the aid of education, and ever man, even the most educated, has desired at one time or another, that he was better educated still. No nation, without exception, has ever risen to worldly greatness and grandeur, and, having risen there, has continued, unless it were based upon the education of its people. No nation has ever remained low and degraded or has sunk into degradation save through the lack of education in its people and the inhabitants of Ontario, without distinction of creed or racial origin, hold to that truth.

"We take second place to none in our devotion to education and in our desire to have our children given the best possible education to fit them for their two-fold destiny; work in this world and citizenship in the Kingdom of God. Now, these are two things that determine the education of Catholics; a reasonable opportunity to succeed in an honorable manner in this world, and a reasonable certainty of attaining hereafter to citizenship in the Kingdom of God. That is a general principle accepted by all Catholics, and one which no true Catholic ever has or ever will desert. Now, what is the situation here in Canada in regard to education? The history of education in British Canada dates from 1760 or 1763, when this fair land passed from the possession of France into the possession of Great Britain. One of the first things I want to say is that there is a common mistake with regard to denominational schools. The majority of you are under the impression that Catholics started denominational schools in Canada, but that idea is far away from the mark. The first mention made of denominational schools in the history of British Canada is in a letter from a member of the British Government to Governor Murray in 1763, just three years after Canada passed from possession of the French to the British, in October of 1763, the Colonial Minister, writing from London, England, notified Governor Murray that it was the intention of the Government to establish a series of denominational schools in all the parishes of Canada in order that the inhabitants might be brought up in the Protestant religion. It was the intention of the Government of Great Britain to establish these throughout Canada, which then meant mainly the province of Quebec, and would assure that the children of this province (which was then 95% Catholic) would be brought up in the Protestant faith.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS

"That is only a side remark, but is the answer to saying that Catholics started denominational schools in Canada. Before 1841, when Lower and Upper Canada united in a larger nation, the various non-Catholic bodies in both made frequent appeals to the Home Government for religious schools for their own denomination. In 1841, by the Act of Union, both, by process of legislation, became one political unit. At that time, people in Quebec were 90% Catholic, and the people of Ontario were nearly 90% non-Catholic. The Protestants of Quebec were not satisfied to leave their educational interests to their Catholic fellow-citizens in that province. I don't blame them. Education is a subject that I don't think it is a wise thing for any minority, if it can help it, to entrust its educational rights and future to a majority that is of another religious faith or persuasion, and I am the last man to utter anything against the action of the Protestants of Quebec in 1841, but since the Protestant minority of the province of Quebec, the 'dissentient Protestant minority of Her Majesty in 1841,' as it was called, claimed the right to protect themselves against the Catholic majority, well, I say, that speaking in the name of my own people in Ontario, 'yes, give the Protestants of Quebec the fullest guarantees but give us the same,' and that the basis upon which all subsequent common school legislation in the two provinces of Quebec and Ontario should be. That the rights of the Queen's Protestant subjects in 1841 in the province of Quebec should be the limit, and the standard and the measure of rights of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects in the province of Ontario.

SEPARATE SCHOOL ACT

"In 1863, a separate school Act was passed, for the Catholics of the province of Ontario, which, on the declaration of the leading statesmen of the day and of the Superintendent of Education was to give to the Roman Catholics of Ontario precisely the same privileges and rights in education as were in the

possession of the Protestant minority in Quebec, and the Hon. Edgerly Ryerson, then superintendent of public school education, declared in a letter to Sir John McDonald that he had gone carefully through the Act of 1863, comparing it with the document that gave educational privileges to the Protestant minority in Quebec and declared that the Act of 1863 gave to the Roman Catholics of Ontario the same things as the preceding legislation had given to the Protestants of Quebec. And that is all that we are asking. If anybody should ask you, 'what do you want?' All that we ask is the same honorable, straightforward treatment in education for the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario as is given to the Protestant minority in Quebec. That is all, but that is a great deal. But I would be ashamed of having been born and educated in Ontario and of having lived for four-fifths of my life here if I had to believe that the Roman Catholics of Quebec would deal more honorably and generously in a matter of such supreme importance than the Protestants of my own native province. If I believed that, I would be ashamed.

QUESTION OF RIGHTS

"I am perfectly honest when I say that if we can only reach with our case the ears of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens in this province, the vast majority will say: 'you must have the full rights guaranteed to you under the Constitution.' Now, what were these rights? There would have been no Canada in 1867 or subsequently, if there had not been a mutual agreement about the educational rights of religious minorities. The province of Quebec would not have gone into the Confederation until the rights of Roman Catholics in the rest of the Dominion were protected and the province of Ontario would not have gone into Confederation unless the rights of Protestants were recognized in the same way, and that was the atmosphere which surrounded the Fathers of Confederation wherever they met which resulted in the British North America Act of 1867.

WAS INCORPORATED

"It was made clear and plain throughout their conferences and was incorporated in the Act itself, which contained one section, No. 93, dealing with education. In the preface to that section and in the four clauses which constitute it, one thing is made clear: the Protestant minority in the province of Quebec and the Catholic minority in the province of Ontario should be on a footing of equality and their educational rights are guaranteed by that document, the constitution of this country. What did the British North America Act give us? It gave us a complete common school system, by which the child from the alphabet and brings him to the entrance to the university, or, gives him his qualification as a school teacher in the province. That was the common school system from 1868 to 1867, and from 1867 to 1871. The constitution gave us a complete common school system, but it gave us no university rights. It gave us what we had by law at the time of the passing of the Act of 1867, and by law we have a common school system, and both before and after Confederation until 1915 we did in our schools the work that embraces the curriculum of the common school system.

PREPARED TEACHERS

"We prepared our teachers, gave them their teaching certificates and there was really nothing but no hindrance in a broad sense to the development of our common school system until 1915, six years ago, when the superintendent of education and the Education Department put out orders to the Catholic people that they were not to do a certain class of educational work in the common school system.

"Specifically, what is the case today? It is this: There was a starting difference in the common school system of ours, for, mind you, there were two common school systems established by the Act of Confederation; there was the public common school system from alphabet to entrance to university and the separate common school system from alphabet to entrance to university.

The difference is this: While the province of Ontario has power to legislate concerning the public common school system, it had no power to legislate in any way that would interfere detrimentally with the separate common school system. That is a fact. It is beyond the power of the province of Ontario to legislate in any harmful way against the separate common school system. It is inhibited from so doing by the constitution of Canada in provincial parliaments, which says that only the Imperial Parliament could interfere with the separate common school system.

CUT SYSTEM IN TWO

"In 1871, four years after Confederation, acting quite within its rights, the provincial parliament introduced a bill which cut the public common school system in two, and said the public schools hereafter will contain the grades from the first to the fourth book, and from the fourth to the entrance to university would be called high schools. This, which brought considerable advantage to the public common school system had

absolutely no bearing upon the separate common school system and could not have any bearing upon it. Constitutionally, it was meant that that Act of 1871 should have no bearing whatsoever, should limit in no sense the separate common school system and in fact when John Sandfield McDonald at that time prime minister of this province, introduced this Act, Hon. Edward Blake, then a member, asked: 'what about our Roman Catholic friends?' John Sandfield McDonald answered: 'when our Roman Catholic friends want this division of their common school system, when they want high schools all they have to do is to ask for them and have in my possession a letter from a living minister of education in this province saying there is absolutely no question at all about the rights of Catholics to establish schools of what is now called secondary education whenever they feel prepared to do so. They were not prevented in 1871, fifty years ago, Catholic people then were not prepared to push forward their secondary schools. But from 1868 down to 1871 certain schools were doing secondary school work in the separate common school system, which was confirmed to the Catholics of Ontario by Act of 1867.

SEPARATE COMMON SCHOOL

"In 1871, the legislature cut in two parts the public common school system, but did not thereby take from the separate common schools any rights they had hitherto enjoyed; because that would have been against the constitution. At the present time, we are in a position to develop our secondary classes, not only in a position to develop them, but in many places have developed them, and no more striking instance can be given than under the Bishop of Peterboro, in the establishment of a high school here. There are 175 pupils in the school taking the branches of secondary education, and it is not a commercial school, but a classical school, which leads into matriculation into the university. Your position here is very simple. There are 175 pupils in that school, but it is not recognized. It does not meet with the favor of the Department of Education in Ontario and you have to carry it on with only the taxes of the original separate school. It is the separate school board of the Catholic people in this city which must carry it on, and at the same time Catholics pay taxes to the Collegiate Institute in Peterboro.

Suppose you had tomorrow to turn your 175 pupils over to the Collegiate Institute. What could be done with them? It would mean a very great increase in the expenses of the supporters of the Collegiate Institute. Now, there is a series of inconsistencies in our Catholic school system, the separate common school system, a series of inconsistencies which are not a credit to the people of Ontario. One is: under the law we are allowed to do fifth form work or one form beyond the ordinary public school and the ordinary separate school. Fifth form takes two years of high school work. In my diocese and in others in this province some of the separate common schools is carrying on up to and including the fifth form, or doing two years of high school work. High school is divided into three parts: lower, middle and upper, and this fifth form in many schools is doing lower high school work, doing one-third of the entire high school work, but by law, is not allowed to take one cent of taxes for that. You can't take anything but your ordinary revenue. This is illogical, unfair and unjust.

CONTINUATION SCHOOLS

"Second: there is a class of school in Ontario called continuation schools, or a better name would be rural high schools. When the Continuation Schools Act passed the legislature, it gave to both the public and separate common school systems the right to have these schools, but the intention was later nullified by regulations from the Department of Education with regard to this class of school for the separate school system, so that rural parishes containing 30, 40 or 60 children are prohibited by the educational regulations of Ontario from establishing the fifth or sixth form of continuation classes, so that a Catholic man struggling to provide for his family on a farm but still with that desire to provide for his children a higher education than he was enabled to procure is compelled to send his son or daughter many miles away to some high school or college and bear the added expense as the price of his laudable ambition. What we ask is that the original intention should be carried out, and that continuation classes should be given the necessary legal machinery to operate them on behalf of the Roman Catholic rural communities."

SHARE OF TAXES

The second point that the Bishop emphasized strongly in his address was 'the failure of the Government to give us, in view of the schools we are conducting, up to the fourth form, our proper share of taxes and school grants.' He said: 'The Act of 1863 gave to every supporter of the separate common school system the right to direct all his taxes to the support of that system and prohibited the law from taking any portion of his taxes for the support of the other system, or of another system.

"In 1867, there was little business done in the form of corpora-

tions, stock companies or limited liability companies, and so, thoughtless, without the least ill-will or evil design, Parliament did not provide for the contingency which has arisen, viz.: the immense business in corporations and public utilities.

ACT WAS AMENDED

"In 1886, when the Assessment Act was amended, I have no doubt that the legislature was perfectly honest and sincere when it decreed that the directors of any corporation or limited liability company might vote to separate schools the taxes of that company in proportion to the amount of stock held in that company by such Catholic directors. That is the law. On the face of it, it looks fair, but it isn't operative. For instance, you have in Peterboro large national banks, which have branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Who is going to determine the religious persuasion of the stockholders, scattered all over Canada, the United States and Europe? There is no record kept of the religious affiliations of holders of stock, moreover, changes hands from day to day in the stock markets of the world.

"Or, in comes a street railway which seeks a franchise and you have your share in the granting of it the same as non-Catholics but when that public corporation undertakes to pay its taxes, all the taxes go to the public common school system, not a cent to the separate common school system; your property rights and your privileges as a Canadian citizen are disregarded.

"We have now in the arms of each one of us in Canada, in the arms of every man and woman in the Dominion, a beautiful big baby in the shape of about 23,000 miles of railways: a lovely big bundle of national debt. And you will grow old and die and still those who come after you will be carrying this strong and healthy baby. Now, the Catholic population of Canada constitutes about 41 per cent, or 42 per cent, of the total population of the country, hence the Catholic people own about 41 per cent, of the national railways and therefore 41 per cent, of the taxes on these railways should go to the separate common school system. But the Catholic people of Ontario do not receive a single cent of the taxes on property of which they are 41 per cent, owners. Now, what do you think of it? We don't want a single cent of taxes that doesn't belong to us, but we claim that we should receive the taxes on our own property or, percentage of the national debt.

There were three propositions advanced by His Lordship by which the existing conditions in this regard might be remedied. One was: taxation for schools in proportion to population; the second taxation in proportion to assessment, and the third: taxation in proportion to the number of children attending school; the last, in his opinion, being the fair and just method, "that your child, the Catholic child, may be considered as a citizen of this province just the same as the child of your Protestant neighbor, so that, if a total of 10,000 children were attending school in the city of Peterboro, and 1,000 of these children were Catholic, therefore, one-tenth of the corporation and public utility taxes of the city of Peterboro would go to the upkeep of the separate common school system and nine-tenths to the upkeep of the public common school system."

His Lordship brought his address to a conclusion by the reading of a resolution moved by Hon. Senator McHugh, of Lindsay, and seconded by Mr. Arnold Plunkett, of Cobourg, to the effect that the Government and the legislature of Ontario be respectfully requested to enact such legal machinery as will put the Roman Catholic minority of this province in full enjoyment of its educational rights under the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. This resolution was carried by a standing and strongly-voiced affirmative of the 2,000 men gathered together in the Cathedral.

The services concluded with the singing of several hymns by the entire congregation and the celebration of Benediction by His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, assisted by Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Lindsay, and Rev. Jos. O'Sullivan, of Wooler. In the sanctuary were priests from the surrounding parishes: Monsignor Murray, of Cobourg, and

Monsignor W. J. McColl, of East City; Rev. Fathers Guiry, Cancellon, Gorkery, Jno. O'Brien, P. McGuire, Power, Harvey, McHenry, Costello; Father Galvin, of Downeyville; Father Meagher, of Lakefield; Father McAuley, of Ennismore, and Father McGuire, of Douro.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them. The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary.

J. M. FRASER.

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Previously acknowledged \$711 84  
In Thanksgiving..... 5 00  
A. B. Windsor..... 2 00

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE  
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Bridget Hines, South Bay, N. S..... 5 00  
Children, Plate Cove School, Nfld..... 3 00

TEMPTATION  
Because we are religious, we are supposed to be saints: we ought to be such, or at all events we ought to be striving earnestly to become saints; but we shall not be sanctified by what other men think of us. As St. Francis used to say, 'What we are in God's eyes, that are we and nothing more. The habit and tonsure are worth little, or less than nothing, if our hearts are not clothed with purity and detached from the love of this world's vanities. What will it avail us to leave the world with our body only, if the world still lives in our hearts, and we cannot detach ourselves from self? How much need we have to dread the good opinion of men, and what a burden their trust in us lays upon our weakness! A peasant who was journeying with St. Francis of Assisi said, as they went: 'If you are this Brother Francis of who such wonders are told, take heed that you are not a deceiver, but that you are in the eyes of God what you seem to those of men.'

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE POOR SOULS

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. (2 Mach. xii, 46)

Holy Mother Church takes a special care of her departed children, as well as those who are still alive. She knows that the departed belong either to her triumphant class in heaven, or to her suffering class in purgatory. The former need no help from her; but the latter are forever crying out to her for aid. The love which she always bore them still burns within her. They are gone from beyond the gaze of her worldly vision, but they are yet in her bosom and her heart. She knows that they claim her as their mother, and her other children on earth as their brethren. Love knits all their hearts together. The Church remembers them day after day in her greatest and best prayers. In every Mass that is offered up, they are commemorated. In every Office that is recited, they are again prayed for. Millions of aspirations, too, ascend daily to the throne of God in their behalf.

But, besides all this, she does even more. She has set aside one month of the year in which she wishes us to remember in a special way the souls of her faithful departed. This is the month of November—the month into which we are now entering. Therefore, it is only fitting that we consider this solicitude of Holy Mother Church for her departed children, and resolve to do our share as faithful brethren of her holy dead.

We read in the Second book of Machabees that Judas Machabees, after a victorious conflict, sent a large amount of money to the temple to have sacrifices offered up for the slain, for, he says, "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." This practice of the Old Law was not ordered to be discontinued by Christ; consequently it remains ever true, and has been faithfully kept up by the Catholic Church from apostolic days down to our own times. We believe in the communion of saints which links all the members of the Church together—the saints in heaven, the faithful on earth and the souls in purgatory. Many benefits to both the good on earth and the good in purgatory follow from this chain of charity.

The New Testament also affords many proofs for a belief in prayers for the dead. "Nothing defiled can enter heaven." Hence, even those who die in venial sin must be cleansed. We can help these by our prayers. According to the testimony of Christ Himself, there are some who can be forgiven certain sins in the other world. Much can be done for these also by our prayers and other good works performed in their behalf.

These poor souls, suffering in purgatory, are absolutely unable to do anything for themselves. The night of which the Scriptures speak has come upon them—the time when they can do good no longer. Shall we remain blind to their wants? They are poor suppliants; shall we pass them by? Charity demands of us that we assist them. Death has cut them away from us; but love is stronger than death, and hence, loving them, we should show this love in a way that would please and profit them. We received the same sacraments they received, assisted at the same sacrifice, enjoyed the same spiritual blessings that they enjoyed. Shall we now forget them when they are in need?

This should urge us to help them now, and, in this way, perhaps pay them the debts we owe to them. How many of us, for instance, have seen our dear parents laid to rest? They brought us into existence, watched over us, and cared for us night and day in our youthful years; they labored, and sometimes also almost slaved for us. Shall we not help them now? While they were living did we repay them for all they had done for us? Indeed, we must answer that much was left undone. Not only were they not repaid, but very often sorrow was brought into their lives by our ingratitude. We may have looked forward to day when we could repay them, but death came and it was too late. Let us, then, remember them now in death. Perhaps in this way we can make amends for our ingratitude and want of reverence for them. We are not remember, too, that we are the ones from whom they expect help. They cry out to us, "Have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me." We certainly can not remain deaf to their supplications.

Consider, too, that in the end, whatever we have done for the dead will turn to our own good and benefit. By helping them we raise up powerful intercessors for ourselves. Our charity and help will not be forgotten, and when we shall be in need of help, they will shower upon us their aid. This is one good work that we can rest assured will be repaid. Every soul that we help to free from the pains of sin will remember us from its place in heaven.

Let us, therefore, dear friends, enter into this month filled with a zeal for these poor souls. We can do much for them, and, as we have

seen, do something for ourselves also. We need have no doubt regarding the practice of praying for the dead. It has the sanction and approval of the Church which is the pillar and ground of truth. She is our infallible guide in matters of faith, and we know that in doing what she recommends we please God. Listening to her voice, we shall do as she bids and offer up many prayers, during this month especially, for the poor suffering souls. Frequently those short prayers, so full of unction, shall be on our lips: "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Oct. 23.—St. Theodoret, who suffered martyrdom under Julian, the uncle of the emperor of that name, and like his nephew, an apostate. Theodoret's arms and feet were fastened by ropes to pulleys and stretched until his body appeared nearly eight feet long. He was finally dispatched by the sword.

Monday, Oct. 24.—St. Magliore, born in Brittany in the fifth century, and who succeeded his cousin, St. Sampson, as a bishop and head of the Abbey of Dol. After three years he resigned his bishopric and retired into the island of Jersey where he found and governed a monastery of sixty monks. He died in 575.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Sts. Crispin and Crispinian, who left Rome to preach the faith in Gaul in the third century. They settled at Soissons where they made shoes at night and preached by day, gaining many converts. They were executed by Riccius Varus in 287.

Wednesday, Oct. 26.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr, who succeeded St. Anacletus as supreme pontiff in the reign of Trajan and governed the church nine years. The institution of cardinal priests is by some ascribed to him.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—St. Frumentius, who was brought up in the court of one of the Kings of Ethiopia and became treasurer and Secretary of State. He was ordained by St. Athanasius as Bishop of the Ethiopians and gained great numbers to the faith.

Friday, Oct. 28.—Sts. Simon and Jude, apostles. Simon preached first in Egypt and Jude in Mesopotamia. They finally met together in Persia where they won the martyrs' crown together.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—St. Narcissus, bishop of Jerusalem, who performed many miracles, on one occasion changing water for oil to be used in the lamps on Holy Saturday. He was charged with atrocious crimes and three enemies who accused him prayed that horrible punishments might fall on them if their words were proved untrue. The Bishop withdrew into the desert but in a short time the penalties his accusers had invoked were inflicted on them and he returned to Jerusalem and resumed his office.

THE PLAINT OF THE HOLY SOULS

If there is one thing that characterizes the Catholic Church it is the love which she engenders and fosters for the faithful departed. It is not out of a spirit of blind ancestorship that the Church bids us remember the dead. It is because the Church Militant cannot be separated from the Church Suffering that we are called upon to pray for those who have gone before us. We are all hastening to the eternal shores, and that we may the better remember our direction the big mother heart of the Church bids us listen to the plaint that comes from those who are now expiating the faults committed in this world.

The doctrine of purgatory, which up to the outbreak of the Great War Protestants were very reluctant to accept, has, now that death has fallen upon so many of them, become very popular outside the Church. People do not like to think that with death all flicker of existence is extinguished. Even the old pagans felt that man did not die entirely when his body was carried out to the home that looks upward to the stars. The old doctrine of metempsychosis and the transmigration of souls was an attempt to explain what we know with the assurance of faith. And the popularity which this doctrine has now attained among Protestants leads once again to the conclusion that faith is not something that is opposed to man's nature. It is the filling out and the supernal completion of a great many things that lie at the very root of the human heart.

No Catholic need be urged during this month which is set aside especially by the Holy Church for the holy souls to pray that the time of their purification may soon end. Whilst they are unable to help themselves, we can by our prayers, mortifications and Masses hasten the day when they shall be clean enough to appear in the sight of God. For those of us who have dear departed ones, there is an obligation of gratitude, and often of justice, to pray that the time of their detention in the purgatorial flames may be shortened. But our Christian charity should compel us to pray for all the holy souls, especially during this month when they cast longing eyes and send forth appealing cries for prayers. After

all, we are all members of the same religious family, and the interests of one must be the interests of all the others; the sufferings of one must be shared by all the rest. So we cannot let the eyes of our faith turn towards purgatory without feeling that we must, as far as we can, come to the assistance of the holy souls. We cannot say how soon we may be in the same sorry plight, and it is easy for us to bring home to our minds how gladly we would welcome any help that would mitigate our pains. The best method of ensuring for ourselves a short purgatory is to shorten it for some one else. And would it not be a pleasing thing in the sight of Almighty God to pray especially this year for those who have fallen in defense of the ideals for which our country is ready to spend itself?

The holy souls are calling to all of us for help. If we cannot refuse a beggar in this world crust of bread or a cup of cold water, how much less can we turn a deaf ear to the plaint of those who are unable to help themselves? Our charity to the holy souls is all the more pleasing to Almighty God, since by their early deliverance from the cleansing flames they will take their place in the ranks of those who sing canticles to the Lamb of God. We may mark each day of November on which we fail to perform some special work for the holy souls as one ill-spent.—Rosary Magazine.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS

Unwillingness to assume responsibility has become a prevalent disease of our age. It has taken on the alarming dimensions and the dangerous character of an epidemic and is working fearful harm. Delegating one's responsibility to others is an ordinary practice in our days. Here we have with us so many social agencies established for no other purpose than to relieve some individual, or a group, of responsibilities which they ought to face personally, but which they prefer to hand over to some organization. Thoughtful men whose fingers are on the pulse of time and who observe the fatal trend of events warn us that this course will inevitably lead to disaster. A society that is built on delegated responsibility actually rests on treacherous quicksands that may give way at any moment.

As far as morality is concerned we are living now on the capital that has been stored up by the preceding generation. But once this has been exhausted we will be in a bad way. The growing-up generation apparently has lost the finer moral sense and seems to be void of all standards of decency. It is kept in check by coercive measure that are applied from without, but that have no educative value, and, therefore, have no power to impart moral perception where they are lacking. At present, there still are men and women who see the wrong of the existing abuses and who use all their influence to remedy them. These men and women received their moral notions in good homes, where high sentiments were instilled into their hearts by responsible parents. But if parental carelessness and indifference go on, there will be but few in the coming years to condemn the evils of the day, and every conceivable excess will be tolerated. Public morality never rises higher than home morality.

In some instances we begin to see that the delegated responsibility is already failing. In an up-State town the superintendent of the Public Schools has declared that he will not interfere with the frivolous fads of dress affected by the modern high school girl, since he regards this as a matter that is to be decided by the parents. The sentiment is perfectly correct. Let the responsibility be thrown back to where it belongs.

The sooner that is done the better. The salvation of society depends upon the home. Armies of matrons to superintend the dance halls and of censors to rectify advanced fashions may go forth, but they will fail of their purpose, if the home falls short of its fundamental duties. The healing influences that will regenerate our public life and purify the moral atmosphere about us must come from the home. A home in a neighborhood may become a plague spot that diffuses contagion of the worst kind all around. On the other hand, a home may become a wellspring of moral regeneration which gradually will transform a neighborhood and entirely change its standards of conduct. Tremendous power for good and evil lies in the home. The saddest thing in our modern life is that the home in general is disintegrating and that consequently we have lost the very levers by which society can be uplifted and raised to higher levels of public purity. If the source is tarnished, how can the stream be pure?

The early Christian homes formed happy oases in the wilderness of paganism. Though corruption was around them, they were not contaminated. They kept themselves free from infection. Not only did they not succumb to the evil influences that surrounded them on every side, but in turn they became the means by which the conversion of the world was wrought. That same regenerative power resides in

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the home at this very day. If properly applied, it would quickly and effectively cure the ills of the age and reinstate modesty and decency in the place they should hold.

The home has been entrusted to the parents. They are its architects and its builders. They can render no better service to the world than if they plan and build on the old Christian lines, if they make these homes, nurseries of virtue and sanctuaries of modesty. If this were done, the world would take on a different complexion. But if they dispense themselves from these solemn duties and are satisfied to see them exercised by censors and social agents and city-appointed matrons and chaperons, things will go from bad to worse and will soon get beyond the control of the public authorities.

A revival of parental responsibility is the crying need of the hour. The associations of their children, the style of dress they adopt, the kind of recreation they indulge in, the loose manners which they display, these are, indeed, matters for parents to be concerned about. With regard to these matters they have well-defined duties which they cannot delegate to others. If parents will not take the matter in hand, the case is well-nigh hopeless.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"STOP-MY-COPY" MENTALITY

When a seventeen years' subscriber of the Bombay Examiner asked to have his copy stopped because a long account of a trivial family anniversary which he had sent to the paper was not published, Father Hull grew reflective and jotted down the following characteristics of the "stop-my-copy" type of subscriber:

(1) The editor must insert in his paper anything which I take a fancy to send him, or else I shall order him to stop my copy. (2) If the editor does insert anything I send, he must insert it wholly, verbatim and at once, otherwise I shall stop my copy. (3) The editor must never express any view contrary to mine on any point in which I feel keenly interested; otherwise I stop my copy. (4) He must not even reproduce from other papers any news-item or expression of opinion contrary to mine on such subjects as otherwise stop my copy. (5) The manager must never remind me that my subscription has fallen into arrears, no matter how far. If he does I must stop my copy. (6) If I make any complaint against the despatching staff, that my copy did not arrive, or my postcard was not attended to, the office must at once acknowledge the mistake and apologize profusely for it. If on the contrary the manager clears his office from blame and makes no apology, then there is only one course—I must stop my copy.

In his analysis of his quondam subscriber's mentality, Father Hull wondered whether his aggrieved correspondent really imagines that "anyone merely by paying his subscription thereby acquires a sort of proprietary right over the paper, with power to put into it whatever he likes," or whether the high importance he attaches to his own private affairs and opinions "is the objective measure of this importance in the eyes of the universe?" "They do! Alas! They do!" every editor of experience will feelingly exclaim.—America.

FORGIVING OUR ENEMIES

If God is willing to forgive all our transgressions against the Divine law, we must be willing to forgive one another. There is no place for revenge or hatred in the heart of the real disciples of Christ. It is sometimes hard to forgive when we have been injured by others, but we have no alternative, for God has said so. We must be able to say of our enemies: "I have not hated them, O Lord." On the Cross He was willing to forgive. Can we with that example before us refuse to forgive our fellow-men? If we do not forgive we can expect nothing from God, and "His wrath shall be kindled in a short time." This is the testimony of faith, for it is the teaching of Christ and of the New Dispensation.

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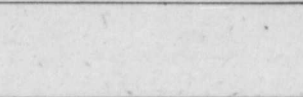
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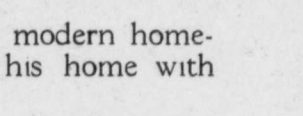
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JOHN HALLAM

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DEATH

Out of the shadows of sadness, Into the sunshine of gladness, Into the life of the blest; Out of a land very dreary, Out of the world very weary, Into the rapture of rest.

Out of today's sin and sorrow, Into a blissful tomorrow, Into a day without gloom; Out of a land filled with sighing, Land of the dead and the dying, Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion, Tempest-swept oft as the ocean, Dark with the wreck drifting o'er, Into a land calm and quiet, Never a storm cometh nigh it, Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land whose bowers Ferish and fade all the flowers; Out of the land of decay, Into the Eden where fairest Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest, Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing, Throughed with the anguished and ailing, Out of the world of the sad, Into the world that rejoices— World of bright visions and voices— Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful, Out of a land very lornful, Where in bleak exile we roam, Into a joy-land above us, Where there's a Father to love us— Into our home— "Sweet Home."

—FATHER ABRAHAM J. RYAN

THE KEYNOTE OF CHARACTER

The common everyday occurrences of life offer an infinite variety of occasions for taking pains. To make the most of these occasions takes tremendous effort and energy of mind and body, and sometimes amounts almost to actual heroism.

The endurance of accidental pain of body or mind may not make a hero of a man or woman, for it is our common lot on earth to suffer at some time in one way or another. No one can escape his own burden of pain, although by his self-will he may make an enemy of it, and bear it grudgingly and unwillingly.

Taking pains is something quite different from suffering pain, and may be a nobler thing by far. For of itself it implies something of sacrifice. The diligent and unwavering application of mind, for instance, to a subject which one must work out successfully in order to effect a common good, is a work of sacrifice. Like a beast of burden, we may go just so far without feeling the strain which our task imposes. But there comes a moment when the tired brain protests, interest has ceased, maybe, or the subject itself is not of moment to us personally. Then comes the temptation to quit, or if we may not, at least to ease up a bit, to suffer the thoughts to wander into more congenial channels. Here it is that the man who takes pains, tightens the reign on his beast, holds him in check, and does not permit that he shall slouch at will from the straight road before him.

We all depend more or less upon the painstaking care of others. We rely upon the writers of our histories to tell us the absolute truth about the subjects which come under their discussion. We feel sure that the man who wrote the history has looked up his subject to the very limit of his ability. He must not have been satisfied with probabilities, with possible motives or likely occurrences. The data which he gives must be absolutely correct, and without bias so far as possible.

Take, for example the story-writer or novelist. At first he begins with facile pen and the nimble thoughts fairly race over the paper. Having formed his model or plot, he must continue to develop it with unflagging interest, with unabated application—otherwise the story will lag in interest as it approaches the end, which should not be. How often have we experienced this fact when reading some story in one of the current magazines. For a time all goes well, but toward the middle of the story there comes a weakening of the fibre, and by the time that we have reached the end, we turn aside in disappointment, perhaps disgust. The real trouble probably is that the writer became tired of his application, ceased to connect his thoughts carefully and was satisfied to hurry the subject to a finish and receive his check, unmindful of the fact that he had failed signally to do his best. There is a very old but faithful adage that a thing worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Every day, almost every moment of our lives we are trusting to the other. In our seclusion at home, we are at peace in the knowledge that the mighty hand of the Law is protecting our interests. We are aware that in the contingency of a burglar appearing through the window and making off with our best plate, no effort will be spared to apprehend the law-breaker. Justice will be ours so far as it is possible.

We enter the street car, knowing that our health is protected from insidious germs. The Board of Health is increasing in its vigilance, and if our next door neighbor has a contagious disease, he may not show himself in our midst until the law has fully satisfied itself that our physical interests are safeguarded.

Carefully compiled statistics of men who have spent their best efforts to study these matters out, assures us that we are in some measure provided against fraud when we enter a store or restaurant to exchange our money for something which is necessary to our life or welfare. We rely on these men to do their best for us, and when as sometimes happens they cannot wholly prevent us from imposture or inconvenience, we are satisfied at least that they have spared no painstaking effort in our behalf.

We go to church, and listen to the Word of God as expounded from our pulpits, satisfied that the ministers who represent His interests have given painstaking care to the study of sacred sciences. We know that they have for instance, spent years of sacrifice, diligent application and prayerful retirement so that they may enter into the knowledge which is more precious than all the sciences of this world. We believe that they speak the truth and nothing but the truth and on this doctrine we rest satisfied that we are members of the one true religion of Christ.

Over three hundred years ago, there occurred the death of a little novice of the Society of Jesus, John Berchmans. When the Holy Father gave evidence concerning his sanctity, he said these significant words: "Show me another who has perfectly kept his rules, and I will canonize him also." The keynote of Berchmans' character was painstaking care over the little things.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER OF SUPPLICATION

Blessed Mother, meek and fair, With God's kiss upon thy hair! Through thy soul that welled with light, Rich as dawn, and golden-bright, Came the Power that slew Death's might!

Holy Mary, pray for us! When the Angel Gabriel came, And thou heardest him speak thy name, Though thy virgin's strength was frail, Never didst thou faint or quail; Heaven and Earth re-echoed "Hail!"

Holy Mary, pray for us! Mystic Rose of Juda's Morn, Thine the brow that felt each thorn; Taunt and insult, to thy Son, Thou didst bear them, every one; Thou didst see His life-blood run; Holy Mary, pray for us!

Patient Mother, robed in pain, Let our cries be not in vain! Thou didst see His tortured face, And each wound's cruel dwelling-place. By thy fount of Heaven's grace Holy Mary, pray for us!

—J. CONSON MILLER IN AVE MARIA

SIGNOR GARDELLI'S CHORISTER

It was the hour for choir practice and old Signor Gardelli, the famous Italian choir-master, was even more crabbed and exacting than usual, for Easter would be here in a week and unfortunately his soprano was ill and would not be able to sing for many days.

What would become of that soprano solo, the gem of the Easter service? No wonder Gardelli's frown is more repellent than ever. Among the boys assembled for practice was a little thinny clad stranger, half shrinking in the shadow of a column, a slender, pale-faced child of about twelve years, of saintly beauty, with large dark eyes under long lashes and in odd contrast with these eyes, a mass of curling golden hair. How different he looks from the rosy, robust boys with their round, chubby faces.

Signor Gardelli bestowed a rapid glance upon his flock, nodded to the organist and gave the signal to commence. At this moment he discovers the shrinking figure of the lad.

"What brings you here, boy?" he asked in an irritable manner. "No harm, master," replied the sweet, low voice. "I only came to listen to the singing."

"Do you sing yourself?" "Yes, master."

"Let me hear you." The singing master drew the boy into the full light. For a moment there is profound silence. The boys start, grin, and nudge one another. Then in a low, trembling, but sweet tone, the child began a hymn. He gained confidence and his voice grew firm and clear, echoing and re-echoing through the many arches. Silence again.

"You shall take sick Henry's place," Gardelli explained. "Who taught you to sing?" "My mother."

"Do you read music?" "Yes, mother taught me."

"Victor Howard." "Where do you live?" "Three hundred and fifty-six Vermont street."

Gardelli took the address, then said: "Would you like to come to practice with the boys every day?" "Oh, yes, sir. If you would only take me how pleased my mother would be."

The master handed him the soprano solo. "Have your mother teach you this." Easter morning dawned fair and beautiful. The church was decked

with lilies fair and spotless. Signor Gardelli was extremely nervous that morning. Would the new boy prove a failure?

The service proceeds. Crowds surge up the aisle. One sweet young voice rings out above the others. But how about that solo, that high note, that bird-like thrill, can he do it without a break? The alto is doing grandly, now is Victor's time. Gardelli's brows meet in vexation. Victor folds his hands loosely. The first notes are scarcely audible, but he gains in strength. On, on, the young voice cleaves the air, soars among the arches; higher still, higher the angelic tones float upward. That bird-like thrill, a single high note, a shower of silver echoes—then silence profound. Gardelli was in raptures; Victor was a success.

HEROES

George was reading his history and, lost to all the world, for George was a boy, and a boy loves his dinner and tales of Indians almost as well as his dog. The part of the history which George was studying dealt with the early Jesuit missions among the Indians.

"George," called his mother, "this is the third time that I have told you to go and see to the furnace. It needs coal. You know you have to attend to it, so why must I keep everlastingly at you to get you to do your duty?"

George closed the book. "Great guns," he cried, "can't a fellow read a few minutes in peace? I was reading all about Father Jogues and the Indians. Believe me, he was some scout!"

"I wonder," mused his mother aloud, "how long you would last if it were you, instead of Father Jogues, who had been sent as a missionary to the Indians."

"I'd last longer than he did, asserted George, "for I'd club those roekins to death if they tried half the monkey-shines on me that they did on him."

"But he wanted to be a martyr," answered Mrs. King. "Well, I don't," confessed George, "I want to be a hero."

His mother looked keenly into the eye of the needle that she was threading. "And can you be one without the other?" she asked.

"Why, sure things can, mother. Every one wants to be a hero, but only saints want to be martyrs, and I don't want to be a saint."

"Don't worry," answered his mother with a smile. "From present indications there is no cause to worry that a halo will surround my George's head. But about the hero business: What makes a hero, George?"

"Doing things," replied George, "and doing them well."

"Yes, doing things—doing one's duty faithfully and conscientiously, not bothering about consequences. Doing things, and doing them well, as, for instance, attending to the furnace."

"Oh, shut, mother. Don't tell me that tending to furnaces makes heroes. Gee, what heroes janitors must be."

"They may be," mother replied, "they can be. The only reason that you may not know whether or not they are heroes is because the opportunity does not always come in every life to prove to the world the stuff one is made of. But they may have proven it to God, and so that is enough."

"I suppose it is, but a fellow likes some credit for his work. And as for attending to the furnace—this furnace and every other furnace is nothing on earth but a plague."

"Well, George," replied Mrs. King, "attending to furnaces is a duty; it may be a plague, as you say, but we won't argue about that. It is a duty, a disagreeable one if you will, but a duty nevertheless. Fidelity to duty is the training that makes a hero. Those who are faithful over little things will be faithful over great things. Shirk little tasks and bigger tasks will shirk you. You won't measure up to them, you'll be a failure simply because you have not prepared for them by fidelity to duty. Duty first, and dreams afterward, is a good recipe for heroism."

George was silent for a moment, and then he put down his book. "Well, I guess you're right," he admitted at last, and going down into the basement, he put coal on the furnace and fixed it for the night.

"I guess what mother said is about right," he told himself, "and if I want to be a hero I'll start training. Duty first and dreams afterward will be my motto." —Michigan Catholic.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

The Feast of All Saints was instituted to honor the memory of all Saints known and unknown. Every day of the ecclesiastical year is sacred to the memory of some particular Saint. But the number of the Saints is like the number of the stars that God showed to Abraham when He wished to indicate to the holy patriarch his numerous descendants. That no single saint of this vast multitude should be neglected, the Church designates the First of November as the memorial day on which the faithful may commemorate the glorious victory of the countless number of the blessed.

With the Saints in Heaven we are united by the bonds of thought and sympathy. As we are now so once

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were they. The earth was their battleground. Here they fought their good fight, and won the victory, which gained for them the imperishable crown. They had to contend with the same forces of evil with which we have to battle.

Life is much the same in its essential features today as in the past. The same struggle for existence beset the Christians in the days of early Rome. The same temptations, the same deceptions, the same false ideals were present under different names down through the ages. The times have changed, but men have not changed. Human nature is the same with its animal impulses, its pride, and its willfulness.

The material order has changed. But the moral order remains today the same battleground that it was in the days of St. Peter, St. Augustin, St. Benedict, St. Ignatius, and St. Vincent de Paul.

The world's greatest victories have been moral victories. The world's greatest heroes have been those who have conquered them selves. Greater is he who ruleth himself than he who hath taken a city. The Saints are our true heroes. We honor them for the glorious moral victories which they have won. The world stands aghast at the sublime spectacle of the hero-martyr of patriotism. What shall we say of millions of men who have slowly died to the world, chastised their bodies into subjection, starved their sensual appetites until like St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Aloysius they were more like angels than men? The world today commiserates the poverty, the wretchedness, the suffering of the millions in the devastated countries of Europe, but what should it say of men like St. Francis of Assisi, who voluntarily chose poverty and suffering when they might have had wealth and luxury? Numerous holy men and women in all ages have sacrificed life, liberty and everything that the world holds dear to spread the knowledge and the service of God.

The saints whom we commemorate today are heroes. They have given an example which the world may well pause and consider. They have exemplified ideals the truest, the holiest, and the most sublime. As we honor them today we are also sustained by the consoling doctrine that they are united to us not only by the bonds of thought but by bonds of sympathy and supplication. By the doctrine of the Communion of Saints we believe that the Saints are watching, waiting, praying for us. As we honor them, they, the chosen friends of God, supplicate the Divine mercy in our behalf.

This great multitude which no man can number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins will continue to grow until the end of time. We belong to the Communion of Saints. While our train proceeds, while our battle is waged, we look with admiration and with hope to this glorious army. Encouraged by their example, sustained by their assistance, we push onward to the goal that the Feast of All Saints sets before us.—The Pilot.

MODERNISM RAMPANT

Two notable conferences have recently been held in the old English university town of Cambridge. Without any intention of being mutually antagonistic, they have in striking manner illustrated the opposition that exists between the so-called Liberal theology and the unchanging rock of Catholic truth.

The first meeting was called Bible Congress. At this a large representative body of Catholic Biblical scholars defended the traditional belief of the Church in regard to the Holy Scriptures. The non-Catholics were completely taken by surprise, and as the Dean of Canterbury expressed their feeling, it was "a somewhat startling phenomenon that the Roman Church should come to Cambridge to proclaim the importance of the Bible. That those, who in popular estimation were not supposed to attach much weight to the Holy Scriptures, but relied rather upon tradition to support their dogmas, should be found to be defenders of the authenticity and inspiration of the written Word of God, was something to evoke more than a passing notice. The Congress, therefore, aroused the interest of conservative church-goers. It seemed to them that old methods of controversy were being reversed to find Catholics supporting the Bible against Protestant attacks. For it is admitted that the destructive biblical criticism of the Wellhausen school has found a firm foothold in most non-Catholic seats of learning.

AN UNSAVORY FAD

A decade ago we had eugenics ad nauseam. Skilful advertising raised it to a fetish that was eagerly cultivated by the advocates of the discredited theory of evolution. During the War eugenics and its ugly off-shoots were almost forgotten. The world had battles to fight, and needed soldiers to fight them and was little concerned with fads.

The latest developments of European eugenics have just reached our shores and have been discussed at a recent International Conference of Eugenics. The tone of the conference was not optimistic. Modern civilization as present constituted has not been disposed to allow the free play of the evolutionist's doctrine of survival of the fit. And the eugenic program itself has proved impractical.

Chesterton burned a brand of infamy upon the unsavory science of eugenics. It rises before the average man as a thing putrescent. The root difference between Catholic teaching and that of modern eugenics is that one places the final end of man in eternal life, while the other places it in the ephemeral. The effectual difference is that the Church makes bodily and mental culture subservient to morality, while eugenics makes morality sub-

servient to bodily and mental culture. The Church has not allowed the modicum of truth in the theory of eugenics to escape her. In her maternal care for the physical welfare of her children, she has hedged the marriage bond around with restrictions that are sufficient to accomplish by legislation, administration and the influencing of human conduct. In dealing with racial poisons the Church applies drastic remedies. Against drunkenness, she sets the virtue of temperance and so on.

The safeguards society by setting impediments against unworthy marriages. The spiritual life is protected by the prohibition of mixed marriages. The possibility of fraud and mistake she eliminates by the proclamation of the bans. To promote prudent marriages she requires in some cases the consent of parents. The impediments of consanguinity and affinity are universally acknowledged to have great value. The law of God in regard to marital relations which she insists upon, are the greatest preservative of sound society.

The modern theory of eugenics contains a great many evil and noxious theories that under the guise of "good breeding" will spread among the masses infamous teachings of Malthusianism, prophylaxis, contraception and others of like unsavory odor.—The Pilot.

Those who have walked in a beautiful garden do not leave it willingly without taking in their hand four or five flowers, that they may smell them and hold them on their way. So, when our mind has thought over some mystery by meditation, we ought to choose one or two or three points which we have found most to our taste and most fitting for our progress, that we may think over them during the rest of the day, and smell them spiritually.—St. Francis de Sales.

What possible authority the Bible may be supposed to represent to such men is surely hard to imagine. "If Christ be not risen again, then is our teaching vain, and your faith is also vain," says St. Paul.

As some of the English Protestant papers have not been slow to point out, the Modernists have publicly proclaimed themselves to be no longer Christians in any real sense. They have rejected the authority of the Church; they have flouted tradition, and now they have distorted and perverted the plain meaning of those historical documents that are the earliest records of the existence of such a teacher as Our Lord. They have nothing to offer the world but self-evident platitudes, that are found in all religious and ethical teachings. They have emptied Christianity of everything that makes it distinctive. They have also demonstrated the uselessness of their own position as teachers.

We do not forget the supernatural foresight of the Vicar of Christ, who in the year 1097 plucked out by the roots the incipient growth of a similar destructive movement within the Catholic Church. There were some non-Catholics at that time who were disposed to criticize the summary treatment that the Holy See saw fit to impose upon the so-called "Modernists." These, if they are Christian men, must now regret that there does not exist amongst them a similar authority which could cleanse their denominations from a noxious and insidious poison that is gradually destroying their Christian institutions.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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servient to bodily and mental culture. The Church has not allowed the modicum of truth in the theory of eugenics to escape her. In her maternal care for the physical welfare of her children, she has hedged the marriage bond around with restrictions that are sufficient to accomplish by legislation, administration and the influencing of human conduct. In dealing with racial poisons the Church applies drastic remedies. Against drunkenness, she sets the virtue of temperance and so on.

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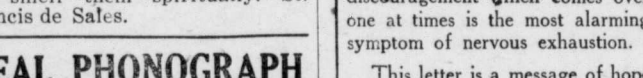
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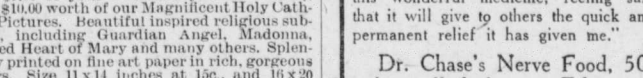


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OBITUARY

DEATH OF SISTER JOACHIM

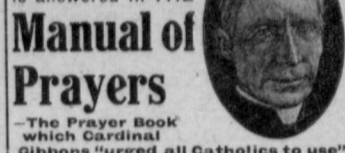
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