

The Saint John Monitor

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ST. JOHN, N. B., JAN. 12, 1907.

A BISHOP NOMINATED BY PETITION.

Last week THE MONITOR announced the death of the Rt. Rev. Henry Cosgrove, D. D., the second Bishop of Davenport, Iowa. His appointment as the head of that diocese was remarkable in itself. Ordinarily, the provincial bishops meet after a vacancy occurs in the episcopate and nominate three candidates, from whom the papal appointment is made. That was done after Bishop McMullen's death, and Father Cosgrove was not one of the three nominees. So popular was he with the priests of the diocese, however, that after sometime had elapsed after the nominations of the bishops were sent to Rome that no action was taken until the opinion of the priests of the diocese could be consulted. A petition was soon signed by practically every priest of the diocese asking that Father Cosgrove be appointed bishop. July 20, 1884, the news came to the Davenport diocese that Pope Leo and his cabinet of cardinals had heeded the petition and made Father Cosgrove the head of the diocese.

Bishop Cosgrove proved himself of fine executive ability, so that he leaves the Davenport diocese in as fine condition financially as any in that country. The number of priests of the diocese has increased from 80 to 140, and the number of Catholics in the jurisdiction from 45,000 to 70,000. In his confirmation trips he has conferred the sacraments on over 20,000 people. In Davenport he built the beautiful cathedral of the Sacred Heart, St. Ambrose college and St. Vincent's orphanage, and the immaculate Conception Academy has grown to a large school for girls. Hospitals, academies, orphanages throughout the diocese received his encouragement and support.

AN HONOR TO CATHOLICS.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, in his speech at the unveiling of Mgr. Nugent's statue on Jan. 8, emphasised the fact that the Catholic gentleman's sympathies went out to people of all class and creed; but he added that his clerical brethren were proud to remember that he was a Catholic priest. The honor thus paid to a Catholic priest by the erection of a monument to him in a most prominent part of the city of Liverpool, and its acceptance by the Lord Mayor on behalf of the citizens is, in truth, an event of far more than ordinary significance. Mgr. Nugent is, we believe, the first Catholic priest who has been so honored in that country since the "Reformation." It is a sign of the success of Mgr. Nugent's efforts to break down barriers raised between citizen and citizen by religious prejudices. Let us hope that the example Liverpool has given will be copied elsewhere, and that its influence will tend to increase the good feelings which has for years past been growing between Protestants and Catholics throughout Great Britain. It was evident, not merely from Saturday's function, but also from the solemn and imposing manner in which it was carried out by the large assemblage in and around St. John's Gardens, how deeply Catholics and non-Catholics alike revered Mgr. Nugent, says a London paper.

TRACKLESS TROLLEYS.

France has been experimenting over half a century with trackless motors and appears to be ahead in experiments with the trackless trolley. A noteworthy attempt to operate a trackless system in Germany by using French capital and ingenuity failed after five months' trial at Eberswalde. The French have operated a trackless trolley omnibus line from Fontainebleau to a suburb three miles distant over four years, and the enterprise has been successful. This time averages eight or nine miles an hour, the road being macadamized, with no grade exceeding 4 per cent. The system at Fontainebleau is the same as that which failed at Eberswalde; the one invented by M. Lombard-Gerin. It was first put in operation at the Paris exposition in 1900 and has since been used on several lines in France. An automatic attachment enables the vehicle to run "in and out," so as to avoid all kinds of country road inconveniences.

Of course the first requirement of the trackless trolley is the road. Given a good, hard, level, well kept highway and there does not seem to be any serious difficulty in the way of managing the automobile omnibus.

For interurban travel it would be economical and particularly desirable from the tourist's point of view. It has passed the experimental stage in France, and when the American roads are ready for it American enterprise will not be slow to develop its possibilities.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

The life of this distinguished churchman, whose unexpected demise created great sorrow in every portion of the Dominion, has been published. The writer is Miss Katherine Hughes, a relative of the Archbishop. Various chapters deal with Archbishop O'Brien's attitude towards Imperial and National affairs, also his views concerning education and its scope. It unfolds, in some measure, the scope of the work of a man who was at heart a veritable educationist. His ministry as priest and Bishop, his patriotism and literary works, his home-life and the remarkable esteem in which he was held by Protestants as well as Catholics, are here carefully analyzed. The book, which contains about 250 pages of reading matter, is handsomely illustrated with eight half tone engravings. Orders addressed to Miss Cornelia Hughes, 253 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, will receive immediate attention. The work is also for sale at the Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper 65 cents.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER DECIDED.

The following paragraph appeared in the latest issue of The Advocate-News:

Monday night, St. Joseph's Total Abstinence Society held a debate on the question "Which was the greatest military genius, Cromwell or Bonaparte?" Mr. Clare McCabe, the secretary, led the admirers of Bonaparte, and made an excellent speech; and the president, T. H. Whalen, opened for the Cromwell side with a vigorous argument. Father McGuffey was judge of the debate, and in summing up decided in favor of the supporters of the Bonaparte side.

Now that it has been decided that Bonaparte and not Cromwell was the "greatest" military genius, the respective merits of Colonel Saunders and Mister Julius Caesar, as to which was the "greatest" soldier ought to make a lively topic for discussion.

James Bryce, the new British representative at Washington, is an Irishman, and hails from Belfast.

His Lordship, Bishop Cameron, the dean of the Canadian Hierarchy, celebrated Pontifical High Mass at five o'clock, a. m., on Christmas morning in his cathedral, Antigonish, N. S.

DEATH BY A BOMB.

Imaginary Incident of the Crimean War by Tolstol.

The following imaginary incident of the Crimean war is found in Count Tolstol's "Sevastopol." "The bomb, coming faster and faster and nearer and nearer, so that the sparks of its fuse were already visible, descended. 'Lie down!' some one shouted. They lay flat on the ground. Praskouhin, closing his eyes, heard only the bomb crashing down on the hard earth close by. A second passed, which seemed an hour. The bomb had not exploded. He opened his eyes and at that moment caught a sight of the glowing fuse of the bomb not a yard off. Terror, cold terror, excluding every other thought and feeling, seized his whole being. He covered his face with his hands.

"Then he remembered the 12 rubles he owed, a debt in St. Petersburg that should have been paid long ago and the gypsy song he had sung that evening. The woman he loved rose in his imagination, wearing a cap with lilac ribbons, and yet, inseparable from all these and from thousands of other recollections, the present thought, the expectation of death, did not leave him for a moment. 'Perhaps it won't explode,' and with desperate final decision he wished to open his eyes, but at that instant a red flame pierced through the still closed lids, and, with a terrible crash, something struck him in the middle of the chest.

"He jumped up and began to run, but stumbling over the saber that got between his legs, fell on his side. 'Thank God, I'm only bruised,' was his first thought, and he wished to touch his chest with his hand, but his arms seemed tied to his sides, and it felt as if a vise were squeezing his head. Soldiers flitted past him, and he counted them unconsciously. Then lightning flashed before his eyes, and he wondered whether the shot were fired from a mortar or cannon. 'Cannon, probably, and here are more soldiers—five, six, seven soldiers. They all pass by.' He was suddenly filled with fear that they would crush him. He wished to shout that he was hurt, but his mouth was so dry that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"He felt it wet about his chest, and this sensation of being wet made him think of water. Fearing lest the soldiers might trample on him, he tried to shout 'Take care with you,' but instead of that he uttered such a terrible groan that he was frightened to hear it. Then other red fires began dancing before his eyes, and it seemed to him that the soldiers put stones on him. He made an effort to push off the stones, stretched himself, and saw and heard and felt nothing more. He had been killed on the spot by a bomb splinter in the middle of his chest."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A sick man talks about everything except death.

No man is big enough to laugh at a real worry.

While loading a man usually thinks about a big scheme that won't work.

An apology never gives satisfaction to but one person—the one who makes it.

If you must kick, make it swift and sure, and do not prolong the agony by making excuses.

A boy thinks, "What a good time a man has!" And a man thinks, "What a good time a boy has!" And what a poor time both have!

It may be as good a feat to have all of a little girl's petticoats the same length as it is to have everything that goes on the stove cooked at the same time.

In a Mexican Hat Store.

Half a million straw hats is no uncommon sight to be met with at one time in the hat stores of Mexico. The hats are made of a long pampas grass which grows nowhere else in the world. It is specially cultivated for the hat industry. So rapidly are the hats made that some skilled workmen can turn out ten or a dozen a day, and they are then sent to all parts of the world. They cost about fourpence each to make, are retailed at from 1 shilling sixpence to 4 shillings and are so durable that it not infrequently happens that those of an economical turn of mind make a single hat last ten years. —London Queen.

The Latest.

Customer—You say, then, that this material is the latest? Shopman—The very latest, madam. Customer—But will it fade in the sun? Shopman—Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood.

Quite Different.

Papa—No; he's not the proper sort of a husband for you, my dear. Daughter—Oh, papa, he'd die for me! Papa—Oh, that's all right. Tell him to go as far as he likes. I was afraid he wanted to marry you.

Gratifying Progress.

"Your son is studying art, I believe. Has he made much progress?" "Oh, yes. He is able to talk the language quite fluently." —Judge.

Wedding

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1826

We thank our Patrons and Friends for their generous favors in the past and hope to merit a continuance of same.

We extend to all our sincere wishes for a

"Happy and Prosperous New Year."

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St John, N. B., January 1st.

1907

New Year Gifts in Jewelry.

Touching a Button.
Wife—I've just been reading an article on electricity, John, and it appears that before long we shall be able to get pretty well everything we want by just touching a button. Husband—You'd never be able to get anything that way, Wife—Why not, John? Husband—Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong. It is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than yesterday.

Chesapeake Bay.
Few people fully appreciate the great size of the Chesapeake bay. It is the largest indentation on the Atlantic coast, and it has often been called the Mediterranean of America. On its bosom the navies of the world could easily float. It is 200 miles long, and in some places it is forty miles broad. It has an area of over 2,000 square miles, and it shoots off into great rivers with an aggregate length of thousands of miles.

The Purse.
The invention of the purse was doubtless contemporaneous with that of money. The purse is mentioned in Old Testament history as a part of a traveler's outfit. When the disciples, spoken of in the gospels, were sent forth to preach they were commanded to take neither gold nor silver nor brass in their purses.

Popular.
"He's a popular poet."
"Dear me! Why, I thought he hadn't written anything for years!"
"He hasn't; that's why he's so popular."

Embarrassing Attention.
"A dog," said meandering Mike, "is one of the few animals dat'll foller a man."
Plodding Pete seemed to consider this statement for a moment, says the Washington Star, and then answered: "That's so. One was follering me yesterday so fast I could hardly keep ahead of him."

Blaming the Weather.
"This is awfully sticky weather."
"Do you find it so?"
"Yes, Bilkins stuck me for a tother five 'tis morning." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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