

"FOLLY AT FULL SPEED."

Under this head the London, Eng., *Speaker* says:—Just as there is nothing more inspiring than to observe noble effort and lofty spirit struggling with mechanical or other extraneous disadvantages, so is there nothing meaner or more depressing than to be called upon to observe splendid contrivances of human wit and ingenuity made the vehicle of paltriness, insignificance and fatuity. A reflection of this melancholy kind is thrust upon the unhappy wight who happens to read one—it is his own fault if he reads two—of the contributions made by wire to the New York *Tribune* by somebody signing himself "G.W.S." Were these contributions, ill-composed and ill-conceived things that they are, first communicated by an illiterate hand to soiled paper of the very cheapest kind, and then through the now familiar medium of the post carried across the Atlantic in the hold of a steambot, it would be bad enough; but the thought that they are flashed under the mysterious bed of old ocean by means of a contrivance so splendid and so ethereal as the electric current passing through a cable is positively sickening. You have but to read the letters of "G.W.S." to the New York *Tribune*, and to remember the splendor of the process by which they are carried across seas, to have brought home to your mind, almost brutally, the deplorable and disheartening contrast which so often exists between machinery and the thing manufactured; between, in short, the means and the end. The same thought sometimes occurs when you look at a modern printing press, and read the newspaper it is condemned to turn out. How godlike is the machine at once so dignified and so deft, so powerful yet so precise, able to print yet not ashamed to fold! But the thing produced—*faugh!* it is often only fit to envelop two pennyworth of sausages or a rasher of cheap bacon. This "G.W.S." occupies two columns of the New York *Tribune* of the 18th of last month with some of the feeblest twaddle that ever fell from human pen. But here a doubt instantly suggests itself. Has "G.W.S." a pen, or does he belong to the large and increasing army of dictators? This habit of dictating to a shorthand writer is a mischievous one, and we think we detect, in what (to borrow an expression of Dean Swift) the poverty of the language compels us to call "G.W.S.'s" style, evidence of the deteriorating influence of dictation. We are far from saying that under any circumstances could "G.W.S." write well, but we suggest as a reason for these letters of his being so bad as they are that he dictates them. His sense of duty to his employers and to the vast public who hang upon his words compelled "G.W.S." to telegraph to New York the startling news that Lord Wolverton had resigned his post as Lord in Waiting. But "G.W.S." is no ordinary man. He can discriminate. Even the resignation of a Lord in Waiting does not unhinge his mind. "It is important," says he, "this resignation of Lord Wolverton, but," and the faithful cable carries the weighty words across the world, "it is not so important as something else." What can this be, we wonder? Why, of course, Mr. Morrough's resignation of his seat for Southeast Cork. One pities the poor electric cable into whose ear such poor stuff is poured "G.W.S." does not even know his "Demret," and asserts that the dread nobleman who has so cruelly left Mr. Gladstone in the lurch is the son of Mr. Glyn who was, as many people are aware a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. It would not have mattered very much if he had been, but, as a matter of fact, he is not. We are disappointed with "G.W.S." We admit we thought he knew his "Peerage."

But Mr. Gladstone has had during the last month to face calamities nearly as crushing as these shocking resignations, for Mr. Chamberlain has discovered, so "G.W.S." telegraphs across the Atlantic, an error in the Irish financial scheme, but, so "G.W.S." proceeds even this does not daunt the shameless old man, "who meets even this catastrophe with smiling face and jaunty manner." Sometimes it has been thought the patient will not die; Morrough resigns, Wolverton resigns, Chamberlain discovers a blunder, but Mr. Gladstone remains where he is. What Mr. Chamberlain has had to do with the discovery of the miscalculation referred to, nobody knows this side of the Atlantic, but anything is good enough for the cable. But after these airy inaccuracies, these playful falsehoods, "G.W.S." assumes a sterner aspect. He has heard hints of the closure, which somebody seemingly in his presence called the guillotine. It was, indeed, a striking phrase, and awakened painful thoughts in the well-stored mind of "G.W.S." "The guillotine," says he, "is the name which the Radicals, their minds saturated with memories of the French revolution, now give to the closure." What an excellent description of the Radical party—how life-like! It is by touches of this kind that we recognize the true genius of journalism. The excellent, much enduring M.P.'s, who for the last fortnight have been clamoring for the closure in order to put an end to their torment, and weariness, are, it appears, so intimately acquainted, so saturated, with the events of the French revolution as to be able, quite unassisted, and from their own ample stores of learning, to christen Mr. Smith's closure by no less recondite a name than the guillotine.

To pursue "G.W.S." as he flounders through two columns of print would be to inflict vicarious suffering upon our own readers, his inopititude is as great as his inaccuracy. He assures the luckless purchaser of the *Tribune* that Englishmen cannot unburden their minds of the memory that Mr. Bayard was Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State when Mr. Cleveland sent Lord Sackville his passports. England holds, so the egregious correspondent continues, Mr. Bayard responsible for that transaction. We are, indeed, a queer race, saturated and burdened with many odd memories. Mr. Bayard may rest assured that nobody outside the foreign Office will ever remember a single incident in his past history. But what is to be thought of a correspondent who is capable of palming off upon his gulls in a distant land such stuff as this "News of Europe"? "The well worn topic of arbitration came up in the House of Commons last night on the initiative of the well worn secretary of the Peace Society, Mr. Cremer." How pleasing and how important! Of the Cobden Club, "G.W.S." says, "Its annual dinner is not even annual." This, we presume, is wit, and was cabled across to New York. Altogether, two columns of "G.W.S." must be allowed to produce an immense effect upon the human mind. Anything that we have ever read of the kind before—

"Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises. Compared with the pig of lead-like pressure Of this writing man's immense stupidity."

How comes it about—the inquiry is a deuce of one—that any man can discharge a task so badly as "G.W.S."? Is it want of time, or want of thought, or inherent incapacity? Can it be the dinners he eats, the company he keeps, or how otherwise? We confess ourselves to be utterly at a loss. But it is a pity, for his work, though unimportant, is not powerless for good, and if properly discharged might contribute a little to the common stock of human sanity.

God makes furrows in hearts that He may sow His graces therein.

HON. F. SMITH ON MANITOBA.

The Hon. Frank Smith, than whom none other is better able to judge, gives his opinion upon Canada to an *Empire* reporter.

Mr. Smith said that his object in going to Manitoba was to look after the interests of the London and Ontario Loan Company, of which he is president. He wanted to see if the company's agent at Winnipeg was making a success of the business. He looked over the loans with Major Cosby, the manager, and, after careful enquiry he came to the conclusion that the loans were all good, and that the business of the company was on a sound basis. The business proved of so satisfactory a character as to warrant a continuance of it. After they had concluded their business, Mr. White, the Winnipeg superintendent of the C.P.R., invited them to run out to Banff, but because of want of time they were compelled to forego this pleasure. Mr. White then placed a special train at their disposal, and gave them a two days' run through the southern portion of the province, which had impressed Mr. Smith as being a first class country. There was some low land, but the greater portion of it was

THE BEST FARMING LAND

to be found anywhere. Barley, oats, wheat and potatoes were abundant crops. They saw a great deal of flax in the Menonite settlements. Vegetable crops were very large and all of the very best quality. The houses in the newest parts of the settlement were not as good as might be desired, but they seemed to be improving very rapidly; in fact there appeared to be a general air of prosperity pervading the whole country. In the Menonite settlements both houses and barns were very superior. The largest portions of these settlements had trees planted at the north side of the houses and barns in order that they might be sheltered from the wind. The effect was very picturesque. They visited several towns of a good size and found them hustling and business-like. They stopped at several of them and talked with the merchants and farmers, all of whom they found to be very hopeful and cheerful. They all said that if the frost would keep off for 10 or 15 days more the crop would be safe. That time had about expired now, or would be up next week. Many of the fields displayed grain that was turning very quickly. Mr. Smith told many of the farmers that he thought they were sowing their wheat too thickly on the heavy land. In his opinion the heads would be heavier if the grain was more lightly sown. All that the country wanted was farmers to make it prosperous in every sense. It wanted farmers badly, however. They did not want any city riff-raff up there at all. Every man who went up there should go with the intention of settling on a farm of his own and working it for all it was worth, and if he did this he would soon become comfortable and independent. The banks up there were sound as a dollar, and were well satisfied with their securities. Whenever Mr. Smith got a chance to advise the farmers he told them to

GO IN FOR MIXED FARMING,

and not to depend too much on wheat not to put all their eggs in one basket but to go in for raising all kinds of stock and fowl as well. He saw while up there some of the finest fowl to be found anywhere. The reason that now beginners up there did not go in for cattle was because they required food and attention during the winter, but as they prospered they were going more into these lines, much to their own profit. He had seen many herds of fine cattle during his visit. He had no idea that the country was as fine as it is, and if the people were not in too great a hurry many millions of people would be enriched by it. All that was wanted was patience, perseverance and courage. The farmers there had a much easier time than the early settler of Ontario had in his time, 69 years ago.

They were received by large numbers of gentlemen at Winnipeg very warmly. His only regret was that he could not accept the one-tenth part of their kindness and hospitality, as time would not permit.

What the people on the other hand thought of the Senator may be very well gathered from an interview of Mr. E. E. Shepherd, who also has been in the North-West. When asked if he met Senator Smith up there, he replied:

"I did; and no man has gone into the North-west in the last ten years who has made such a favorable impression. Much had been heard of him, and he had never been seen. From all over the province, wherever he went, and principally in the Manitoba hotel, where he lodged, old-timers who had known him in Ontario and politicians of every kind came to welcome him. I never saw a man unbend so thoroughly as he did. The atmosphere of the west agreed with him. He is a western man by impulse, and he shook hands with everybody and chatted, he made more friends than probably is possessed by any Cabinet Minister, not excepting Tom Daly, in the whole North-west."

His quiet air and his genial face seemed to captivate everybody, and for days nobody in Winnipeg was talked of so much as the Hon. Frank Smith. His very footsteps were beset by those who sought to be introduced to him, and, as we all know, westerners are not tuft hunters. They wanted to see the man, not the Cabinet Minister. I don't believe anybody asked a favor of him. The longer he stayed the more people he had to see him. If all of our Cabinet Ministers could welcome the people who throng them as the Senator did, there would be no danger of overturning the Government. I never know a man to make a hit as he did."

The Training of Girls.

"The highest duty of those who have to train up girls," says the *Catholic Herald*, "is the shaping of their ways toward religion. In true, open, hearty girlhood there is a natural leaning to be pious. This must be taken tenderly in hand and moulded to good purpose. Without religion a woman's life, with all its watchings and waitings, and sorrows, which are unavoidable, would indeed be hard to bear. But even more than this is at stake, for in the training of those who will represent the Catholic womanhood of the United States we are educating the next generation."

"The mother's influence upon her children for good or evil is many times greater than the father's. Not so much, perhaps, in matters of the mind as of the heart and soul, of morals and religion. Happily for the future this great fact is ever in the minds of the good Sisters who are helping to form the character of our girlhood in convents and Catholic schools. The need for simplicity of life in this artificial age is well understood by the Sisters. The two great virtues of piety and purity still shine in the hearts of Catholic girls and make them show, by the freshness and frankness of their speech and manner, that a habit of fearless innocence is still one of the characteristics of girlhood."

Ceremony at St. Joseph's.

The Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent was well filled on Tuesday morning last, the Feast of the Assumption, with clergymen and friends to witness the taking of the religious habit of six young ladies and the profession of two others. His Grace the Archbishop presided upon the occasion. Father Ryan preached an eloquent sermon upon humility as the great foundation of religion, which in regard to poverty is the humility of material things, and in regard to chastity is the humility of the heart, and in obedience is the humility of the will.

The Very Rev. Dean Egan said the Mass. The other priests present in the sanctuary were Very Rev. Fathers Marjion, Provincial, and Barrott, C.S.S.R., and Fathers Bergio, J. Walsh, Torney of Louisville, Kentucky, Frachon, Murray, C.S.B., Grogan, C.S.S.R., Cruise, Carney and Carbery.

Sisters Geraldine, Hilda, Casimir and Matilda made their religious profession. The following ladies received the habit. Miss Burke in religion Sister Mary Euphrosyne, Miss H. H. H. in religion Sister Mary Conalia, Miss Maguire in religion Sister Mary Carmelita, Miss McCormack in religion Sister Mary Joachim, Miss McKee in religion Sister Mary of the Rosary, and Miss Stritch in religion Sister Mary Teresa Aquinas.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Though you have several saints as advocates, be particularly devout to St. Joseph, he is very powerful with God.

God attracts us to Him by instincts, and desires, and aspirations after a happiness higher than sense, and more enduring, more changeless than this mortal life. God speaks to us articulately in the stirring life of nature and in the silence of our own being.

A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of this district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.