

OBJECTED TO A CATHOLIC TEACHER.

BECAUSE Miss Elizabeth Harcourt, cousin of the Hon. Richard Harcourt of Welland, Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario, is a Roman Catholic, she will be told that her services are not required when she appears to-morrow to take up her position as a teacher in the public schools at Ft. Erie. The School Board has set its foot down flat on Miss Harcourt. The members admit that she is a good school teacher. She has a certificate to teach and has taught four years in public schools in the Province of Ontario. Samuel Porter of the board, said the other day that any man who was a Protestant and a member of any secret society in Canada could not vote to put Miss Harcourt in office without violating his oath. Not everyone favors the action of the board and many Protestants in Fort Erie are said to be opposed to the action of the board in attempting to drop Miss Harcourt simply because she is a Catholic.

When school closed last June two of the three teachers in the school resigned their positions after giving three months' notice, as is required by their contract. The third, a Miss Durdan of Niagara Falls, told the board in July that she had a chance to take a school at Niagara Falls, and that she wanted to be released from her contract. The board granted her request. Early in August it put an advertisement in a Toronto paper for a school teacher. Porter said recently that the board meant to insert the word Protestant, but forgot. There were seventy applications. Miss Harcourt's qualifications seemed the best of the seventy, so she was selected for the place. Porter said the other day that the board sized up the name very carefully and decided that there was not much chance of a Harcourt being a Catholic. That was where they were fooled. It reached Miss Harcourt's ears that Catholics were not well liked in Fort Erie by some people. She thought that it might prove rather unpleasant for her, so she wrote to Joseph Schryer, former Customs collector, and present secretary to the board, telling him that she was a Catholic. Schryer conveyed the contents of the letter down through the board. Porter, who recently said that he was an Orangeman, took the letter through the town and says that he showed it to the parents of many children going to the school. He says that they were all greatly indignant to think that their children should be taught by a Catholic.

A meeting of the board was held on Monday night. It consists of six members. Edward Sowersby is chairman. The other members are W. J. Shepard, George Nease, Samuel Porter, Benjamin Bernhard and Edward Hawkins, reeve of the village. Porter is said to have been very indignant to think that the board had carried on negotiations with a Catholic. He declared that the board would be generally condemned if it attempted to hire a Catholic and that it would have to act for the interests of the village. The only ones who did not support Porter are Nease and Hawkins, so it is said. The other day Hawkins would not tell where he stood on the subject, and Nease could not be found. Porter says that it doesn't make any difference what they have been saying outside, for when it came to a vote to ask Miss Harcourt if she would just as leave stay at home, there was no dissenting vote.

Mr. Porter was seen at Fort Erie recently by a reporter for "The Express."

"Is it true that Miss Harcourt will not be allowed to teach in your public school here because she is a Roman Catholic?"

Mr. Porter's first answer was evasive.

"We have never had a Roman Catholic teacher in this school," he said finally, "and we don't intend to have."

Customs Collector House was standing nearby when Porter answered the question.

"That's not so," declared House, "the best teacher you ever had here was a Catholic."

"See here," said Porter, "I'm not looking for any quarrel with you. Beside, you're not interested as a

villager, and I know just about what I'm doing."

"Just the same there was a Catholic employed here, and I say again that he was the best teacher you ever had."

"Who was it?" demanded Porter.

"John F. Morse. He was so good that he quit and went to become a principal at Niagara Falls, N.Y."

"Yes, but that was long ago."

"He taught here, just the same, though," said House.

"We don't want any Catholic teachers here," declared Porter again, "and we won't have one if we can get around it. The people are against it. Look at the influence they have on the children. Why, we have 150 children here, and not more than twelve of them are Catholics. Keep the Catholic teachers in the Catholic schools. That's where they belong. You never heard of a Protestant in a Catholic school."

Mr. Porter was told that at one time there was a Protestant professor in the Christian Brothers' School in St. Catharines, Ont.

"Then that was because they couldn't get any Catholic to take the job."

At this juncture Mr. House interfered again, and said that he was ashamed to think that any fellow-Canadian would act as the members of the School Board.

"I'm willing to stand for what I do," declared Porter, "No good Protestant can belong to a secret society in Canada and vote in favor of putting this woman in that position if she takes that school people will refuse to send their children there. They won't have their children taught by a Catholic, and that is all there is to it. We are the servants of the people. We have got to do just as they want us to do."

"It is said that two members of the board are in favor of allowing Miss Harcourt to remain," said the reporter.

"That's not so. I have five men on that board to back me up in not giving this woman the position."

"Hawkins is said to have made public statements to the effect that he was in favor of the woman."

"It doesn't make any difference what he says outside. It's what he does at the board meeting that counts. I'm independent in this matter, and I don't care who likes what I'm doing or what I am saying."

"Sowersby, the chairman, was rabid on this subject when I spoke to him about it. At the meeting he calmed down a bit. He was afraid that if he said too much some of the Catholics in the village wouldn't have him do any more carpentry work for them. But come with me. I want you to see the other trustees. Hear what they have to say." The reporter went with Porter.

"Here, I'll show you how the people here feel about this subject," he said, as the two walked up the street. Then he called to a negro in the roadway.

"I want a word with you," said Porter, as the negro came up to him and doffed his hat. "What's your religion?"

"I, a little of a Meth'dist. I guess," was the reply.

"Would you let a Catholic teach your children?"

"It don't make much difference to me. I used to go to a Catholic school in Buffalo."

"But would you care to have a Catholic teach your children?" asked Mr. Porter.

"Well, I tell you, the best teachers I ever had was the sisters over in Buffalo, right near de Chippewa market, and they taught me all I know. And, I tell you, all the manners I ever got the sisters taught them to me."

"You see," said Mr. Porter, as the negro was left behind, "the people won't have Catholic teachers."

Benjamin Bernhard was the next member of the board found.

"No, sir, we don't want no Catholic teachers over here. It's the influence that we don't want. No doubt this woman is a good enough teacher, but we can't have no Catholic teaching here. Let me tell you that if she insists on teaching in that school I'm in favor of going to her the first day she works and give her three months' notice. You can bet my children won't be taught by a Catholic. I'll send them to Buffalo first. I want them brought up just as I was."

Mr. Bernhard was asked if a Catholic teacher would have any opportunity to introduce religion into the school work.

"It don't make no difference," said Bernhard. "It's the influence."

Reeve Hawkins was the third member of the board seen.

"Is it true," the reeve was asked, "that you don't want to take Miss Harcourt as a teacher because she is a Roman Catholic?"

"I don't see that that's anyone's business but the school board's. You Americans mind your own business. Take care of your own schools."

After the interview with the reeve Mr. Porter was asked if they had

heard from Miss Harcourt since the letter had been sent to her, telling her that if she was a Roman Catholic she had better stay home.

"I don't know," he answered. "Who does know?"

"Schryer knows and he won't tell anything about what he got until on Monday. He'll wait until the last minute."

In the meantime, another advertisement has been put in the Toronto papers for a teacher. This time the word Protestant is inserted.

An extra stir was caused in the village recently by the arrival of the new principal. His name is James Kirkwood of London, Ont. He told a reporter for "The Express" that he thought the board was perfectly right in trying to keep a Catholic teacher out of the public schools.—(From the Illustrated Express, Aug. 31.)

VOCATIONS TO RELIGIOUS LIFE.

THE feast of the Blessed Virgin as they recur throughout the year recall to us the fact that the Church which continually honors her as the mother of God and the queen of heaven is the Church which is continually producing vocations to its religious life. Century after century passes, and still men behold, with admiration or with distress, her young men and maidens have everything for God. Consumed with the all-absorbing love of Jesus Christ, they enter the convent of the seminary, and become, as common parlance and consecrated usage express it, dead to the world. Yet they themselves declare, and experience proves it to be true, that they have found actually that all earthly things are naught to them in comparison with the love of Christ, for which they have given up all. Their love for their friends does not, however, die in them; it is only enriched, ennobled, transfigured in Christ's love. Moreover, the wide world has become their fatherland; they go hither and thither, as obedience calls them, from Alaska to Patagonia, from Molokai to the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, on quest, as Christ their Love was, for the salvation of souls.

Not those alone who go on far-off missions feel the impetuous flame. The little Sister of Charity or of Mercy or of Bon Secours,—beside the sick bed, or in the school-room, or over the foundling's crib,—in New York slums or New England country towns,—has heard the whisper of the voice of Jesus say, Follow Me! and has answered to the call; has seen a glimpse of His divine face, and all other faces and voices have become forever secondary to that sublime attraction. The young levite has heard the call, and followed it as John the Beloved did nineteen centuries ago, giving up all earthly ties for that constraining love of the Redeemer of the world.

It is a proof of the Church's divinity, it is a proof that she is the spouse of Christ, when we see her sons and daughters, not by tens or fifties or hundreds, but by banded legions of thousands upon thousands, go forth in her service, bound by the three great vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to minister to the sorrowful, to toil among the heathen, to teach the ignorant, to pray and suffer for souls as Jesus their Exemplar prayed and suffered. And—let us note it well—the Church that produces such sons and daughters as these is the Church that honors the mother whom Jesus loved and honored on earth, and recognizes her as reigning with Him to-day, queen of the heaven where He is King. The Church that thus holds up to our imitation and our reverence the immaculate mother, crowned with the stars and with the moon beneath her feet, is the Church whose children are taught to feed among the lilies, and to die gladly to sin and all things earthly, for the love of God alone.—Sacred Heart Review

Do you wish to experience a great joy which concentrates itself in your soul embalming it for long hours? Do as much good as possible, as secretly as possible.

SWINDLING BY MAIL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that we are generally credited with being a newspaper reading nation, I am often tempted to believe that there must be many millions of intelligent persons in the United States who never so much as glance at the headlines of a newspaper," remarked an official of the Postoffice Department. "At any rate, if these millions to whom I refer ever actually do read the newspapers, their gullibility must be so profound as to be unfathomable. The Postoffice Department is constantly issuing fraud orders against individuals and alleged firms engaged in getting rich in the operation of schemes that it would seem any shrewd child of ten ought to be able to see through without the least bother.

The other day, for example, the Department got after a chap out in Cincinnati who for some months had been conducting what he called a "Turf Bureau." He alleged in his really admirably written circular that he had private and absolutely certain methods of obtaining information as to the horses that were slated to win races on tracks all over the United States, and he guaranteed returns of tremendous proportions. Well, when we looked this fellow up he promptly skipped, and his incoming mail was seized. It seems incredible, but every day's mail brought in thousands of dollars in amounts ranging from \$5 actually up to \$500, and the letters inclosing cash and checks were nearly all of them apparently written by persons of education. The book in which the man kept his simple account of cash received showed that since he put his scheme into operation he had taken in no less a sum than \$465,000, almost out of the question, as it may appear. He has got away, but, even if he is captured, I very much doubt if any very heavy punishment can be visited upon him. These slippery chaps who work their dodges by means of the mails have the money to employ first-rate lawyers, and these lawyers can generally successfully construe their clients' circulars as not having really promised anything to the gulls, after all.

The endless chain schemes that the Department runs down year after year are all of them money-makers for their operators. It would actually seem as if all a 'busted' individual had to do to get rich is to get a lot of circulars printed and send them out, borrowing the money for postage, and there will always be enough gulls to start him on his way. The cherry-tree scheme worked by a gang of Southern men, one of them a clergyman, was a colossal success for its promoters, and yet not a man in the crowd had a coin to bless himself with when they started the endless-chain scheme in motion. The more recent fountain-pen fraud, worked by a couple of Pennsylvanians, yielded returns that went into the thousands every day, and I haven't a doubt in life that any number of similar endless chain schemes are being worked this very day that we shall have to go after later on.

The people who bite on these endless-chain schemes all obviously want a whole lot for nothing, or little or nothing, and this, combined with their strange simplicity, is at the bottom of the success of the fellows who attempt to make their fortunes through the use of the mails.

You would naturally suppose that persons sufficiently intelligent to possess an interest in stock speculation would be able to steer clear of 'investment agents' whom they only know of through circulars, would you not? And yet the Department is constantly in receipt of tales of woe from individuals who have invested sizable sums of money with New York and Chicago swindlers claiming to conduct speculative businesses, who operate entirely through the mails. These outfits are broken up by the United States postoffice authorities as soon as their fraudulent character is clearly established, but it seems impossible to drive these fellows who run the alleged investment agencies wholly out of business.

The game's too easy for them, and they are fully aware of the great difficulty found in convicting them. As soon as one 'brokerage' firm

that carries on its business entirely by mail is smashed the men who have been successfully conducting it simply move down to another block and open up another 'brokerage' office under another firm name. The shift only involves their getting out another batch of literature. The thousands and thousands of dollars which these sharpers take in year in and year out from people whose way of expressing themselves on paper make it patent that they are educated men and women is a perpetual source of astonishment to me.

"The smaller fry of the mail swindlers are the fellows who advertise that they will send 'solid gold watches' and all that sort of thing upon the receipt of one dollar. Now, doesn't it seem reasonable to imagine that any man or woman sane enough to run loose in a civilized community ought to know perfectly well that a solid gold watch, or whatever other article it may be, perhaps a 'genuine diamond ring,' cannot be bought for the sum of one dollar? And yet there are responses to these ads. reaching literally in the millions, and the promoters of these dodges nearly always get rich. Last year we routed out a fellow in Boston who advertised in a very elaborate and spurious fashion throughout the country that he had got hold of a lot of 'lucky stones' on his travels through India, which he was willing to purvey by mail upon the receipt of a dollar per stone. The money that chap got was something fabulous. The dollars were just raining in when the inspectors swooped down on his office and cleaned him out. He didn't care then whether he was cleaned out or not. He had got the money.

Something over a year ago the Department nailed a clever woman, who was operating her little dodge down in Florida—a woman of tremendous shrewdness this one was sure enough. She advertised and sent out circulars to the effect that she was a natural born healer of any old disease that was ever included in a medical book, mental or physical, and she set forth the fact that, if anything, she was some better as an 'absent healer' than she was as a contact healer. All the person afflicted with any sort of disease had to do was to hike a \$5 note along to her, and she would spend five minutes at a certain hour of the day or night thinking of the person remitting the money. Thus the afflicted one would be made whole. If I remember correctly, this little woman pulled in something like \$200,000 with her scheme, and, if she had really devoted five minutes of thought each day to each of her subscribers, the day would have had to be about two months long. The beauty of the situation in her case was that absolutely nothing could be done in the way of punishment to her. She clung to it when mailed that she really was an absent healer all right—although there was a merry twinkle in her eye as she said it—and the Government hadn't any way of proving that she wasn't what she claimed to be, even had the Government been disposed to establish any such contention.

Not in recent years have any of these mail swindlers been so bold as that humorist who, advertising that he would send a certain way of getting rich on receipt of a dollar, sent out little slips containing the words, 'Work hard and never spend a cent,' but manipulators of the mails almost as brazen are constantly requiring suppression. When one stops to reflect upon how many years this sort of mail swindling has been going on, and then considers how many tens of millions of newspapers containing accounts of such swindles are constantly being thrown off of American presses, one is tempted to take stock in that old aphorism of Hungry Joe's that 'there's a sucker born every minute, and they never die.'—Washington Star.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Cliff Haven, Sept. 8.

ON Friday last came to a close one of the most successful sessions of the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain. Those who have been wont to make Cliff Haven their summer home for several seasons past, are united in the one opinion that no season has been more profitably or more pleasantly spent.

The excellence of the closing week's intellectual programme is evidence of the well sustained interest in the phase of activity at Cliff Haven. In the morning Dr. James J. Walsh gave a course in Twentieth Century Prospects in Biology. The special problems which engaged his attention were Heredity, Vital Activity and Vital Force, Evolution and Sanitation. The results already attained in the study of these problems were discussed, but special emphasis was laid upon the difficulties yet to be overcome before a solution can in each case be reached. The course was notable for its up-to-date treatment and thought of widely discussed matters, but it was even more valuable as an expression of the Catholic point of view, which necessitates on the part of the person giving it, impartial, sound and accurate judgment.

On Monday evening Rev. J. Talbot Smith lectured on "The Popular Play." Father Smith is a well known essayist, novelist and play writer. His latest work of note is "A Baltimore Marriage," a drama which may be staged soon by Henrietta Crossman. In his lecture he spoke in favor of the popular melodrama, which sets virtue above vice and arouses love for the good and brave and true pity for the innocent and suffering. Its crudities were not denied by the lecturer, but its good points and far reaching favorable influence were emphasized.

The last three evenings were devoted to recital given by Miss Mary Canney, instruction of elocution at Mount Saint Vincent-on-the-Hudson. She is also a graduate of the famous Emerson School of Oratory at Boston, which has turned out some of the most attractive readers before the public. On Tuesday she gave a purely Shakespearean recital—The Taming of the Shrew, a performance which makes severe demands upon the reader; on Wednesday she gave three selections from the Merchant of Venice, and a few miscellaneous pieces. On Thursday, the programme was entirely miscellaneous, being made up of selections from some of the best authors. Miss Canney has all the outward requirements of a good reader, an engaging presence, great personal magnetism and a clear and flexible voice. Her versatility was shown in that she could portray equally well the boisterous, masterful Petruchio, the termergant Catherine and the refined and brilliant Portia. Her complete subordination of inflection and gesture to the thought which informed the lines, proved her an artist of superior ability. Her reading was at all times refined and sympathetic, yet powerfully effective—a sure evidence of her skill.

The last Solemn High Mass of the session was celebrated on Sunday by Rev. Bernard M. Bogan of Rahway, N.J., assisted by Rev. Francis P. Siegfried of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, as deacon, and Rev. Francis J. Lavelle of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, as sub-deacon. Rev. John J. Byrne of Dunwoodie was master-of-ceremonies. LaHache's beautiful Mass in honor of St. Louis, was sung by the choir. At the offertory, Mrs. Amelia Devin, contralto soloist in Holy Name Church, New York city, sang magnificently Cherubini's "Salve Regina." The sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. He spoke in particular of all the promoters and members of the school have to be thankful for.

Although the population of the School has considerably decreased during the past few days, about every night has had its entertainment. A musical at the Healey, a hop at the Champlain Club and a grand euchre and dance at the New York have been among the social pleasures of the closing week, and they were in no way less attractive than their memorable predecessors.

The closing week has further been marked by the presence of a few distinguished guests, most notable among whom was Rt. Rev. J. M. J. Montes de Oca Y. Obregon, Bishop of San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Thomas M. Mulvy of New York, president of the general St. Vincent de Paul Society, was with his wife a guest at the Champlain Club.

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Coming down the s... village of La Horca... a bit of a lad, stopp... front of the inn know... ada del Arco. A lit... outside weeping bitter... approach, however, he... ed, for in spite of th... the night she had reco... springing eagerly forw... teriously under her b... "For God's sake; g... "Why?" he asked. "Because," said M... ently, meantime seizin... arm. He strove to p... little and weak thoug... turned him complete... forced him away from... "Don't be bad," she... "They have shut me... afraid. Don't let them... "But I am looking f... said Ramon. "Did you... "Hush," said M... frightened still. "I a... not." "You are very stran... you fear, let me stay... "No! I would fear s... they might kill you." "You must be crazy... Ramon, shrugging his... with a vague dread i... took her advice and... steps homeward. The public square of... tion seemed very wi... dark, as he hurried a... night watchman was... from the other side... true to his shepherd... such he had been—gat... pebble and hid himsel... way. The old watchm... with his lance and lan... the fashion of the mu... days, announced the... as the clock struck te... neighboring steeple. T... course were different, l... long drawn out plaint... ed: Ave Maria purissi... is overcast. When the guardian... had passed, and utter... ing cry further on E... from his hiding place... the twelve steps at t... street. Because of... they were called The S... Apostles. The wind was bitter... swept the narrow plat... arated the convent of... the ruins of the old fo... to the bone, Ramon p... eers the top of his go... stopping at the end o... gave a shrill whistle t... ther. The buying of a... the only reply. The... the call several times... quite worried, entered... bles which were then... was there that he and... usually slept. He clos... with an iron bar, and... ing to the stone self... his bed, threw himsel... ground, near where th... stalled, and in spite o... was soon sound asleep. Early in the morning... against the stable door... He thought it was his... it was only an old beg... who lived somewhere i... "Ramon," she said, "f... father is waiting for y... Steps of the Apostles." Surprised at the mes... sprang from the stable... it behind him, and... to the street. The night wind had... clouds, but although it... bright the street was d... ther," cried Ramon; bu... came. The boy hurried... second step from the b... sombre heap which he... tinguish. Coming clos... it, he shrunk back in... was about to flee. Ther... age he cautiously app... most like a cat in his r... well known cloak of br... ered a human body; a... out his hand he looked... terror for help; but n... and kneeling down he... cloak, lifted it, and w... fall sobbing on his fath... Old Bernardo had n... had lost his wife a few... and was still mourning... his oldest son. Keeper... done convent, he had... thefts at times, but not... enough man to harbor a... escaped being hated. The morning before, h... the Mass of Holy Thurs... ter the evening offic... to the mules as usual... against his custom, went