

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Now if men are to be made free by knowing the truth they must be free to know it; and no kind of constraint or compulsion must be put upon them in forming their opinions.

The doctor also begged his congregation to keep out of the A. P. A.: or if they had already become members, to abandon it at once.

The parade of the Catholic societies of New York on Columbus day was the first attempt to unite the Catholic societies of the city in one demonstration, and they made a great impression, "challenging," as the *Harold* remarked next day, "the admiration of the most critical observer of men and manners." The *Harold* gives voice to the general appreciation of their appearance, saying that it was "one of the finest columns of men ever got together since Columbus first saw American land." It adds: "It was a treat to see their column of twenty five thousand men, and New Yorkers are proud of them."

THE "ESCAPED NUN" IN TROUBLE.

Mrs. Shepard Exposed in Chicago.

Reproduced from the CATHOLIC RECORD of May 25, 1891.

The following despatch to the Boston *Harold*, from Chicago, May 11, 1891, has an interest for the public, especially in the Eastern States, where Mrs. Shepard has been doing anti-Catholic work among congenial associates:

Gossips here are busy discussing the case of the national president of the Loyal Women of American Liberty, Mrs. Margaret A. Shepard, who is said to have returned to the Catholic faith, and to have renounced her allegiance to the movement she inaugurated three years ago in Boston—a movement which resulted in a complete revolution of the Public schools in Massachusetts.

That Mrs. Shepard is not in touch with the Chicago branch of the league is very apparent from the recent action of that body. It has seceded. Its members affect to be shocked by what a stealthy investigation of the London life and history of Mrs. Shepard has revealed; and are circulating harmful stories of her inconsistent professions.

More than this, Mrs. Shepard is accused of flirting with the Protestants, while playing into the hands of the Catholics.

A Methodist minister's name is scandalously connected with that of Mrs. Shepard, and in a few days he will be called to account by his indignant flock. The name of this unfortunate clergyman is Rev. O. E. Murray. The league and the church people are banded together for the common purpose of proclaiming the alleged shame of the pair.

During the late municipal campaign one of the issues by which men were swayed was what is colloquially known as "the little red school-house" argument. Mr. Murray, who, by the way, was once a Catholic priest, figured conspicuously at every political meeting in his district, and by the vehemence of his talk excited the fierce enmity of those who differed from him. He is at the head of the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church.

In the hands of the ladies of the league are documents which make startling allegations. In London, one of these damning papers states, Mrs. Shepard was arrested for stealing \$12. When, at the meeting which ended in the secession of the Chicago branch, she was granted the opportunity of speech in her own defence, she tearfully admitted extortion the pitiable condition of her little child, who was in the agony of starvation. But the English magistrate sentenced her to imprisonment, and to jail she went. This document also bears testimony to her loose way of living. She did not refuse this charge, either, when confronted with it by the league, but with downcast eyes and sorrowful mien she implored her stern sisters to believe that she had repented sorely and reformed. She now lives with a man who says he is her husband, at No. 3226 Graves Place, in a modest little house in a quiet and highly respectable neighborhood of this city. She was in a woful state of excitement when a reporter called upon her this evening.

"I must not talk to the press," she said. "My solicitors have ordered me to keep silent. To-morrow I will have prepared a statement of my case. The Boston people know me, and I feel sure they will not prejudice me. I am not as bad as my enemies would have the public believe. I am not bad at all. That should for the present content those who esteem me. The Chicago league numbers two hundred and fifty members, and of these scarcely a dozen are hostile to me. Still these few seem to rule the rest."

"Have you again become a Catholic?" she was asked.

"I am a Protestant. And will remain one. You must be content with what I have told you."

"All this storm and malice and persecution," she continued, "are but a repetition of what I have experienced before. You know I am Irish born, and because of this these good, pure and holy Chicagoans dislike my interference in matters which, to their understanding, ought to be taken out of my hands. But wait. I'll surprise these smart people to-morrow."

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of *Ben-ziger's Home Almanac for 1893*. THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.

From the Freeman, Oct. 19.

In conformity with the Archbishop's instructions a solemn Mass of thanksgiving to the Most Blessed Trinity was celebrated in the cathedral last Sunday. Thanks were indeed due to God, for the man thus honored was truly great—great with gifts of nature and of grace. Christopher Columbus was raised up by the Almighty hand for work requiring in an eminent degree learning and sanctity—learning to rise above the knowledge of his time and see other worlds as yet undiscovered; sanctity to give courage and strength to his will to persevere in the face of danger, leaving all in the hands of that Eternal Being Who, he knew, would carry His work to a perfect completion. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Carey, with Fathers Neville and Kehoe as deacon and subdeacon. The Archbishop, attended by Brothers Alphon and Lewis, presided.

After the Gospel Father Neville read for the congregation the Papal allocution on Columbus, and announced to the people the Archbishop's intention to speak to them on a matter of greatest importance. Accordingly after the Communion of the Mass His Grace ascended the pulpit. He referred to the improvements going on around the cathedral, and his efforts to bring the surroundings into harmony with the beauty of the building itself. He cut down such trees as were hiding from the eye its architectural lines and its grand sweep of buttresses. He dwelt on the noble appearance the church is already beginning to present. Standing in the centre of a square, its beautiful tower and handsome steps, no longer the centre of debris and confusion, but receiving additional beauty from the green level sward that has taken the place of stones and rubbish.

For this, said His Grace, I have to thank the good people of Cuthbert, Storrington and Glenburnie, who not only willingly but joyfully gave their time and labor of their men and horses for the beauty and the decoration of God's house. And while attending to what was beautiful we were not less mindful of our people's health and comfort. We have employed men to thoroughly drain and carry off from the church the great quantity of water caught by its immense roof, and which heretofore found its way principally to the cellars underneath the church.

This was a source of great inconvenience and unwholesomeness, as the water sometimes rose to the height of eight or ten inches in the cellars, and remained there for days, and this has been so ever since the church was built fifty years ago.

AN IMPORTANT REVELATION.

But now, said the Archbishop, I have to speak of a subject of even more immediate importance, and the people saw that the mystery of that bundle of papers which His Grace had in his hands was now to be cleared up. Unfolding the papers he informed the congregation that an extraordinary revelation had been made to him the previous day. The time for appeal against wrongful assessment of taxes being near, he had ordered an examination of the assessment rolls for Public and Separate schools to be made previous to publication. The result of his enquiry came to him last evening, and dawned shocked him. The papers he held in his hand consisted of extracts from the Public School Assessment Roll, as shown to the Archbishop's representative by the City Commissioner in his own office. Just listen to it, the Archbishop said. It shows that at this present moment there are one hundred and seventy-two Catholics in the several Wards of the city, whose names are actually on the Public School Assessment Roll of the City Commissioner. I blame no men, said he. I should be very sorry if any one should blame the City Commissioner, whom I regard as an honest man, an upright official, who, although a Protestant, seems to me incapable of doing any wrong to the Catholic community. Nevertheless there is a mistake somewhere, and somebody has committed an error, involuntary though it may be. The Archbishop then read out the returns from the several wards of the city and announced the total result to be one hundred and seventy-two Catholic ratepayers in this little city, assessed for the support of the schools of the great and wealthy Protestant majority, who superabundantly in all the good things of this world, whilst we are the small minority, struggling to uphold ourselves and our institutions in despite of our poverty and our poverty.

Now, suppose the Catholic taxes of those one hundred and seventy-two ratepayers were taken from our Separate schools this year, what would become of us? The Board of Separate School Trustees, who are wise, energetic and thoroughly Catholic men, in whom we all repose the fullest confidence, are struggling against great odds just now. They have suffered grievous misfortune by the loss of more than \$1600 through the failure of their recent treasurer. They have made themselves responsible for a heavy debt, and its annual interest, on account of St. Vincent's Academy. Meanwhile, they abstain from asking you to pay a single mill on the dollar above the Separate School tax, hoping by economy and patience to tide over their difficulty in fair time. Surely no true Catholic is willing to wage war against them by stopping or misdirecting the supplies. I know full well there is not even one ratepayer in this congregation who would think of committing such a crime against God and Christ and His Holy Church. And yet, continued His Grace, I see on this list,

purporting to be a list of the Catholics of Kingston who would wish to rob our Catholic schools of legitimate support and enrich the superabundantly rich Protestant schools, the names of many of you who sit there before me with expressions of indignation on your countenances at the possibility of your being registered on this list as renegade Catholics. The very best, most religious and most thorough Catholics of the city are here on this list. Of course, it is without their knowledge; and the fact, when made known, will be strange news to them. In fact, the Secretary of the Board of Separate School Trustees has assured me most positively that all the Catholics on this list did sign the notice to the Municipal Clerk last February twelve months, that they desire to be assessed as Separate school supporters, such notice having been most unfairly imposed upon them as a legal necessity by Sir Oliver Mowat at the time in deference to the no-Popery cry of the *Mail-Meridith* faction. His Grace then explained that a small, though very small, share of the seeming absurdity might perhaps be accounted for by change of residence. He saw before him a few gentlemen who had changed their residence since March, 1890, and possibly the taxes levied on them had reference to their new holding, and consequently it might, perhaps, be legally necessary for them to renew their notice to the Municipal Clerk that they desire their taxes to be applied to the Separate schools. Again, deaths have occurred in many families since March, 1890, and the name of the deceased head of a family may not have been replaced by the name of the widow or the representative. Thus the taxes of such a man's property would go to the Protestant schools. In fact, the very page now before my eyes, shows amongst other Catholic ratepayers, the name of a most respectable and thoroughly Catholic widow who resides close by me here, and who is as Catholic as I am, and yet she is put down as an opponent of Christian education of youth, and because she probably did not advert to the necessity of substituting her own name for that of her deceased husband on the assessment roll. All this can be rectified this very day by writing your names at foot of a short sentence, which I have written out, stating that you protest and appeal against your names being placed on the assessment roll for Public school taxes, and that, being Roman Catholics, you claim to be registered as Separate school supporters. I hope, said His Grace, to have this shocking wrong rectified before I retire to rest to-night. Every one of these one hundred and seventy-two Catholics, who are here wrongfully assessed, shall be called upon by my representatives this afternoon to sign a proper declaration of appeal against the erroneous assessment. I have already arranged that all my priests, accompanied by the Separate school Trustees, shall start out at 4 o'clock, p. m., and visit each Catholic family in each ward of the city, and obtain the signature of each head of a family to the appeal against wrongful assessment. Be pleased to be in your homes to meet them.

At 4 p. m. the priests of the palace, accompanied by Aldermen Ryan and Behan and Messrs. Bowes and Catlin, Separate School Trustees, proceeded to visit each of those Catholic families whose names appeared on the Public School assessment roll, and found the head of the family awaiting them as the Archbishop advised. Each and all assured the priests and trustees of their total ignorance of this wrongful assessment, and promised to be more watchful in the future. Late that evening the priests and trustees returned home with the pleasing announcement for the Archbishop that each and all of the Catholic ratepayers had signed the protest.

New Separate School.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Oct. 23.—The newly-constructed Separate school of this town was duly dedicated and blessed by Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, assisted by Monsignor Rooney, of the same city, and Rural Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, this afternoon before a large assemblage of people. After the ceremony of consecrating the school, His Grace addressed the assemblage in a few appropriate remarks, congratulating the congregation upon erecting such a beautiful edifice for the education of the children. Master McCroney, on behalf of the school children, read and presented His Grace with an illuminated address, as did also Mr. James Quinlan on behalf of the C. M. B. A., both of which His Lordship pleasantly replied to in feeling terms. Monsignor Rooney spoke a few words of good advice to the children and parents. Then Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, made the oration of the day, pointing out the good effects of the teaching as a whole in the Separate schools of Ontario, combining religion with science and art with athletics, to make the young strong in mind, morally as well as physically. He stated that he considered the Public schools of Canada were as first class institutions of learning as could be found in any country, but they were lacking in the religious training, and did not prepare the young minds for a higher sphere than this world when grown into manhood; and it was with this in view the Church cherished their Separate schools. When a person had received a good religious training in any denomination he would not be found a bigot. The speaker implored parents to bring their children up to love and cherish their neighbors of every denomination, and harmony would reign supreme.

The Archbishop held a reception in the school, which is a two-story pressed brick structure, with basement, and four large school-rooms with a seating capacity of 300. The building cost about \$8,000.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

London Advertiser, Oct. 22.

St. Peter's Cathedral was well filled last evening by an appreciative audience, the occasion being a lecture on "Christopher Columbus," by Rev. Father Ferguson, professor of Assumption College, Sandwich. The musical programme was of a high order.

The reverend gentleman said his first word would be one of compliment to his hearers, the presence of so many being an affectionate acknowledgment of the great good accomplished by the subject of his remarks. They had put themselves to trouble and expense to do fitting honor to those who had been benefited. It is a good thing to discharge duties well and to keep a picture or an image of our benefactors. All owe a debt of extreme gratitude to the discoverer of North America. Here we enjoy political freedom, for which we cannot be too grateful. In truth it is said that men are born free and equal; but used nakedly, the expression is a contradiction of common sense. All are not equal; not all are philosophers, neither are all cowards. The common, average man is a creature of appetite, and the history of the race is contained in the records of the few. Of all men of whom the speaker had read in history Christopher Columbus was fit to stand abreast of the highest; and yet, while the fruit of his work was so well known, he had been dealt with most unkindly. No man's work had resulted in so much importance as his, using the comparison of man with man.

"Great" is not the word, as God alone is great. The speaker considered man's highest title of honor to be that of seer—he who proves to be a prophet to mankind. All have read how Newton discovered gravitation: how the simple fall of an apple merged into that magnificent law. That was genius. So great was the admiration and respect for that master mind that at his death the choicest and most suitable epitaph was considered blasphemy. Then, from the boiling of a kettle came the locomotive and the great Atlantic liners. When we look at that we say, "That is the highest in man." In the case of Columbus it was not the falling of an apple nor the steam of a kettle that made him famous. In the eastern world there had been thrown up from the sea, for centuries, bits of sick and branches—some carved. Who thought they would furnish the key to such great discovery while they were being kicked aside? No one but Columbus, whose far-seeing, magnificent mind revealed what those silent messengers meant. Were it not for political greed he would have been made more of to-day. It had been said by his enemies that "America was discovered before." Well, there had been steam from the first, Franklin and others have made wonderful discoveries, but this man took the "whole world," and found here was more. The great difficulties in the way of Columbus—all of which had been surmounted—go to show as great intellectual strength as the highest in man, ancient or modern. Yet, claimed the speaker, to be a great discoverer is not of itself sufficient to be a great man. The devil knows more than any of us, but that fact should never lead us to apply to him. Voltaire was a great intellect, but how soon was he forgotten. So with a great deal of the notoriety of to-day—ball players, fighters in the ring, etc.—who make money and don't benefit mankind. But such was not the case with Columbus, whose genius, in being able to discover a new world, must rank on an equality with the greatest. The speaker then referred to the heroic deeds of Hannibal and Napoleon, and the short time in which they were performed, while it took fifteen years of trouble, fatigue, hunger and poverty for Columbus to stir up the world to a sense of its duty. He was laughed at and treated with the veriest scorn from place to place because he wanted money for his great and noble, but seemingly preposterous, undertaking. Had he given up then, had he not been possessed of a persevering will, perhaps America had never been discovered. This is an age of engineering, with railways over ice and over mountains, and tunnels such as the Hoosac and St. Clair, and all are only a question of money. Suppose some transographer were to speak of a railway to the north pole—not Mars!—and was able to say from his knowledge that sufficient gold would be found there to pay for the enterprise—would all go into hysterics at once? And yet such scheme is not half as unlikely to-day as was that of Columbus four hundred years ago, whose greatest work of his life was the sailing off of himself, alone. The speaker then paid a touching tribute to the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee, and stated that when a young man in his neighborhood he would often hear him. His finest discourse was on "Milton," and in the opinion of the lamented orator, Milton's genius found most expression in the second book of "Paradise Lost"—nothing in literature compared with it. There, a new world was referred to—

"Toward the world foretold."

But it was merely a poetical conception. There is a prodigious difference between what we think and what we can do—between what Milton thought and what Columbus did. Think of the murmurings of the crew in the three little ships, and the thought of wide seas before them, ending—God

knows where! But prayer and firmness prevailed, and at last a little light from the hand of a savage was seen. The speaker advised all who could spare a couple of dollars to buy the "Life of Columbus," and get from it ideas such as he had obtained. Columbus did his work in a Christian spirit; he was a thorough Catholic. True, some speak harshly of him, and even if all that had been said against him were true (which it is not), the best fall. The reverend gentleman thought, when reading some of those uncharitable statements recently, "They can't know much about us Catholics." Of course, it would be untheological to ascribe most of the great discoveries to religious motives. Catholics are too numerous, and having seen the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires, do not go into hysterics because a Catholic is a great man. The Church does not pretend to magnify a man's deeds, but tries to sanctify the soul. The speaker closed his peroration by referring to the deep religiousness of Columbus, who, he said, had made Almighty God his companion. He said his prayers night and morning, not merely when in distress, but when bearing prosperity as well. The discovery of America was beautifully religious. As soon as Columbus landed he went down on his knees and put up a crucifix. The benefit of studying Columbus would not give the power of making trips across the ocean, but if it teaches to be loyal to God and make little difficulties it will cause those to say who stand around our grave: "He lived for God."

A PRIEST ON THE STAGE.

The Last Role Actor Florence Would Have Created—A Priest's Life Personified to Him Utter Self-Sacrifice.

Had not the autumn of "Billy" Florence's days been frosted all too soon by death, he would have created the part of a priest in a play called "Father John." The play was written for him, at his request, by Edith Sessions Tupper. One night at Delmonico's he said to her:

"Seriously, I want a play for next season, as Mr. Jefferson and I part company in the spring. I want to create a new and awfully difficult role. I am too old to ever play the young lover again. I am weary of the boisterous fun of 'The Mighty Dollar.' What I desire now is a character which shall portray the sublimity of human attributes—utter self-sacrifice. It will be the last role I shall create, and I wish to be remembered by it. Now, that's all I'm going to say about it now. Think it over and see if something does not suggest itself to you."

Who can dispute that a Roman Catholic priest is the personification of self-sacrifice? But Mrs. Tupper, knowing the veneration in which Florence held the clergy of his Church, hesitated to propose to him that the central figure of the play be a Reverend Father. At last she did so.

"It has been the ambition of my life," cried Florence, "to play that character, but I have never dared to breathe it. And how (with great earnestness) could I better show the veneration I have for those good men than by portraying the life of a typical Roman Catholic priest? Think once! All over this great country, in thousands of tiny parishes, there are men living simple, quiet lives, men who have renounced every earthly love and ambition, have obliterated self and have set their faces steadfastly towards heaven. What led them to such self-sacrifice? By what conditions are their humble lives surrounded? Are there no stories—no dramas here? The priest has often been brought upon the stage as a walking gentleman, an accessory to the plot, as it were, but never as the hero in an American play. I wish to show him as he is—as I know him—leading his brave, cheerful life of duty and devotion, father to all in his parish, from the roughest laborer to the tiniest child. Back of all this I want a story of vital human interest. I beg you to get to work at once."

Four weeks from that day the first act of the play was submitted to Florence. He was most kind, most encouraging to the author. Sitting at his desk, his monocle on his eye, his pencil in hand, bending over the play, he turned quickly now and then with the exclamation, "Why, this is good!" or, "No, no, that is very bad, it must be changed," smiling his tender little smile if a passage struck his fancy, or putting his fore-fingers in his mouth and looking at the offending author in helplessly comical perplexity when a situation struck him as particularly absurd. He was full of auguries of success, of roschued prophecies of the opening night, with now, and then a minor chord of speech, a murmured foreboding, almost a prescience of the fast approaching end.

Florence, indeed, took the liveliest interest in the play, an interest which did not falter in his last illness, for even in his delirium he talked of his play and begged his sister to look for it and see that it was safe. His heart was in the enterprise, for, as he repeatedly said, "You see it has been the dream of my life."

Florence's great reverence for his mother Church was constantly exhibited during the work, and when, through ignorance or carelessness, any flippant allusion, however slight, crept in the text the author was rectly called to order. Thus the exclamation "Holy saints!" in the mouth of one of the characters was peremptorily challenged, and in a crisis of the play, where a crucifix was introduced, it was interesting to see the delicacy with which Mr. Florence

proposed to handle the situation.

The actor had no sympathy with modern dramatic nastiness. He despised the suggestive and realistic methods of many playwrights. "Let us have no filth," he begged. "I will have nothing that will leave a bad taste, but all the love, sunshine, music, birds and flowers you can crowd in." His patriotism, too, was manifest when he stipulated that the play should be purely American. "Don't let us bring the hero back from England or the villain from Australia," he urged. "Let us have all our people from home. You know I do not believe in the importation of labor," he would conclude with a twinkle in his eye. "I am an American actor. Let us have an American play."

Florence talked very often about the costuming of his priestly role. He spoke of many fashions in which he might dress it, but finally decided upon a plain black cassock to be trimmed with a dark-blue braid. It was his plan to borrow for the opening night a cassock from his very dear friend, Rev. Henry Prat.—N. Y. World.

THE IRISH MEMBERS.

How Their Predecessors of Fifty Years Ago Worked in Parliament.

The *Tuam News* of a recent date has the following: On Sept. 2, 1841, Thomas Davis laid before a meeting of the Repeal Association, held in the Conciliation Hall, a report and analysis of the attendance and voting of Irish members in the previous session of Parliament. Davis, speaking in the name of the committee in whose behalf he reported, declared that they found "that several of the Irish members attended regularly, others rarely, some not at all, and that this observation applied to Conservatives and Reformers, Repeaters and Non-Repeaters."

Some of the figures quoted by Davis are of a nature well calculated to excite surprise in the minds of those who realize the amount of work which nowadays falls upon an Irish member. For instance, we find Armagh county represented by Viscount Acheson, who voted six times during the session; Antrim by a Nathaniel Alexander, who voted four times; while Galway county was represented respectively by Sir Valentine Blake and Mr. J. J. Bodkin of Killooney, Tuam, who each condescended to vote exactly five times, while Mr. Martin J. Blake of Ballyglunin, Tuam, voted in thirteen divisions, and Mr. Thomas B. Martin did not vote at all. Cork city was represented by Mr. Daniel Callaghan, who did not record a single vote during the session, while a similar sorry record was that of Mr. Henry Grattan, who represented Meath in company with Mr. Matthew E. Corbally, who found it possible to vote four times. A Mr. Samuel White, who represented Leitrim, voted once, and Mr. Hugh Morgan Tuite, who sat for Westmeath, voted four times, his colleague, however, a Mr. B. J. Chapman, took part in thirty-eight divisions.

Looking through the list we find that eight Irish members did not vote at all, that two voted once, three twice, one three times, three four times, seven five times, two six times, one eight times, and two nine times, thus showing that precisely twenty nine Irish members either did not vote at all or took part in no less than ten divisions. Davis declared to the members of the Repeal Association that "Your committee are sure that, both in general and constitutional principles, a person who accepts a seat in Parliament becomes thereby a trustee bound to attend from day to day in the Commons, to aid by vote, voice, counsel and example, in the well governing of the country, and that he can only be freed from this trust by the declaration of the country, that he can better serve it elsewhere."

The Labor Problem Solved.

M. Leon Harmel, the great Catholic manufacturer at Val-des-Bois, France, says:

"The blunder of so many business leaders is in having two moralities—one for the private life and family, another for commerce and affairs. A perfect business will have the morality of the perfect family."

This is the principle upon which M. Harmel has organized the great industrial corporation—or rather, in keeping with his idea, the great industrial family—at Val-des-Bois. He employs a thousand laborers. These are organized into four institutions, the basis of which are seven religious societies, to some of which practically all the workmen belong. In other words M. Harmel has actually accomplished the solution of the labor problem; he has made religion the basis of his industrial corporation, and by that bond has united master and men together in the one association. "Here exists," says a reviewer in the *Forum*, "the most perfect example of co-operation between employers and employed ever established."

Postponed.

The bazaar in aid of the Hotel Dieu, Windsor, which was advertised to take place this month, has been postponed until the second week in January, 1893, when it will certainly take place. The reason of the delay was the return from outside the city were limited. The bazaar is for the purpose of raising money to help to liquidate a portion of the very heavy debt which numbers this magnificent monument of Catholic faith and charity. The work the Hospitaliers Sisters of St. Joseph have undertaken is heroic; the personal sacrifice is sublime. Being cloistered, the community proper rely entirely on the assistance of friends to collect for them, hence the appeal through the press. The persons to whom tickets are sent will kindly dispose of the same for those desiring a book may secure one of five tickets for one dollar. Please address Mother Superior, Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont.