

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY IN THE MODERN BABYLON.

THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

(By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.)

The bee is small among flying things But her fruit hath the chiefest sweetness.

—Ecclesiasticus.

According to the great sociologist, Professor Geddes, the stuff of Moral Evolution is ever with us. "This generation," he says, "need not go to Hades; our children, at least, may make for Heaven."

And having assented to the truth of this social axiom, it only behooves us to lament that the material for the making of saints should so often be utilized for the shaping of sinners.

Underfed, insufficiently clad, inured from babyhood to vicious surroundings where the warp of sin is crossed by the woof of sorrow, life is indeed a sad gray web to the children of our city.

When these human atoms are not at school they sit on the curbstone, or else they review creation from a grimy doorstep. And the amount of knowledge that may be gleaned from a doorstep—need I say it?—far beyond the range of school standards.

PETER.

Peter used to sit on a doorstep in Heather street. He was five, and to be impartial, he was not good-looking. But in saying this, perhaps I am wronging him. Truth to tell, one saw Peter as through a glass darkly. For there was about him an outer rind of griminess which had become so incorporated with his system that one accepted it as an integral part of a very small whole. Had Peter been washed—but then no one would have recognized him, so what matter? Peter's mother alleged that she put moral discipline above cleanliness. She certainly did shake him occasionally, and frequently held out the hope of a beating to come. It was not, as she explained to me, that Peter was a wicked child, "but 'e's that obstreperous you wouldn't believe." Hence the periodical shaking. It was the only moral training that Peter ever knew.

One day a social worker asked him how his mother was. "Drunk," said he. "Is your father at work?" "Drunk," was again the response. Peter had no imagination. He merely dealt with facts, and so he accepted his drunken parents as part of the natural scheme of creation. When night came on he still sat on the steps and looked stolidly into the darkness. Sometimes discordant voices broke upon the night air, whereupon he would listen breathlessly, ready at a moment's notice to hurry off the doorstep. Then the door would be violently wrenched open and two figures—a man and woman—would sway in the uncertain light of a kerosene lamp, and after a brief struggle Peter's mother would be hurled down the tenement steps to lie a quivering mass of human flesh in the filth and mire of the by-street. Presently the prostrate woman would regain consciousness, and in a feeble voice she would curse the man in the doorway—for her confinement was at hand. And little Peter, crouching beside the doorstep, listened with all his ears.

LIZZIE.

Further down the street, lived Lizzie. I remember the first day I knocked at the tenement. The door opened a few inches, and in answer to my question: "Did Mrs. — live there?" an untidy little head was craned out.

"Gorn," was the laconic remark. "Oh, no, she couldn't have gone," said I confidently.

"Dead," said she with finality.

The small figure then opened the door wider and put her hands to her lips.

"Yuss I been gorn these six months."

"You know her, then?"

She nodded—"Me muvver."

Lizzie was a typical little slum figure. She had on a tiny skirt that hung in ribbons, while a patch here and there saved it from utter dissolution. Her bodice had obviously been made for a far-off and bulkier generation, for it encased her tiny form like the cast-off mantle of some false prophet, long dead; and her feet were thrust into a pair of elastic-side boots, many sizes too large which fact was proclaimed by the sideward curl of their unoccupied

ends. But chief of Lizzie's characteristics was her hair. It gave one the impression of having been scraped up with a garden rake. The object was, doubtless, to get it out of the way, so as to enable her to get on with her pressing household duties. And it was only from the innermost heart of that hastily constructed little knob that there issued a protest: a wisp of hair standing out in mute but pathetic appeal.

Her father was "in the fish line," so she told me. But the information was already superfluous, for mingled with the strands of her hair were endless fish scales.

"Who looks after the children?" I asked.

"I does," said this wee human thing.

"Isn't it too much for you?" Lizzie looked amused. "Why it ain't so much when yer gits used to it," was the reply.

"And who keeps house?"

"Me," said Lizzie. She rolled up her sleeves absently and displayed a pair of tiny arms.

"Yus, I cooks, an' I cleans up, an' I looks arter the little 'uns."

"Tell me how you manage."

"Fust I gits up," said she, "an' I makes me fire"—there was no reference to her own toilet—"an' then I cooks me father's break'us. Then I tidies 'em up an' sends 'em orf to school."

"Don't you go with them?" I interrupted.

The child shook her head—"Ain't got no time. An' arter that," she continued, "I washes the baby an' when he's quiet I scrubs damn the place, an' their 'y' are!"

"How about dinner?" I asked.

"Well, then I gets the lady wot lives upstairs ter mind the baby while I goes aht an' 'buys wot we wants."

"And do you cook it, too?" was my final inquiry. Whereupon Lizzie nodded a casual affirmative.

There were the makings of a British general in Lizzie. Given the necessity she could command a division. But standing in the tenement doorway it was a pathetic looking little figure that ruled the earthly destinies of No. 100.

A SETTLEMENT TEA PARTY.

Not long after this there was a tea party at the East End settlement, to which my friends were invited. And I like to remember the faces of Lizzie and her small sisters when I asked them to come. The latter held their breath in wonder, but Lizzie fixed me with her eye. As the commander-in-chief of the home contingent it behooved her to be practical.

"Who wif?" she demanded.

"With me," I answered.

Then they said they would come in awed little voices, and they gazed at me curiously as if I were a phantom or a fairy, who in a twinkling might be turned into a toadstool or a tuft of grass. So they opened their eyes and stared unblinkingly less the magic spell.

When the eventful day came they looked transformed. Their hair had been in crimp since the day of the invitation, and the fish-scales had all been picked out. In place of the tenement rags each child now wore a velvet dress, but the velvet, instead of being bright purple or vivid green such as the East End loves, was today black, in mourning for the mother they had lost. But in spite of the black dress Lizzie was a child once more, for at the sight of the gaslight and the good cheer the guests thought that they stood in the outer courts of heaven.

Only one uninvited guest appeared at the festive board, and that was the baby. I don't know why he came, but I darkly suspected that "the lady upstairs" had gone out on strike. And, indeed, to have a baby constantly "dumped" on your floor might to some minds be sufficient argument in favor of protection. Be this as it may, the baby now wriggled in Lizzie's arms.

Once seated, the serious business of the day began. That is to say, for all but Lizzie, who immediately slid down off her chair, the better to hoist the baby into position. Then she placed some slices of bread and butter before him, after which she poured out some tea into a saucer, and having watched the steam curl up off its surface, she solemnly blew on it, then sipped it and finally held it to the baby's lips. It was so methodical as to arrest my attention.

(To be Continued.)

Will Celebrate Her Golden Jubilee.

Rev. Sister McGurty, of the Sisters of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, Hotel Dieu, will celebrate the golden jubilee of her profession on January 25th. Sister McGurty was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country in 1847. Fifty-two years ago she entered the community, where, two years later, she made her solemn profession. Sister McGurty's name is a household word among the Irish Catholics of our city. She has labored long and well in St. Patrick's Ward, and day and night like a ministering angel she is at duty's call trying to soothe and cheer those racked on beds of pain. "Her boys," as she calls the patients of her ward, are justly proud of her for her work in their behalf is well known. The community will celebrate the event by special religious services, and gifts from her many friends will be presented to the venerable jubilarian.

MONTEREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest Line, Quickest Service. 2 Day Train daily, except Sunday, each way. 3 Night Train daily, each way. Montreal to New York, 11.10 a.m. New York to Montreal, 7.10 p.m. Daily, except Sunday.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE. Lv. Montreal 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m. daily. Arr. Ottawa 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 187 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

INTERNATIONAL LIMITED. Daily at 9 a.m. or Toronto 4.30 p.m., Hamilton 5.30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont. 7.00 p.m., Buffalo 9.32 p.m., London 7.40 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., Chicago 7.30 a.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above trains.

MONTEREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest Line, Quickest Service. 2 Day Train daily, except Sunday, each way. 3 Night Train daily, each way. Montreal to New York, 11.10 a.m. New York to Montreal, 7.10 p.m. Daily, except Sunday.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE. Lv. Montreal 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m. daily. Arr. Ottawa 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 187 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

QUEBEC DIRECT. DIRECT LINE running trains into QUEBEC CITY. Leave Place Viger Station 8.45 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 5.35 p.m. Daily, Sundays included. 3 Saturdays only. Other trains week days only.

OTTAWA SLEEPER. Leave Windsor Station daily at 10.10 p.m. Passengers may remain in car until 9 a.m. Price of berth \$1.50. Lv. Windsor Stn. 8.45 a.m., 2.40 a.m., 10.10 a.m., 4.0 p.m., 10.10 p.m. Lv. Place Viger 8.20 a.m., 5.35 p.m. Daily, Sundays included. 3 Saturdays only.

OTTAWA TRAIN SERVICE. Ticket Offices: 129 St. James St. Windsor St. Station. Place Viger Stn.

AN ONTARIO TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The members of St. Peter's T. A. S., of Peterborough, Ontario, attended eight o'clock Mass in the Cathedral on Sunday morning.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien delivered a short but impressive and appropriate address. He said it was with sentiments of thanksgiving to God, and of congratulation to the members of the society that he did so. It was in, by and through Almighty God that the work of five years has been brought to a successful issue.

Making brief reference to the beginning of the Society, Rev. Dr. O'Brien stated that in the first year there were 189 members on the books of the Society; to-day there were 652, and the membership was increasing steadily. He addressed a word to those who were yet non-members. He did not wish to be understood as saying that the use of strong drink in moderation was sinful, but on account of the awful consequences, a man was safe only when a total abstainer. It was a fact that much crime owed its origin to strong drink and the regret was that the percentage is increasing. What good was there to come from the use of it? Did a man's daily occupation demand it? Was it necessary that he should have some stimulant for his body? It was held by authorities that there was no disease that could be more successfully treated by alcoholic stimulant than without it. The doctor who insisted upon giving spirits was to be put aside as a quack. By its administration to the body, the nerves are temporarily stimulated, the patient imagines he is better, and the miserable doctor gets the benefit of having wrought some cure, whereas there has been no cure, but simply a spur to the nervous system. The natural man tells us we are to leave alcohol alone, and if we consult the supernatural man we find that there is no excuse for the use of liquor.

It was written in the Book of Genesis that God made man in His own image and likeness, gave him a soul, an intellect and a will capable of knowing and loving his maker and carrying out His commands. Could such a man take any chances when he saw the majority of men drinking liquor and getting the worst of it, stultifying their will and endangering their immortal souls. In the light of these things no excuse could be presented why every man in the parish should not become a total abstainer. Example was better than precept, and the speaker asked if the non-abstainers realized the full extent of the efforts that had been made during the last five years. The fact of the existence of a Total Abstinence Society did not imply an obligation on every man, but it suggested that a whole lot of good had been done as the result of united, persevering effort. Homes had been made happy, and men had been res-

cued from depths of degradation and sin. There were those who had fallen by the wayside and had withdrawn their allegiance from the standard of temperance. Such men, the speaker was sure, deserved to be reprimanded and severely so.

There had been one persistent enemy to temperance during the past five years, and he would always be present. It was the man who invited some poor unfortunate into the saloon there to obtain liquor. There was no place that more resembled hell than the average saloon. There were hotel-keepers who were entitled to be regarded as exceptions but they were mighty few in Peterborough. The saloon keepers were the men who wrested from the priest of God, and from St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society many of the men. Nothing is more contemptible, more debased or more suggestive of the agency of Satan, said the speaker, than to see men who have spent years upon going into a saloon. Our men should be strengthened against such temptation. The saloon is the vestibule of hell itself. What excuse is there for its existence?

Rev. Dr. O'Brien referred to the local option vote which had been taken recently. The scurrying away of these men who owned saloons showed very well why the saloon existed. It was to put clothing on the lazy backs of the men who run the bar-room. He did not wish to be understood as denouncing hotel-keepers, but the men who have bar-rooms, into whose hands there passed the money which otherwise might be used for the comfort and happiness of those families from whom it was taken. He asked every man to consider the question; if I did not drink during the past five years, how much happier man I would be and how much greater a blessing in the sight of God?

Rev. Dr. O'Brien in conclusion said he would continue to pray for the movement, and continue to look forward to the time when every man in the parish would be a total abstainer.

A little girl who was eating codfish for breakfast the other morning for the first time was seen to stop and examine her plate with deep interest. "Mamma," she asked presently, "what kind of fish is this? I've just found a hair in it."

"It is codfish, dear," was the answer. "Oh," commented her daughter, in a disappointed tone, "I thought probably it was mermaid."

THOMAS LIGGET'S Retiring Sale and January Discount Sale

Are the bywords in our immense Stock Clearing. The varieties are not exhausted yet. New goods just brought in from our reserve stock for Spring Orders.

The discounts prevail in all departments alike in Carpets, Oilcloth, Rugs, Curtains, Brass Bedsteads and odd pieces of furniture.

Mail Orders Receive Careful and Prompt Attention.

THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2475 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

SALE OF 6,500 MEN'S SILK TIES. Late last year we purchased from a celebrated English manufacturer, a number of odd Lines of Silk—the accumulation of a year's trade—including some very handsome and striking weaves. These we have had made up to our instructions, and will offer for sale in two lots.

400 DOZEN IMPORTED SILK DERBY TIES. New choice colorings, comprising all new shades in grays, browns, blues, reds, etc., all figured. These are Ties it is impossible to obtain elsewhere under 25c and 35c. Sale Price each 2 1/2c Six Ties for 60c.

15c For NOVELTY SHIELD KNOTS. In Pure Imported Silk, made from extra heavy silks, in black, blues, grays, reds, neat figures and scrolls. There's 120 dozen of these Natty Ties, values of which vary from 25c to 40c. They will be offered at, each..... 15c

\$33.00 LADIES' FUR LINED COATS \$27.75. Still the price reducing and stock reducing proceeds among the Ladies' WINTER COATS, and the earlier these generous reductions are taken advantage of, the more winter service may be had from the garments thus offered.

9 FUR LINED COATS are offered. The materials are excellent. Fawn or Black Box Cloths, the coats are 4 length, loose back, short epaulet cape, wide fashionable sleeves, gathered in to close fitting cuff, sumptuously lined in squirrel lock. Regular \$33.00. Sale \$27.75

BOYS' WINTER OVERCOATS. Carlsley's Boys' Clothing is unsurpassable alike in quality and workmanship. This Special Offering: BOYS' ALL WOOL OXFORD FRIEZE OVERCOATS, handsome, comfortable style, all sizes. These Coats are lined throughout good quality farmer's satin, finished with smart velvet collar. Regular \$4.00 kind. Sale Price \$3.15

BOYS' STURDY SUITS. The most alert and judicious of mothers will never find a more suitable opportunity for purchasing the Boy's New Suit than when we offer BOYS' 2 PIECE NORFOLK SUITS, in two effects, a very large range of patterns to select from, best lining throughout, perfect fitting. Regular \$4.00 suits. January Sale Price \$2.95

600 NAINSOOK CORSET COVERS, 39c. Visitors to the GREAT SALE OF WHITEWEAR will have the opportunity of inspecting this Special Lot of: 600 LADIES' WHITE NAINSOOK CORSET COVERS, trimmed down front with four rows of Platte lace, neck and sleeves daintily edged with lace and ribbon heading. Regular value, 55c. January Sale Price 39c

MEN'S LINED GLOVES, 45c. MEN'S KID GLOVES, various sizes, excellent cut and good fitting, fine wool lining throughout, smart points, 1 patent stud fastener. Worth 75c. Sale Price 45c

75 PAIRS MEN'S EXTRA FINE CASEMERE SOCKS, 18c. color guaranteed. These comfortable articles of footwear come in all sizes, and are good value at 25c. Sale Price 18c

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

The John Murphy Co. LIMITED

Great Reorganization Cash Clearing Sale! Unprecedented Bargains in All Lines of Departmental Store Goods.

Numerous every-day needs can now be filled at reductions unparalleled in the shopping history of the city. In every section of the Store the limit of bargain bigness has been reached. Choose where you will, the money-saving possibilities are so apparent and surprising as to enforce their own acceptance, and public appreciation of the fact manifests itself daily in an ever-increasing crowd as the month advances.

Intending purchasers are reminded of the 5 per cent. extra discount for cash.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, 2141 & 2345 St. Catherine St., Corner Metcalfe. Terms Cash. Tel. Up 2740

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for week ending Saturday 14th January. The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish 245, French 118, English 52, other nationalities 20. Total 435.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Postal Pneumatic Tube Systems for Montreal and Toronto," will be received at this Department until Thursday, February 9, 1905, inclusively, for laying and jointing in the City of Montreal, 4,000 lineal feet of double line of smooth bored cast iron piping, to be supplied by the Government, and for furnishing, installing and erecting all the necessary special castings, elbows and fittings, including the terminal receiving and transmitting machinery and carriers.

Also for laying and jointing in the City of Toronto, 18,000 lineal feet of double line of smooth bored cast iron piping, to be supplied by the Government and for furnishing, installing and erecting all the necessary special castings, elbows and fittings, including the terminal receiving and transmitting machinery and carriers.

All as per plans and specification of John Galt, Chief Engineer.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, and at the office of John Galt, Chief Engineer, Toronto.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00), in the case of Montreal, and nine thousand dollars (\$9,000.00), in the case of Toronto, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Departments does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, W. R. GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, January 9, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will be fined \$5.



Vol. LIV, No. 3

LATE CARDINAL

Career of the Venerable late Recalls Dream in France.

Cardinal Langenieux, of Rheims, who passed New Year's Day, is since led by friends and foes as the Combists, or some of the respect for the venerable man, who was one of the last of the past, like M. Loup, Mgr. Darboy or M. M. Dumay, Director of the right-hand man of M. Com Public Worship Department the Cardinal Archbishop that he "was a prince, a of the Church, who had su manners that they made forget that he was finer than more redoubtable than when he took it into his tain an advantage." says one of his enemies, "man, a veritable Ultram all the force of the term, interests of the Church earned, a friend of the Cardinal Oreglia; but he nevertheless, with marvellousness, to avoid unending with the lay power, and clear of dangerous situations. This great French prelate Southerner, born at Ville the Rhone department, of years since. Having sti been ordained at Saint S was appointed to the paris Koch, afterwards going t ville cure among the Revo and then returning to mo able districts like that of line. Introduced to the Court by a lady who was friend of the Empress Eug Langenieux preached the la the Chapel of the Tuilleries in 1870, just before break of the Franco-Germ During the Commune of future Cardinal had a oarr from being shot like the R the Madeleine and the otages, but he was saved in one of his old Belleville par who remembered his good generosity. After the Emp future Cardinal was a gre and adviser in the MacMal ly, became Bishop of Tar 1873, and went to Rheims after. When the Emperor and his consort went to th near Rheims during their to France in 1901, they w ceived at the Cathedral by Langenieux, who gave them, own request, his blessing b left. It is recorded that t press asked and received the blessing twice. This fact is not in a Catholic paper, bu of the Ministerial journals.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Mr. Fredk. Guernsey, the known journalist sojourning too, has again taken up the in defence of the Catholic pri Mexico. Mr. Guernsey, who Protestant, writes: "The great majority of the clergy here are faithful work who in this country, view work broadly, and in an spirit, one must commend it by. It is a great, warm-brooding mother, doing the can with a continually renewe of tropical human nature. I big light, and it goes on eve in the year. Priests are humbly, and some of them err at but on the whole, what an of positive good they accom levelling up the semi-antr mass of ignorant and unri people! The old Spaniard w quered this country made a t tion. White people were "gun rason" or people who reason slans were "sein rason," or w ansion. We nowadays find th distinction does not invariably of Indian race. But the big