

THE CORONATION OATH

Discussed in the British Parliament.

Rev. Father Fallon's noted lecture before the members of the Catholic Truth Society at Ottawa some time ago, on the offensiveness to the Catholics of the Empire of certain portions of the Royal Coronation Oath, has borne practical fruit. Lord Herries, a Catholic peer, has brought the question up in the House of Lords, with good results, as will be seen. He moved: "That it is desirable that a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to consider and report upon the declaration which the Sovereign is by statute compelled to make upon oath after his accession to the throne." He declared that to use a mild term considerable dissatisfaction had been aroused in the minds of the Empire by certain words used in the Coronation Oath by His Majesty the King when he opened the present session of Parliament. He did not hold the King himself responsible. On the contrary he admired the low tone in which he had uttered the words, showing his desire to offend as little as possible the Catholic members present. At the same time he, the speaker, must say that the declaration, drawn up two centuries ago, was not one which might be expected from the King of Great Britain and Ireland, and the colonies, wherein there were at least twelve million Catholic subjects. His friend Lord Bray, he understood, had introduced a bill abolishing the declaration altogether; and if the declaration could be swept away in that way he would only be too glad to support it. But it appeared to him that the desired end could best be attained by a committee of both Houses composed of the leading members of each political party meeting together and devising some means by which the declaration could be altered or abolished. He regretted the absence of Lord Kimberly, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, who, he knew, was in favor of the abolition of the oath. He himself felt greatly pained when he listened to the oath. The oath was never intended to be taken by the King of this realm. It was framed at the time of Titus Oates, when by means of falsehoods and perjuries the people of England were induced to believe that Catholics were plotting to upset violently the Protestant religion, and when many Englishmen believed that James II., when he became King, would make the country Catholic by killing all the Protestants. The declaration was made for the purpose of driving Catholics out of both Houses of Parliament, and had to take its place in the Coronation Oath until Catholic emancipation was passed in 1829. The Protestant succession and the position of the Church of England were, he contended, sufficiently protected by the Bill of Rights; and it was idle to believe that either could be endangered by annulling the consciences and cherished convictions of Catholics.

Lord Bray said that when he first introduced the subject he felt discouraged; but since then the House

of Commons of Canada had by an overwhelming majority passed a resolution stating that the coronation oath was offensive. He did not mean to press his bill, but would leave it on the order paper and watch the progress of the committee. He would have preferred, however, that the House should have pressed its opinion by voting on his bill.

The Earl of Portsmouth, as a Protestant, agreed that the words that the Sovereign of the Mass in the Catholic Church "was idolatrous and superstitious" were most offensive.

Lord Salisbury admitted that every member of the House recited very much that language of such indecent violence had ever been placed in the Sovereign's oath. (Cheers.) It was a matter of deep regret. He was naturally a Protestant, and he thoughtless people would think that the House were giving some support to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, in which many members of the Church of England believed. They had, therefore, to move cautiously in the matter. But he had no hesitation in accepting Lord Herries' motion for a reference of the matter to a committee of both Houses.

The British Premier suggested that the Catholic members of both Houses should abstain from membership of the committee, and that the motion should be altered so as to read that in modifying the language of the declaration nothing should be said diminishing the maintenance of the Protestant succession.

Lord Herries agreed to this, and Lord Salisbury introduced a motion for the appointment of a joint committee on the subject, which was adopted.

From the tone of the debate it is to be expected that the insulting words will be taken out of the oath.

The "Universe," London, says:—We have frequently pointed out that the position of His Majesty Edward VII., as regards the Coronation Oath, is a very trying and painful one. His Majesty is a gentleman and a man of heart. As such he must abhor the idea of giving pain to millions of his subjects, and that in their most profound and sacred convictions. The King, we are informed, has just had an interview with Lord Herries who is acting as the spokesman of the little band of Catholic Peers in the House of Lords. During the interview His Majesty is said to have expressed the disgust he felt at the words he said to repeat the day he opened Parliament. He also trusted to see them eliminated from the code of ceremonial in future. We Catholics, as we have over and over again stated in these columns, have no objection to see the King taking an oath to maintain the Protestant Church and the Protestant succession in England. His Majesty is himself a Protestant. That either could be endangered by annulling the consciences and cherished convictions of Catholics.

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eight hours a day. For this discovery he asked the very moderate compensation of \$6,000,000. Now, it is said to be a fact that a machine really accomplishing such a result would be worth much more than \$6,000,000 to the Government, yet Mr. Bralley was skeptical. He referred the man to the Custom-house. At the Custom-house he was told to go to the City Hall steps and that a man with a black hat who would soon come out of the building was the man to see. That particular crank was never seen again, and it is not known whether he found the man with the black hat. A common performance with these eccentricities to write themselves checks for fabulous amounts on slips of scrap paper. These they present at banks for payment, and are furious when the money is not forthcoming.

All these varieties are harmless enough, but the actual bomb-throwing which killed a well-known bank officer a few years ago in this city has created in the minds of many an almost morbid fear of "cranks." More than one bank president keeps a revolver in the top drawer of his desk, and has devised a contrivance which is concealed inside his desk, and would blow a visitor into eternity at the touch of a lever. Where possible bombs or nitroglycerine are concerned, he believes, trifling is out of place.

Quite as ingenious as the "cranks" are the "graters" of various kinds who pick up what they can in the financial district before the police run them out. The commonest "grater" and consequently the least successful nowadays, is the "fake" subscription list, circulated for some ostensibly charitable purpose and headed by a list of prominent names all forged, of course.

A swarthy man wearing a sombrero made a tour of the Wall Street offices a number of years ago selling what he called the Mexican "cozeta" plant. He had some curious half-grown plants with him as specimens, but did not sell these. Instead, for several dollars a package, he would sell minute seeds from the "cozeta" plant. About a year ago this man came back to begin work again. His first call was at the Sub-Treasury. Mr. Bralley recognized him as the same old Mexican, and divined that he came to sell the "cozeta" seed. He did not sell this time.

It is one of the most important qualifications of a "hall-man" to be prepared for all possible emergencies, but occasionally even the best of them fail. At last the news of the most powerful and influential men in Wall Street, whose aversion to interviewers is well known, has, as a sort of personal guard, an expellor almost as haughty and as unapproachable as himself. No one could raise the wonderful plant in a short time by merely laying them on pads of moistened cotton. A good many brokers and bankers "bit," and he went away with a good sum of money. The seed money was his.

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ing force of St. Malachi's School since last September, occurred at St. John's Hospital, Cleveland, Monday morning, March 25.

Brother John was a noted educator, well thought of by the Superiors of this excellent teaching body, and very successful in the various missions with which he has been connected since entering the order, twenty-two years ago. He was an Englishman by birth, his name being John Atkins, and was forty-five years of age at the time of his death. He early resolved to devote his life to the great work of education and entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers in New York, in 1879. For two years he taught in Halifax, N. S., for one year in Troy, N. Y., and the remainder of the time until the present year he was acting as principal of Holy Innocents' School. He was sent to Cleveland last September, and during his brief stay, had already endeared himself to his pupils and made many friends.

The news of his death was received with sincere regret here and with heartfelt sorrow in the various scenes of his former labors.

The funeral took place Thursday morning from St. Malachi's Church. It was a very imposing ceremony. Brother John's associates in religion acted as pall-bearers and conveyed the remains from the Brothers' residence to the church. They were accompanied by a procession composed of surprised altar boys and the members of La Salle High School. Brother John's remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery. Present at the funeral were the three brothers of the deceased, Mr. T. J. Atkins, of Toledo, and Mr. O. Atkins, of Buffalo. His parents are still living in New York.

The Christian Brothers have lost a worthy member of their order in Brother John. The order is one of the largest teaching bodies in the world, and is composed of none but men who are eminently qualified for the task of educating the young and practical. Brother John was one of their ablest teachers. May he rest in peace. (Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O.)

Our Boys and Girls.

A LESSON.—There is a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, says the St. Anthony's Messenger, which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor book-seller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Uttroxteter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the book-seller was sick, and asked the son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey. Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-toiling father; so when he visited Uttroxteter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance. He went into the market-place at the time of business; uncovered his head, and stood before him for an hour in the pouring rain, and used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm for an hour, and weeping by him fifty years before is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it (in marble) on the Doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain, beating upon his head, when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never could forget how, when his old father was sick, he sent him away for medicine, he (a little lad) had been unwilling to do, and made up a lie that "the doctor had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and said to him: "My boy, your father suffers great pain for the want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but was too late. The father, on his return, was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy: "Love me and al- God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

Through all his after life Dr. Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words "Honor thy father and thy mother" mean four things—always do what they bid you; always tell them the truth; always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wish of his parents that turned out well. God never blesses a willfully disobedient son.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk he went in to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant: "Bring back my trunk; I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please

his mother. This led him to become a surveyor, and afterward a soldier. His whole glorious career in life was turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

FATHER MATTHEW.—The young, says the "Sunday Companion," no doubt know much about the life of Father Matthew. After all has been said about the good and great of earth, or about any human being to whom the Creator has entrusted the mighty task of developing brains, we can but say that the brains used for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls are the brains that have been used for the highest purposes, the only ones that have been used wisely and well.

You each have some model whom you wish to imitate; some ideal who is spurring you on, making you study your lessons better, do your work better, and try to please God more and more each day.

Those who prevent sin is a benefactor to humanity.

Rev. Theobald Matthew saw that many people were committing sin because of strong drink, and he firmly resolved to suppress the vice of intemperance. He was about forty-eight years of age when he began the work in a way to give his whole time and attention.

Knowing that human nature was weak, he asked men to do more than promise to be temperate, he asked them to take the pledge of "total abstinence." He pleaded with men to take this pledge for the sake of God, for the sake of their own souls, for the sake of their families and friends.

In two years' time 2,000,000 had taken what they called "The Father Matthew" pledge. In 1849 he came to this country, and thousands here took the pledge from him. Nothing was too much for him to do in order to save people from the sin of intemperance; no sacrifice was too great for him to make. He was the leader in a great battle against sin, the agitator of a mighty revolution against the tyrant "bad habit" which had control of thousands of people.

Father Matthew was a poor man, but he knew God would send him means to carry on the good work. The medals which he gave to those who took the pledge, are today considered priceless by their owners; and they are the badges of the "Legion of Honor" which will be recognized at the gate of Heaven.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

In speaking of the charm of beauty, Maude Murray-Miller says:—"Now-a-days the words health and beauty are synonymous terms, for the preservation of beauty necessitates caring for health. There is no real standard of beauty unless we except the lines for which an artist looks. We are not all artists and we judge of beauty by our own ideals. Each nation has its standard; the ideals of one would not be the ideals of another. Nevertheless there is one standard which will recognize that of good health. It shines in the eye, glows in the cheek, radiates from the lips, quickens the step. It also makes one at peace with the world, for, indeed, the temperament is simply a matter of the liver. A torpid liver will in time spoil the temper of an angel." This excellent bit of advice, says Julia Teresa Butler, in the "Weekly Boquet," proves that the preservation of beauty depends on health. It is not the doing of extraordinary things that created health and beauty. The laws of health are simple and beauty follows in their train.

Take for instance a daily walk. The fresh air purifies the body and refreshes the brain. Consequently, one is fairer to look upon. Then there is the sleep of three hours' sleep before midnight known as the "beauty sleep." It is a generally conceded fact that sleep during the night is more refreshing and strengthening than the sleep of later hours. The daily bath is another health giver and beauty producer. So is the drinking of plenty of water which keeps the system clean and, therefore, the complexion clear.

On the simple laws of health the doctrine of beauty depends. And yet it is not an uncommon thing to see a woman who would feel highly offended if her intelligence was regarded as second rate and yet who seems to ignore the simple rules of hygiene and look to fashion and cosmetics as the protectors of beauty and grace. Although nature may give perfect features and form yet it is health alone which sustains them, giving them vitality and animation and the nourishment which prevents them from early fading.

Just as our bodies gain strength from food, so our minds become beautified and expanded by good thoughts. A genial companion toward others is what broadens a woman's life and brings out all the good characteristics of her nature. Hospitality is one of the

sweetest blessings of humanity. Speaking of it Ada C. Sweet says:—"There is nothing so broadening as a woman's mind as a wise, thoughtful, cultivated, refined and thinking woman seen to such advantage as when entertaining in her own home." There is an indefinable sweetness about a spiritual woman which reveals a rare grace not to be acquired and yet not manifest any piety. To be good and holy does not mean we are all the better for it. The modest world is apt to take pity that is thrust upon it as it would medicine with a distasteful flavor.

The charm of spirituality in it never asserts itself. Like the fragrance of a flower it permeates the personality, unconsciously drawing others to it and holding them with a power almost impossible to resist. We are all the better for it. Our association with the spiritual woman for her good. The spiritual woman is the ideal type of her sex. She may not dress according to the latest fashion but in the beauty of holiness she is a creature we are forced to love and admire.

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A heavy, wet sea which gusted thundered. "Convict escaped," people in the villages with a hope that he was away.

On the outskirts of a large a gloomy looking place in its own ground surrounded by ornament evergreens. It had been now for some months a widow and her son, to know them, they had been there, to the cemetery.

"I must be near him," the widow's plea to her son. "I know he is in here. I know he is not far yet how far?"

But, the prison was on the coast as Ekham, the son were known as Murr.

The gloom thickened, preached: darkness would over the driving rain was now turning to rain, prodded the house. Five minutes he had been north the dripping shell of laurel. Now, he had a distant place. He had a despair. Through the gloom he could just see the house. Above the lower heavy string course ran an idea; there were but minutes of daylight left. He shut up there he would the next eight hours thought it seemed possible was a water-spout, and stout vines of Virginia voices came nearer; no ward, and full length upon ledge, panting for breath. The voices were close been just in time. "In here you saw him?" "Ay, measter! I sin quarter hour ago!" "In here, meen! I sin!" "Right, oh!" "Two of you to back, lookout now! You st me, Thompson!" A peeling ring at the then silent waiting. "Now, young woman there?" "Mrs. Murray, officer kindly speak voice!" Then a man's voice: "Yes, Maikapeace, do. Want enough, sir, convicts escaped this af was traced here." "Here?" "Yes, sir—seen only a ago. I must come in, search for him. It is not. That you can't do, does dangerously ill. "Afraid we must, thou Then another voice: "Ah, Sergeant Maikape here, it's impossible, you shan't leave you in with warrant. I couldn't patient's life. Mrs. Murgously ill—dying, dying. "Well, Dr. Stewart, y'is a serious business—magistrate. "Yes, Maikapeace; and son I tell you to get a you can. Why, man, I wouldn't be such a fool here." "I don't know, sir—thurs into some silly place, he was seen— "Ah, well—over the door, and that it. If we find him insid shall know what to do. The doctor could not h ed what made him hes middle of his speech. "I had an idea had mind that the wretc might have hidden the The sergeant and his reluctantly away as the softly behind them. Nig on, and the thick driz on as a grave. "He'll be off surer a search the out houses watch anyhow. This been falling long enou the ground. There'll b to follow. I'll get through."

As they walked away creature on the ledge dr of relief, and letting his his arms, heard through as it fell all around th rate, he had time for e For half an hour he darkness, his head h arms, perfectly secure, for the breathing spac thinking hard what he next. The soft, warm sile enveloped him and m the skin. At last it be him. In discomfort he self from his warm plac ed. A ray of light sh the darkness in front of cautiously raising his he et in. An empty bedroo room by the garments, the door. He might e steal a suit of clothes' easement window and u had almost screwed his this venture when he h another window had f further along. He shri the wall. The voices ca "I'll see who they ar and again he crept arou suite care he raised hi found he could look rig room. Past the edge of Two men stood with the ward him. They were lo upon someone in bed. In low murmurs, the younger turned so th

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN AND HIS WORRIES.

Between the man of position and the people who want to see him on real or fictitious business, says a writer in the New York Post, some sort of barrier has to be erected, and there is always some one deputed to see that none but those properly accredited obtain personal interviews. If access to prominent men of affairs were easy, they would not only have the greater part of their business hours taken up with trivial matters, but would also be subjected at times to no little personal danger from "cranks" and criminals. Accordingly, in big offices of every kind in this city, hall-men, detectives, special policemen, clerks, private secretaries, or ordinary office boys are assigned as intermediaries between the visitor and the man he desires to see.

It is in the financial districts, where large sums of money, as well as important men, have to be protected, that this work is best systematized. Nearly every bank or large financial institution employs one or more men as special "officers." Their duties are usually threefold. They accompany and guard the messengers when carrying large amounts of money through the streets; when in the bank, they watch for "cranks" and criminals, and many of them act as "confidential men" to the president or cashier.

At least 90 per cent of these men, it is estimated, are ex-politicians. They get their jobs, as one of them expressed it, "through influence, like everything else." As a matter of fact, many have the highest of recommendations for honesty and faithfulness. They are physically powerful, and their experience on the "force" is supposed to have familiarized them with the "under world" and its methods. A member of one banking house said that he had watched certain patrolmen's record for more than twenty years, had seen him promoted to roundsman, and when he was retired, offered him at once the Wall Street position which he still holds. One former London "bobby" holds a position in the "street."

Up to about fifteen years ago the Police Department regularly assigned policemen to watch each of the large city banks, the institution paying salaries and expenses. When this ar-

rangement was discontinued, many of the policemen so assigned resigned from the force and kept the bank positions, being sworn in as "special policemen."

As an additional protection to the financial district and the jewelry district there is a force of detectives, now termed "special officers," with headquarters in the Stock Exchange building. There is, moreover, the famous "dead line," established by Inspector Byrnes, along Fulton St., and below which no man with a criminal record is allowed to go.

In the doors of a bank there is little danger from the criminal classes, and the duties of most of the "special officers" are chiefly those of "crank-catchers." The typical crank is the one who comes for money, usually several million dollars, which he must have right away. The following letter is a typical production of the more harmless type of "dunning crank."

Dear Sir: Trusting you will readily understand the following: Being known or termed an outsider by an organization called Swim, secret, of course, if the latter name is correct, I can hardly conjecture.

I am supposed to be dead to the world by this same secret organization, and am left to my own resources to find the reasons. I trust to your kindly advice to enlighten me under the above peculiar circumstances, knowing you to have a knowledge of such matters, being in your line. If it is necessary to be enrolled and entered on any list of Freeman to be in the so-called Swim, I shall be most happy to comply. I have also claims of a lifetime to be considered and adjusted. Hoping you will have no trouble in comprehending the purport of the above, I remain, yours,

On the envelope enclosing this ofusion was written: "Full claim, \$25,000,000; will compromise for \$4,000,000."

Not long ago a long-haired person with a wild eye came into the United States, Sub-Treasury and asked to see the Assistant Treasurer, R. T. Bralley, the detective at the Wall Street door, asked the man what his business was. After glancing furtively about he led Mr. Bralley into a corner and in a mysterious voice unfolded his mission. He had invented a machine, he said, which was guaranteed to make all the Government clerks work hard for not less than

A NEW AMERICAN SAINT.

Bishop Barga, the Apostle of the Chippewas, is the latest candidate for canonization among the ecclesiastics of the United States. Already the process of canonizing Bishop Neumann has progressed through its earlier stages. Barga is a low-countryman of Neumann's. He came to this country in 1829. He began his ministry by preaching to the non-Catholics of the West. He relates an incident of his preaching in a Protestant church in Ohio in secular clothes, and he adds that "I intended to ask my bishop for permission to let me always travel around in the country to seek such lost souls, and stay with each one until he should be thoroughly instructed, baptized, and strengthened in the faith." But his superiors considered the ministry among the Indians more fruitful. He was sent to the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, and there for many years he lived and labored among the Indians.

In his incessant journeys as priest, bishop, he had suffered untold hardships, and bore miseries of every description, being several times in imminent danger of death. Nor did he flinch at the deadly cold of the climate, often travelling many weary miles on snow shoes, packing his back with seasonal baggage and all the articles necessary for the Holy Sacrifice, sleeping under the open sky or in some wretched Indian wigwam. Meanwhile, his abstinence was simply marvellous. He would travel all day, padding in a canoe from dawn, or sliding painfully along on snowshoes through the trackless forest, and first and last have for his daily nourishment but a little bread and crackers, cheese, and tea. For the last twenty-odd years of his life he never ate flesh meat. As to wine and all alcoholic drinks he was a total abstainer of the strictest kind, practicing that virtue rigidly, and preaching and enforcing it among his Indians universally.—Father Elliott in the Catholic World Magazine for April.

DEATH OF BROTHER JOHN.

The death of Brother John, a member of the Christian Brothers of St. John Baptiste de La Salle, who has been connected with the teach-

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