

MEXICAN MORALITY.

In an account of a mission to non-Catholics at Dunkirk, Ind., written for the "Catholic Universe," by Rev. W. S. Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate band, we find the following:

"Comparing Mexican morality with that of American Protestants some one quoted official statistics to show that an enormous number of the former were living in concubinage and that the number of illegitimate children is greatest in the most Catholic of the Mexican States. The quotation is correct, but the inference deduced from the statistics is altogether false. A Mexican law requires civil marriage, but the bulk of the people look upon this law as a bit of impertinence, holding that their pastor alone, or his accredited representative, can validly solemnize their marriage. When Catholics go to the magistrate at all they look upon their civil marriage as a betrothal merely. Where, because of the Catholicity of the State, there is no danger of prosecution, Catholics are apt to ignore the civil marriage entirely; yet all the children born to these parents, who are truly married, are classed as illegitimate by government statistics. When we know this we can form an idea of the dishonesty of the Protestant missionary, who sends home such statistics on illegitimacy without a hint as to what illegitimacy means to the government statistician. This whole matter was set forth plainly by a statistician in the employ of our own department of labor. His article appeared in one of the Bulletins of Labor a year or two ago."—Standard and Times.

THE LATE FATHER MALO.

A picturesque and venerable figure has lately disappeared from the Northwest. On Sunday, June 19, Rev. J. F. Malo, who had been a missionary among Indians and whites just south of the line for the last forty years, died at St. Alexius Hospital, Bismarck, N.D. His illness began last spring by a severe cold which he caught while on a begging tour in the eastern states in favor of his dear Indians.

Father Malo was born in Montreal, in 1828, and was ordained in the same city in 1854. Several years later he began missionary work among the Indians in Oregon and Washington. About 1879 he was sent to the Turtle mountain country in the (then) territory of Dakota, now the state of North Dakota, where he won the esteem and love of all his fellow priests, who were all much younger than himself. He remained at or near St. John, N.D. until he was sent to Elbow Woods, on the Fort Berthold reserve for the Gros Ventre and Mandan Indians, about two years ago. The aged priest was well and favorably known in nearly all parts of the union, having travelled extensively to solicit funds with which to carry on his work among the Indians.

The funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church in Bismarck on Tuesday, June 21, 1904, and the large congregation comprised friends from different parts of the states, as well as from Bismarck. Final absolution was pronounced by Rev. Father Egan, vicar-general of the diocese of Fargo, and the funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. E. J. Conaty of Grand Forks.

AN INCIDENT OF A MISSION.

By Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I. in July Donahoe's.

Another mission in County Wexford was that of Newtonbarry. There was a wealthy Protestant gentleman living near that town, who was so liberal in his sentiments that he ordered his dinner to be at an hour earlier than usual so that his servants, who were numerous and exclusively Catholic, might be able to attend the mission devotions every morning. His son, who was of a wild and reckless disposition, was riding on horseback with another gentleman one afternoon, and having to pass by the chapel, outside of which were a certain number of stalls for the sale of objects of piety, he saw

numerous scapulars of different orders and colors, and he asked his companion what was the meaning of all these little flags. On being informed what they were he alighted from his horse, saying that he would buy some of them, his friend cautioning him to say nothing offensive about them. Putting what he had purchased into his pocket he rode to his father's house, and after dinner he tied all the scapulars around a little dog's neck. He then carried the dog to the hall where the servants were taking their supper preparatory to going to the mission. Opening the door he threw the dog among them. Before he had time to retreat, the housekeeper, who was a privileged domestic, and had nursed him when he was a baby cried out: "Master William, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It would be no wonder if God Himself should punish you for that insult to our holy religion." This was the last time any of them saw him alive, for in the morning, when some one went to his room to call him, he was found stiff and cold in his bed, having evidently been dead for some hours. This story, which was noised abroad, created a great sensation among persons of all creeds, and we were informed that it brought up some laggards to the reception of the sacraments.

RECEIVES ENGLISH SAILORS.

Four hundred English sailors belonging to the Mediterranean squadron were received by Pope Pius X. in private audience the first week in July. The Pope read an address in Italian, which was translated into English, by Monsignor Prior Archbishop Stoner.

On receiving Monsignor Falconio, immediately after the sailor's reception, Pius X. expressed his gratitude to Admiral Domville for having permitted the sailors to come to Rome, and sent his thanks to the King and the British Government for having appointed Catholic Chaplains on board their men of war.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

During a visit to the late lamented Archbishop Corrigan, His Grace related the following conversation which was repeated to him by the late Dr. Metcalf, of Boston.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on the occasion of a call upon his friend Dr. Metcalf was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who had some words with Metcalf, and hurriedly retired. His words, which were distinctly audible and related to some message from a priest, arrested Dr. Holmes' attention, and when they were alone he said in a startled manner: "Metcalf you are not a Catholic?" "Oh yes," replied Dr. Metcalf, "and have been in the Church for two years."

Dr. Holmes, astonished, looked at his friend during a long pause, and then leaning forward, placed his hand upon his knee, "And you are right, Metcalf, you are safely on the other side. The old hulk is covered with barnacles, but 'twill take you safe into port—I'm on the high seas."—From the Catholic Review of Reviews.

If You Have a Bad Cold

If you are sneezing and suffering from a "stuffed-up" head and running eyes the best plan is to get fragrant, healing Catarrhzone, the quickest and surest cure for cold in the head, coughs and catarrh ever discovered. This great healing agent is carried by the air you breathe all through the passages of the nose, throat and lungs. It soothes the irritated membranes, kills catarrhal germs, instantly stops the cough and sneezing. It's the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhzone that does the curing. A trial proves that a cold can be cured in a few minutes by Catarrhzone. Money back if it fails. Complete outfit \$1.00. Small size 25c.

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Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithfield, N.S., writes:—About 18 months ago I caught cold. It settled in my kidneys, and finally turned into Dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet were very much bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had used half a box I could notice an improvement, and the one box completely cured me. I have never been troubled with it since, thanks to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

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HIS TWO LOVELY ACQUAINTANCES.

Dear Editor of Chats: I'm in a dilemma. Here is the trouble: I'm old enough to get married, and able to support a wife. But I have no betrothed. Instead, I know two of the sweetest, brightest, best prettiest and most amiable Catholic young ladies that you can find in a month of Sundays, and for the life of me I don't know which one of them to make love to and ask to become my wife, if, after awhile I thought that she reciprocated my affection and esteem. Mind you, I don't dare say that say that either one of them will have me. And I'm not yet, what might be called, "in love" with them. The plain fact is I'm afraid of myself, afraid to visit them often, afraid to let myself become attached to either one of them, lest I should choose the wrong one and afterward have a life-long regret. Was ever man before in such a fix? I can only repeat the words of the poet: "How happy could I be with either, if the other dear charmer were away!"

What shall I do? What shall I do?

AMO.

Do? Why, ask the advice of the most prudent married woman of your acquaintance who knows both. If she does not know them already, introduce them to her, let her study their characters, dispositions and traits intimately for three months and then give you her opinion. A disinterested, quick-witted, sympathetic woman can judge members of her own sex far better than a man can.

Meanwhile pray for the guidance of Heaven on your choice.

Then having considered the matter yourself, having sought council having prayed for guidance, make your selection. Then press your clothes, and, if successful, have no second thoughts, no vain regrets. Into the happiest of lives, some trouble will come. Even the best-mated pair have their little differences. Thank God for the possession of an exceptionally fine wife, and seek, with a full heart, to make her life one grand sweet song.—Chats with Young Men in Catholic Columbian.

High-pitched voice of boy at telephone—Hello! That you mamma?"

Response by low, soft voice—Yes, Tommy. Where are you?

"I'm over here at cousin Dick's. Say mamma, can't I stay here all night?"

"I suppose so, if they ask you to stay."

"Dick she says if you ask me I can stay. Ask me . . . They've asked me, mamma. Good bye."—Chicago Tribune.

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