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A GREAT ARCHITECT.

By "ORUX."

FROM time to time, since I have commenced to scribble for the "True Witness," I have sought to bring before the readers some choice expressions, from eloquent pens, on the great subject of art, and especially of Catholic art. Of course, when I speak of art in general I include all its forms, all its various modes of expression—drawing, painting, etching, sculpture, moulding, architecture and design—and in each of these do I find that the Catholic Church has produced the greatest masters, while she was ever the fostering mother of art and letters, of music and of philosophy.

From the close of the fourteenth to almost the middle of the fifteenth centuries there lived a man in Italy whose genius had revived the ancient art of the Greeks and Romans, in the domain of architecture, and whose monument—even as St. Peter's of Rome is that of Angelo—is the dome of the Cathedral of Florence. The name of this man was Filippo Brunelleschi. He was born in Florence in the year 1377, and died in the same city, in the year 1446. During the almost seventy years of his life he performed wonders as far as the revolutionizing of architecture is concerned. A few words of a biographical character may not be out of place, before we turn to a brief account of the mighty changes brought about by the chisel and pencil of this Florentine.

Brunelleschi was the son of a notary, and his father intended that he should follow the same profession. But he gave evidence of so much mechanical instinct and ingenuity that he was apprenticed to a goldsmith. In those days the trade of a goldsmith demanded a thorough acquaintance with the arts. The boy became a very good tradesman. In order to perfect himself in his trade he made special studies in sculpture, perspective and geometry. He went to Rome in his younger days, when he familiarized himself with the works of ancient architecture, and took the secret resolution to revive the older classical style which had died out in Italy. Competing for the work of completing the Cathedral of Florence, when he had returned from his sojourn of study in Rome, his plan was approved, and though he did not live to see the completion of his great work, still he earned for himself imperishable fame. The cupola, which is one of the triumphs of architecture, is larger than that of St. Peter's in Rome, and was then the largest in the whole world. Another of the imperishable monuments to his genius is the Pitti palace at Florence. And over Italy are to be found a number of churches, designed and executed by this great Catholic architect—and all of them are models that have inspired thousands since his time. So much for the personal career of Brunelleschi; we will now take a glimpse at the change in the style of architecture that he effected.

The Roman Empire reached the zenith of its glory in the Augustan age; when peace reigned supreme and the arts flourished in all their perfection. From the Mantuan grove sang Virgil, and Horace turned his magic lyre and sang the immortal odes that go travelling down the ages. The magic of Cicero's eloquence had awakened the echoes of the Forum; the painters, sculptors and architects vied with each other in glorifying Caesar and the Gods. But the decline came; the tyrannic careers of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, and that long series of degenerated and degenerating Caesars. There was nothing in paganism to meet and turn back the tide of luxury that was sapping the foundations of the mightiest fabric that the administrative genius of man had ever constructed. With the decline of Rome, architecture, like all other arts, began to decay and the splendor of the Roman idea sensibly diminished. Through successive periods the Roman school sank lower and lower, and while the architecture of the Middle Ages was taken from old Greek and Roman models, the strong principles which had been the basis and glory of the Grecian and Roman periods were either entirely lost or else was misunderstood by the secondary minds that arose.

There were various styles, all of a more or less transitional character. They were called by names, but only by such were they designated and are they remembered. The Latin, the Byzantine, the Lombard, the Saxon, the Norman, the Romanesque, were all known as the old or the round-arched Gothic. During these different stages of decline barbaric hordes from the North invaded the Roman Empire; Hun, Vandal, Goth, and Visigoth poured in upon the most beautiful provinces of the Empire, and before their invading forces the legions were crushed, and the torch of the Vandal was lit to destroy the greatest works of art that a prior civilization had created. But when Constantine transferred the seat of Empire to Byzantium, and called the city by the Bosphorus Constantinople, the architectural treasures left by the ancients were freely used by the Greeks, who again turned successfully to the cultivation of the arts. Then came the Byzantine school, with its crowning glory—the dome.

In Italy, after the sixth century, the old Gothic, or painted style, was introduced, the essential element of which was the painted arch. With the so-called reformation came the gradual abandonment of the painted arches. It was only when the fifteenth century dawned upon Italy that we find the old classic style, with all its perfections, combined with the Byzantine dome, to constitute the very perfection of architectural design; and this was the work of the subject of this brief sketch—to Brunelleschi belongs the glory of the initiative taken, the results of which have been so wonderful.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

It is not my purpose, says Rev. John F. Noll, to scold those Catholics who have already cast their lot with a Protestant or an infidel, for except in very few instances, they secretly concede that it was the mistake of their lives. Many Catholics, who before marriage could see no wrong in the step in their case, have told me that they would never do it over.

And as to the unmarried, I shall not write them a sermon, for they have a real horror for sermons on mixed marriages, and on account of this horror, they seldom give an attentive ear to the reasons for the Church's strict position regarding such marriages. My purpose, then, will be merely to enumerate some of these reasons in a manner plain and convincing to everyone who will use his "thinking powers" a little.

SUCCESS OF LIFE

We all seek success; and are all ambitious to triumph in life's affairs. Yet we fail, or we succeed, and often we cannot tell exactly why such has been the result of all our desires, ambitions and endeavors. Last week, this subject was admirably treated by a Catholic contemporary, and the article, though brief, appears to cover most of the ground. What we like most in this brief article is the fact that the writer of it does not depend, or rather make success depend, upon circumstances only. They who blame, or who give credit to circumstances, are more or less fatalists. They look to chance, to luck, to fortune, more than to the Providence that is unquestionably and with whom man must count in the affairs of life. Here are the comments to which we refer:—

"Success in the affairs of this world depends upon certain virtues and qualifications as well as favorable circumstances and a kind Providence. The success referred to is that associated with an upright, honorable life, not marred by conduct or action unbecoming a gentleman and Christian.

"Men who have attained distinction in their respective vocations, or accumulated wealth, or placed themselves by their own honest efforts in a state of independence, or who are influential in the commercial or political field, or who earn an income in proportion to their necessary expenses, are considered successful men. "But the biographer or student of philosophy is oftentimes puzzled to understand how one man prospered whilst his confere with equal abilities and similar circumstances was unsuccessful. Why some became opulent, whilst others with like opportunities were wretched.

"Men may be as Shakespeare wrote: 'Masters of their fate,' but the fault is 'not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings.' Success in some instances may not be due to superior knowledge and ability, but to tact, energy and enterprise. Misfortune may be caused by the habit of procrastination, which restrains ability.

"There is a time, yea, a moment, when success was a sure prospect, but let that moment be lost and the opportunity is gone. This comment is beautifully expressed in these lines of Shakespeare: 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken in the flood leads to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.'

"In some cases success in business was promoted by a courteous, prepossessing demeanor. A generous nature and politeness have a magnetic or hypnotic effect upon our fellow-creatures, whereas apathy and rudeness may repel them. Thus it is that some men often hide their talents and mar their usefulness by uncouth manners or rough exterior." This last remark is one that is based on daily examples. We hear so often that a man has a good heart, but a rough appearance, or manner. That may be true—but it would pay him better to mask the roughness, and to "wear his good heart on his sleeve."

MIXED MARRIAGES.

down rather than build up His Kingdom? "Thy Kingdom come," (increase) is what we pray for. God's Kingdom would diminish fast, as statistics show, did the Church permit mixed marriages.

6. Where husband and wife differ in religion, the child must generally be trained in doubt, not in faith. The child can hardly bring itself to believe that membership in the Catholic Church is so necessary if one of its parents be not a member.

7. What if the Catholic party should die whilst the children are still young? The Protestant party must now see that the children be instructed in the Catholic faith, that they attend to their religious duties, etc. Even if the Protestant party do this, the children will take little interest when the surviving parent does not practice what he or she preaches and inculcates.

8. The non-Catholic party in a mixed marriage either is opposed to the Catholic religion, or he is indifferent toward all religion, or he is disposed about the Catholic religion. Now, if he be opposed to the true religion, he is surely not pleasing to God; if he be indifferent about all religion he is not pleasing to God; if he be disposed toward the Catholic religion, as long as he defers entering the Church, he is not pleasing to God. So where is there any mixed marriage that pleases God?

9. The plainest reason for God's, and consequently the Church's prohibition of mixed marriages is that God wants marriage entered into from holy, pure, supernatural motives. You are not actuated by such motives when you marry one of the faith. Your reason for marrying a Protestant is, say his good looks, his means, or even his pleasing, kind disposition; it may be he is "just according to your taste." What does God care for all this, if his soul is not right, if his mind will not accept the truth and his will be not disposed to keep God's laws?

10. Of course, many Catholics who might be keeping company with non-Catholics believe that in their case things will go all right after marriage, I speak for their best interests when I say, be careful; do not deceive yourselves. Others have thought the same thing but have become sadly disappointed. Remember that our lives will be happy or unhappy precisely as God wants them to be; and remember too, that the devil is also very much interested in your marriage. You may later have to confess: "The serpent deceived me."

But do not converts often result from mixed marriages? Not half as frequently as apostates. The non-Catholic should become a convert before marriage and take plenty of time, too, to acquaint himself with the teachings and practices of the Church he enters.

NEW PATENT LAW.

The new law, assented to August 13, 1903, empowers the Commissioner of patents to place certain patents under the Compulsory License System in lieu of the actual manufacture of the patented article, provided application is made before February 13th, 1904, in cases of patents granted before August 13th last.

The patents which are likely to be placed under the Compulsory License System are for: an art or process; improvements on a patented invention, when both patents are not held by the same persons; appliances or apparatus used in connection with railways, telegraph, telephone, and lighting systems and other works under the control of the public or large corporations, which are manufactured or constructed only to order, and are not according to custom carried in stock.

The cost of preparing and filing a petition for the Commissioner's order is ten dollars (\$10.00) in all ordinary cases. (Information furnished by Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D. C.)

Statistics will show better than any argument what poor Catholics the offspring of mixed marriages become. The Literary Digest of a year ago quoted statistics gleaned from a house to house canvass, as follows:—Where both father and mother were Catholics, 92 per cent of the grown-up children are Catholics, but in mixed marriages only 34 per cent of the children go to church at all. That means that two-thirds of the children of mixed marriages are lost to God's Church, and I might say, lost to Heaven. Can you believe that God will bless such unions when they tend to pull

OUR REVIEWER ON BOOKS.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Our readers may remember the sensational stories that filled the press of last year in regard to Giuseppe Musolino the Calabrian bandit, whose wonderful exploits ended in his famous trial at Lucca. It may be remembered that he was only twenty-six years of age, and that he had during the last four or five years of his wild career defied the law and held all the authorities at bay, piling up the record of his murders to a fearful height. A volume has just been published in Italian entitled "Biografia d'un Bandito," written by two very serious university professors, one of Rome and the other of Genoa, and which deals with the life of this notorious bandit. However, it is a book that would be a surprise to almost all who read it. It is dedicated to Professor Cesare Lombroso, of the University of Turin. The very first question one is prompted to ask is "why should such serious men dabble in dime-novel style of sensationalism?" The title of the work and the well known character and deeds of the hero thereof, would lead a reader to suppose that there would be some blood-curdling accounts of the deceptions of the bandit and stories of his sensational and hair-breadth escapes in the mountains of Calabria. But, if such be the anticipations, certainly the disappointment must be great.

For the general reader there are some chapters of interest that treat of the social, economic and moral conditions of Calabria. But the main aim of the work is of a totally different character. To give an idea of its purport, we may quote the words of an eminent American reviewer as to the means taken by the two professors to secure material for their volume. This writer says:—"During the time of Musolino's detention at Lucca, pending his trial, the authors of this study were given free access to the delinquent, and he appears to have found diversion in their visits and in the minute examinations to which they subjected him. With the help of tabular statements and of diagrams they chronicle the details of Musolino's physical and mental organism, and precise measurements of his person, record of pulse, and temperature, photographic reproduction of finger-prints, of the character of his reflex muscular actions and the classification of the subject matter of his dreams through a long series of consecutive nights. The layman, after a careful reading, will be likely to consider that all this mass of painfully gathered data goes to show that Musolino exhibited no abnormal traits, and was far from appearing a monster of wickedness or an ordinary acquaintance. He seems like a perfectly normal human being, with no lust of blood—only he has the undeveloped moral sense that is characteristic, for example, of the Indian in his savage state; and Calabria is well known to have lagged behind the rest of the world in moral as in material development. If, indeed, it has not retrograded. But the lack in Musolino appears to be entirely moral, and to be a defect in education alone. The bandit had occasional attacks of epilepsy, and, besides the careful investigation of the facts in his individual case, the authors have inquired into the prevalence of epilepsy in Calabria, both absolutely and in comparison with other parts of Italy. The results are brought to bear on the fact that Calabria exceeds all other parts of the Italian realm in crimes of violence, and in actual homicide is exceeded only by Sicily."

The practical results of this peculiar work are few, but of them there is one that stands out in great prominence; it is the conclusion that education, has more to do with the formation of the man than either physical or mental defects. Of course, by education is meant not only school instruction, but also family environment, the atmosphere of home influence, and the religious inculcation that is a predominant feature in all true education. Physical deficiencies are not necessarily of the greatest importance; and mental lackings may be overcome by proper education, unless they be of a character to place the individual in the category of the demented or idiotic. But the question is not in regard to these exceptions, but rather the ordinary human being, that sets out in life, with an average amount of

OUR REVIEWER ON BOOKS.

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strength of faculties. The home education is the first great influence in the moulding of that person's future; then come in succession all the subsequent steps on the pathway of ordinary education. If then the predominating force of religious influence be not felt, there is but a poor chance that the individual can develop into a good and useful citizen. The moral faculties are in the balance and from the outset either the good or the evil weights will load the scales with preponderance on one or the other side. If the evil outweighs the good from the very start the effort to regain the equilibrium and to make the scales swing in the other direction is necessarily great, and often futile, because too late.

Here again we find ourselves face to face with the most serious question of the hour—that of education, and its influence upon the coming generation. We also find ourselves brought in touch with the unceasing preachings of the Church, which insist upon religious and secular education being combined and made to go hand in hand. They are both of an absolute necessity; and whosoever seeks to divorce them, be it in the name of the State, or of society, or of anything else, merely works for the destruction of the rising generation, and for the creation of a citizenship of the Musolino character rather than one of the higher more stable and more perfect class. If this work of the Roman and Genoese professors had no other result than to prove in a scientific manner, based upon experiments in an individual instance, the grave need of religious and true education for the rising generation, it would not be a vain or fruitless work. The subject is unique, but the treatment thereof is still more unique. It was, as the professors thought, an admirable opportunity to force the world to conclusions similar to those that the Church has been, for all time, and under all circumstances, preaching, and they have certainly succeeded to a goodly extent—the work will probably be translated into English and French.

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THE MONTH OF THE DEAD.

(By "Una," Mary A. Ford.)

Oh, pray, pray for the dead! Kneel in thought where the withered grasses Rustling sway o'er a once bright head; Summer dies, and the dying flowers Sigh, "Remember your loved and dead."

Fading, fluttering, whirling, failing, Leaves come down with a sob of pain— Come to cover the dear ones lying Under the cold November rain— Cold as clay when the soul has fled, Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

Oh, pray, pray for the dead! Every second Death is calling, Dear ones fall like the autumn leaves; Where's the grove that has lost no garland? Where's the home where no mourner grieves?— Barred from glory, are doomed to roam, Voiceless, helpless. Oh, you loved them! Beg our Father to call them home— Home from suffering, darkness, dread; Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

Oh, pray, pray for the dead! Pray for those whom the yawning billows Swallowed down in their fearful wrath, Those who, scorched by the breath of fever, Fell like grass in the mower's path, Those who dropped by the way unnoticed, Those who died in the battle's din, All are loved by our Lord, and holy, All must suffer who stoop to sin; Plead for rest for each weary head, Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

Oh, pray, pray for the dead! Buried friends, can we e'er forget you— You who felt for our weal or woe? God be with you, our silent sleepers, Lying under the turf so low, Useless, vain is our weak bewailing— Vain are murmur and sob and tear; What, oh, what can our grief avail you, Lifeless dust that was once so dear? Hark! a sigh from each lowly bed; Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

A good character is the best tombstone. Those who loved you, and were helped by you, will remember you when forget-me-nots are withered. Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.

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