

quently it is a door that seems to be beaten upon by bare knuckles. When a door is quickly opened in response to the raps nothing is to be seen.

"Returning to the apparition, one of my assistants who was here but a few weeks, greeted me one morning with eyes agog, and told how, during the night while he was lying awake, in his bed, unseen fingers, having the temperature of the grave, seized his locks and pulled them vigorously. He started up just in time to see the dim outline of a priest vanish into mist. To have the covers pulled from their beds while they slept and to awake and see the priestly apparition dissolving, as it were, has been the common experience of all those assistants who occupied the chamber.

"One night while I sat in my study, chatting with an assistant from New Oxford, we were startled by a series of loud raps coming from under the floor. The noise was accompanied by a sound which for the instant caused us to think that an image on my writing table had fallen on the floor and been broken into fragments. When we recovered from our shock we found that the image was intact on the table. In vain did we try to discover the cause of the strange manifestations.

"I am not superstitious. It would be contrary to my religion to be so. I know that most of these supposed or reputed manifestations of the spirit world are usually traceable to natural causes, but in our efforts to ascribe the chapel's alleged ghost, and his conduct to such sources we have been baffled and our investigations have only served to mystify us the more."

The rectors preceding Father Haltermeyer at the chapel related experiences similar to those described by him. The Jesuits founding the Conewago Chapel, in 1720, in the solitude of the Pennsylvania wilderness, were from Baltimore and Canada and the original mission was established in a hut fashioned like the lodges or wigwams of the Conewago Indians.—New York Sun.

**DASTARDLY "NO-POPERY" PUBLISHERS.**

Surreptitiously Securing the Name of a Venerable Lady of 73 as Authoress of a Vile Production Against Nuns. City Hospital, Richmond, Va., Aug. 21, 1903.

Editor the Richmond News Leader. Owing to the various sensational stories lately published in the papers concerning me, and in justice to myself and my religion, which I love more than life itself, I deem it my solemn duty before God to make known, ere I depart this mortal life, the following facts:—

I was born January 18, 1830, in Princess Anne County, Va. At five years of age my family removed to Norfolk, Va., where I was educated as an Episcopalian; although an Episcopalian, even when a young child, I fell in love with the Catholic religion. The strict Episcopalian education which I received was in reality the means of my conversion to the Catholic religion, as it was through Episcopalianism that I saw the truth of Catholicity. My love for the old Apostolic faith continued to increase. I would often steal away from home to attend the Catholic services. A nurse was afterward appointed by my mother to see that I was prevented from attending the Catholic Church. Even the ringing of the Catholic bells was music to my soul.

At the age of fifteen I was received into the Catholic Church at Norfolk, Va., by the Rev. Father Hitzelberger. I was a fervent Catholic and very faithful to the performance of all my religious duties.

About the age of seventeen, and contrary to the wishes of my spiritual adviser at Norfolk, I determined to become a religious. The priest, my spiritual adviser, told me decisively that I had no religious vocation, that my place was in the world, and that by remaining in the world I could do far more good than by becoming a religious. I afterwards discovered to my sorrow that his decision was absolutely correct, that I had no religious vocation, and should have remained in the world. Would to God that I had followed the advice

of my kind and fatherly director! Had I done so how much unjust persecution from the world would have been spared me!

Through the agency of my god-mother I obtained an entrance into St. Joseph's Academy at Emmittsburg, Md. I was entered as a postulant to the Sisters of Charity for the first three months, after which I entered the novitiate, where I remained as a novice for about four years, at the end of which time, and, unknown to my superiors, I, early one morning, quietly left the institution. I missed the stage and walked about twelve miles to Creagerstown, a small village in Maryland. There I stopped at a country inn and at once wrote to my father that I had left Emmittsburg and requested him to come for me.

Meanwhile the sisters at Emmittsburg learned of my departure and of my whereabouts. Thinking my going away was the result of a girl's notion which I would afterward regret, some of the sisters, bringing with them all my belongings, including some jewels, advised me in a kindly manner that it would be to my interest to return. When they saw I was determined not to go back to their institution, they gave me all my belongings, and without attempting in the least the use of any force, left me unmolested, and quietly departed.

Soon afterwards my father came and returned with me to his home at Norfolk, Va. My mother had meantime died in the yellow fever epidemic, and I felt it my duty to assume her household duties, being, as I was, the oldest of nine children. I remained at home, as nearly as I can remember, some two or three years, when I married Solomon Andrews, M.D.

I assert that it is absolutely false to designate me as an ex-nun, I never having been a nun. It is a calumny to say that I, by my marriage, broke my vows. At the time of my marriage I was no religious in any sense of the word, other than being a Catholic, was bound by no vows, and was just as free to marry as any one in the world. All promises of obedience, etc., which I had made to the order I left, had long since ceased to exist, as they had binding force for only one year at a time, at the end of which time, in order that they have further force, a renewal for another year was, and is, necessary. As prior to my marriage, I had, after I left St. Joseph's Academy, lived in the world at least two, and possibly three years, it is clear that I could not be bound by promises that had long since ceased to have binding force through lapse of time.

Owing to the opposition of my father, my marriage took place in North Carolina. I then went with my husband to a small town in New Jersey, where I lived for a number of years. One son was born to me, a beautiful child, talented and gifted in every way. I had him baptized a Catholic. My son, while an engraver by profession, was an eminent musician and played to many audiences in Richmond, to which city he and I removed from New Jersey. At about the age of twenty-three, as nearly as I can now remember, my beautiful boy was snatched from me by death and with him the light of my life went out. He was buried in Oakwood.

Years before my husband, who was a medical doctor, a graduate of the New York Medical University, mysteriously disappeared. Whether he is living or dead I know not.

During the many years that have elapsed from the death of my son until now I have seen many vicissitudes and suffered many sorrows, but my faith in the Catholic religion has ever remained as it will remain until death, unshaken.

With regard to the infamous calumnies contained in the book entitled, "An Escaped Nun," and whose authorship has been attributed to me, I deny in toto any connection with the book, except that, through a decision of the Supreme Court of New York, I succeeded in having the publication of the same suppressed.

The publication of the infamous book mentioned above was brought about by others whose object was the making of money by the sale of a sensational publication designed to calumniate the Catholic religion. A certain literary man of Norfolk, whose name there is no need

of mentioning, hit upon the idea of making my life the subject of a book, with object as already stated. I knew nothing of his ideas. I had in my desk a little sketch of my childhood days, before my entrance to St. Joseph's Academy. This was stolen from me and the contents woven into the story of the escaped nun. I knew nothing about the book and its contents until after its publication.

I solemnly assert before Almighty God that I had nothing to do with the composition of the book mentioned above other than being the author of the little sketch of my childhood days, which was woven into the book, and which, in point of time, did not extend to the period of my entrance into St. Joseph's Academy. On one occasion I remember that I was forced by those around me to sign my name to a piece of folded foolscap paper, I at the time not knowing the reason of the signature, but was told it was necessary to sign the document. This occurred in the Astor House, New York. This signature, I found out afterward, was used in a book entitled "Testimony of a Novice," with the writing of which I had absolutely nothing to do. The use of my name in connection with the book is a veritable forgery.

In conclusion, I call Almighty God to witness the truth of what I say when I state that during my residence in the academy at Emmittsburg I saw or knew of absolutely no practices there in any sense derogatory to the character of the good sisters. Further, I assert that I knew of no one detained there against her will; that I was treated there with unvarying kindness and saw nothing other than what gave me the greatest of edification.

I certify that I have never written a word against the Catholic Church, the Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburg, or any of her institutions, her priests or religion. I testify that I believe the religious of the Catholic Church are the most self-sacrificing people on earth.

Any word or writing attributed to me against the Catholic Church, her institutions, priests and religion I pronounce as a calumny and disown authorship of the same.

Having carefully considered all the statements contained in this communication, I solemnly assert the same to be absolutely true, and herewith affix my signature.

JOSEPHINE M. ANDREWS.

**IMMORALITY IN THE SCHOOLS.**

According to a press dispatch from Milwaukee, the Women's Christian Temperance Union intends to start a crusade against immorality in the schools in addition to temperance educational work. Leading members of the Union say there is gross immorality among school children, and declare that systematic education, tending to a higher standard of morality should be included in the curriculum, just as scientific temperance studies already have been made a part of the course in many schools.

Mrs. W. J. Allen, vice-president of the First Milwaukee Society of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and superintendent of its purity league, presented a paper in a session in Plymouth church embodying the ideas of the association on this subject. There is no doubt of the prevalence of immorality among our school children," said Mrs. Allen. "It is due largely to the fact that parents are remiss in their duty of instructing the little ones, and the school must supplement the home in this regard. We cannot see the children of the country ruined through their ignorance. Many parents err through their own ignorance in not instructing their children regarding these matters."

These people interested in this new campaign are all Protestants. Without doubt they are friends of the public schools. And yet they say there is immorality in the schools. If a catholic made that assertion he would be denounced as an enemy of liberty and all that sort of thing. But such denunciations do not conceal the fact that thoughtful non-Catholics are more and more realizing that there is something serious lacking in our public school system. To blame

parents for whatever immorality may exist among school children is to dodge the real question. The school should train the child morally as well as intellectually. It does not do to turn out a boy or girl with a well developed brain, but with a sadly neglected moral sense. Not until the schools provide for the religious as well as secular instruction of pupils may we look for no further complaint of immorality among the children.—Catholic News.

**PIUS X. AND THE SCRIPTURES**

Last year the Pious society of St. Jerome was founded in Italy, for the diffusion of the New Testament among the people, and nowhere did its efforts meet with greater encouragement than in Venice. The patriarch, who is now Pius X., secured several thousand copies of the new edition of the Gospels for his people, and declared that he would never be satisfied until every home in Venice was provided with one of the first acts of his pontificate has been to encourage and promote the excellent Society of St. Jerome, and to grant several indulgences to those who become members of it. Cardinal Mocenni, the honorary president, and Monsignor Della Chiesa, acting president, have issued a circular explaining what has already been accomplished with relatively slender means and a comparatively limited membership. The mere fact that in little more than a year the society has introduced no fewer than 200,000 copies of the gospels and the Acts of the Apostles into Italian homes is an eloquent proof of its activity. Bishops, parish priests and charitable laymen in many parts of Italy especially in the Northern provinces, have purchased thousands of copies of the splendidly edited little volume and distributed them gratuitously among the people, and have been rewarded by the evident interest the people are taking in the written word of God.—Exchange.

**GRACEFUL CHARITY.**

The refined wit of the cultured Frenchman is always enjoyable; when it embodies in addition the delicacy of the truest Christian charity it is admirable as well. A little incident in the life of a former Bishop of Chalons, Mgr. de Prilly, merits narration as a case in point.

This good prelate, who died in 1860, was not less noted for his charity than for his undaunted heroism, displayed particularly during a cholera epidemic. A citizen of Chalons, the father of a large family, was on one occasion reduced to the very extremity of misery. He had experienced business reverses, and these losses had been followed by a prolonged illness, which had completely exhausted his resources. Anxious to procure food for his starving children, he consulted an acquaintance, who advised him to solicit the help of the holy bishop.

Acting on the advice, he proceeded to the episcopal residence, and was admitted into the presence of Mgr. de Prilly. The destitute father, with some hesitation, exposed the indigence to which he had been reduced. The bishop listened with his usual kindness; then opening his purse, handed his visitor fifteen francs. The latter took the sum, but in doing so it appeared to him that he was guilty of a sort of sacrilege. With a scruple of conscience which did him honor, and thinking that the prelate had aided him as a Christian, he declared that he was a Jew.

Mgr. de Prilly reopened his purse. "My good friend," said he, "all men are children of God. I have just given you fifteen francs in the name of the Son; here are fifteen more in the name of the Father."

The words and act were as graceful as they were charitable. As a model of good form and of good morals they are worthy of remembrance.—Ex.

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