

man eating *spaghetti* on the lower floor, and of his neighbor sipping a glass of something green. She felt that she was indeed in a new and romantic sphere. There were strange odors from the food, and a swarthy waiter appearing at the head of the stairs completed the foreign air.

The three were ushered into a long room set around with small tables, each with a *carafe* of water and a corrugated match-stand. Men and women were sitting at various tables, with here and there a small child or two. Esther decided at once that the people were not dressed with fine knowledge of the prevailing mode which distinguishes the New Yorker of the highest caste. Mary, however, was rather awed by what struck her as the brilliancy of the assembly. She shuddered as she saw one matronly-looking woman in the act of encouraging a small girl to sip some red wine; and the appearance of several longnecked bottles, wicker-covered, and filled with the wine of Chianti, convinced her that the Italians were no better than they should be.

The room was very bright, very light, very warm. Some people were just at their dessert, with oranges, nuts, and little cups of coffee before them; others—true Italians, and not Americans from the neighboring boarding-houses,—were eating *spaghetti*, artistically curled around their forks. Esther closed her eyes ecstatically. If the hand-organ in the street had only been playing "Santa Lucia," instead of one of the Harrigan & Hart melodies, Esther could have imagined herself by the Bay of Naples.

By and by Vespucci appeared, darker and handsomer than any of the Italian tenors, and with moustaches almost as long as Victor Emanuel's. Miles showed the most delightful familiarity with this imposing creature, who, with a sweeping bow, presently left them. Some salty little fish were served, and then Miles, who did not take soup, said solemnly to the waiter "Dui!"

The waiter looked incomprehending. Mary glanced at Esther,—she had no idea dear Miles could speak Italian.

"Dui!" repeated the young man, in a voice that made the occupants of the seats near him turn. The waiter still smiled the smile of the inane.

"Dui! Don't you understand?" cried Miles, growing red. "You ought to know your own language, you fool! *Dui suppi*,—two soups, I mean!"

The waiter shook his head despairingly, muttered "*Corpo di Bacco*" to himself, and took away the little fish dishes. Miles had no time to dwell on the failure of his *lingua Toscana*, for two men had taken possession of the table opposite them. One was Arthur Fitzgerald, the other Rudolph Bastien.

Fitzgerald half rose, perceiving them after he had sat down. But Mary's cool nod and Esther's slight inclination effectually checked his intention to go over to their table.

Miles' heart sank. If these silly girls were bent on keeping up the coolness how could he get a grasp on Fitzgerald? An east wind suddenly struck him; he looked contemptuously around.

"I can't eat in this hole. Let's hurry up and get away."

Esther paid no attention to this speech,—Mary hoped that she did not hear it.

Fitzgerald resumed his conversation with Bastien. Miles sat in moody silence. How long could he sit there and see that dude prattling away as if he did not know the secret!

When the roast came on, Miles made up his mind to break the ice. He crossed over to Fitzgerald's table; he shook hands; he was introduced to Bastien, who looked at him and then at his sisters with lively interest.

"We can't smoke up here," observed Miles. "It's a pity Vespucci won't allow it."

"You forget the ladies," said Fitzgerald.

"Oh, women don't mind it now! They ought to get used to it."

Bastien shrugged his shoulders, and looked at Miles in a way that made that young person long to punch his head. He lost his temper, and, forgetting his prudence, said, leaning his elbow on the table near Fitzgerald:

"By the way, what do you know about the murder of John Longworthy?"

Fitzgerald's startled look answered Miles; but Bastien struck in, with a slight German accent:

"Nothing, dear friend." And then he added, in a sarcastic

voice, with a mocking laugh in it: "Suppose I should say that I made away with the estimable Longworthy?"

To be continued.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

The Ministerial Association in its recent sitting at Montreal, as usual, drew from its armoury that somewhat rusty weapon of a tack against the Catholic Church, "the devices of the Jesuits." In the order of the assault, it never perceives the pitiful contrast offered by the work of such associations as itself the world over, to that accomplished by the Jesuits. It runs its yearly course, insulting its Catholic fellow-citizens, patching the rents in the various systems of belief represented by its members, and advocating, perhaps, some needed social or religious reform. But what does it accomplish? And what are its methods? Meanwhile the Jesuit, everywhere the target for the arrows of the unbeliever, pursues his wondrous career of warfare upon the ungodly, of herculean missionary labors, as limitless as they are heroic, of scientific exploration, following the course of the stars and penetrating to the depths of the earth, of education, training the master minds of every country. By their fruits ye shall know them. The progress of the Society through Europe, for the past three centuries, Father Prout wittily compares to the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." "That knightly company," says Cardinal Newman, "and its founder, that princely patriarch, the royal minded Ignatius, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through the writhing foe."

"That magnificent Society," exclaims Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican orator, "which everywhere and always receives upon its outstretched arm, the first blow directed against the Church."

By the way, do Catholics of the more careless sort, always recognize the first blow when it falls, or are they too ready to let the Jesuits ward it off as best they can?

Montreal has had, in the last days of February, the Retreat for women at the Gesu. Every year this Retreat is better and better attended. Despite the dreadful weather, the attendance was extraordinarily large. In all its details it was a perfect success, according to the unanimous verdict. The preacher was Father Kenny, S.J., known throughout Canada and the United States for his finished oratory. "The sermons," as some one enthusiastically expressed it, "grew more beautiful to the very end."

A Retreat for men was given the same week at St. Patrick's, and with the result of crowded houses at every service. Such events call attention to the marked growth of the English-speaking population of Montreal. Father James Callaghan conducted the morning exercises, and Father McCallan preached every evening.

At Notre Dame the celebrated Dominican, Father Bannoneau, from France, is attracting attention at the High Mass on the Lenten Sundays by a remarkable series of sermons on "Socialism," with which are interwoven many of the principle topics of the day.

The modifications in the Lenten rules has been gratefully received by many just recovering from the "grippe," by which Montreal was severely visited, despite her bracing airs. Special services have been announced, in consequence, at the Cathedral, at Notre Dame, and the other parish churches.

A. T. S.

The CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW of Toronto last week issued a beautiful illustrated number in honour of its entrance upon its fourth volume. THE REVIEW is one of our most highly prized exchanges. It is ably edited, at all times dignified in tone, and thoroughly Catholic. We hope that our esteemed contemporary may continue for many years the noble work in which it is now engaged.—*Church News, Washington.*

The Toronto CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, which is taking rank as the ablest Canadian Catholic journal, comes to our table this week with marked typographical improvements.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*