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Echoes and Remarks.

How are you keeping Advent? Chiquiqu's French Presbyterian meeting-house in Quebec is now the Olympia Theatre.

It takes two ass's (or asses) to make an assassin. That is why Ferrer is not friendless.

Our friend Castro, of Venezuela, is again appearing on the map of the world! Please, go away, Mr. Castro.

Thirty killed, with two hundred and sixteen seriously maimed, and injured—that is American football for 1909! The victims were mostly college or high school students.

Where is Reverend Klot? Surely he is not going to tour America in the interests of his purse. We feel (somewhat) sorry for the contributors. But, please, do not imitate us!

According to a report in the Star, dealing with an occurrence on Friday, November 19, a prisoner celebrated Mass with a priest. When will they get Catholics to control Catholic news?

Rev. Dr. Barnes, Unitarian, who has lately retired from the active pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, has many a warm and admiring friend among the Catholics of Montreal. Unitarianism is a far call from Catholicism; yet Dr. Barnes has always been able to get along without any show of bigotry towards Catholics.

Samuel Blake considers Catholics slaves because they submit to authority. He cannot understand how a man may believe in Papal Infallibility. He stands for utter liberty, and yet he ought to remember that, by Act of Parliament, the religious belief of every Anglican bishop is laid at the King's feet.

Montreal may well feel proud of its secular Catholic teachers, and very grateful towards them. No other city could get men half as competent, even for double the price. Their salary is more in recognition than remuneration. We are proud of our religious teachers, very proud, but glad we have such good secular teachers, too.

The Independent Magazine is not pleased with Bishop McFaul, for he severely wounded the magazine's conscience when he attacked the big American universities. "Doubt and unbelief are spreading even among the young, and girls in their teens prate about infidelity. We are witnessing the gradual de-Christianization of society." No wonder the Independent hates opposition.

Meandering evangelists (?) are the worst enemies of religion to-day. Their sermons and antics turn what is sacred into nonsense. It is not philosophical and reasoning infidelity that is causing many in the United States to turn away from God and His Faith, but thoughtless and flippant ridicule of the life or punishment beyond. The joker depends upon the evangelist (?) for material.

The surest sign a man is right is when numbskulls find he is wrong. It would be poor consolation for King Alfonso, if the daily press praised him. Rest assured that a man who finds judgment lacking in others has none himself. And, then, fraud, trickery, hypocrisy and double-dealing must not be confounded with the work of the level head. Grave-diggers find you lack judgment, once you thwart their schemes.

"I shall never cease to pray that Canadians may always find in the future, as they always have found in the past, brave men to lead them in battle, wise men to guide them in council, and eloquent men to celebrate their exploits and their wisdom from generation to generation." T. D'Arcy McGee.

Furthermore, if Canada had not had her Catholic Bishops, she would not be Canada to-day.

It may be that hereafter we shall recognize wider claims, and that humanity will take the place of the race. At present cosmopolitanism is a thing talked of, but not felt. It is not strong enough to stir the blood to sacrifice, and we still need something of that narrow deep sense of belonging, which, under the guise of love, of kindred, or family feeling, or patriotism, has so often, in the past, been the fruitful fount of human heroism, human duty, and human love.

"If this great world of joy and pain Revolve in one sure track; If freedom, set, will rise again, And virtue, flown, come back; Woe to the purblind who fill 'The heart with each day's care; Nor gain, from past or future, skill To bear, and to forbear!" (Wordsworth.)

The self-same dailies and the everlasting bigots, who have words of honey for Ferrer the assassin, are loud in their indignation—and with reason—over the attempts made in India against the life of Lord Minto, Lord Kitchener and Sir Andrew Fraser. Even the fool, who says in his heart there is no God, finds that He is not far off when thunders rent the skies, and lightning shatters the rocks. The only mission lying editors or immanent preachers have is to corrupt the mind and blot out the boundary lines of honor. It is just to hurl bombs at King Alfonso; but do not disturb the "Gurpowder Plot" with history written by a scholar.

It has been the opinion of keen observers of human nature that the greatest sin of the Society of Jesus—that, I mean, which most of all raised up an outcry against it—was its success," says Father A. Weld, S.J. And, then, "Catholics," in the words of T. F. Galwey, "almost instinctively admire the Jesuits, because the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits have always been those who are the bitter enemies of the Christian religion and Christian morals." Countess Hahn-Hahn, famous as a leader in the German school of romantics, did not fear to say: "I have always had a great respect for the Jesuits; but now that the radicals pour vials of wrath upon their heads, I begin to love them." And Rev. Francis Goldie: "Jesuit! word of joy and triumph to the faithful, word of hate and terror to the enemies of the Church." "The Church of all nations," says Cardinal Manning, "can draw upon the nationality of all nations for its institutions. The Society of Jesus alone contains in itself men capable of holding professor's chairs in all the chief faculties of literature and science."

MR. STEAD'S SPOOKS. "Has auld Kilmarock seen the deil? Or great McKinlay thravn his heel? Or Robertson again grown weel To preach and read? Na, war than a' cries ilka chiel— Tam Samson's deid!"

But W. T. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, is not dead; he has gone into the spook and hobgoblin business to advertise his other wares. However, Mr. Guglielmo Emmanuel, the London correspondent of the Corriere della Sera, Milan, Italy, is convinced that "Julia's Bureau," that is, Mr. Stead's headquarters for spooks, etc., is a dismal failure. The following information was taken from the Corriere, under Mr. Emmanuel's pen:

It seems that some time ago Signor Emmanuel received an invitation from Mr. Stead to visit the latter's residence for a noontide interview with the spirit of Cesare Lombroso. Mr. Stead took away the correspondent's breath by appearing in the full garb of an English convict. He explained that he was wearing the stripes and arrows because of the anniversary of his commitment to prison a quarter of a century ago in defence of social pu-

rity. Mr. King, the medium, impressed the Italian writer very unfavorably. He stated at the outset that there was an astral emper prevailing which would make communication difficult. Then Julia announced that she was not yet able to buttonhole Lombroso because he at that moment was talking with Milan. Shortly after Lombroso turned up ejaculating, "Will you leave off annoying me?" But when Mr. Stead reminded the illustrious criminologist that he had himself fixed the appointment with the Italian journalist, Lombroso became calmer and said: "Well, I am taken up with important questions, but I will give you a few minutes."

Signor Emmanuel began in the Italian language, asking Lombroso as a guarantee of identity to mention his favorite little nephew's Christian name. "Don't bother me with personal questions," retorted Lombroso, newly irritated. "I have urgent work on hand. Now quick." The next question was "Have you left a volume of studies in crime among your unedited papers?" Where to Lombroso, or King, returned the nonsensical answer, "I am still interested in that subject, and shall still work at it, but not at present. It is a project dear to my heart, but it is necessary to wait."

The third question was "What was the last book you wrote upon a criminal trial?" Signor Emmanuel, of course, had in mind the famous Olive case, but the reply was, "Unable to say at this moment, but later on light will come—not bow, I'm off," before Mr. Stead could get a word in edgeways.

Julia came to apologize for Lombroso's abrupt retreat, as he was due at a very important reunion convoked in the astral spheres that day, which appears to have been a belated mass meeting of protest by spooks against the execution of Ferrer. Mr. Stead did not conceal his disgust at the fiasco, and ordered Julia to bring along an Italian spook at all costs, so that bilingual experiments might be renewed before Signor Emmanuel left.

Garibaldi sent a message of admiration for his fellow-countryman present, begging that he would devote himself to spiritualistic study, so that the great liberator of Italy could avail himself of his splendid psychic qualities and literary gifts.

Among other personages who dropped in toward the close of the seance was a mysterious lady who forgot to give her name, imploring that King Alfonso of Spain might be warned that he was on the eve of terrible danger.

Lombroso also requested that a telegram of greetings be immediately dispatched to his family, but in the hurry he appears to have forgotten that they reside in Turin, for he gave the address as Milan.

Now, Julia and Mr. Stead might just as well try their luck at patent medicine or fancy soap, if what Mr. Emmanuel says is true. If the devil is behind any work of the kind they are doing, how can the answers be relied upon, since he is the prince of liars? All those fellows want who dabble in spooks and ghosts is a cent's worth of decent religion. God is master of the world beyond and the souls of the departed are not under Julia's sway or anybody else's. If Mr. Stead hears voices from the other world, he will know the devil the next time he hears his voice, unless Beelzebub hires an agent.

CARICATURES OF THE IRISH. They will caricature the Irish. The tendency is increasing in certain quarters to associate the melodious, and oft-times entrancing brogue of the sons and daughters of Erin with incidents that reflect anything but credit on those in the city of Montreal of Irish extraction or Irish birth.

During the past week in a local journal a scene was depicted in the Recorder's Court with the principal character per-pictured as an Irish female. The language ascribed to her was printed with the evident idea of amusing those who have neither time, nor the inclination, to study the many splendid traits of Irish character.

However, the penny-a-liner who so often falls short of honest copy, and is compelled to fill his columns—what matter how?—conceived the idea of picking out a "phantom" and putting into her mouth a line of talk as foreign to the Irish wit and humor of to-day, and for centuries back, as Halley's comet is now to the earth. The effort, every line of it, was dull, very dull, without the necessary style to make it at least readable, and would have been appreciated just as well if written in the language of the Kickapoo Indian or the Esquimaux.

It has been demonstrated time

and time again that one need not pick on any nationality as frequenters of the Recorder's Court. Those who are unfortunate enough to be brought there are of all nations, and all creeds, and the dialect of the Highlands, and the quack of the Cockney, are surer signs of the nationality of the offenders, than the names—Irish names—that are given by every Tom, Dick and Harry who waits his or her chance of explanation in the local courts of justice.

M. BRIAND'S PREDICTION. Briand, France's first minister, is beginning to feel the sting of Catholic opposition. He had never dreamt the Bishops of his country would, in good and due time, offer the fight they are now leading against the blasphemous schools of France. He says Catholics will soon have to choose between the Church and the Country, and declares that they will reject the former for the sake of the latter. The clergy of France are men of God as well as patriots, saints as well as scholars. Briand knows the shoe is pinching; he likewise knows that France is now the laughing-stock of Europe, and is forced to admit that the Chamber of Deputies is no parliament of the British sense of the term. Unless he is blind, he must see that his country is going to the grave, being destroyed into death by lust, madness, sacrifice and impiety. The Jews now sit on the throne of St. Louis, and Madame Steinheil is the nation's heroine of the hour. A nation as a nation cannot suffer eternal damnation, but the punishment of earth often comes sooner than men are willing to admit. We love her too much to want to see her crushed and bleeding; and yet God is bound to chastise. When the hour of trial comes, France will find her priests and religious her best friends. In spite of Briand, or any other false prophet, her clergy will be faithfully drawn up under the standards of Christ. When, at the sight of carnage, the Jews will be trembling for their money bags, and the Socialists sacking the mirth, the Catholics will be on the battlefield, with the priests and other brothers and the nuns ministering unto the dying and the dead.

DON'T BE AFRAID, MADAM! A lady writing to the Star of this city is afraid that, in the event of votes for women, someone, with axe in hand and stones in the bargain, may force a few women to leave their homes and go vote for "Tom Rooney" or "Bridget Flanagan!" Now, that good letter-writer ought to remember that the people engaged in making fools of themselves as "Suffragettes" are not members of "Tom Rooney's" church, or belong to the same blood as "Bridget Flanagan." Our Irish-Catholic women are not all bluestockings either, for they own it from their national sense of the ridiculous not to inflict themselves on a convulsed public. If the ideals of "Tom Rooney" and "Bridget Flanagan" were carried out in Ontario there would be no murders of the kind the papers speak about, no race suicide, nor would that province be Canada's divorce-centre. Ontario's ladies should try to reform Toronto before they afford Montrealers a chance to smile and pity.

WE ARE NOT SORRY. One of our distinguished judges sent a loathsome magnum of the "White Slave Traffic" to the penitentiary the other day, to serve fifteen years behind the bars. The fellow had thrived on the souls and bodies of poor hapless girls, and had grown to think Montreal was safe territory. We felicitate our police chief and the men who secured him, but hope they will capture a few others before Christmas. The scoundrel condemned the other day was well up in years, but he hardly sullied his grey hairs; they were ready for the ordeal. He might have been placed under Mr. Radcliffe's control, as the judge said; but, in view of his age, he was given fifteen years of penitentiary. It is not the province of a Catholic paper to rejoice at any man's failure or misfortune; and still, in this case, we can hardly say we are sorry.

"THE WITCHES OF BOSTON." Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, is no friend of the Christian Scientists, and we can humbly say that we are not either.

There is no more true religion in Christian Science than there is in a game of checkers. If there are sincere Christian Scientists, and we must believe there are, then we can understand why some colored people in Philadelphia adore a rooster, and deem the like a reli-

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From a financial viewpoint, we admit that Christian Science is a safe venture for the people at the head of things. There is more religion to the creed of the African Kaffirs than there is to Mother Eddy's scheme. Following is what Father Phelan says: "What is there in the atmosphere of New England that favors the growth and development of superstition? The story of the witchies of Salem is one of the strangest episodes in American history. It was thought that the last chapter of that strange madness had been written; but not so. It is revived in all its pristine vigor and virulence in the Christian Science cult, like witchcraft, a strange mixture of fanatical religiosity and most groveling superstition. For many years the world has been puzzled to explain the phenomenon of Christian Science. Thousands of the most acute minds have been engaged on a solution. It was reserved for that most astute reasoner, Father Lambert, to expose the utter idiocy of the cult in his book printed last summer, which, however, is not well enough known by the general reader. Father Lambert is not blind to many features of Christian Science which cannot be explained on any theory of self-illusion. He openly hints that the Devil may have something to do with the phenomena of Christian Science.

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIE'S Self Raising Flour Save the Bags for Premiums.

The late disclosures in connection with the trial of Mrs. Stetson go far to explain the new religion of Mrs. Eddy. It is diabolical witchcraft, and nothing else. It is a wild and esoteric growth of a mania as old as the world and as irradicable as human fanaticism. Believers in witchcraft are by no means wicked, or even foolish people. The Irish are the most religious of all nations, as well as the most intelligent; and they are the firmest believers in witchcraft. With them it is an innocent and quiet superstition; but it is a persistent and most stubborn belief. Fairies and Leprechauns and Good People are as plentiful in Ireland to-day as leaves in Vallombrosa. It is a fond conceit with the Irish emigrant that fairies cannot cross the water; and that is why the Irish in America are not so much given to such superstition. But if anyone thinks that there are not Irish hobgoblins in the United States he is sadly mistaken. Their favorite lurking place in the churning. The Irish have a strong and intelligent faith, and to that fact is due the slight influence witchcraft exercises over their minds. But in New England, where there never was a strong or intelligent faith; where God is still an x quantity, superstition always found a favorable soil, and witchcraft particularly ever grew amazingly among the Puritans. The Christian Science cult has at last thrown off the mask that hid its repulsive features, and from this time on we shall be able to discuss the subject intelligently.

General News.

The Bishop of Pittsburg has officially ordered that a Holy Name society be formed in every parish of that diocese within sixty days, as a solemn protest against public sins of blasphemy, obscenity and profanity.

Eleven professors have been chosen from nine different provinces of the Society of Jesus to fill the chairs of the department of Biblical studies lately erected at Rome by Pius X.

The latest acquisition of the new Boston Museum of Fine Arts is a Van Dyke approximating in cost \$100,000, and portraying Charles, his Queen Henrietta Maria and their children, who afterwards became Charles II. and James II.

Count Cocceperici, commandant of the Pope's police, has arranged for the services of several police dogs. It is intended to place the animals at the doors of the palace in the event of rioters attempting to enter the Vatican.

Two Sisters of the Order of Franciscans of Milwaukee, have started on a journey that takes them 10,000 miles to the island of Jap in the Pacific ocean. The Milwaukee Sisters go as volunteers and will devote their lives to the education and uplifting of the natives of the Caroline islands of which Jap is one.

The Very Rev. Father Griffiths, C. S. S. R., who was a novice master of the Redemptorist house at Dundalk, Ireland, has been appointed provincial of the Redemptorist congregation in Ireland, Australia and the Philippines, of which the parent house is at Limerick, Ireland; in succession to the Very Rev. Father Murray, who was recently appointed superior general of the order.

In China there are over 1500 native priests and many of them have made their theological course in the College of the Propaganda, Rome, Italy. The history of the native Chinese priests is full of many splendid examples of heroism. In the past many have suffered martyrdom, and there is scarcely an instance of an "ex-priest" in the history of the Church in China.