

Note and Comment

The Orphans' Court of Philadelphia recently disposed of the smallest estate ever recorded in the Quaker City, and probably the smallest on record anywhere. When Mary Pratt passed through the vale of tears in April 1897, she, in common with the rest of humanity, was not permitted to carry her earthly possessions with her. So she left behind the sum of \$3 39 to comfort the bereaved.

Great bodies move slowly, particularly in Philadelphia, and it was not until last week that the estate of Mary Pratt came up for probate. The account of the administrator of the estate was adjudicated by Judge Hanna with all the formality and pomp that usually accompanies such procedures. Although the total value of the estate was but \$3 39, there were numerous bequests.

A brother was awarded eighty-four cents and a sister eighty-five cents. Then there were a half dozen nephews and nieces who clamored for their share. They got fourteen cents each. Another niece more favored than the others received the more munificent heritage of forty-three cents to keep the gaunt wolf of poverty from the porte cochère. A like sum went to a niece through her guardian, who will have to make his formal report back to the Court as to his care of the heavy trust imposed upon him.

Another striking evidence of the pervasiveness and bitterness of the methods of British administration in dealing with Irishmen, is evidenced by the recent refusal of the majority of the British Parliament to accept the amendments offered by Mr. Davitt to the Prisons Bill. The Boston Republic, in a recent issue, refers to the matter as follows:—

Mr. Davitt asked that the Irish prisoners confined on account of political offences be separated from the murderers, burglars, forgers and other vile criminals, but he did not ask that they be exempt from any of the rules framed for the preservation of order and discipline. What he desired to emphasize was that a man who committed an offence against the law or the constitution from motives of patriotism was not and ought not to be regarded as on a par with criminals who committed heinous offences against society and against life and property. He knows by experience that the impulsive Irishman who risks life and liberty in behalf of the freedom of his motherland is treated in British prisons in the same way that murderers and highway robbers are treated, if not worse. He has been in prison himself for patriotic and political acts, and is an authority on that subject.

But the English Parliament defeated his humane proposals by an overwhelming majority. They decided to continue the barbarous practice which has driven Irish patriots into the grave or into insanity in the recent past. Yet the Irish people are censured because they oppose an alliance between civilized America and brutal, barbarous England.

From time to time we read in our contemporaries across the line expressions of regret that so many young men select the occupation of a clerk, or enter the professions rather than take up a trade. The latest reference to the question comes from the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee. It says:—

We are painfully reminded every day by applications for situations as clerks that there are too many clerks. What a pity some of them did not receive a technical training in some branches of manual industry! Public and parochial schools turn out annually large numbers of recruits for the overcrowded professions and the vast army of clerks in search of employment grows larger every year, while the dearth of native skilled labor is deeply regretted by employers. Foreign mechanics do the work that should be done by natives, and many of these foreigners are tainted with the virus of Socialism. The people do not want any playing with trades in the public schools; what is required is a practical system of industrial education which would turn out thoroughly skilled workmen.

MARGARET SHEPHERD seems to still hug the delusion that there are people who will listen to her yarns about priests and nuns. She recently visited Duluth, Minn., and the editor of a Protestant monthly called The Microcosm took advantage of the occasion of the visit of this unfortunate and misguided woman to state a few plain facts regarding religious Orders generally. The editor of this publication says he is a Protestant of the most avowed type and he could never become a Catholic because he is not built that way.

'My knowledge of priests, convents and such things,' he goes on to say, 'is very limited, but I do know that this land is filled with Catholic churches, schools, hospitals, benevolent and charitable institutions that radiate with a constant love and good feeling towards all mankind; that there is not a Protestant or heathen revolving beneath the stars who could suffer, sicken or die within the reach of any one of these institutions and cry in vain for help. When I am told that those same Sisters of Mercy who go upon the shell-virgin fields of battle or into the plague-stricken districts of the tropics to care for the dead and succor the wounded, sick or dying are a sin-soaked association of bad women, then it is that I

feel like expunging some accomplished ex-driver's vocabulary in the feeble expression of my opinions and emotions. Moreover, the average man of to-day is a fair judge of human nature and usually knows a good woman when he sees her, and the real honest man is very scarce in this world who can look into the face of a Sister of Mercy without feeling impelled to take off his hat. Unless he be a brainless but-like bigot he can't get away from it. It is the one thing from which no honest, manly heart can escape.'

Referring to the object of Mrs. Shepherd's visit, he says:—

'Those who knowing and willingly assist in such a work as that by which Mrs. Shepherd hopes to acquire the coin are even worse than she, if that be possible; those who thoughtlessly or ignorantly contribute to her purse are her victims; those whom she vilifies feel it not safe through pity, or truth is mighty and will prevail. The heedless scold shake away their lethargy, and rise to the vigor and strength of better things. Current events are filled with stirring lessons, are impregnated with food for better thoughts.

'You who have been afflicted with attacks of intolerance should rest upon one great lesson now being taught the American citizenry, that in the mighty crusade of brotherly love sweeping over the Philippines and the West Indies there walk besides the sons of liberty-loving Protestant parents many another brave boy in blue whose heart beats just as nobly beneath a cross placed there by the loving hands of his patriotic Catholic mother.'

The Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo relates the following incident in the career of England's Grand Old Man whose remains now occupy a place in Westminster Abbey:—

Gladstone was never popular with Queen Victoria. In one of his controversies with her as premier he made certain demands, in which he said: 'You must take this action.' 'Must? Did you say must?' she angrily retorted. 'And do you know, sir, who I am?' 'Madame,' answered Gladstone, 'coolly, you are the Queen of England. But do you know who I am? I am the people of England, and in this emergency the people say "must".' The 'people' prevailed.

Some of the difficulties which beset Catholic editors and publishers are outlined by the Kingston Freeman, in the following paragraph:—

Newspaper men are blamed for a lot of things they cannot help, such as using partiality in mentioning visitors giving news about some folks and leaving out others. They simply print the news they can find. An editor should not be expected to know the names and residences of your uncles, aunts and cousins, even if he should see them get off the train. Tell him about it. It's news that makes the newspaper, and every man, woman and child in the neighborhood could be associate editors if they would. Please hand in your personals, births, marriages, deaths, and all other news items.

The Church news, of Washington D. C., thus refers to the proposed Anglo-Saxon alliance fad. 'We may be assured that the people of the United States will never consent to an alliance with England. In the first place, no good reason has been, or can be, assigned why we should reverse our time honored policy of "no foreign entanglements." And, in the second place, we are fully convinced that we can paddle our own canoe.'

A CURIOUS OLD LAW. BUT STILL A LAW.

We are sometimes taken to task by our non-Catholic friends for the care which the Church has shown in reference to the promiscuous reading of the Holy Scriptures by the unlearned. The Apostolic Constitutions declare that from experience, when the Holy Bible is permitted in the vulgar tongue everywhere without discrimination, there arises, on account of the weakness of man, more harm than good. That sounds very much like depriving the general public of the right to "search the Scriptures." Another proof of the wickedness of Rome!

But wait! There is the existing English law, made as late as 1781 and binding on the courts at the present day, which shows how even the English Parliament made laws, and carried them out, to prevent the unlearned and incompetent from abusing the Holy Scriptures:—

'Whereas, certain houses, rooms, or places, within the cities of London or Westminster, have of late frequently been opened upon the evening of the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday, under pretence of inquiring into religious doctrines and explaining texts of Holy Scripture by persons unlearned and incompetent to explain the same, to the corruption of good morals and to the great encouragement of irreligion and profaneness—a fine is enacted of £50 for each offence.'

The Catholic Church has always guarded the word of God in the Sacred Scriptures as a most precious gift, and it is owing mainly to the love, respect, and reverence which she has inculcated among her children that the Bible holds its own today. Outside of the Church every man who possesses a copy of the sacred writings is a bible and a law unto himself, and so, as St. Peter warns them, there are some things hard to be understood which the unlearned and unstable wrest as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own perdition.—The Calendar.

It is hard to believe, but every woman who supports her husband and family by running a boarding house was once a bride and people said she was 'doing well.'

A MILLIONAIRE IRISH CATHOLIC DEAD.

Mr. Joseph Banigan, one of the Leading Business Men of the Diocese of Providence.

An Interesting Sketch of His Most Successful Career—Climbed from the Lowest to the Topmost Round of the Ladder in Commercial Life.

On Thursday, the 28th July, Mr. Joseph Banigan, one of the leading and wealthiest Irish Catholics of Providence, R.I., died at his residence on Angell street. His death had been expected for weeks, ever since the unfavorable turn which followed a difficult operation performed in New York. Day by day for weeks Mr. Banigan has been growing weaker, rallying by turns only, to sink lower and lower, until the end. It has been a period of anxiety and strain for all those around him.

We give the following interesting sketch of Mr. Banigan's most successful career, which we take from our contemporary, the Providence Visitor, because it is one which should be read by every Catholic young man.

Mr. Banigan was born in Carrickloucey, County Monaghan, Ireland, on June 7, 1838. He was the seventh son, and as his mother's name was Banigan also he was, according to the simple notions of the credulous, a child of superior powers. When six his parents moved to Dundee, in Scotland, and about three years after wards several relatives being established in Providence, he was brought as a mere



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH BANIGAN.

lad to this city. His school days were few and short, and at an early age he was apprenticed to the jewelry trade. A likely boy and full of intelligence he became a good workman, and even then drew attention to himself by his inventions.

Then he entered the rubber business, and two successful patents in rubber goods, which he sold for \$10,000, furnished him his first capital, well invested in a partnership with his employers. But he was by no means well to do then, and although a promising young man he stood in need of aid from his relatives. Mr. Banigan never strove to conceal those days. To many he has told in later life the story of his needy circumstances at the time of his first marriage to the daughter of the late Mr. John Holt of Woonsocket, the mother of his four surviving children. He took a certain pride in referring to those days and their hardships, for he was reared in a school of adversity.

The rubber business was to bring him wealth and Woonsocket, the home of his father-in-law, was to witness the foundation and building up of his great fame. Mr. Holt had some capital, Mr. Banigan had a business instinct which amounted to genius. He used to speak in later life of his success with a certain pleased surprise. 'Nothing that I have touched has ever failed,' he said to a friend once, 'and my success is as much a surprise to myself as it is to anyone else.' His success was due, indeed, to business sagacity and ability. His luck was proverbial and the mere accession of Mr. Banigan to any financial enterprise was sufficient to attract cautious investors. When the cable road on College Hill was being promoted through it, it is said there was much difficulty and timidity displayed on the part of the proponents, who were somewhat taken back by the unlooked for opposition to the scheme. Mr. Banigan's declaration of his willingness to go into the company at a large amount, restored it, it is said, confidence in the undertaking and the necessary capital was raised without difficulty. 'What Banigan touches, goes,' was said to be the expression of one of those present.

Little by little his wealth increased from one source or another. Property that he had bought for a song in Chicago before the fire of 1870, shot away up after the fire, and to his surprise netted him a handsome sum. It was in rubber, however, that he made his money. He was the first manufacturer to deal directly with the rubber producers of Brazil. He went there himself. He discovered unscrupulous traders. He outwitted them, and he used to tell with gusto how some of the Brazilians sold him when he was incog, the pick of

the year's yield at a low price in the hope of squeezing 'the distant Banigan' by an exorbitant charge for the remainder.

It was Mr. Banigan's method to make himself thoroughly familiar with all the details of his business. His mills were the best mills of the kind in the country. He wished them to be so. The best machinery was in his estimation the wisest economy, and he always treated his help with consideration. He was one manufacturer who liked to have the good will of his employes, and a bright boy always caught his eye.

It was generally believed that in his business there was additional zest to the competition he encountered because he was an Irishman and a Catholic. It was the talk of those on the outside that the Rubber Trust at the time of its organization would not have shed many tears if it had succeeded in crushing Mr. Banigan; and it was taken for granted that when a couple of years after its formation, Mr. Banigan was made President of the Trust and his mills absorbed, Mr. Banigan had won a signal victory over his opponents. During the trial of his recent suit against the Trust, which was Mr. Banigan's last public appearance, the general public gained some inkling of the dark ways of the Trust and of its conspiracy to overthrow its President. Indeed, that trial, the result of which is still pending, increased the local admiration for Mr. Banigan immeasurably. The clear head, the admirable, lucid mind, the calm, self confidence, the unruffled serenity he displayed as a witness there, gave the curious public an indication of the elements that make a successful business man.

In later life, as his fortune increased, his interests grew. He was president of many corporations. The great mill in Olneyville, which employs more than two thousand hands, was still his strongest connection with rubber. He owned millions of real estate in Providence. The largest building in town is the Banigan building; but it is only one of many that he owned. He was president of the Howard Sterling Co., silvermiths; of the American Wagon Co.; of the American Hand Sewed Shoe Co.; of the Providence Telegram Co. He had money in the Mosler Safe Co. in irrigation schemes in Utah, in the Werner Publishing Co., in mortgages all over the country.

But it is less as a rich man than as a charitable man that he deserves remembrance. He was generous to the poor. He willingly shared his wealth with the poor. He built and equipped in 1880 the Home for the Aged in Pawtucket, at a cost of one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand of dollars. The very last public donation he made was in connection with this institution. A few weeks ago he was propped up in bed to sign the contract he was making for the building of a chaplain's house at the Home. He built the St. Maria Home for Working Girls at a cost of perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. He gave twenty-five thousand dollars towards the new convent of Mercy on Broad street, twenty-two thousand to purchase the site of the present St. Vincent's Asylum at Davis Park, ten thousand to St. Joseph's Hospital. He founded a chair at the Catholic University, giving fifty thousand out right and another fifty to the Library of that institution in various sums to make up that amount.

His private benefactions were equally large, so it is said. He looked upon his wealth as entrusted to him by God, and he was willing to tithe it to help on what was good. Above all he was a man who lived up to the precepts of his religion. No man was more regular than he in attendance at Mass on Sundays; none more generous in subscriptions to parish funds. He liked what was plain. He had no ambition for publicity. He had a great faith in himself.

Of fine presence and trained in the school of a hard business service he was a man of good address, a fluent and impressive conversationalist, one whose ideas on any practical topic were valuable. He was no university man, but he appreciated the work of universities, although he had succeeded without their aid, but none could detect in his carriage or conversation the handicap of his early training.

He met the end like a Christian. Fortified by the frequent reception of the sacraments, his last days were most edifying and fitly crowned a life which in the midst of the world's temptations to avarice and hardness, and the distractions of worldly care, found time and heart to cultivate the virtue of generous almsgiving. Besides his widow he leaves four children who are all married. His brother, Mr. P. T. Banigan, and two unmarried sisters, also survive him. May he rest in peace.

THE CONSCIENCE FUND.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—A balance has just been struck of the 'Conscience Fund' in the Treasury of the United States on June 30 last, showing that the total amount received and credited to it since it was opened in 1811 was \$297,452.

These moneys are covered into the general Treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and may be used, like other assets of the Treasury, for any purpose for which Congress may appropriate them. Remittances are received almost weekly, occasionally the receipts are two or three cases a week, and as a rule the letters are not signed. Frequently they are forwarded by clergymen at the request of penitents. As nearly all the communications are anonymous, acknowledgment is made through the press.—New York Sun.

When a woman begins to talk of her "spheres" look out for an increased interest in politics and less interest in cooking.

USE ONLY

Finlayson's Linen Thread.

... IT IS THE BEST

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

ONE of the surprises in lacrosse circles was the defeat of the Shamrocks by the Nationals. Nobody expected that the boys in green would go down before the French-Canadian organization, but, on the contrary, were convinced that the latter would not have a ghost of a chance. The Shamrock home end was very feeble in its attempt to score. Of course it must be remembered that Murphy and Kavanaugh of last year's Shamrock team were playing on the defence of the Nationals, which made quite a difference, as both these players were familiar with all the tactics of the midgets of the Shamrock home. Murphy played a rough kind of game, using his weight in a manner prohibited by the rules in meeting the attacks of the little men pitted against him. There were other offenders on the National team, but Coulson, the referee, could only see the weak spots in the green-shirted contingent. Stinson and Tucker were ruled off in the fifth game, thus leaving the Shamrocks playing 10 to 12. There are several changes necessary in the Shamrock team in order to save it from defeat in future. Some of the veterans now playing are far too slow in their movements and in consequence should be retired.

The score was 5 to 4, but had the Shamrock field been up to its old standard and the home end taken advantage of the chances offered at frequent intervals the score would have been 5-0 for the green and white colors.

Jimmy McKeown and Jimmy White, as well as young Brown, played a rattling game for the Nationals. This trio of lightweights are most difficult to subdue and by their fleetness of foot and clever stickhandling they succeeded in carrying the ball through a defence with such men as Tom Dwyer, Stinson and Moore. The victory of the Nationals will do much towards renewing the enthusiasm in the national game.

The athletic Flanagans of Limerick are the subject of an article in an American paper. The ability to throw heavy weights is an inherited gift, for the father and the first trainer of the present champion could send the 56lb weight a respectable distance in his own day. John, now the champion 16lb hammer-thrower of the world, started at athletics when he was only fifteen. His father first showed him how to handle the weights. The lad practised and practised till he won the championship of Ireland. He invented the now famous "double turn" an extra sharp swing around before delivering the missile. Then he went to America. There his fame has grown to such an extent that it has become world wide. His most recent performance of wonder, however, was on June 11, at Travers Island, in the open games of the N. Y. A. C. There he broke the world's record of 153 ft. 8 in., held by the young inter-collegiate champion, McCracken, by throwing the hammer 158 feet. This is a marvellous distance. John is just twenty seven. He is in his very prime. He expects to add ten or twelve feet to this record before he stops. There is hardly any doubt that he will succeed, if he improve



Love that Alters.
'Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds.'
That is one of the sublimest lines in all literature. It is the final definition of love by the world's greatest teacher of the human mind.—Shakespeare's Comedy. 'When I truly love, love in this sublime way. Men seldom do.'
Woman's most glorious employment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for many thousands of women. He has devised a perfect and scientific remedy for women's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for all weaknesses, diseases, disorders, displacements, irregularities, and debilitating drains peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it, and no honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute that he may make a little larger profit.
'I was afflicted with kidney trouble and I have always had a torpid liver,' writes Mrs. E. Crosswhite, of Buffalo, N. Y. 'I was unable to conceive my medicine. I was not able to stand on my feet. I used one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and five vials of his "Pleasant Pellets." I am now well. I had not walked in four months when I commenced the treatment; but in ten days I was able to walk everywhere.'

ment he has shown is any criterion. When he went to America 125 feet was considered a wonderful throw. Judge for yourself.

Jim, the next brother, is here at home still, and has also athletic leaning, though not in the same direction as John. He has a good turn of speed, and won the 100 hundred yards Gaelic championship in 1896 in the good time of 10 sec. But Michael Flanagan, jun., is more a chip of the old block. He has been in America for two years, and has joined an ecclesiastical college in Maryland. He immediately and instinctively took up athletics. At the games this spring he won the all around championship. His time in the sprints was very good. His strong point, however, is the broad jump. He can leap over 22ft.

Of all his strangely strong family, however, the youngest to develop is 'Tom.' He was just 19 last month. Within a few days he will be competing for the amateur athletic championship of America. He is not, strange to say, the big strapping, broad shouldered fellow you would expect from his performances. He is very well built to be sure—about 6ft tall and about 36 inches around the chest. He is one of those lithe, wiry athletes whose muscles seem powerless and yet are like springy bands of steel. What this promising youngster hopes to do is best told in his own words. 'I want,' he says 'to work my way to the top notch, with the weights and the jumps particularly. I have already thrown the discus 107 feet and I want to raise that. Then I should like to get after my brother John at the heavy hammer. I certainly don't expect to beat him for a good while yet. But my great ambition is to win the all-around championship of America. I have entered this year's contests and I am training for them now. I shall work very hard to win, though perhaps there isn't much of a chance.'

An Irishman again leads the world. This time it is the athletic feat of broad jumping. Newburn, the new record holder, is a teacher like J. M. Ryan, of Tipperary, another celebrated jumper, and at Mullingar on Monday he covered the marvellous distance of 24 feet 6 1/2 inches. On the previous Saturday he had done 24 feet 0 1/2 inch, thereby also breaking the existing record, and though another Irishman, John Parrell, once cleared an actual jump of 25 feet 1 1/2 inches, or over 24 feet from toe to heel mark, fouling in the opinion of the judges, Newburn has outclassed all competitors, amateur or professional, in this or any other country, and we shall not be surprised to hear of his adding inch by inch to his jump till he brings it up to 25 feet.

PROTECTING CANADIAN GOODS.

The issue of The Adelaide (South Australia) Advertiser for June 14th, just received, gives the particulars of a trial which proves that even in that far away country the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. is as active in defending its rights and protecting the public against the schemes of the substitutes and counterfeiters as it is here at home in Canada. In the trial in question Frank Ashley and William Smith were shown to have been engaged in offering a substitute for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, claiming that the substitute was the same as that justly celebrated medicine. Both men were placed under arrest on a charge of obtaining money under false pretence and conspiring to defraud the public, and evidence was heard before the Chief Justice of the Criminal Court. The defendants' lawyer made a strong fight in their behalf, but in spite of this the jury, after a short absence from the court, returned a verdict of guilty in both cases. The Chief Justice deferred sentence until the close of the sittings. In addressing the jury, however, the learned judge spoke very strongly concerning the evils of substitution and the dangers to the victim that may ensue from this nefarious and too common practice.—Toronto Globe.

WANTED,

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