

EDUCATION IN OUR CONVENTS

A Visit to the Time-Honored Mother House of the Most Holy Names.

Beautifully Situated Within the Historic Boundaries of Old Hochelaga - An Interesting Sketch of the Establishment and Its Methods as an Auxiliary in the Noble Cause of Catholic Education.

A visitor entering the Canadian metropolis naturally makes close observation of the things he sees and hears as he plods his way through the miles of bustling and busy streets, because at many points he is confronted with objects and conditions to be compared with something of a kindred nature seen in other cities and towns.

Then he turns his attention to the religious and charitable institutions, and has not pursued his inquiry far before he convinces himself that the metropolis is highly favored in this respect.

Of this I had practical proof the other day, for in my investigations in the east end of the municipality, known as Hochelaga, I called at the famous convent of the district, Holy Names of Jesus and Mary; and through the courtesy of Sister Agnes of the Sacred Heart I was conducted through every department of that far famed institution, which stands in the foremost rank as a religious centre of the highest culture and educational efficiency.

The situation itself is beautiful; the convent faces the St. Lawrence river, and for a back ground it has picturesque tiers of ascetic homes clustering in graceful ascent one above another.

The library of the institution contains precious books gathered from the best intellectual sources. The reception halls

and chapel are gems in their way, but we were struck with one very prominent feature of the establishment, namely, its high musical character.

In getting some brief detail of the origin of this religious body we learned that the original foundations of the Order were laid by three devoted Sisters, whereas at the last anniversary meeting the number of devoted women had grown to more than one thousand, with separate and numerous foundations in various parts of the globe.

The Hochelaga Community, in addition to the home they now occupy, have acquired extensive property in Outremont, and in due course of time they intend to build a branch house there, but not before their domicile at the old stand becomes too congested by reason of the city's extension eastward.

It may be here remarked that the pupils and inmates of this famed Hochelaga Convent are not all drawn from Canadian sources, for the well known repute of the great teaching order has made its existence and its merits familiar to parents and guardians all over America.

Before leaving the Convent, myself and my companion, Professor P. J. Leitch, of the Montreal Catholic Commercial Academy, were greeted courteously and kindly by Sister St. Thomas Aquinas, who had just returned from some charitable outside mission. Through her motherly kindness and that of the amiable Sister above mentioned, we were made to feel perfectly at ease, and besides were given an opportunity to see for ourselves and to judge of the truly Christian spirit that hovers around a religious home wherein the blessings of calm contentment and all the moral virtues are centered.

For ourselves and companion we are free to admit that no visit ever gave us more pleasure or will remain more deeply imprinted upon our memories.

WM. ELLISON.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

The Choir and Friends Give a Musical Evening

At the Catholic Sailors' Home - Mr. P. Wright Presides - A Most Successful Affair.

The Catholic Sailors' Institute has in a very short time become one of the best popular institutions in the city, and deservedly so, as its promoters and supporters are doing an incalculable amount of good amongst the seafaring men who frequent the port of Montreal during the summer months.

The Catholic Sailors' Institute will in fact be for all time a bright landmark for all Catholic sailors coming to our shores, and no feature in the general work has been more successful than the weekly concerts which take place every Thursday evening.

Prof. Wilson, the leader of St. Mary's choir, and the members of this one of the best organizations of the kind in our city, were present and greatly added to the

general success of a most creditable function. The several young ladies, some of whom being in their early teens, also contributed their vocal and instrumental talent, and were much appreciated by those present, amongst whom were Rev. Fathers Devine and O'Bryan, of the Jesuit Order, the first named being the Spiritual Director of the Club.

The following programme was quite well executed throughout: - Mr. Moran sang 'The Girl I Loved so Dear'; Mr. Flanagan, 'Sentenced to Death'; Mr. Hamel, solo, with choir; 'The Old Church Bell'; Mr. Trainor, 'Sweet Kathleen'; Miss Ina Read, dance, Highland Fling; Misses Hoolahan and Murphy, duet; Mr. Hogan, a waltz clog dance; Misses Sharp and Johnson, piano duet; Mr. Alfred Emblem, comic song; Mr. Raynor, song, 'Little Limbs are Weary'; Miss Eva Hoolahan, song, 'You Can't Play in Our Back Yard'; Miss Stafford, song, 'The Miner's Dream'; Messrs. Hamel and T. and A. Emblem, trio; Miss Hogan, song, 'The Lowlands'; Mr. Glennon, a Scotch song; Mr. T. C. Emblem and chorus, 'The Fire Alarm'; Mrs. Tigh, song, 'Darling Sue'; Mr. McGuire and choir, 'The Boys of the Old Brigade'; Miss Ina Read, song, 'I Guess You Don't Know Who I Am'; Mr. Ferris, song, 'Sweet Genevieve'.

This varied programme, so carefully rendered, was brought to a close by the singing of 'God Save the Queen.' Before leaving, however, a good many interested visitors remained to visit the admirable work that is being done in the apartments below the concert hall, where a reading room, well supplied with papers and magazines, and writing tables, with a full supply of stationery, are always at the disposition of the sailors, free of charge.

Mr. Albert Ayres is the manager of the Institute, and he appears to be the right man in the right place. Mr. Thos. Grant is the accomplished pianist at the Institute, and his work on Thursday evening was particularly fine.

PRESS AND THE WAR.

Some of the Amusing Experiences of the Autocrat of the Cable.

A despatch from Key West to an American journal says:--

The most interesting, the most important man by all odds here is the censor. The cable office is a small brick building two stories high with a large cocoanut palm growing on each side. The palms spread their great branches above the building and form a perfect arch over the red tiled roof. Great clusters of cocoanuts hang from the green arch and swing and rustle in the swartly leaves whenever the lazy south wind comes up from the harbor.

It is only a few yards from the door of the cable office to the Government pier. In fact, it is only a few yards from any point on the island to the water, and when the tide is at the highest point the sea slips back through most of the streets and leaves a white fringe of salt along the gutters when the tide goes out and the salt-soaked earth dries.

Up through the narrow streets which lead from the cable office to the wharf some very interesting and exciting races have taken place during the last few weeks. When the newspaper despatch boats come in from the Gulf they always land as near the cable office as possible, and when correspondents land at the same time the race for the cable office is more interesting than any steeplechase ever run. If it be late at night five seconds gained in the race from the dock to the cable office may mean an exclusive story for one of the great dailies of the North.

After the copy has been filed the correspondent's trouble is not at an end. Every word of it must be read and passed upon by the censor. If in his judgment it ought not to be printed it cannot be sent. If it gives any information as to the movements of the fleet or the army it cannot go.

There are something like 150 newspaper correspondents in Key West. The most trying time for the correspondents was on the day the fleet started on its cruise eastward. Every correspondent knew and was eager to send the story, but not a line, not a word, would the censor permit to pass. From a hundred papers in the North came the query, 'Has the fleet started?' Even the answer 'yes' was not permitted to go.

Some correspondents had arranged cipher codes with their home offices, but the codes were useless. Everything that had the appearance of a cipher—everything that was not absolutely plain and explainable—was stopped. One correspondent worked out a plan which he thought would give the desired information to his paper, but he failed. Early in the morning he filed a despatch, the first line reading as follows: 'The newspaper fleet sailed this morning toward Porto Rico.' An hour later he went to file a personal message to his editor, reading: 'Correction—omit second word in last despatch.'

When he handed in this the censor met him at the receiving desk, and with a kindly smile handed back the first despatch with these words written across it: 'All fleets look alike to me.'

The censor has had some amusing experiences with others than the newspaper men.

He has been severely rebuked for holding up private messages which he believed to be cipher despatches for newspaper use. The proprietor of one of the gambling rooms here cabled North the other day for a new roulette wheel. After waiting twenty-four hours without reply he went to see if his message had been sent. He found that the censor had held it up, believing it to be a cipher message to a newspaper. The censor apologized and let the message go through. An answer came back within a few hours, and the proprietor had a bright new roulette table within a week. The censor is an officer of the regular army.

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

The Testimony of Rev. Father McKenna of Galway.

The Declaration of Other Priests in Regard to the Sad Plight of the Inhabitants--The Appeal for Assistance no Sham--People Will Die of Hunger.

From week to week the sad intelligence reaches this country of the dire distress of thousands of men, women and children in the South and West of Ireland.

Our sturdy contemporary, the Irish World, recently contained the following despatch:--

Rev. Father McKenna, Parish Priest of Carraroe, Galway, writes:--'We asked the Government for bread and it gave us a stone. I have no alternative but to appeal through the columns of the Irish World to the charity and humanity of your readers. I am obliged to send away, empty handed, hundreds every day who come to me begging for the means to purchase even one meal. My heart bleeds for them in their deplorable condition. Unless help is speedily forthcoming many of my flock will be beyond the reach of help. I am confident that the readers of The Irish World will not suffer my poor people to die of hunger while they can spare a trifle to relieve them.'

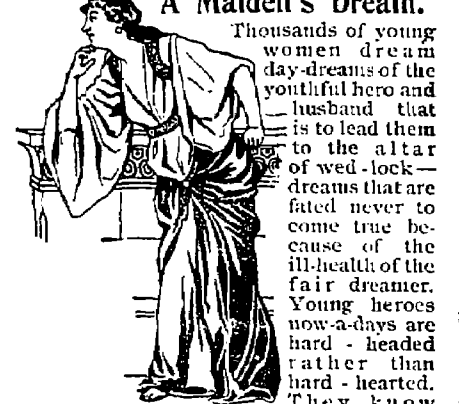
NINETY FAMILIES UTTERLY DESTITUTE.

From another quarter in the same county comes another appalling similar state of affairs. Rev. Joseph Cassidy, P. P. Rossmuck, Moans Cross, Galway, writes: 'I shall feel so much obliged if you will kindly permit me to acknowledge through the medium of your columns the following subscriptions of some sympathetic English friends towards the relief of my distressed people: Mrs. W. Haveron, West Quay, ad, Poole, Dorset, England, £1; An Irishman's Wife, £1; Anon., 1s. I have also been advised by Miss K. Riley, 3, Central Beach, Lytham, Lancashire, that she has sent a large parcel of secondhand clothing, which has not yet arrived. I desire to say on my own behalf and on behalf of the poor that we are deeply grateful. The theme on every tongue is that the timely generosity of our noble hearted English friends has averted a great calamity in the West of Ireland. I trust that during the trying months that are yet before us—the distress continues to become more acute until the 1st of August—funds may be available to tide our people over. We have received assistance from the Manchester Committee—very generous assistance—and also a substantial donation from the Mansion House Committee, which have enabled us to continue employment for 130 persons. But there are ninety more families who are utterly destitute, to whom we can extend no helping hand. Our 130 families will lose their employment in a fortnight's time unless we get funds from some source. We have, to put it at the lowest figure, 150 children who are almost naked, and who have to suffer like their elder brethren the pangs of hunger.'

The Cry of Distress No Sham.

Rev. Father C. Rothwell, in the course of a lengthy contribution to the Liverpool Catholic Times, presents the following picture of the condition of the peasantry in the west of Ireland: 'The visitors to the west will have a certain amount of ready cash on their way, some of which will no doubt filter down into the pockets and stomachs of the poor. Further, they will learn what their practical sympathy has done for those who are dependent wholly on a miserable potato plot of land. They will see roads, drains, walls and other works of permanent benefit to the people which have been executed on payment of wages, generally at the rate of a shilling a day, from the funds transmitted to the various local committees. They will learn what food the people and their children have been living on, and what little they are content to subsist on. They will see the dwellings or shelters of the poor, the rough stone walls, with scarce a window, the smoke choosing to come out through the door rather than to go up the make shift of a chimney. On striking a match, they will see never a bedstead, but an arrangement rather which they will not venture to touch, and they will be informed that the rest of the family sleep on the floor of stone or mother-earth, with little or no covering. At one end will invariably be seen the members of the animal kingdom, a pig, a donkey, a goat, a cow that has been in the family for two or three generations, which gives a pint of milk a day, and even this goes as barter outside for something else; or there may be a calf, which, if only fed, will some day be a cow. To crown all will be found evidence of the patience of the poor, their deep religious spirit, their purity, modesty, chastity, and a conviction of how little it would take to raise these people into a tolerable state of life if only the will could be found in a right quarter. Those who witness these sights will not fail to be satisfied that the cry of distress has been no mere sham; they will return full of sympathy, and with a determination not to rest or sleep or seek for pleasure in England whilst thousands in the West of Ireland remain abandoned to live or die as best they may without resources.'

A Maiden's Dream.



Thousands of young women dream day-dreams of the youth they have chosen to lead them to the altar of wed-lock—dreams that are fulfilled every day because the ill-health of the fair dreamer. Young heroes now-a-days are hard-headed rather than hard-hearted. They know from reading and hearsay that a young woman who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way cannot well prove a happy, helpful, amiable wife and mother. Physicians tell young men that weakness and disease of the feminine child-beggetting organism make women sickly, nervous and despondent in spite of the best of natural dispositions. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription unites these organs strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and steadies the nerves. It does away with the quailms of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It frees maternity of peril. It insures the new-comer's health. Dr. Pierce is an eminent and skillful physician, who, during his thirty years' experience as chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has treated thousands of women. He will answer letters from women free.

Very many women who have become happy, healthy wives and mothers through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work used to cost \$1.50. Now it is free. It contains 1,000 pages and over 200 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. For a paper-covered copy send 3 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

A Sunday Marriage Case Before the American Courts.

A novel case came up on appeal for decision in the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia not long ago. In proving ownership to certain real property, the plaintiff introduced the marriage certificate of his grandmother, a Mrs. Cane. The defense showed that the

marriage was performed on Sunday, and as Sunday contracts were illegal and void by law of the Georgia legislature, the Court was asked to reject the marriage certificate as illegal evidence. This the lower Court actually did, deciding that, as far as property rights were considered, a Sunday marriage was an illegal contract and void in the eyes of the law.

The case was appealed to the State Supreme Court which promptly reversed the decision of the lower court. The decree stated that "Sunday laws can regulate only ordinary employment, while entering into a marriage contract is not ordinary employment." This wise and just decision will appeal to the higher sentiments of all men throughout the country. The idea of lowering the marriage contract to the level of common barter is repugnant to our well founded ideas of right and wrong.

Marriage is something sacred. The contract which unites man and woman for life is the most holy compact that it is possible for human beings to make. It is so sacred that Catholic sentiment from the days of Jesus Christ, has always looked upon it as a sacrament. It is true that men of lower instincts look upon marriage as a contract of convenience which can be terminated at will, but these men do not represent Christian thought.

The decision of the lower court took the lowest possible view of marriage. It is refreshing to know that it was not even technically in the right.

The Catholic Catechism states that "the state has the right to make laws concerning the civil effects of the marriage contract." Surely this does not mean that marriages to be legal must take place only on week days. If the Supreme Court of Georgia had not reversed the ignoble decision of the lower court, marriage, from a legal point of view, would be no different from the buying and selling of scrap iron. Our ideas of propriety and the instincts of human decency rebel against the thought. Even the savage tribes of West Africa consider marriage a sacred contract.—The Monitor, San Francisco.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE IN INDIA.

St. Patrick's Church, Agra, Erected Fifty Years Ago.

The Work of a Lancer Regiment in Its Construction.

The golden jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Agra, was celebrated on St. Patrick's Day, when the Very Rev. Father Damuus, assisted by the Rev. Father Lyons, the popular cantonment chaplain, and two other priests, sang High Mass. The choir was exceptionally good, and a very pleasing feature of the ceremony was the presence of the military members of the League of the Cross, who appeared in their green sashes. Some members of the congregation also wore green favours, etc.

The Rev. Father Correya preached a most eloquent sermon, and after enumerating the good works of St. Patrick, addressed himself to the sons of Erin, who, he said, were as dauntless on the field of battle as they were earnest in their religious zeal, and wherever the Irishman went his religion followed him and became prolific. The preacher read some interesting statistics to show how the Catholic religion had flourished, and concluded his clever and instructive discourse by enjoining his hearers to help the good cause of the Church as much as possible.

St. Patrick's Church was built just fifty years ago by public subscription, and an interesting and touching story reaches us of how the men of a lancer regiment then stationed at Agra worked at it like ordinary laborers, carrying bricks and mortar to the masons who were building the superstructure.

The League of the Cross attached to the church is almost as old as the edifice itself, and does a vast amount of good work quietly, modestly, and unobtrusively by wearing the men of the regiment and batteries stationed here from the evils of drink. We understand that



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The League is very strong now, and great credit attaches to the Rev. Father Lyons for the able and energetic manner in which he has promoted the utility of this institution.

In the evening a most enjoyable entertainment was given in St. Patrick's Hall by the O.I.C.M. (York and Lancaster Regimental) troupe, who acquitted themselves remarkably well. The entertainment was got up in aid of the orphans of St. Paul's Schools.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

There is no joy in this world equal to the happiness of motherhood. A woman's health is her dearest possession. Good looks, good times, happiness, love and its continuance, depend on her health. Almost all of the sickness of women is traceable directly to some derangement of the organs distinctly feminine. Troubles of this kind are often neglected because a very natural and proper modesty keeps women away from physicians, whose insistence upon examination and local treatment is generally as useless as it is common. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do more for them than 30 doctors in 100. It will do more than the hundredth doctor can unless he prescribes it. It is a prescription of Dr. R. V. Pierce, who for 30 years has been chief consulting physician of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and get his great book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, absolutely FREE.

We should strive to make the rising generation not only thinkers and workers, but better men. Surely, the old universities had sound views upon this matter when they not only set before the youth theology as one of the loftiest studies of any educated man, but also that religion as well as learning should be an important factor in the every-day life of the student.—J. P. Mahaffy.

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FATHER MCGALLEN'S TRIBUTE

TO THE VALUE OF THE "DIXON CURE" FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Webster Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew Anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S.C., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or over-keenness on our part, paid the following tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits:--

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE endorsed by the specialists use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself, there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's Cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, instead of going farther west, as he had intended, I have taken on myself, without his knowledge or consent, to call attention to this new aid which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. If I am to judge of the value of "The Dixon Remedy" by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes, I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work or absence from business, and without danger for the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the pledge, but the ever recurring and terrible PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months, and even years, to build up. There fore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of alcohol and morphia habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance.—(Montreal Gazette, October 23.)

NOTE—Father McCallen is President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montreal, and the cure to which he refers above can be had of The Dixon Cure Co., 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars on application. Telephone 3086.