

AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION

Of the Life and Labors of the Great Catholic Writer, Mrs. James Sadtler.

[Boston Republic]

A very praiseworthy and deserving movement is that which has been inaugurated in Canada with a view of raising a testimonial fund for presentation to the well-known and popular Catholic authoress, Mrs. James Sadtler, who has for a number of years past resided at Montreal.

Mary Jane Madden—for that was the maiden name of the honored lady for whom the proposed testimonial is being raised—was born in the historic village of Coot Hill, in the County of Cavan, Ireland, in 1820 so that she is now in her 76th year.

SHE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC,

bringing with her some treasured volumes from her father's library. New York was her objective point, and there, two years after her coming to these shores, she became the wife, in November, 1846, of Mr. James Sadtler, one of the founders and original members of the well-known publishing house of D. & J. Sadtler & Co.

In 1860 his business interests made it necessary for Mr. Sadtler to return to New York to reside, and thither he brought his family fourteen years after his marriage. The Empire City continued his place of residence up to the time of his death in 1880.

IT SECURED CONTRIBUTIONS

from many of the able pens whose productions graced its pages in those days. Even during the years that the Sadtlers owned the paper it was edited at different periods by such men as Dr. Brownson, Dr. Ives, Dr. Anderson and Mr. John McCarthy.

It is not her newspaper work, though—large and meritorious as that was in the days alluded to above—which gave Mrs. Sadtler the enviable fame which she possesses. Her reputation chiefly rests upon her stories of Irish life and character, and it was by these stories that she conferred her greatest benefits upon her Catholic countrymen and women who, like her, crossed the Atlantic to find homes in this western world.

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A MONTREAL FIRM,

Messrs. John Lovell & Co., and bore the title of "Tales of the Olden Time." This

volume secured a very favorable reception from the critics and proved a financial success, something not easily achieved in those days. The reception accorded to this book greatly encouraged its authoress, and in quick succession there came from her pen such stories as "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Will Burke," "Alice Riordan," "The Confessions of Chieftains," "The Blakes and the Flanagan," "Confessions of an Apocrite," "Betsy Conway," "E. L. Preston," "Aunt Honor's Keepsake," "The Old House by the Boyne" and several others, all of which were warmly welcomed by her ever-increasing hosts of readers.

HER TALES WERE TOLD

was adapted to her audience, and that fact, which some critics of her works have found fault with is in reality one of the best evidences of their merits. Had she wished, she could unquestionably have given her narratives greater grace of diction and a more artistic finish; but had she done so, she would never have reached as effectively as she did the people for whom she wrote, and her books would have failed of much of that popularity which so deservedly came to them.

Her literary work, or rather her stories, did not monopolize all of Mrs. Sadtler's time and energies during the years that she resided in New York. Naturally of a religious bent of mind, she took an earnest and active interest as far as woman might in the charities and similar works of the church, and she showed herself a frequent benefactress to Catholic asylums, homes and hospitals. Acquainted with many of the leading Catholic divines of the day, men like Archbishop Hughes, Father Hoeker and others, she was often asked to interest herself and others in behalf of this or that institution, and such requests were never addressed to her in vain.

Mrs. Sadtler has been the mother of three boys and three girls. The eldest of her sons died just after attaining his majority, and his death was a severe blow to his gifted mother. The second son joined the Jesuits.

WAS ORDAINED A PRIEST,

but was summoned away from earth three months after he had celebrated his first mass. The eldest girl married in Montreal and made that city her place of residence; the second daughter became the wife of a nephew of a former bishop of Newcastle and Hexham, in England, and the youngest girl, Miss Anna T. Sadtler, who has inherited much of her mother's literary abilities, has always remained with her and has made her own name very familiar to the readers of Catholic literature.

After her husband's death Mrs. Sadtler continued to reside in New York, but some eight or ten years ago, wishing to be near her children and grand-children who dwelt in Montreal, she returned to that city and has abided there since. Appreciated as she unquestionably has been for the great service which she has rendered her faith and church and the members thereof by her pen, the Catholic reading public owes Mrs. Sadtler more than it has ever yet rendered to her; and now that she is nearing the close of her earthly existence, it is only meet that some effort should be made to requite the obligations it still owes her.

Sixty-Two Years Service.

On church parade at Woolwich lately General Maurice handed to Sergeant Cornelius the "meritorious" medal, and in doing so spoke of the sergeant's wonderful career, being referred to as the "grandfather of the army," and with a good deal of reason. He was born in 1816, and enlisted in 1834. He served with his regiment, the Bedfordshire, or the 16th Foot, from 1835 to 1840. In 1855 he was discharged, and appointed to the recruiting service. He was recruiting in Leeds and Liverpool for the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny. In May next he will have completed sixty three years of service, during

which his name has never once been inserted in the defaulter's book. He carries his eighty years well, and even now he may be seen on duty, standing about all day, and walking to and from his home, a matter of seven or eight miles. He came from Ireland. He was exceedingly modest about the number of men he had enlisted; he would only give approximations, about 200 a year, he said. Forty years, even at this modest estimate, gives eight thousand men, or roughly eight strong regiments, a record of which nothing can give one a better idea than the fact that the other day a fine Crimean veteran on a pension slapped Sergeant Cornelius on the back and asked if he remembered enlisting him.

The standard was higher when the sergeant started his enlisting career; 5ft 6in for the infantry, and 5ft 7in for the cavalry, instead of 5ft 4in and 5ft 6in. He has witnessed a great reduction in one class of recruit—the young man of good family who took the Queen's shilling. Two motives the veteran allowed caused this, the first, failure to obtain a living, resulting from too good an education, and secondly, the desire to become a soldier at any cost. The first motive is counteracted, he thought, by the greater number of positions a young man may now secure, the second by the Volunteer service giving an outlet for the martial spirit. Sergeant Cornelius admitted that he could tell a man's height at sight to within an eighth of an inch, though to estimate his age was more difficult.—Freeman's Journal.

A PECULIAR CASE.

A Young Woman in Denver Who Walks in her Sleep Around the City.

(From the Denver Republican.)

Neurologists and medical men generally are awaiting with deep interest the outcome of a system of curative treatment somnambulist Annie Rossman is being subjected to in the county hospital. This remarkable sleep walker, whose unconscious journeyings about the city late at night have made her a familiar person to the police and the public, has been in custody since Saturday evening. On the order of County Physician Clark, she was removed from Police Headquarters to the hospital. The precautions taken by the attendants of the latter institution to keep her from going abroad during her active slumbers are certain to prove effective. She is kept all alone in a ward that is equipped with the most securely fastened windows and doors in the entire hospital. Night and day a nurse is within hearing of even her slightest movement.

The physician is now studying her case with a view to prescribing a regular system of treatment. It is agreed by the best neurologists in the city that Miss Rossman is the most interesting somnambulist subject that ever came under their notice. Her history since she came to Denver over two years ago strongly bears out this sweeping assertion. She is now in her 27th year, and except for her irrepresible tendency to actively while in the sleeping state and a sluggish circulation of the blood, she enjoys excellent health. She is of the perfect blonde type, large of physique and comely of feature. When normal her mentality is of a high standard, and she is well educated. These attributes make her an intensely rare psychological study, as somnambulists seldom possess them.

Although disinclined to talk about her affairs, statements made with much reticence from time to time at Police Headquarters by her have given the authorities a fair biographical knowledge of Miss Rossman. Her home is in Pecola, Kan., where some of her relatives at present reside. She also has a brother living in Cheyenne. About eight years ago Miss Rossman first became a sleep walker. So far as can be learned the malady had no definite predisposing cause that its victim professes to be aware of. In the early stages of her somnambulism Miss Rossman was not attacked with frequency. It was only after her advent in Denver that the disease assumed the intense phase in which it now manifests itself. The altitude doubtless has had a great deal to do with its development. When she first came here Miss Rossman entered one of the local business colleges, from which, despite her trouble, she was graduated in due time. Her nocturnal travels, however, so exhausted her in mind and body that she was unable to hold any of the positions she obtained more than a brief period.

During her stay in the city she has been conveyed to her home or to City Hall by the police on at least 150 different occasions. Except once or twice, she was never known to leave her room until after midnight. Usually she wandered about the business section of the city, close to which she always rather wisely lived, until the police got her. She walked straight ahead, until some startled citizen drew the attention of a policeman to her. As a rule, the first person who saw her gave the alarm to the officers.

Her appearance was quite enough to catch the attention or even the least observant pedestrian. In her unconscious preparations for a nightly ramble she always dressed in a gown or wrapper. Sometimes she added stockings to this article of apparel, but was never known to don either shoes or headgear. Thus attired, her expressionless eyes wide open and her loose hair tossed about her neck and shoulders, she stalked along, heedless of vehicles or other street obstructions, like a spectre evolved from the midnight atmosphere. More than one terrified citizen who saw her under these circumstances took her for a veritable ghost.

When spoken to she paid no attention. Her first evidence of returning consciousness she manifested by feeling her own person with her hands in a vague, tentative fashion as if the performance was inspired by an intelligence outside of her body.

"The first time Annie Rossman came under my care," said Police Surgeon Mack, "I wasted nearly an hour in trying to restore her to consciousness. I used every known means for that purpose, but without the least effect. Since

then I learned that she must be allowed to wake of her own accord, as aids to that end are of no avail whatever in her case. Her first sign of awakening comes when she begins to pass her hands over different parts of her body. She does this as if her mind were trying to puzzle out who or what she is in her physical existence. "When she became fully conscious she never could remember what she did or where she had been while in the sleep-walking state. She always realized her position, however, and used to ask where we had found her, and what she had been doing. Our answers caused her much apparent mortification. Invariably she burst into tears and showed every sign of the deepest distress.

"To my questions about herself she sometimes gave intelligent and truthful answers only half awake, but when entered self-consciousness returned she closed up as tight as a clam. I think her trouble is in part due to a sluggish condition of the blood. When asleep her face was always deathly pale and cold, as though the blood had almost ceased to circulate in her veins. She is the most interesting and perfect somnambulist subject I ever saw."

A glance over the police records shows that Miss Rossman's attacks of somnambulism have increased steadily, both in their frequency, and malignancy for the past two years. When she first appeared she did little more than walk steadily onward until she fell into the hands of the police. Later on she grew adept in her somnambulist exploits, until she could pick the lock of her room expertly, write an intelligible letter and mail it, and do other things which the normal person accomplishes only when broad awake. One night about four months ago she wrote a letter to her brother in Cheyenne, and was about to drop it in the regular outgoing mail box at the post office when a policeman took charge of her. Considering the condition under which it was written, the somnambulist's letter was a marvel of chirography and composition. There was not a grammatical error to be found in it, not an "i" without its dot or a "t" left uncrossed.

Very recently Miss Rossman was compelled to get her livelihood by working as a domestic servant. The family where she was last employed had to let her go because the premises were always open to burglars at night when she was around. No matter how well fastened the doors and windows were, she made her way out of the house every time she was moved by the mysterious influences that control her to take a trip into the night air.

At various times she caused herself to be tied in bed. Then the doors were locked and the windows barred, but nevertheless, when a somnambulist attack seized her she found her way out of doors, never knowing how she managed to loose her bonds or find egress from her chamber. It is said that she one time purchased iron leg fastenings, but whether she ever put them into use has not been ascertained.

Her crowning act of sub-consciousness was compassed last Friday morning. Along about the midnight hour she left her lodgings in the usual surreptitious manner, and walked to the Union depot. After hanging around the vicinity of that building for a while, she stalked to the ticket agent's office, where she purchased a railroad ticket to Cheyenne. It was only after she had fairly started for the tracks that her condition was noticed, and a telephone call sent to the Central police station. That made her fourth sleep walk within the seven days of last week. The police matron sent for County Physician Clark Saturday forenoon, and it was decided to commit the unfortunate young woman to the hospital.

'CALLERS' NOT DESIRED.

A Writer's Reasons For Thinking "Visiting" Intolerable.

Of what earthly use is "company"? You probably see your neighbors once a week, meeting them on the public highways, and if you nod pleasantly and speak a word or two of the weather and of the health of the family, has not everything been done that our necessities require or formality can reasonably demand? If we have business or need information that others can give us, go and ask of them. Be brief, but to the point, and leaving with what is desired, carry away also their blessing. To go to another's house, to request of its inmates, one or all, to sit for half an hour or longer and listen to your platitudes, and—coming away—lie to them about a pleasant call, is intolerable. Yet there are thousands who do this daily.

Why should I leave my occupation be it loading even, and give my attention to some man or woman who is thoughtless enough to "call"? The actuating motive never appears. Much is spoken and nothing said I receive no worthy thought to profit by or increase the probability of a beatific eternity. The familiar well gnawed bones of doctrine fall from the devil's table. Usually I am forced to breathe at such a time a gossip-poisoned atmosphere. This "call" is another idea of civility, and I am compelled, it appears, to be a victim of his or her whim. If I refuse, as I have done point blank, to present myself, I am called a boor and all manner of ugly names.—Lippincott's.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

POPULAR THURSDAY MUSICAL UNIONS.

"Drawing to a close, and sorry for it," was the general remark heard at the close of last Thursday's concert. Mr. P. J. Gordon, the ever attentive chairman, as usual, presided, and Miss Wheeler took her place at the piano. Programme—Miss B. Kennedy, Miss Payette and Mr. A. Read, songs; Mr. Thos. Griffin, seaman, was applauded for his song; Mr. J. Cowin, seaman, mouth organ; Harry Scott, seaman, song, and met with a storm of applause; Jas. Discol, a boy sailor, gave some good comic songs, and pleased well; Geo. Juvin, seaman, recitation; Mr. Jas. Milloy was good in song; Mr. A. Wright, seaman, song. During the evening Mr. J. J. Walsh, the worthy chairman of the Sailors' Club, and great lover of the cause, on behalf of the Club, delivered a most interesting and able address, which was highly appreciated by

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the large number of seamen present, and was loudly applauded at times. Mr. P. J. Gordon, concert chairman, responded at length, on the noble work so well done by Mr. Walsh, and remarked that he was sure that every seaman that came into port appreciated the zealous chairman of the Club. This closed a most enjoyable and farewell concert will take place next Thursday evening, and promises to be a great success, as several of our leading artists of the city are expected to take part.

Mr. P. J. Gordon, chairman of the concert committee, has received from Rev. Father Ambrose, Franciscan Father, a very nice selection of sailors' songs for the seamen, which are highly appreciated by them. The Rev. Father takes a great interest in the welfare of the seamen. The committee returns thanks for his kindness.—F.C.L.

ARMLESS ARTISTS.

Painters Who Have Done Excellent Work With Their Feet.

A Cincinnati Enquirer reporter was strolling along a prominent thoroughfare on Walnut Hill the other day, when he came upon a business room that was being remodelled and improved preparatory to occupancy. The carpenter who was doing the work was a one-armed man, and not only managed his hatchet and saw skillfully, but was quite intelligent in conversation. He did not appear to bemoan the fate that had deprived him of a good strong arm but regarded it with the air of a philosopher. He said that he was not the only one-armed carpenter in Cincinnati—that he knew of four or five others.

Another one-armed man familiar to residents of the hill whose misfortune would seem to interfere with his vocation, but does not, is the driver of one of the big oil tank wagons. He does everything required of a man with two arms in such a position, from driving the team to measuring out the oil and delivering it to his customers.

Judging from the following instances published in an English journal, it would seem that the absence of one, or even both, arms, need not interfere with one earning one's bread and butter:

"One of the leading Belgian artists of the present day is a gentleman who, in default of arms, paints with his foot. His name is Febu. He lives at Antwerp, where he has a spacious atelier in the market place.

"He uses his supple feet, without any apparent effort, to open his color box, clean his brushes, set his palette and arrange his writing materials. He paints with surprising swiftness and delicacy of touch. It may be said of him, too, that he writes an excellent foot. One of his friends says his writing is as bold, free and flowing as any handwriting with which he is acquainted. He is, moreover, a man of gentle nature, courtly in manner, of highly cultivated intelligence, and no less engaging in speech than in appearance.

"Early in the present century there flourished another armless artist, a lady named Hawlin, who, beside painting very tolerable pictures, learned to do with her toes a variety of interesting and ingenious things—cut out watch papers and the like. She grasped and worked her scissors in some way that has never been explained.

"Miss Biffin was only a trifle less unfortunate. She was born without toes or hands, and without any more arm than was represented by a stump cut short above the elbow. Yet she managed to make for herself a comfortable living in the artistic way.

"She painted miniatures with exquisite neatness and accuracy, and added to this by cutting out paper profiles with the aid of her mouth, a pair of scissors and her two little stumps. The Earl of Morton employed her to paint some portraits for him, and introduced her to the notice of royalty, who also patronized her and put her in the way of obtaining advanced lessons in painting from one of the foremost men of the day. He also gave her a small pension, with the aid of which she set up as a regular professional. She fell in love and married, but carried on her work, and was always known under her maiden name."

Paper of Cigarettes.

The British Medical Journal says that the paper used in many brands of cigarettes was found in England contains arsenic. When arsenic is inhaled in small quantities it causes a chronic cough and other symptoms usually associated with consumption.

"I wish," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that people, however much they may be moved to indignation, would not throw eggs."

"Yes," replied the leading man; "it's a very bad practice. Even if the eggs are very good to start with, the concussion spoils them for culinary purposes."—Washington Star.

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