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THE WORLD AS MASTER.

The feast of St. Philip was celebrated at the Birmingham Oratory on May 26th with the usual solemnity. The preacher was the Rev. Father Robert Bracey, O.P., of St. Dominic's Priory, London, who took as his text the words of Ecclesiasticus: "Let us now praise a man of renown a man of great power and endowed with wisdom, a man rich in virtue and studying beautifulness, a man whose name liveth unto generations and generation." Our life here below, said the preacher, is one of conflict, a never-ending warfare against almost overwhelming odds. Our enemies are many. Not to speak of the traitors within the garrison—our unruly impulses, our weak and wayward wills—we have three external foes of terrific power, the world, the flesh and the devil. The world: A Christian's vocation, his lofty aims, his final glorious destiny, bid him live indeed in the world, but not of it. That is our theory. But our practice? Ah! The subtle influence of the world wraps us about, clings to us as a garment, powerfully affects our every unstudied action, moves, inclines and influences us almost without our knowledge. Even the best of us must confess with a sigh that he is apt to subordinate eternal to temporal interests, to be more zealous in searching out the things that will pay in this life than those that yield their rich increase only in the next. The world is our master and we know it. Now and again we may chafe against our chains, and try to break our bonds asunder; but, as a rule, the slavery endures, and in that slavery we acquiesce with no great show of unwillingness. And the flesh: The deadly allurements we call by that comprehensive name have a sad attractive power for poor fallen human nature. They wrap their hedonistic grossness in the garb of refinement and poetry—even the elect have yielded victims to the siren's voice.

Little by little the fascination tells, and the fatal spell does its work. The God of Purity may break up the fountains of the great deep; He may open wide the flood-gates of heaven; the rain may fall mightily upon the earth and the waters cover the very top of the mountains; but when the deluge has become a memory, man will be as frail as before. The Lord may rain brimstone and fire from heaven upon the cities of the profligate, so that the ashes thereof rise up from the earth even as the smoke of a mighty furnace, but still the lesson is not learned. He may promise to the clean of heart that it shall be theirs to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; to chant in His honor a song of wondrous loveliness which none but spotless lips may utter; to be His friends and favorites, His Own special guard, the inner circle of His court. It all avails but little. For most men (not always, indeed, but for periods too long by far) a veil hangs before their eyes, their hearts are hardened, their minds darkened, grace does not touch them, the voice of reason fails to arouse them, neither word nor example can prevail. Then there is the devil, who, "though in pain and racked with deep despair," is still devoured with a deadly ambition, to get the better of his younger brother Man, and drag him down to his own fearful level. His is an "unconquerable will," his "the courage never to submit or yield," he is an archangel, though a fallen one; crippled though his powers may be, his empire over nature is not ended; blighted is his intellect, yet how mighty, subtle, piercing, comprehensive, even in its ruin! And withal (sobering, terrifying thought!) this Spirit of Darkness, this sometime Son of the Morning, this Lord of a third part of the Host of Heaven, this Master of "immortal hate," is the deadly personal enemy of us, of you and me, weak, frail, trembling, tempted creatures as we are!

Now, in the age of St. Philip Neri, your Father, my brethren, the world, the flesh, and the devil ruled for a while supreme; they had crept into the very cloister; the Holy of Holies itself—the Church of God, the citadel of the Most High—seemed as though it would soon be forced to capitulate and to become the fortress and the stronghold of the enemy. In the Middle Ages the world and its spirit had been forced into the background. Faith assumed for a while the role of an absolute sovereign. Men fixed their gaze more than ever before, or since, on the Unseen. They went to

war, but their wars were crusades; they wrote romances, but as often as not those romances were but legends of the saints under another name; they travelled from land to land, but their journeyings were pious pilgrimages; they sang and played and made love; but religion (deep and fervent) tinged and colored their very poetry and music and gallantry. Now a change had come; the discovery of a new continent had made the world loom larger and seem of more importance; the destruction of the Greek Empire had scattered over Europe the long buried pagan literature of the East, and flooded Christendom with heathen ideas and heathen theories; laity and clergy alike fell victims to the new learning; Bishops gloried less in their mitres, and more in their coronets as great temporal princes and nobles; Cardinals were too apt to pose as statesmen and ministers of kings; and the Popes themselves were oft lost and immersed in the troubled sea of Italian politics. And the flesh vied with the world. The old discipline had passed away, the ancient simplicity was forgotten.

Yes, the age was a bad one, the times were out of gear, the Church seemed running, as it were, to seed. Suddenly the great Catholic reaction began, the counter-Reformation had set in, the Arm of the Lord was not to be shortened forever. A glorious group of saints appeared as the "Divine instruments," the lowly agents of the Most High, ever so apt to confound the strong and wise of this world by means of the weak and seemingly foolish. And pre-eminent among them was your Father, St. Philip. Who so fitted for the work as he? From earliest youth he had shaken himself free from those worldly interests that claim and rivet the immortal spirit to earth and impede its heavenward flight; like another Aquinas, he had proved himself an angel in human flesh, by a hand to hand personal conflict with the ministers of impurity; and more than once his intrepid simplicity had got the better of the evil one, in spite of all the latter's craft and subtlety. And what other saint had a mission half so glorious? Others were called to reform an Order or a province, a diocese or a kingdom, he to reform the Church herself, by becoming the Apostle of Rome, the centre of her gravity. Others had a message to the Church's members, he to her head and right nobly he did the work. Princes and prelates and those in high places were powerfully influenced for good by this lowly priest. They learned from him to be in the world but not of it; to be humble amid the trappings of state; to see in themselves not the lords and masters of great positions and vast riches, but rather the stewards of the Lord, burdened with heavy responsibilities, and with a strict account to render of their trust. Philip had taught them that the world is a means to an end, not the end itself, and that earth should be the stepping stone to Heaven. The youths who hung upon his words, the maidens who were his spiritual daughters, the men and women of every class who crowded to the Roman Oratory breathed in Philip's presence an atmosphere of purity, learned like him to be angels in frail human flesh; daily saw the things of God with clearer vision and keener apprehension, because daily they became cleaner of heart and mind.

And in Philip's School of Christian Perfection all that was good in Rome became so simple, so truthful, so prudent, so studious to avoid the very occasion of ill-doing; that the opportunities of the evil one for sowing strife and creating dissension and entangling the unwary and those off their guard were reduced to a minimum. The Reformation (a letter and truer one than that of Luther) had begun in Rome, from Rome it was to spread through Christendom; and is it an exaggeration to claim for Philip, that of that Reformation he was the life and the soul? My brethren, you who live in this place, and are served by Philip's sons, the Apostles of Rome is your patron and model in your own conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil he fought so well himself. Study his life, follow in his footsteps, and it shall be well with you also. Perhaps not a saint in all the calendar is so likely to influence the Catholics of England for good as he—so human, so common-sense, so reasonable, so free from exaggeration—someone we

can understand, someone almost of our modern world, no pillar-saint, no hermit of the desert; and withal so lovable and loving, possessing just that warmth of devotion that English folk so often lack to their own hurt, which (did they but possess it) would be the very making of their piety. Ah! if we reproduce the virtues of St. Philip, fight world, and flesh and devil as he would fight them, then we shall raise the noblest of noble memorials to that greatest son of St. Philip, whose throne once stood within this church, the memory of whose presence lends to this spot a world-wide fame, and whose privilege it was to make St. Philip known in our land, and to give him to us as our father and our friend.

SCOTLAND'S CROWN.

So long has Scotland been united to England, so long is it since James of Scotland became James of England, that we have grown to almost forget that Auld Scotia had ever been an independent kingdom. When we read the story of the Stuarts, or that of Bruce, we feel like when we are enjoying the historical romances of the Waverley series. Yet Scotland had its royal house, its King, and its crown. Holyrood is yet there in all its antique and venerable grandeur; the royal family has gone down into history; and the crown alone remains to remind us that once there reigned a royal line in the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood." The ancient crown of Scotland is still preserved in the Castle of Edinburgh. It is said to have been made for Robert Bruce. It consists of two circles of gold, the upper and narrower circle is surmounted by crosses and gem-encrusted imitations of flowers. The lower ring, which is the head band, is adorned from end to end of the golden band with large precious stones of different kinds. Above are two arches of gold, which unite and are surmounted with the historic "cross and ball." When the Stuarts became kings of England they took the trouble of going to Scotland to seat themselves, for a few moments, upon the celebrated "Stone of Scone," and to have King Bruce's diadem pressed upon their royal heads. Charles I. declared his intention of removing the Scottish crown to England, so that such ceremonies could be carried out at home but the Scots soon convinced him that it would be an infringement upon their rights, so the King had to go to Edinburgh, as others had done before his time. In about the year 1652 or 1655, the wife of a Scotch preacher, named Granger, stole the crown of Scotland, as well as all the royal insignia. At the time of the restoration they were transferred to Charles II. In 1707 they were returned to Edinburgh Castle, and are still there, the most precious relics of the country. It must be remembered that the monarchs of Scotland were all Catholics, and that the crown bears the emblem of our holy faith.

STRICKEN DUMB.

The following item is clipped from a Catholic American exchange: A fearful result of blasphemy was witnessed in Chicago last week. Julian Renfro was stricken dumb immediately after daring God to prove His existence by visiting these afflictions upon him. Renfro is a Southerner, coming from Shreveport, La. He roomed with Edward La Crosse, J. W. Burke and J. La Crosse, all of whom are devout Catholics. Renfro scoffed at their belief. He went to their Church with them and listened to the services. The priests at the Holy Name Cathedral talked to him at the request of his room-mates but without avail.

"I am a practical man and I have come here to study medicine," said Renfro. "I do not believe in that which I do not see and which is not demonstrated to me conclusively." Tuesday night the four young men engaged in a game of cards in their rooms. When they had tired of the sport and were about to retire, the old discussion arose.

"If there is a God let Him show me," laughed Renfro. "Let Him strike me dead. No, I will not ask so great a proof, for I would not live to demonstrate his existence. Let him make me deaf and dumb. Then I will believe."

A moment later Renfro fell to the floor. Dr. O. G. Draper was called, and he found that Renfro had lost the power of speech and hearing. He holds, as do some of his brother physicians, that it was but a coincidence, but the three room-mates and North Side ministers say that it was the Divine manifestation.

Old Publications.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'TATLER'

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Before laying aside my old volumes of the British Essayists, I will take the liberty, as samples of satire and criticism, to take two extracts from the first number of the "Tatler." I will not weary the readers with the serious passages. The following will give an idea of how Steele set about remodelling society and laughing the follies of the day out of existence.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE.

April 7th, 1709.

The deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when man of quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His history is this: That on the ninth of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, he was washing his teeth at a tavern window in Pall Mall, when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach, and the young man pulled off his nightcap, and instead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window until about four of the clock, sits him down and spoke not a word until twelve at night; after which he began to inquire if any body knew the lady?—The company asked what lady? but he said no more until the ensuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from play-house to play-house every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his bosom. In a word, his attention to anything but his passion was utterly gone. He has lost all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon, since the moment he first saw her. He is of noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank honest temper; but his passion has so extremely mauled him, that his features are set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened, by a long absence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity, but when raised by wine; at which time he is sure to come hither, and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no sense farther than just to observe, that our poor Lover has most understanding when he is drunk and is least in his senses when he is sober.

The reader is desired to take notice of the article from this place from time to time, for I design to be very exact in the progress this unhappy gentleman makes, which may be of great instruction to all who actually are, or ever shall be, in love.

NOTE.—The young gentleman who serves as an original for this picture and for others that come in succeeding numbers, was Edward Lord Viscount Hinchinbrooke, who died in the life-time of his father, Oct. 3, 1722.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.—(Dr. Swift, in his "Predictions of 1709," foretold that Partridge, the almanac-maker, would infallibly die on the 29th March, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. The wits of the time resolved to support this prediction, and uniformly insisted that Partridge actually died at that time. Thus originated the following keen satire.)

I am sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle, namely, the death of Mr. Partridge, under whose name there is an almanac came out for the year 1709; in one page of which is asserted by the said John Partridge, that he is still living, and not only so, but that he was also living some time before, and even at the instant when I write of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead, and if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintances; for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear, and perform their animal functions; yet, since, as I have elsewhere observed, his act is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned, that this little matter should make so much noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself obliged in honor to go on in my lucubrations, and by the help of those my arts of which I am master, as well as my skill in astrological speculations, I shall, as I see occasion, proceed to confute

other dead men who pretend to be in being, although they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to mend their manners, for I shall from time to time print bills of mortality; but I beg the pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased.

Bequests of a Catholic

Nearly twenty-five charitable and educational institutions are made beneficiaries of the will of the late Thos. Brennan, the oldest member of the Chicago Board of Education, who died recently.

The beneficiaries of the will are as follows:

Elizabeth and Harriet McDonnell, 163 Thirtieth street, \$30,000; House of the Good Shepherd, \$5000; St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, \$1000; St. Joseph's Hospital, \$1000; Elizabeth M. Turney, 614 East Forty-sixth place, \$500; Ellen O'Hara Nerney, \$500; John O'Hara, \$250; Leon O'Hara, \$250; St. Elizabeth's Hospital, \$1000; Mercy Hospital, \$1000; St. Joseph's Home for Friendless, \$1000; Working Boys' Home, \$500; Chicago Industrial School for Girls, \$2000; St. Mary's Training School for Boys, \$3000; Little Sisters of the Poor, \$3000; St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, \$1000; St. James' Conference of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, \$1000; Monastery of the Poor Clares, \$1000; De La Salle Institute, \$500; Rev. Hugh McGuire, of St. James' Church, \$500; Rev. T. F. Galligan, of St. Patrick's Church, \$500; Mildred Welch, godchild of deceased, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Welch, \$500; Rev. P. A. L. Egan, St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church, \$500; Rev. Daniel J. Riordan, St. Elizabeth's Church, \$500; rector of the Holy Family Church (name not stated in will), \$500; St. Patrick's Academy, \$1000; Rev. E. A. Kelly, of St. Cecilia's Church, \$500; Rev. P. S. Henneberry, of Corpus Christi Church, \$500; board of education \$600 (to be held in trust); St. Joseph's of Providence Orphan Asylum, \$1000; Sisters of the Precious Blood, Portland Oregon, \$1000; Mother Mary of the House of the Good Shepherd, \$1000; Sara O'Neill, teacher at Lake high school \$500; Thomas Brennan Cremin, godchild of deceased, \$500; Virginia Lin-ton, godchild of deceased, \$500; J. Lahiff, godchild of deceased, son of Edward Lahiff, \$500; Academy of the Sisters of the Visitation, \$1000.

The bequest to the board of education is to be held in trust and the interest used for the purchase of materials to be awarded to pupils for proficiency in reading, arithmetic and United States history. Judge Richard Clifford, Elizabeth and Harriet McDonnell are named as executors of the will.

Mr. Brennan was born in Nova Scotia and came to Chicago at the age of 17.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S BOOK

Just at the close of his beautiful and active life, the late Cardinal Vaughan wrote a work entitled "The Young Priest: Conferences on the Apostolic Life." The venerable Cardinal, Archbishop of Westminster, walking in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors—Wiseman and Manning—consecrated every hour of his life to the work of his sublime mission; and even when the close of his career was evidently at hand, he ceased not to write and to instruct in the grand cause of the Catholic priesthood. Very beautiful, and very touching are the remarks made by the Liverpool "Catholic Times," in dealing with this last volume, this final legacy of the great churchman to those who were to come after him. In that review the Catholic organ says:

"Cardinal Vaughan, when he found that the end of his life was drawing near, determined to leave his most precious thoughts to those coming after him on the subject dearest to his heart—the priesthood. He was stricken down by disease, and his brother, Mgr. Canon Vaughan, who has edited this volume, tells us that the exertion thus entailed was a

considerable tax upon his diminished strength; and that nothing but an indomitable energy, courage and zeal could have enabled him to continue working at it, as he did, almost up to the very last. As is well known, His Eminence had a very high ideal of the priestly life, and in writing this book he unfolds his thoughts with great earnestness. There is, it

is true, evidence of the work having been written under physical disabilities. The composition is not in the continuous style which the Cardinal would have adopted had he been in the full vigor of bodily health. Manifestly the subject was often laid aside and taken up anew. But, though the literary workmanship bears witness to the difficulties which the author experienced owing to his infirmity, there is no sign of falling off in substance. The advice given is well designed to lead the young priest along the path of perfection.

"The Cardinal maintains that a man's vocation as a missionary priest gives him the Apostolic standard and no other for his rule of life and conduct. He must imitate the Apostles. If England is to be reconverted to the Church, if unevangelized races are to be brought within the fold, missionaries must be raised up perfect in faith and good works, and on fire with the love of God and of their neighbor. Such is the general drift of the Cardinal's stimulating words, from what may be called the purely spiritual standpoint. As to practical matters he offers valuable recommendations. He deemed it praiseworthy for a priest to resolve never to put off the ecclesiastical dress, Hunting fields, shooting parties, race courses and all gambling resorts are, he held, unfit places for a priest. He thought a priest should avoid taking part in public football or cricket matches. It is not wrong to play cards as a recreation or as an act of civility. But the custom did not find favor with the Cardinal. He points out that a man who says, "No, I never play," risks himself at once of much trouble and difficulty. A priest, he observes, would do wisely to resolve never to play for money and never to sit over a card table for hours together. In relations with the gentle sex, he bids the priest remember that forms of respect and reverence surround him with reverence, and that so far from diminishing they increase the esteem and confidence in which he is held. Priests ought, he says, to practice self-denial with regard to strong drink. To deny themselves and to fast from the use of spirits from an Apostolic love of God, and for souls will obtain grace for them and others. With regard to tobacco he is more tolerant. Smoking, he says, has been found in certain cases to be beneficial to health when used moderately, and some priests living alone in hard missions and on poor fare more easily reconcile themselves to their lot by the use of tobacco. But on the whole the Cardinal discommends smoking, whilst cautioning the young priests who consider it inadvisable to indulge in the habit, that they must not censure the conduct of seniors, who by reason of age, traditions, health or infirmity may use their liberty in using tobacco. The book will, no doubt, be highly prized by the priests for whom it is intended, and it will have a wholesome effect on the tone of spiritual life amongst the clergy."

A CHANCE.

Some people are continually grumbling that opportunities of money-making are few. Here is a hint from an American journal:

"There's a mint of money waiting for the man or the woman who will invent a sock that won't wear out," said the man with an economical turn of mind.

PLANTING TREES.

An association of women in Virginia has been formed with the object of encouraging the planting of trees along the public roads.

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