

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The Lenten Season and Its Exercises.

A Word About the Progress in Church Building.—The Feeble Efforts of Woman Suffragists Pointed Out in a Concise Manner.—The Maine Catastrophe.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1898.—There is one time in the year when it seems that time itself stands still. When Ash-Wednesday is at hand, to look back is to feel that it certainly cannot have been a year ago that we heard the solemn warning on the last Ash-Wednesday; that more should have come into our lives and gone out from our influence as the fruits of that warning, and that if we had the time, we could have proved more fully that we were in earnest when we resolved to do so much better in the future. So many people are here to remark just now: "Lent surely comes earlier this year than is usually the case. It seems such a short winter." But the winter has not been any shorter than usual, and Ash-Wednesday is only one week earlier than it was last year. Lent is here, however, and each of us must decide, here and now, exactly what it is to mean to us—a decision from which we shrink, I believe, although we do not care to admit it. In our good, quiet, easy-going city, we are making all due preparations, and, at a glance, it would seem that there is nothing left to desire of the helps that come to us in the season of penance. Retreats, missions, sermons from our best preachers in the Lenten series usual, and so many devotions and services that those who do not profit by some, at least, will surely see Lent depart with secret remorse for wasted opportunities. The distances in Philadelphia are so tremendous, and the time required to go from one part of the city to the other is so much taken out of each day, that it will be impossible for many to follow the preacher they most desire to hear. We are compelled to do our duty by our parish Church very often when we might shrink it, because it is the only one within reach by the hour of service. Fortunately, we have many fine Churches, and many more faithful, earnest, and exemplary priests, so that there is no hardship in living anywhere within our extended boundaries. And we are forming a perfect

MURAL CROWN OF NEW CHURCHES around those boundaries, on the borderland of country and town, where the country is lovely and smiling with plenty and cultivation. In a little more than one hundred years, we have added over fifty churches to St. Joseph's and St. Mary's—the two whose time-honored walls are now crowded into the busiest and dingiest precincts of the 'Sylvan City.' Who could have hoped to reap such a harvest from the stormy seed-sowing of their youthful prime! St. Augustine's kept its centennial in 1896, and the next in order will be the centennial of St. John the Evangelist's, in 1831—a long gap. Since 1830, however, there has been a growing energy and ability to support that energy, for at least fifty churches have risen and prospered in that time, for the most part beautiful and enduring monuments of the pastors' labors and the people's self-sacrifice. There must have been a good many profitable 'seasons of penance,' after all, in this city, stronghold as it was of non-Catholic and Protestant teachers. It takes a good Lent to make the year a good one, and, in the long run, even the temporal blessings, which build up the walls of a church, fall principally and enduringly to those who serve God in humility and repent them of their sins.

Woman Suffragists. This is, also, the time of year when 'Woman' (with a big W!) puts away from her all semblance of humility and severs with a swoop all ties that link her to the 'woman' whose price is above rubies! The 'Woman Suffragists' have had their annual brewing at Washington, and have 'cut such cantrips' around their witches' cauldron as is usual with them. As usual, they have congratulated themselves in many flattering styles upon their 'success,' and have spouted much self-approving matter in review of it. But there are lookers on to whom 'it doesn't look that way.' The question of woman suffrage, side by side with the many important issues that press so closely upon the vital future of our country, our people and our government, has dwindled to a matter so unimportant that few give it a thought. Those who think seriously of it must now consider the facts of the case where women have been allowed to exercise themselves and 'do as men do.' No 'purifying of the ballot,' no 'elevation of morals,' no improvement of any kind having followed the victory of the 'sneaking sisterhood,' but, on the contrary, women having shown themselves quite as 'poor things' as the men they challenged, and a little more so, the ideas of many have undergone a very great change. In reality, the granting of woman suffrage is farther off than ever—it is fast becoming impossible. However, in all that women do—the 'new woman' that is—they go just so far as men permit and not one thread's width farther. Men are long suffering, indolent, sure of their power—something without a name, that causes them to put up with a lot of nonsense from women. But when the thing has gone far enough, they will stop it, and it will be stopped. Women who are not cranks, or who have lived their lives amid the best men instead of the weak, unmanly, mother spoiled, creatures to whose companionship some women are condemned for their souls' welfare (perhaps I), are so fully aware of this that they never 'worry over the future.' They are sure that 'right will prevail,' and that the man who is 'the head of the woman' was made that head

by a Power not to be gainsaid, who can and will carry out His first intention to the end. Therefore 'the world was well' for all; and both parties are, at present, well-content.

The Maine Catastrophe.

The awful catastrophe of the Maine in the Bay of Havana has now been set before the public with every phase of supposition possible. Those who cry out the loudest and shrillest are those who know least about it, and least about mankind, about the art of war, the schemes of government, the life on a warship, the difficulties, dangers, responsibilities, power and its limitations, of a naval commander on such a ship. 'The written word' in many instances, as given by the press, has been so wise and calm, so steady and self-controlled in its expression, that it is easy to see our commanders have in no wise degenerated. The men who have been trained to protect our country are as able for it as ever. But the press has also given proof during the last week that 'the stay-at-homes' hold themselves the only infallible, the only invincible, the only all-wise. When one has come out recently from the study of the late war, now that it has become history, from the cool and unbiased reading of reports and statements which lift into the sunlight of clear judgment the arrogant assumption of wisdom among 'the stay-at-homes' that so lengthened that war, so increased the slaughter of our dear ones, and so crippled and deadened the action of our generals and commanders by land and sea, one cannot but turn with scorn from the exhibition of the same spirit in the land to-day. The patient waiting for an investigation before judgment, advised by the leaders of our land, is admirable and noble. The wholesale broaching of suppositions, and the feverish eagerness of the press to work up agony of heroes, bombast, and bluster, has been depicted in many quarters. In the meantime, let us remember that there was a Catholic chaplain on the Maine, that sudden death must have come to many a Catholic, and that, this month of February, who belong to the Apostleship of Prayer are praying specially for 'the welfare of seamen.' Let us remember the dead—the untimely dead, if such a thing could be—together with the living, and since death must be our portion, too, let us be wise, and merciful to all living.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.)

PASTORAL LETTER.

invite you to approach the Sacraments our Lord especially established for that purpose. It is not true, in a word, that whatever good we do is in conformity with the teaching and direction of the Church? And, on the other hand, is it not equally true that whatever sins we commit result from an infraction of its laws? Faithful interpreter of evangelical counsel, she is not content with merely urging men to the practice of virtue—she encourages them and blesses chosen souls with a special vocation for a more perfect life, for work of a more meritorious kind. To what or to whom, if not to the Catholic Church, is it due that so many thousands have courted punishment and even death for the love of Jesus Christ? What were those anchorites in the desert, those hermits who severing themselves from the world sought in solitude a surer means of sanctifying themselves—faithful children of the Church; and those legions of missionaries who without any other prospect than fatigue, privations and often cruel death, tear themselves from home and country and go to the most distant lands amongst the most savage people to carry the light of the Gospel, what do they seek if it is not to make known their mother, the Catholic Church. Enter the cloisters, the hospitals, the religious institutions of every kind; see there, the love shown at the foot of the altar, see the charitable care extended to the aged, the sick and the young, in the work of Christian training for childhood exemplifying the love of God and one's neighbor in the highest degree, for the greater glory of the Church alone capable of producing such marvelous results.

These several vocations are often carried to heroic acts, and many children of the Church, of one condition or another, after a life whose most minor details have been scrutinized with the greatest care, and after the accomplishment of miracles have been inscribed on the catalogue of the blessed. How many others, known to God alone, succeeding to glory after obscure lives, but lives of great merit in His eyes, are now swelling the ranks of the Church Triumphant.

The Catholic Church had scarcely left its cradle before it spread itself throughout the world, receiving into its fold through its Apostles all nations one after the other, and preserving through centuries its prodigious and supernatural fertility. Notwithstanding the power of hell and the attacks of the devil with which she has had to contend, she to-day counts her faithful by over two hundred millions, a figure which surpasses that of all other denominations claiming the name of Christian. The Roman Catholic Church alone can trace its foundation to an apostolic mission, as has been already stated. To you children of the Church, and to you alone, can these words of the apostle apply: 'You are of the city of Saints, and of the house of God, resting like an edifice on the foundation of the Apostles.' So is it your glory, and it ought to be your happiness to be identified by faith and filial love with a Society founded by Jesus Christ, and which has never ceased during an existence of nineteen centuries to scatter blessings in abundance on the souls of men, and on the world. But, my dear brethren, 'noblesse oblige,' your title of children of the True Church, established for your salvation, imposes upon you serious duties, and unless they be faithfully fulfilled, it is in vain to call yourselves Catholics, you are but scattered members, stricken with spiritual death, no longer having the life of this mystic body of the Saviour's. Be then true children of the Church; that is to say, in the first place, love your mother with a true love, rejoice with her in her triumphs, weep with her in her distress, but above and beyond all

things maintain and defend her honor and her rights. When the Church is attacked, you are attacked, and what she is so unnatural as not to feel, to the quick, any insult offered, or injury done to his mother. Be subject to her; accept her teachings, practice her commands—she speaks nothing but truth to you—she wishes only to do you good.

Beware of false teachers who by vain objections seek to diminish and even to destroy your faith, by strange and inconsistent doctrines. Since in the Church you constitute a brotherhood, I will say to you again with the apostle John, 'Love one another, practice brotherly love and endeavor by this means to reproduce the spectacle of early times, when all were formed of one heart and one mind.'

Why should there not be an end to dissension, discord, troublesome law suits, often ruinous and sometimes scandalous, which too often destroy families, divide parishes, offend God and sadden our blessed Mother? As the Holy Church exhorts you, treat your pastors with respect and affection, the recognition to which their sacred office entitles them and which they exercise to secure your happiness here and to lead you to heaven. I exhort you, said St. Ignatius from his prison, 'to respect your bishops as the representatives of God, the priests as His senate, the deacons as ministers of the Sacred Mysteries established by order of the Saviour.' And again: 'Hear your bishop, that God may hear you; for my part I would sacrifice my life willingly for those who are submissive to their bishop, priests and deacons.'

Be guarded, then, in censuring and criticizing the Bishops whom the Holy Ghost has sent to govern his Church, and never allow any one in your presence to show a want of respect due to them. Let us all, with filial affection, profess entire and constant obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, the Supreme head of the whole Church. Let his holy word be always heard amongst you and received with perfect docility—particularly now, since, in an admirable letter, he has deigned to call the special attention of each one to their duty in regard to children.

Christian parents, remember you are responsible to God and His Church for every soul entrusted to your care, that it is through your intervention that the Christian and Catholic faith you have received from your fathers should be transmitted to future generations, and that you are therefore bound by a strict obligation to see that each of your children, admitted to the Church by baptism, shall receive a Catholic education which shall make him or her an active and ever faithful member of the Church.

Children of the Church, my very dear brethren, I pray God, through the Most Holy Virgin Mary, to bless our words and to grant that they may produce good fruit in your souls and bring abundant blessings upon you.

Our letter shall be read in every church of the diocese and at the chapter of every religious community on the first Sunday after its receipt. Given at Valleyfield, in our episcopal palace, under our hand and seal and countersigned by our secretary, the ninth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

(Signed) JOSEPH MEDARD, Bishop of Valleyfield, (By command of His Lordship) JOS. C. ALLARD, Secretary.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CONDITION.

He Returns To London and is Examined by a Medical Expert.

A London despatch to the New York World says:—

The World correspondent is now in a position to make an authentic statement concerning the sensational report that Mr. Gladstone is suffering from cancer in the posterior of the nasal processes.

When the report was brought to the knowledge of Queen Victoria she ordered her secretary to obtain a statement on the subject from Dr. Frank, who has been in attendance on Mr. Gladstone during his stay at Cannes.

Dr. Frank's reply was a denial of the assertion that the growth had proved to be cancerous, but at the same time he had great reason to fear that Mr. Gladstone was threatened with necrosis of the bones of the nose, which might, and not uncommonly does, turn to cancer.

This diagnosis by Dr. Frank is confirmatory of one made by Dr. Carter, of Liverpool, before Mr. Gladstone left Hawarden for the Riviera.

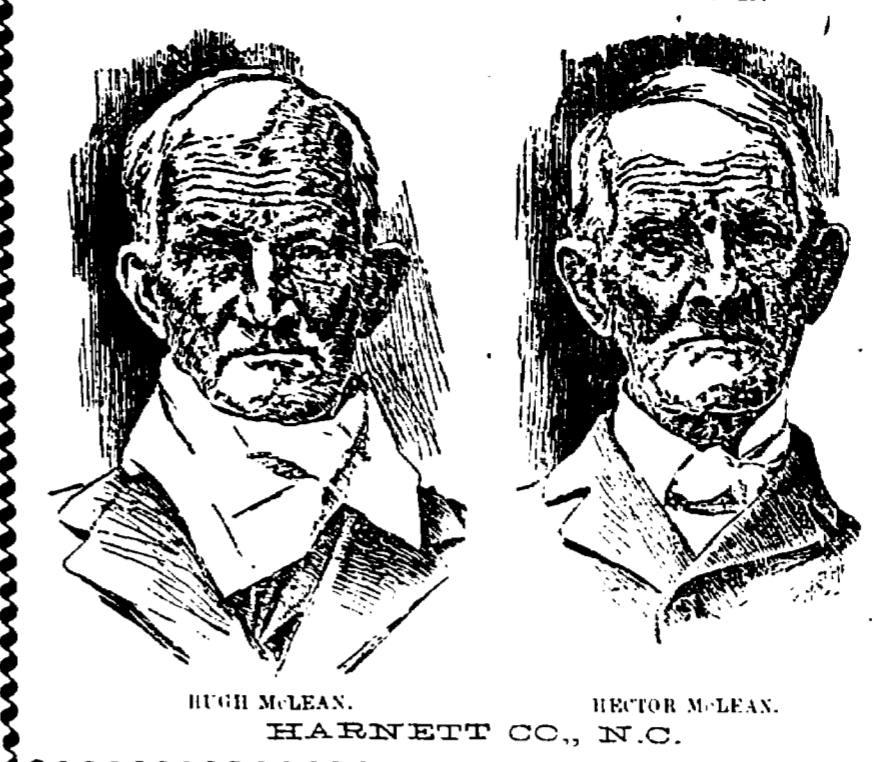
It has been decided that Mr. Gladstone should be examined either before leaving London on Monday or soon after his arrival at Bournemouth by an eminent London nose specialist, who will remove a fragment of the growth for pathological analysis.

The possibility that he is suffering from a malignant disease has much depressed the Grand Old Man, and for the past week, to the great concern of his family, he has steadily shown distaste not only for reading himself but for being read to. He has brightened somewhat since his return to England, but the wearing effects of the neuralgic agonies and depression are only too painfully apparent.

A later despatch says: Concerning the statement that Mr. Gladstone's physician is apprehensive of cancer, Dr. Charles L. Ogden, cancer specialist and instructor on cancers at the Post-Graduate Hospital, said last evening: 'If Mr. Gladstone has simply a polypoid growth, which is not malignant, it can readily be removed by a slight operation, for which cocaine alone would be sufficient, and if properly removed it seldom returns.'

'If the growth is cancerous it may be either malignant or benign. If it is malignant it will develop very rapidly, especially in a man of Mr. Gladstone's advanced years, and it is fatal. If a patient knows that he has cancer he naturally becomes despondent, but it really has no other effect on the system, unless it reaches the nerves. The development of the benign tumor is slower and not so painful. When it is in the posterior of the nasal pro-

TWINS WHO ARE 88 YEARS.—THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD.



HUGH McLEAN. HECTOR McLEAN. HARNETT CO., N.C.

cesses it can be removed, but to a man of Mr. Gladstone's age the operation would be very dangerous. 'Patients are not usually informed of the presence of cancer, and it may be that Mr. Gladstone has necrosis of the bones of the nose, in which case it may result in a cancerous growth.'

CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., whose pulpit utterances command great attention in England, being not only one of the most eloquent preachers of the day, but also a man of great practical experience, who is brought into constant intercourse with the greatest clerical and lay authorities of the day, remarked in the course of a recent sermon that "some found their recreation in going to a theater; some found it in society, others would rather be left alone; some wanted to be invited everywhere and go nowhere; they wished to be free and to be quiet; others only wanted to be left to their prayers and to have communion with God. Everyone must use what best suited him. Some people said, but surely a man must not go to a theater. No one heard such rubbish spoken from a Catholic pulpit. If a man thought the theater helped to recreate him, let him go; but if he found it poisoned the wells and let loose his passions, it was not recreation and he must not go. Again, some played at cards. Some people said there should be no pack of cards used in their house. Well, let them keep them out. But if others found help, let them use them, but as a recreation, not as a means to lose their fortunes and temper. They should go nowhere and do nothing that if they were struck down dead they should meet the frown of Christ. But let them be reasonable and look at these things straight from God's point of view."

Shall we say there is no such thing as truth and error, but that everything is truth to a man which he groweth? And not rather, as the solution of a great mystery, that truth there is and attainable it is, but that there rays stream upon us through the medium of our moral as well as our intellectual being, and that, in consequence, that perception of its first principles which is natural to us is enfeebled, obstructed, perverted by allurements of sense and the supremacy of self, and, on the other hand, quickened by aspirations after the supernatural; so that, at length, two characters of mind are brought out into shape, and two standards and systems of thought, each logical when analyzed yet contradictory to each other, and only not antagonistic because they have no common ground on which they can conflict.—Cardinal Newman.

If man must smoke it is as well to do it on scientific principles and to avoid the pitfalls which bring so many to grief. A distinguished German doctor publishes some hints on the subject, founded on long observation of the mouth, teeth, stomach, lungs, heart and skin of smokers. He condemns smoking before breakfast as the enemy of digestion. 'Never smoke,' he says, 'during any violent exercise, never pass the smoke through the nose or inhale it through that organ. Keep the smoke as far as possible from the eyes and nose; the lower the pipe the better; the use of a short pipe during work is to be avoided. A pipe is the most wholesome form of smoking, a cigar is next, a cigarette the worst. Always throw away your cigar as soon as you have smoked four-fifths of it; the last end of it is the most hurtful, in cauda venaem, the poison lurks in the tail. All cigarettes are bad, but Eastern cigarettes the worst, for they are almost always compounded with some degree of opium. The smoker ought to rinse out his mouth, not only before every meal and before going to bed at night, but several times during the day. The best rinse for the smoker is a class of water in which a teaspoonful of table-salt has been dissolved. It should be used as a gargle at night, and care should be taken that every cavity in the teeth is well washed with it. The pipe's proper place is in the hand, and only occasionally in the lips or teeth.'

employ no young man who smokes cigarettes, and that he intends to get rid of all now in his department who smoke them. "Eighty five per cent," he says, "of the mistakes made in the office by my two hundred clerks are traceable to the thirty-two who use cigarette."

The Mirror, of Stillwater, Minn., a journal published in the prison of that place, makes the following observations upon a subject which in our day has been lightly treated with many sad results. It says: Watching the battle of life from the 'sheltered' precincts of this asylum for moral invalids, one may readily discern that vanity of a very pronounced and coarsely type is the ideal habit of a phantom success. Men hate to accept the fact that the great bulk of the human race must, in the very nature of things, be confined to heretofore manual labor. This is probably the main cause for the large number of business failures and the physical and mental wrecks resulting therefrom. Men who would have been happy and moderately independent as mechanics took such opportunity on account of a vanity that led them to seek higher social connections through a business which they did not possess the necessary ability to manage. This statement, coming from such a source, should make our young men pause before they enter upon a professional or commercial career for which they are but feebly equipped.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. A. Marion, Solicitor of Patents, who has been on a visit to his Washington office, will return to this city to-morrow.

A letter has been received at St. Francis from Augustus J. Bowie, a mining engineer sent to the Klondyke by James R. Keene in the interests of a New York syndicate, dated at Dawson, January 8. After stating that the cold is 20 degrees below zero, with no wind, he says meat is sold at \$1.50 per pound wholesale, and flour \$1.35 for a sack of fifty pounds. Men are paid \$1.50 an hour who are not worth that much per diem. "Without exception," he says, "there are fewer mining men than in any other place I was ever in. They have not the slight-est conception of mining. The only wonder to me is the fact that the place has been able to exist as long as it has under the terrible prices demanded for everything."

The realistic school of fiction pretends to give the truth and it suppresses the greater part of it, and in that suppression inhibits what it borrows of reality. It calls itself scientific, and it knows nothing whatever of the broad, calm, impartial spirit of science that tells the whole truth and ignores nothing. It enlists our sympathies for what ought to



What love can compare with the tender self-sacrificing spirit of the weary, watch-worn mother by the side of her suffering little one? Such mothers take little or no account of their own weariness and weakness, but keep on until they drop. They seldom realize how completely their baby's health depends upon their own. Every mother, and every woman who expects to be a mother, ought to obtain the health-bringing, strength-creating assistance of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives elastic endurance to the organs concerned in motherhood, and nourishing vitality to the special nerve-centers. Taken early during gestation, it makes motherhood perfectly safe and almost painless. Its beneficial effect is transmitted to the child in increased constitutional vigor. It protects the mother against relapse and improves the quantity and quality of nourishment during the nursing period. It reinforces tired over-wrought women at every critical stage, and heals the special diseases to which they are subject. It is designed for this express purpose by an educated physician and skilled specialist. Dr. Pierce has devoted thirty years to this particular field of practice. His thousand-page book, the "People's Medical Adviser," will be sent free, for 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Or, cloth-bound for 50 stamps. Address, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

excite our disgust. It subverts the principles of art by substituting the abnormal for what is normal, and in so doing corrupts the taste and morals of its readers.—MARY FISHER: A Group of French Critics.

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Man is not really unjust to woman in his thoughts of her either, unless he be a lost soul, but he has little reason in his respect for her nor any justice in his exactions. Because within himself he knows that she is everything and all things for the life and joy of men, therefore he would seem perfect in her eyes; and he rails against whatever in her does not please him, as a blot upon the luster of his ideal, which indeed he would make a glorified reflection of his own faults.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

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