

WHAT OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER HAS TO SAY Regarding "Fraternity."

On the walls of the Bastille, during the French Revolution, were placarded the words "Fraternity or Death"; some political wag, with common sense as well as humor, got a slip painted and placed it under the placard—it read, as if it were an explanation of the other appeal.—"Be my brother, or I will kill you." Those two lines give a very complete commentary on that "Fraternity," which, coupled with "Liberty" and "Equality," became the war-cry of men whose soul object in life seemed to be their ambition to murder as many of their brethren as was possible. In my rambles I recently came upon a public meeting, held in an edifice that is called a church, and my curiosity led me to enter and hear what was going on. A man—not a clergyman—was reading forth on the "Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of man," and he stated, amongst many other peculiar statements, that all we had to do to gain happiness was to be fraternal amongst ourselves. He did not mention whether it was eternal or temporal happiness, or both that he meant; but certainly he gave his audience a simple creed. He said human friendship was everlasting, because the soul was immortal, and that we needed only to cultivate that grand gift of friendship and brotherly love, and every thing else would follow of necessity. It was these remarks that brought to

my mind the bastille placard, and that also suggested other reflections. To illustrate—as illustration is always pleasant for a reader—I will relate an incident in my own life. I was once travelling on foot over the hills of the north, away beyond the limits of civilization: it was winter time, and the day was nearly spent. I began to look about for a place to rest for the night. Finding none, I collected a few sticks, lit a fire, rolled myself in my blanket, and went to sleep. During the night I rose twice to throw on some fuel and keep the fire alive. In the morning I built up a large heap of fagots made a good blaze, had a hurried bite of cold pork and bread, and continued my journey. Some time afterwards I met a man who had come the same way during the course of the following day, and he informed me that he knew my whereabouts, as he had seen the ashes of my fire. A week later, I met another man, a hunter, who said that he had missed my tracks, because the snow had fallen the evening after I had slept in the woods, and all trace of my footprints and even the ashes of my fire had been obliterated. Here is a picture of that "fraternity," that human "friendship," that "natural affection" of which the speaker above referred to, spoke so confidently. During life the flame of that friendship may burn, like the fire I had lit in the woods, a kind act, a

generous deed, a timely help, and fresh fagots are cast on the pile and the glow increases; a separation, a harsh term, a thoughtless word, and the fire dwindles down, to be revived by the next reconciliation. Then comes the great parting. One goes on the way of eternity, the other follows along the pathway of life that the former has just left. For a time the fire kindled by that friendship burns brightly; but gradually and surely, for lack of fuel, it dies out. A day, a week, a month later another traveller passes that way and finds only ashes where the flames once warmed the heart. A year, or may be less, and another wayfarer, going in the same direction, finds neither the tracks of the departed one, nor even the ashes of the fire—the snow of oblivion have fallen upon his name and memory, and they have buried for all time the fires of that "human friendship" and the evidences of its existence. But there is a "fraternity" that survives, that is not circumscribed by time, nor limited to the duration of this short life. That "fraternity" can only exist where the faith in the "Communion of Saints" exists. It can only live when watered by the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, and when protected by the sheltering wing of that Church. In countless societies, all under the watchful eye and submissive to the guiding hand, of

that Mother, do we find a fraternity, a friendship and an affection that are immortal in possibility, if not always in actuality. It is the fraternity that exists between the children of the same spiritual household; it is the friendship that becomes firm between adherents of the same faith; it is the affection that finds its source and its ultimate end, as well as its example and precept, in the life-imparting principles of Catholicity. Of these organizations many are purely religious, not a few are religious and national, others are benevolent, and some are national only, but national in obedience to add in harmony with the Church. In Montreal we have a number of these societies, associations, organizations, or whatever we may call them. There is no lack of opportunity for our people to enjoy that real fraternity, that blessed friendship, and to participate in all the benefits that flow therefrom. Apart from our sodalities, Leagues of the Sacred Heart, Third Orders, and similar associations, we have the C.M.B. A., the Knights of Columbus, the A. O. H., the C. O. E., and a goodly number of other societies. There are parochial Young Men's Catholic Associations. In all of these it is to be found the fraternity that neither kills nor dies—that follows even beyond the tomb, in the association of prayer. To come to the more practical, or

the more locally applicable portion of my remarks on this subject, I must again find fault. I feel that almost every reader of this column will agree with me that there is a great lack of fraternal spirit amongst our people. Despite all these societies, that await with an open door, the advent of fresh members, we have thousands of our Irish-Catholics—both young and old—who live isolated, who pursue their respective aims, seek their own objects, follow their different impulses or ambitions, without once thinking of their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. They go their ways alone; and when one of them meets with reverses, or is obliged to confess a life-failure, he never once considers that he might have escaped the misery of being friendless had he, when the opportunity existed, displayed a more fraternal and friendly spirit towards the world. Our young men drift away from each other, from the associations of youth's formation, from the ties of family and even of friendship. Each one goes off on his own hook, and there is no unity of purpose, no discipline of organization, no spirit of concentrated effort, no mutual support, encouragement, or action. And, then we are surprised to find that, as a people, as a great element in this Dominion, we have comparatively no influence, no weight, no power. We behold situation after situation slipping from us;

we perceive daily more and more the lack of attention to our just claims and demands, on the part of the legislative, administrative and executive bodies; we find ourselves municipally, provincially, Federally, socially, politically, and even nationally handicapped. And we blame others; we talk of ingratitude, of unbrotherly conduct and all other imaginable excuses; but we never dream of striking our own breasts and saying a "mea culpa." I write in this plain and simple manner simply because I have found that to open the public eye you must hit it a few hard cracks. It is not a very pleasant process, but it is much better than to stand quietly by and allow every opportunity to pass away while that eye is closed and the owner of it is apparently unaware of, or indifferent to the opportunities he is losing. In a word, if the Irish-Catholics of this city, and of Canada in general, do not awaken to a sense of the real dangers that menace the future, we will simply be driven away from every stronghold that we ever possessed, and the generation of the future will have no reason to be grateful to their fathers. A purpose dealing, from another point, with this subject, and if I can attain no practical results, at least I have the satisfaction of having performed a duty.

CARDINALS WHO MAY BE THE NEXT POPE

The midsummer number of the "Catholic World" contains a most interesting article, in which the names and illustrated sketches of the most important cardinals are given. The writer states that while it may be indelicate to speak of and discuss the Pope's probable successor during the life-time of Leo XIII., still the Holy Father knows that the consideration of such a question is due not to a desire to see him disappear, but rather as a natural result of speculation in presence of the circumstances surrounding His Holiness. It is a significant fact that nearly always the Cardinals who are considered most eligible for the Papacy die during the life-time of the one whom they are expected to succeed. It is also noteworthy that generally the Popes are chosen from obscure and not at all probable candidates, instead of from the number of more conspicuous men. Of those mentioned in the article are Rampolla, Parocchi, Serafino and Vincenzo Vannutelli, and di Pietro. Of course the principal one of these is Cardinal Rampolla, and this is what has been said about him:— "By far the most conspicuous figure among the present members of the Sacred College is the Pontifical secretary of State, Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindario. He belongs to the Sicilian nobility, and was born at Polizzi, on the 17th of August, 1843. "After making his studies in the Capranica College, Rome, he entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. This famous institution, which is situated on the piazza of the Minerva, has long been regarded as the school for ecclesiastical diplomats. Mgr. Rampolla remained here, fulfilling in the meantime several minor functions at the Vatican, until 1875, when he was sent as auditor of the nunciature to Spain. Two years later he was named secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda for Affairs of Oriental Rite, and later on, he occupied the position of Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. "In 1882 he was consecrated titular Archbishop of Ileracloa and named Apostolic Nuncio to Spain. Here he had occasion to display his rare diplomatic qualities, and won general esteem and consideration. His promotion afterwards to the cardinalial purple was recognized by all as a well-deserved recompense. This high honor was conferred upon him in the consistory of the 14th of March, 1887, and on the 26th of May he was named to the title of St. Cecilia. Not very long afterwards Leo XIII. entrusted him with the very important function of Pontifical Secretary of State. Since then Cardinal Rampolla has received the further charges of Administrator of the property of the Holy See, and of Archbishop of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter."

Of Cardinal Parocchi, amongst other pieces of information the writer says:— "One of the most conspicuous of those who are called Cardinals di Curia—that is to have their residence in Rome and form part of the administration—is Lucido Maria Parocchi, Vicar-General of Leo XIII., for the diocese of Rome, and known as 'Cardinal Vicar.' He is sixty-six years of age, and his life has been filled with stirring and important events. "Cardinal Parocchi's name has recently been kept prominently before the world from the fact that journalists and speculators in general name him as the prelate having most probability of being elected to succeed Leo XIII. Cardinal Parocchi has had his hand in politics, and it is well known that he is a conspicuous friend of France and an adversary, to a greater or less extent, of the Triple Alliance. He is in the same line of ideas with Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State. The latter is chief representative of the policy of non-compromise towards the Italian Government and of vigorous assertion of the claims of the Pope for the restoration of temporal power. But precisely because he is Secretary of State he has little or no chance of being named to the Papacy. "Of the two brothers Vannutelli, while each in his own sphere is considered an able and a powerful man, neither seems to be specially indicated as likely to succeed to the Papacy. It is otherwise with Cardinals Gotti and Jacobini. The former, was an humble monk of the Descalced Carmelite Order, who arose by degrees to the Superior-Generalship, and was then sent to Brazil to settle political and religious difficulties; the latter is the only member of the Sacred College who is a 'Romano di Roma'—(Roman of Rome), as they phrase it. While his election would be most pleasing for this and other reasons, still his health leaves so much to be desired, that his chances are slim. As to Cardinal Gotti, it is a well-known fact that Leo XIII. often refers to him, possibly in a humorous way, as "my successor"; but the Cardinal, who is modestly personified, will not hear of the subject being mentioned. Cardinal Sarto is not much known in the great world, being always confined to his ceaseless labor in his diocese of Venice. Cardinal Svampa, is Archbishop of Bologna, and as his name means in Italian, a brand or burning fire, he might be the 'Ignis Ardens' of St. Malachy's Prophecy. But he is one of the youngest Cardinals, having been born in 1851, and created Cardinal in 1894. "Cardinal Pietro would possibly be the most probable successor of Leo

XIII., but he is far advanced, being over seventy-two, and not as robust as the generality of men who have reached that age through general habits. Once, when at the Seminary, an old lady of great sanctity came along, and amongst others she singled out young Di Pietro, and stooping down to kiss his garment she said:— "I have kissed the garment of a future Pope," she said in explanation. "You will be ordained priest, will become a canon of the cathedral of Trivoli, will fight the cholera, will be called to Rome and made prefect of the Council, and will ultimately become Pope." Strange to say every part of this prophecy has been fulfilled, except the 'ultimate becoming Pope'—who can tell whether or not the entire prediction may not yet be accomplished?

NOTES OF IRISH NEWS.

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farmers, cottagers, children attending the National schools in the county and others of the same class. The aim of the Association is to furnish the means and incentive for the growth of Home Industries in Ireland and to supply occupation for hands which would otherwise hang in idleness. THE RUINS OF TARA.—In the British House of Commons, Mr. Farrell asked the Secretary of the Treasury whether he was aware that an English antiquarian had proceeded to dig up the most ancient portion of the ruins of Tara; whether he had any authority to do so, and what steps would be taken to prevent such acts in future. Mr. Hanbury said that the excavation of one of the mounds was suggested by an English gentleman, who, he understood, was interested in searching for the Ark of the Covenant—and the work was actually begun by the owner of the property. The Board of works, in whom the guardianship of these mounds was vested, had taken immediate steps on learning it to warn the owner of the illegality of such proceedings. He had at once abandoned the work, and the mound had now been restored to its former condition. The Board of Works were thoroughly alive to the interest felt in the remains of Tara, and they would not consent to anything that would interfere in the structure or appearance of the mounds, nor would they permit any examination of them; however harmless, without the fullest consideration and conference with two principal antiquarian societies in Ireland. Mr. Johnston.—Can the right hon. gentleman give the name of the gentleman who was in search of the Ark of the Covenant? Mr. Hanbury.—No, Sir, I cannot. THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.—Replying to Mr. Flavin, Mr. Balfour said he believed it was a fact that the

county council of Kerry had passed a resolution calling on the Government to purchase the Herbert estate at Killarney as a public park, but he had no evidence that it was the general feeling throughout the United Kingdom that money ought to be spent in obtaining it. There must be obvious objection to the expenditure of public money for such a purpose at a place so very far distant from any centres of population, and which in the nature of the case was not much value to tourists for many months in the year. Mr. Flavin. Is there no fund out of which this place could be preserved to the public? Could not a portion of the money due to Ireland out of financial relations be so appropriated? A CENTENARIAN GONE.—A link which bound the present with the past of a hundred years ago has been sundered by the death of Mrs. Jane McGreer, of Brevard, near Dunlavin, says the "Linnets Leader." She was born in 1798, after the suppression of the insurrection and at the time of her demise had reached the almost incredible age of one hundred years and six months. A correspondent who gives us some details of the centenarian writes that Mrs. McGreer retained the possession of her faculties undiminished and was perfectly conscious of everything that was passing around her up to the last moment of her life. She was extremely intelligent and her relation of events which had come within her ken but which were only matters of tradition and history to her auditors was keenly relished by the people of the district, who entertained for the aged lady a deep affection and respect. Her memory which was usually good remained unimpaired with advancing years and her recollection of things which happened in the vicinity of her home was a source of unfeigned surprise and enjoyment to a wide circle of friends. During her long life Mrs. McGreer seldom displayed qualities inconsistent with a high type of Irish womanhood and the stories she used to tell of the tyranny and brutality to which the people were subjected by the dominant class in the early days of the century nourished the flame of patriotism in many hearts. She enjoyed a long and contented life and her end was peaceful and happy. FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.—Ordinations took place at Maynooth College two weeks ago. The Archbishop of Dublin was the ordaining Prelate. His Grace on the previous date conferred deaconship on 83 students of the College. On Sunday he ordained 82 priests, the largest number raised to the dignity of the priesthood at the close of the Academic Term for many years. WHITE GLOVES FOR A JUDGE.—At the opening of the Ennis Quarter Sessions on Monday Judge Carton was presented with a pair of white gloves, as there was no criminal busi-

ness on that day. pressed his great pleasure at such a satisfactory state of affairs. This was the third session he had set at in Ennis and at two of them he had been presented with white gloves. He hoped that that state of things would long continue. DR. SHAW DEAD.—Scholastic and journalistic life in Dublin has lost a notable figure by the death of Dr. George F. Shaw, of Trinity College and the "Evening Mail." The late Doctor says the Dublin "Freeman" was a genial and cultured man, and he retained his keen interest in affairs and his personal popularity with all classes to the last. His death was unexpected. As a politician Dr. Shaw did not loom large in the public eye, but as a journalist he had figured more or less prominently for two generations. Dr. Shaw first figured as a Pressman in the columns of the "Nation," founded by Thomas Davis, Chas. Gavan Duffy, and John Blake Dillon. He wrote on many and various subjects in the long interval between the forties and the eighties. When Isaac Butt started the Home Rule League, Dr. Shaw was one of his adherents. But when Home Rule came into the sphere of "practical politics," the Doctor, like many others altered his connections. POLITICAL PRISONERS.—The political prisoners are free—for the release of Hanlon and Fitzharris may be expected at any moment—but it is due to them that some steps should be taken to reasonably secure them against want, remarks the Freeman. An appeal is being made by Mayo Nationalist on behalf of Mr. Patrick Henghan, better known as "Henry Burton," and a sentence from that appeal so aptly describes the sufferings of all the imprisoned men that we cannot forbear from quoting it:—"Condemned after a sham trial, to penal servitude, he had to associate with the vilest of scoundrels, bred by the immorality and Godlessness of England—exposed without possibility of redress to the persecutions of

brutal, coarse-minded men accustomed to deal only with ruffians than whom beasts are less ferocious and unrecalimable—restricted to a course of discipline which blasts the vigor of the body, and under whose influence reason itself totters upon her throne." A LESSON TO MILLIONAIRES. One of the boot and shoe magnates of Lynn, Mass., was recently invited to contribute to a certain charity of great local importance. He is said to have indulged in coarse and unfeeling language, and denounced the subscription as a swindle, though he punctuated his remarks at the end with a ten-dollar bill. Somebody tells the story, and an enterprising editor at once called for pennies to reimburse the citizen aforesaid. They came in showers. The first thousand received were done up in a neat package and sent to the boot and shoe magnate. He, as was quite natural, refused to receive them. A second and third thousand shared a similar fate. The returned money promptly found its way into the coffers of the committee in charge of the charity fund. It is the local belief that the aforesaid magnate will be careful of his words the next time he is asked to aid a charity. It is true that certain jokes are hard to forget. Like burns they stick.—Exchange. The French line steamship La Champagne, which arrived from Havre yesterday, had a narrow escape from collision with a big freight steamer fifty miles off the Irish coast. The latter was the steamer Iona from Montreal for London. She was proceeding due east, and was so close to La Champagne that a stone could have been thrown from one deck to the other. First officer Monvel said that the distance was seventy-five feet, but one of the cabin passengers who was on deck at the time declares that the steamers were very much nearer together.

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