

Montreal, and other Catholic papers, for repeating, parrot-fashion, after their Protestant contemporaries, that Dr. Davidson is the 95th Archbishop of Canterbury. No doubt a Catholic may, through courtesy, give him the title he wrongfully claims; but to put him in the series of real Archbishops of England's primatial see is just as absurd as to say that the editor of "La Patrie" is Archbishop of Montreal. There has been no priest or bishop in the chair of Canterbury since Reginald Pole, who died Nov. 18, 1558.

Pastors who do not encourage their people to read a Catholic paper generally have a large number of unpaid bills in their books. Catholic people who take no interest in the growth and progress of the Church at large generally spend little time in their parish church.—Michigan Catholic.

The following timely advice is given by T. A. Daly, the joking rhymester of the "Catholic Standard and Times."

Now we are in the month of Sept.  
And soon it will be Oct.  
Oh! then you'll wish that you had kept  
That overcoat you hoct.

Perhaps if we search our history and read carefully our relations with the Indians, we may find some reason why we can sit in the high chair of criticism and condemn the friars of the Philippines for converting 7,000,000 savages not into corpses but into the brethren of Jesus Christ.—From Father Chidwick's lecture on "The Friars in the Philippines."

The Syracuse "Catholic Sun," in answer to one of its contemporaries who had wondered why some of the hundred Filipino students sent by the U. S. Government to study in the States are not apportioned to Catholic colleges, says that the Washington Government wrote to many Catholic colleges, offering to pay to these institutions from \$250 to \$300 a year for each Filipino, and that there were only three or four takers at that price, namely, the Jesuit College at Santa Clara, Cal., which has accepted a large number; St. Vincent's College, Chicago; and a couple of others. The Catholic Sun hopes, however, that its informant is mistaken as to the refusal of other Catholic colleges, for theirs would be a very short-sighted economy.

As Father Beigert, the new Polish priest at St. Boniface College, is not yet sufficiently familiar with English or French to converse in these languages, he does all his talking in Latin and does it well. The other day a Catholic lawyer, a graduate of the College, happened to meet the Fathers taking their usual recreation after supper and was surprised to find that he could understand the Polish Jesuit quite well. By the way, Father Beigert, who knows his native Austria perfectly, does not at all believe in the predicted (by strangers) dismemberment of the Austrian empire.

The drawing for the Obediencia engraving is put off till next Thursday, the 29th inst.

Things are improving on the St. Boniface street car line. A fresh car, though not a new one, but at least one with round, not square, wheels, was put on a couple of weeks ago. Then a newly varnished car made its appearance. Moreover the track opposite the hospital has been raised to almost the level of the street. Finally we are told (on Thursday, Sept. 22) that the car will go through from St. Boniface over Norwood bridge to the C.P.R. station within three days. However, one more obstacle has to be removed, namely, the necessity of paying toll on Norwood bridge.

Mr. Chaput, of Chaput, Fils et Cie, Montreal, who was burnt out to the tune of \$320,000 last Wednesday, is the father of Rev. Charles Chaput, S.J., who was last year prefect of studies at St. Boniface College.

When going to press we notice that the Sacred Heart Review, of the 17th inst., reproducing our

article of the 3rd on Abbe Du-bourg's rural banks, begins with a misprint which is not to be found in our columns, and which must be a puzzle to its readers. We said: "If there is one dark spot in this country's future," but the S. H. R. prints it: "If there is fine dark spot."

A German Catholic school under the direction of the parish priest of the new German Church was opened last Monday. Rev. Father Groetschler, O.M.I., is now residing in a part of the new German church.

Next Wednesday a Requiem Mass will be sung in the chapel of St. Boniface College for the repose of the soul of Fortunat Letourneau, who died on the 14th inst., and who was at one time Prefect of the Sodality in the college. On Saturday next another Requiem Mass will be sung in the same chapel for Joseph Guay, a former student in the college, and a member of the Sodality, who died suddenly on the 21st inst.

#### A LESSON IN MURDER.

There is an extreme degree of provocation which in private life is accepted as at least an explanation of what can never be ethically justified. In the same way there is a degree of public provocation so great that the common sense of mankind accepts as natural and inevitable actions which in themselves deserve, and receive, stern reprobation. \* \* \* Civilized conceptions of political morality are all unconsciously based upon the assumption that a people, however downtrodden, has some means of finding relief from what is absolutely intolerable. In Ireland under the present regime there is no outlet and no resource. There is no law or justice that cannot be overridden at pleasure by administrative order, or that is not frequently so overridden.

In the foregoing sentences there is preached a lesson that cannot but make the peaceful tremble for the future. No one can affect to mistake the meaning of the homily. The man who thinks there is no hope for the salvation of his country by ordinary methods of redress is provided with a casuistical justification for playing the role of Brutus against the Caesars who tyrannize over his country. Of course, such sentiments could be found only in an Irish rebel publication or an organ of the Nihilists or Anarchists. This would be, naturally, the conclusion of the average reader. But the conclusion would be as wide of the mark as the poles are asunder. It is in the great London oracle, the "Times," that they are found. The only alteration made in them is the substitution of the word "Ireland" for Russia." The article had reference to the recent assassination of Von Plehve. Now, we know from more recent developments, that whatever the feelings of Nihilists and Anarchists in Russia, the Czar is beloved by the great mass of the people with an intensity that has no parallel in the case of any other monarch; certainly no English monarch of ancient or modern times. It is nothing new for the "Times" to preach murder in this cold-blooded, cynical way. It gave similar help and encouragement to political assassins when Mazzini was spreading the doctrine of the dagger in Italy and the Carbonari were organizing to carry it into effect.

It will be strange if some day even-handed justice do not commend the poisoned chalice to its own lips. If there be misgovernment in Russia it is by Russians; in Ireland it is a perpetual alien carpet-bag system that has wrought the people's and the country's ruin.—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### He Deserved Pity

His suffering from Sciatica was so great, but thanks to Nerviline he was cured. "I suffered for three years from sciatica," writes E. S. Jenkins, of Portland, "and no man ever suffered more. I spent a small fortune on different remedies but the only one with real merit was Nerviline. I used a few bottles of Nerviline and was perfectly cured. I can recommend Nerviline as a sure cure for sciatica; it is excellent also for rheumatism and neuralgia." Try Nerviline, 25c. at all druggists.

#### RUSSIAN "IDOLATRY."

They are "idolaters" too, those Russians, for they worship ikons, which is as bad as the popish worship of images, if not worse. That's what many of our newspaper readers believe, for their newspapers tell them that and no more. Of course it is as far from the truth as the talk about the Russian Czar being a tyrant and his government a cruel despotism. What is an ikon? It is an image or figure of Christ or some holy person who devoted his or her life to God's service. The Russians do not worship the ikon. They reverence it as the representation or reminder to them of the Saviour whom they do worship, or some of His devoted followers. And how universal and profound is their religious spirit, and what an incentive thereto is the sacred emblem everywhere before their eyes is attested by all who have been among them and observed and written about their lives and customs, one of the latest witnesses being Senator Beveridge, who thus describes the ikon "worship":

"The ikon is a little picture or image of the Saviour, the Virgin or of some Russian saint. In the telegraph office on the Amur hangs the ikon; in the private office of the Minister of Finance at St. Petersburg hangs the ikon; in the saloon and in almost every room in the passenger boat on the Volga hangs the ikon; in offices, the ikon; in palatial homes of lordly wealth, the ikon; in vodka shops the ikon. Always and everywhere in Russia is this holy presentment. It is the outward and visible emblem of a religious feeling instinctive, profound, racial. These sacred images in one form or another are frequent in the streets of the great cities. A poor moujik, as he passes it, takes off his cap; his body bows reverently, his lips move apparently in the recitation of the brief formula of a prayer; meanwhile he makes with his hands the Russian sign of a cross."

That is the idolatry of the Russian, from the Emperor on his throne, to the peasant in his homestead, from which, securely protected by Russian law, no landlord can evict him. How does the life, as to religion, of the masses in the United States or England, stand by contrast?—Exchange.

#### A DELICATE HINT.

Richard Le Gallienne, the English author, spends much of his time in New York. He affects a decidedly poetical fashion in hair, an arrangement accomplished by a sparing use of the shears. Near his lodgings is a German barber shop where he frequently drops in to have his shoes polished, but never for tonsorial attention, greatly to the disgust of the chief artist and proprietor, who is possessed of the true barber hair-destroying instinct. The other day as the poet departed after one of his usual visits, a customer heard the barber approach the boy and say:

"See here, Fritz; der next time dot shentlemans comes in to get his shine I wants you to say some-dings to him about dot shameless hair he got. Doan get fresh, and make same offenses—shust hint delicate. Say, 'Boss, you looks like a shackasses wid dot hair—why doan you git him cut aletty?'"

#### IRISH REPARTEE.

Cardinal Manning had a strong sense of humor, but confined the manifestations of it to his most intimate friends. One of his stories—a specimen of ineffable Irish wit, for which he had a great appreciation—runs as follows:

An Irish laborer employed on the framework of an edifice was thus addressed by a passing stranger:

"What's that you're building, Pat?"  
"Sure an' it's a church, your honor."  
"Is it a Protestant church?"  
"No, yer honor."  
"A Catholic church, then?"  
"Indeed an' it is that same, yer honor."  
"I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat."  
"So's the devil, yer honor."—Ave Maria.

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