

No Irish Vagabonds.

No longer is it possible to re-proach Ireland with being a paradise for lazy men or persons of criminal tendencies. The institutions which usually shelter such characters are gradually disappearing, because there are no occupants for them. One of the oldest and most historic jails in the country—that at Lifford, in the County of Donegal—closed its doors during the week for want of inhabitants, who have occasionally to go into retirement. After some structural alterations it will do service as a railway station, and the stout walls that once inclosed many a Fenian in the rebellion years of 1790, 1847 and 1867 will be more peacefully occupied. The "tired Tim" of Ireland must be disappearing, too, because one drastic finding of the commission that has lately been inquiring into the poor law system of Ireland is that there are no less than 160 poorhouses in the country for which there is no immediate or positive necessity. It is proposed that these asylums for tramps and lazy characters must go, and that the deserving poor must be accommodated in a less humiliating way than being herded with idle vagabonds.

The old spirit of religious intolerance, which has so long divided Irishmen, appears to be rapidly disappearing, and everywhere, except in a narrow territory in the northeast of Ireland, a better understanding animates the people in their intercourse with each other. One of the most astonishing statements that has ever proceeded from a responsible ecclesiastic was made during the week by Rt. Rev. Dr. Archdall, Protestant Bishop of Kildare. Presiding at the annual meeting of the County Tipperary Protestant Orphan Society, he said: "Catholics were enabled, through their monastic institutions, to give a higher education to their children than Protestants. Catholic teachers were educating the children of Protestants in order that they might advance themselves in life. At the rate at which they were progressing, Protestant children would have to admit that the Christian Brothers and the nuns had done more for their education than their own church had done. When he told them that even Mr. Birrell, the late Minister of Education, had sent his own son to one of these monastic institutions to receive the foundations of his education, they would see what excellent work these good men and women were doing, and the confidence that was reposed in them in high places."

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

The Church Prospering in Winnipeg.

There are at present over 16,000 Catholics in the City of Winnipeg, who are distributed over six organized parishes. (This number does not include St. Boniface).

There is also a question of trying to organize a parish for Hungarian Catholics, who for the last three years have increased to about five hundred. For the present they have services in their language from time to time in the St. Boniface Cathedral.

Two more parishes, chiefly for English-speaking Catholics, are to be established shortly—one in Fort Rouge and another one in the Western part of the city. The organization of these two parishes will be actively taken in hand as soon as there is a sufficient number of people and funds to commence building and to support a priest.

By the time all these parishes are in operation there will be nine Catholic parishes in the city of Winnipeg, which shows that the growth of the Catholic population is keeping pace with the general growth of Winnipeg.

Trappists in Africa.

An interesting statement was published recently concerning the work which the Trappists are doing in Africa. They have baptized at least 16,000 persons, according to statistics lately published. The schools are attended by 1637 children. At present there are 1970 catechumens under instruction, who will be baptized in about two years. It would never do to receive these people into the Church without a long probation, living, as most of them do, in pagan families. There are about sixty priests, all Trappists, thirty choir religious, and 245 Brothers—Trappists—and more than 400 Sisters engaged in this work of civilizing, educating and Christianizing these poor people.

History Will Repeat Itself.

M. Clemenceau, M. Briand and their associates would do well to remember that history has a way of repeating itself, says The Lamp (Anglican) and take warning from the swift retribution which overtook Napoleon Bonaparte for his treatment of Pope Pius VII., holding the venerable Pontiff a prisoner at Fontainebleau for five years. It was there that the celebrated interview took place in which the successor of St. Peter said to the then master of Europe: "Emperor, take care. The God of old still lives. When your measure is full He will break it in pieces." Twelve years later, when himself a prisoner at St. Helena, Napoleon said to an attendant, who as a page had been present on the occasion when the Pope had spoken: "Do you remember those words of Pius VII.—his terrible prediction?" "Yes, sire," the young man answered, "he said, 'The God of old still lives; he will crush you to pieces.'"

"He was no false prophet," added the fallen Emperor. "My sceptre has been broken, not by man, but by

God."

Dom Gueranger thus completes the wonderful story:

"A messenger from the Island of St. Helena was one day ushered into the presence of Pius VII. The exiled Napoleon, whom he had consecrated Emperor in the Church of Notre Dame, and whose after conduct had brought him under the ban of excommunication, now besought the Pope to allow him to be readmitted to those spiritual blessings of which he had been justly deprived.

"Pius VII., who has so courageously braved public opinion by giving hospitality, at Rome, to the members of the unfortunate Napoleon family, readily complied with the request thus made to him; and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was, shortly afterward, offered up in the presence of the illustrious exile of St. Helena.

"But, before granting pardon, the justice of God had required a full and public expiation. He, who had been the instrument of salvation to millions of souls, by restoring religion to France, was not to be lost, but he had impiously imprisoned the Sovereign Pontiff in the castle at Fontainebleau, and it was in that very castle that he had afterward to sign the deed of his own abdication. For five years he had held captive the Vicar of Christ, for five years he himself had to endure the sufferings of humiliation and captivity. Heaven accepted the retribution, and left Mary to complete her victory. Reconciled to the Church, and fortified by the Holy Sacraments which prepare the Christian for eternity, Napoleon yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker, on the 5th day of May, the month that is sacred to Mary."

May as good an ending come to the present political foes of Pope Pius X.

As to what effect the loss of temporalities will have upon the Church in France, the Republique Francaise well says:

"The Church accepts poverty. She will regain in moral prestige all she loses in material wealth. That is one of the far-reaching consequences which her enemies had not foreseen, and which is far more important than all the incidents of the present conflict."

Catholic Missionary Movement

The month of January has given birth to four new papers devoted to the work of the missions. The Catholic Missions, representing the central direction of the propagation of the faith in this country; The Field Afar, the organ of the mission spirit in the archdiocese of Boston; The Catholic Virginian, representing the diocesan apostolate band in the diocese of Richmond, of which Rev. T. E. Waters and Rev. A. J. Van Ingelgem are the missionaries, and then The Florida Catholic, though a diocesan paper in Florida, yet devoted largely to the non-Catholic mission work in that section of the country.

Last year several other purely missionary papers were started like the Extension in Lapeer, Mich., and The Apostolate, in Dubuque, and there were sent out from the Apostolic Mission House nearly 150,000 pieces of literature.

Another measure of the growth of the missionary sentiment is the amount of money that has been given for missionary purposes. If we gather together the sums given to the Apostolic Mission House, the Propagation of the Faith, the Negro and Indian missions, the Church Extension Society, \$50,000 is a very conservative estimate. Ten years ago when the non-Catholic mission movement began it was hardly one-tenth of that sum.

Fools Rush In

A company of young American tourists visited the home of Beethoven in Bonn, and were unrestrained in their expressions of wonder, admiration and approval of the room where the master had lived and worked. They asked many questions about Beethoven, and finally one young lady seated herself at his piano and proceeded, with true American confidence, to play the "Moonlight Sonata." Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano. Such an interesting combination!

The old caretaker stood there, stern and silent. When the performance was over the young lady turned to the old man and said:

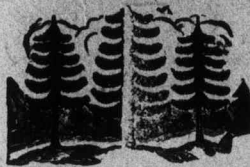
"I suppose many musicians have been here and have played on this instrument?"

"Paderewski was here last year, madam."

"Ah!" she sighed.

"But," continued the faithful guar-

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Mrs. Norma Swanson, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and had pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

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dian, "when some one urged him to play on Beethoven's piano, he said, 'No, I am not worthy!'"

Rebuke to Snobbishness.

By fraternizing with a labor member of Parliament at a smart function, the Duke of Norfolk administered a telling rebuke to a snobbish crowd who ignored the plebeian legislator. It was at a reception given by a fashionable art society, at which Will Crooks, M.P. for Woolwich, appeared in his House of Commons sack suit, instead of the regulation evening dress. Getting past the doorkeeper with difficulty, Mr. Crooks was received with haughty stares by the crowd of "fashionables" present. While the labor leader was wandering lonesomely about looking at the pictures and braving it out, the Duke of Norfolk arrived. His Grace soon saw Mr. Crooks, and soon saw also how he was treated.

Coming up to where the lonely member for Woolwich was standing, the Duke greeted him heartily and said: "Mr. Crooks, have you found your way to the supper-room? Come and let us have a cup of coffee together."

So the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, England's greatest aristocrat, and the ex-cooper, spent the rest of the evening together. Mr. Crooks tells the story himself.

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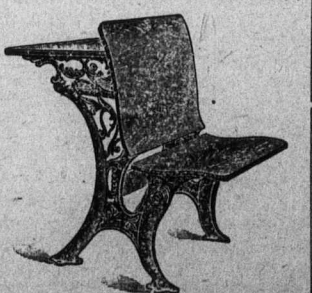
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Inspector John Bryce was man. His life, his days with criminals of all sorts, had brought out stern and bitter side of him. He had no mercy, and none; and the prisoners brought to the Great Mel Station did not, as a rule, any. They were a desperate, hardened, drink-soaked, hopeless. John Bryce looked them mostly as "studies," long ago ceased to think as human beings. He would a drunken man much as examine a curious insect, and I believe if he his way he would have shot with a little compunction would have shot a poison. He was apparently heartless, he had a soft side, discovered it one day when expected it.

It was a wretched, wet rain dripped down the spor gurgled in the gutters, and now and then the wind rashed it vehemently against window panes of the Great Street Police Station. John Bryce raked up the grate and drew away a musty book on the desk near a fire. A fire was a blessing, like this, but John Bryce never felt thankful that not out in the streets like man XXX., who was probing past that very minute, glad of the fire, but he wished that it was his fire and else.

As he sat staring into the coals the door of the outer opened suddenly and let in a gust of rain and wind. The sound of footsteps crossed wooden floor, the rustle ofintosh, and through his door Bryce could see a stiff burly policeman leading a child.

He got up slowly and yaw stretched himself before he and then he pushed the door open and stood eyeing the and muddy child with an disgust.

"Lost?" he inquired briefly the policeman nodded. "Parents a 'oliday makin' on," he said. The child him carefully, and then turn stare up into the big inspector's face as if she was wondering what the ogre would do. "Her baby eyes were v—" the kind that get bleary quickly," Bryce thought, a snorted contemptuously.

"Well," he said, "you'd leave her," and, with a shak dripping mackintosh and a good-night, the policeman Bryce looked at the child, a very stunted little thing, with hair and wonderful eyes and Bryce noted none of those things was trying to read the story of drink, brutality and lect in the ragged petticoats, hopeless shoes, and with a ward movement he pulled open door of the inner office and bid her go in.

When she was seated before fire, stretching out her little warmth, he caught himself at her interestedly. He at her red hair and bright eyes fancied he detected signs of mind in her little upturned and childish mouth.

The firelight played on her pled chin. John Bryce watched and tried to imagine what it be in years to come when it grown coarse and bloated and ugly. He could see the mind in the child face already there was cunning in her deceit in the droop of her eyelids, her hair was red, that peculiar End red that Melbury street so well. Just now the child pretty enough, but John Bryce not an artist, and he did not like that.

He rested his chin on his like. Drunk, of course; father beast; home none to speak of; a low lodging house in a alley, with a gutter for a ground and thieves for company. He had seen thousands of such. He had seen them grow too, and would probably see more. They all came to the end. They all came to the Melbury Street Police Station.

He turned away to the ledger and documents that were on his desk, but somehow his thought