

THE FATE OF PEN-WORKERS

BY OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

I have frequently observed that there is no more ungrateful avocation than that of Catholic journalism. Why it should be so, is more than I dare venture to surmise. Yet the facts are there: "cold, hard facts," as Dickens calls them. The Catholic paper has always an uphill road to travel. And, if there are a few exceptions, they merely substantiate the rule that obtains. I have had ample opportunity of observing the trend and the working of Catholic journalism, both in Canada, and in the neighboring Republic, and I have failed, so far, to meet with a single example of unqualified success. Why is it so? This question has been asked me by scores of people, all of whom are interested in having good and prosperous Catholic journals, and all of whom are, themselves, unintentionally the causes of much of that material failure. They lament a condition that they have it in their power to ameliorate, yet they never dream of taking the first necessary step in that direction.

This question was brought forcibly to my mind on reading a very striking passage in Marion Crawford's able work "The Three Fates." It deals with the Pen-Worker and his difficulties; and while its application is general, still, to my mind, it fits the Catholic journalist to perfection. I say this because the truly conscientious Catholic writer is fearfully handicapped in life's struggle for existence. He is obliged to forego opportunities that others may take advantage of without any scruples. The Catholic field of journalism is exceedingly limited, and it is not only poor, but many barren patches are found upon its surface. Secular and even Protestant journalism is a forbidden field for him. He may enter upon it if he wishes, and may find therein a means of livelihood, but he is thereby obliged to sacrifice principle at the shrine of necessity. If he does so he is condemned in no measured degree; if he does not do so, he is left the reward of his own conscience, but no other compensation in this world. He may starve for aught any one seems to care, but he must not sacrifice his principles for the sake of gaining a livelihood that his own cannot afford him.

I will reproduce the entire paragraph from Crawford's pages, and its truth and exactness cannot fail to impress the reflecting reader. It is thus the novelist writes:—"Among the many consequences of entering upon a literary life is the losing forever of the feeling that any moment there is nothing to be done. Let a writer work until his brain reels and his fingers can no longer hold the pen, he will, nevertheless, find it impossible to rest without imagining that he is being idle. He cannot escape from the devil that drives him, because he is himself the driver and the driven, the fiend and his victim, the torturer and the tortured. Let physicians rail at the horrible consequences of drink, of excessive smoking, of opium, of chloral and of morphine—the most terrible of all stimulants is ink, the hardest of taskmasters, the most fascinating of seducers, the broader the sweeter dreams are his, the most appalling nightmares, the most insidious, the most subtle, the surest of de-

stroyers. One may truly venture to say that of an equal number of opium-eaters and professional writers, the opium-eaters have the best of it in the matter of long life, health and peace of mind. We all hear of the miserable end of the poor wretch who has subsisted for years upon stimulants or narcotics, and whose death, often at an advanced age, is held up as a warning to youth; but who ever knows or speaks of the countless deaths due solely to the overuse of pen, ink and paper? Who catalogues the names of those men whose brains give way before their bodies are worn out? Who counts the suicides brought about by failure, the cases of men starving because they would rather write bad English than do good work of any other sort? In proportion to the whole literary profession of the modern world, the deaths alone, without counting other accidents, are more numerous than those caused by alcohol among drinkers, by nicotine among smokers, and by morphine and like drugs among those who use them. For one man who succeeds in literature, a thousand fail, and a hundred, who have looked upon the ink when it was black and cannot be warned from it, and whose nostrils have smelled the printer's case, are ruined for all usefulness and for the drifting and struggling down the stream of failure till death or madness puts an end to their sufferings. And yet no one ventures to call writing a destroying vice, nor to condemn poor scribblers as 'ink drunkards.'"

MEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

BY A VETERAN SCRIBBLER.

In the course of my life I have had occasion to see and to hear some famous men; several of these have not only passed away from earth, but out of the recollections of the great public. I call them famous, because they had all attained certain degrees of renown in their own day. It occurred to me the other evening that possibly a number of the readers of the "True Witness" would be interested in a few brief reminiscences of personages whose they, too, may have met, or heard speak. Any way I have dotted down some of these personal recollections, and, if the paper's management does not care to fling them in the waste paper basket, they may see the light of day through its columns.

THE REV. DR. ROGERS.—It is very probable that not one of all my readers will recall Dr. Rogers; if any still live who chanced to have heard him, it is very likely that they have, in the rush of life, long since forgotten him. In 1874-75 I was in the class of Belles-Lettres in one of the leading colleges of this country. One evening in midwinter a rare and exceptional treat was afforded us. It was announced that a Rev. Dr. Rogers was to lecture, in the city theatre, on "Life Here and Hereafter;" the students in the classes of Belles-Lettres, Rhetoric and Philosophy were granted permission to attend the lecture. I subsequently learned that this permission

was granted for a two-fold reason. In the first place, the rector wished to give us an opportunity of hearing something exceptionally good; and, in the second place, he wished to encourage the lecturer for reasons that now appear to me very natural. When this Dr. Rogers came I do not know; whether he went, or what afterwards became of him I ignore. He had been a Baptist minister, and became a convert to Catholicity. He was lecturing for the purpose of making a living, having, at the age of fifty, lost, by his entry into the Catholic Church, the means of livelihood, which for twenty-five years had been his.

Naturally I have but slight recollection of the man, beyond the impressions that his appearance on the stage have left. I was young, unaccustomed to hearing public speakers, and an interval of more than a quarter of a century lies between us to-day, and that occasion. The most I can do is to describe the lecturer as he now stands before me, summoned up by the wand of memory. He was a man of medium height, compactly built, with long black beard and very black flowing hair. He was dressed entirely in black, and what added to the somberness of his appearance was a clerical coat buttoned up to the neck, leaving no sign of white collar or shirt-front. His features were rather of the coarser cast, and his eyes seemed to me to be steel-grey. He began his lecture with a very hurried statement of his conversion. Without gesture, or apparent animation, he spoke for fully fifteen minutes. Yet every eye was riveted upon him, and every breath was held. It was his voice that worked this miracle upon the audience. Such a voice I had never before heard; it was like some delicately tuned instrument that the performer could use at will, up and down the gamut of sounds and intonations he glided with an ease that was most astounding. His lowest, softest whisper could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the thronged theatre; and his louder tones never shocked the nerves, nor left an unpleasant impression.

But when he had glided into the subject of his feature, when his features became animated with the glow of enthusiasm, when his grey eyes flashed rays of penetrating eloquence, when his gestures became more active, when he unbuttoned his long coat, threw back his hair, and stared a foreward nearer to the footlights, the transformation was electric in its effect. No longer did the same man seem to occupy the platform; another being, a robed angel with a celestial clarion, appeared to have descended amongst us to proclaim some glorious message. Can I ever forget that hour and a half!

What did he say? I do not know. I cannot remember. Had I been a reporter and commissioned to perform the task, I could never have performed it, for the whole of that vast audience. At will he carried us along with him, from scene to scene of the mental panorama that he unrolled before us; there was no resistance possible, no distraction, no inattention, no criticism, no calculation. It was a mighty river sweeping seaward and bearing away, despite all efforts to the contrary, the frail vessels that danced upon its bosom.

At the close, or as he approached that which represented a peroration, he drew a picture of a battle—it might have been Waterloo, or Balaklava, or Fair Oaks, or Chattanooga, or any other modern battle—so vividly, so realistically that we could almost hear the boom of the cannon, the clash of the sabres, the clamping of the horses, the rush of cavalry, the moans of the wounded, the yells of conflict, the cheers of victory. And, in the midst of that leading on to a charge, a Sister of Charity, kneeling beside a dying soldier, we heard a terrific volley—the officer and the nun were both killed at the same instant—that volley had swept the whole face of the field.

There was a pause; a pause of the most intense excitement. The lecturer seemed to be taking breath before attempting another eagle-flight into the realms of the imagination. The two words standing there, side by side, in the awful silence of the Institute. Were I to live a hundred years, I could never forget that moment. It was eloquence reaching the very apex of the sublime. And, at that moment, when we expected a prolonged description of the judgment scene, the speaker paused, became silent, looked around for a moment, bowed and resumed his seat. He left to our imaginations the completion of the picture—a compliment to his audience which was fully appreciated.

There was no applause. The audience had been spell-bound; no one seemed to realize that the man had sat down. It was only when the chairman arose to propose a vote of thanks that the spell was broken. I need not say how loud and prolonged was that burst of applause. After the vote of thanks Dr. Rogers came forward to say a word or two in expression of his appreciation of the reception given him. All was changed. He was again the very common-place looking individual in black. Were it not for his charming voice his re-appearance would have almost swept away every feeling that his magnetic eloquence had awakened.

Who was Dr. Rogers? What became of him? Is he still in the land of the living? Did he ever since repeat for others that lecture? None of these questions can I answer. His form, his appearance, his oratory, constitute for me a mere memory—but one of those rare and charming recollections which mark, like stars of extra magnitude, the confused brilliancy of that galaxy which hangs in the sky of each man's past life.

FAMOUS YACHT BUILDERS.

The fame of the Defender and Columbia has fallen, curiously enough, upon an entire family. A few yachtsmen and the people of Bristol know the Herreshoffs man from man; the numerous inland know only "the Herreshoffs," a dim aggregation of genius that designs and builds extraordinary sailing craft. There are nine of the Herreshoffs, seven brothers and two sisters, now nearly all men and women well along in years. Four of them are blind—curious malady which has attacked this family of genius without seemingly impairing its power of achievement. Only two of the brothers are connected with the yacht-building establishment. John B. Herreshoff, the president of the company, though blind from his boyhood, has built up and managed the business which has made the name famous—even concerning himself with the intimate details of con-

NINETEENTH Annual Irish-Catholic PILGRIMAGE

To Ste. Anne de Beaupre and Cap de la Madeleine,
Under direction of Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Montreal,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN ONLY.
SATURDAY, June 22nd, 1901.
The Steamer "THREE RIVERS" leaves Bonsecours Wharf at 2.30 P.M.
TICKETS—Adults \$2.10, Children \$1.05.
Tickets and Staterooms can be secured at St. Ann's Presbytery, 32 Basin, Street
N.B.—Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for Men, by Ste. "Three Rivers," Saturday, July 27th, at 6.30 P.M.

Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Eight Dollars per Share on the Capital Stock of this institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its banking house in this city on and after TUESDAY, the 2nd Day of July next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of June next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
H. Y. BARBEAU, Manager.
Montreal, 29th May, 1901.

Be Sure to Order ROWAN'S

Belmont Ginger Ale, Soda Water, Apple Nectar, Kola, Cream Soda, etc. Note our Trade Mark, the "Shamrock" on every bottle. Agents and Bottlers of the "Beaver Brand" Caledonia Water.

ROWAN BROS. & CO.,
Phone, Main 718. 22 Vallee Street.

CARTER'S 10c Gold Cure 10c.

CURES IN A DAY.
P. McCORMACK & CO., Agents,
Cor. Prince Arthur St. and Park St.

W. GEO. KENNEDY,

...Dentist..
No. 758 PALACE STREET
Two Doors West of Beaver Hall Hill.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS
For Summer Use.

A practically unlimited range of choice in all the latest styles, at popular prices, will be found in our Ready-to-Wear Dept.!

JUST RECEIVED.—A beautiful lot of American Lawn Blouses, in all the latest designs, prices from \$1.00 to \$7.50.

CRASH SKIRTS.—A very serviceable assortment at exceptionally low prices! Prices from \$1.00.

PIQUE SKIRTS.—Nicely made, trimmed insertion, prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

PARTISAN COLORED DRESSES.—in Muslin, Satin, etc., latest styles, beautifully trimmed with Valenciennes Lace. See our window!

SUMMER CORSETS.—in all the leading styles, from 50c.

BOYS' SUMMER BLOUSES.—well made, from the best materials, from 50c.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES—in leading designs, from 50c.

CHILDREN'S WHITE CASHMERE COATS AND REEFERS.—trimmed with embroidery and satin ribbon, beautifully finished, from \$2.25.

Country orders carefully filled.
Butterick's Patterns and Publications.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

22 42nd, Catherine Street, corner of
Hastings Street.
TERMS CASH. Telephone 9430.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

THE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

Leaves Montreal daily at 9 a.m., reaching Toronto at 4:40 p.m., Hamilton, 6 p.m., London 7:30 p.m., Detroit 9:40 p.m. (Central time), and Chicago at 7:30 following morning.

A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to this train, serving luncheon in a car at any hour during the day convenient to its passengers.

FAST SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.
Fast trains leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 9:15 a.m. and 4:10 p.m., arriving at Ottawa at 11:35 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.
Local trains for all U.S.A. points to Ottawa leave Montreal at 7:40 a.m. daily, except Sundays, and 5:45 p.m. daily.

Picturesque Pan-American Route to Buffalo.
CITY TICKET OFFICES,
287 St. James Street and Bonsecours Street.

THOMAS LIGGET

Makes a magnificent display of newest effects in Carpets, Curtains and every description of floor coverings, rugs, etc. Office and church work a specialty.

Our new work rooms are now in full running order. Carpet making and laying, removal of carpets, carpet beating, making over and re-laying in all its branches a specialty.

A large and competent staff and sewers to ensure prompt attention to all orders. Note the address.

THOMAS LIGGET, Empire Bldg., 2274-2276 St. Catherine St.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Canada.

Theological, Philosophical, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Fully Equipped Laboratories. A Practical Business Department.

BOARD AND TUITION, per Session of Five Months, \$50. Calendar sent on application.

THOMAS LIGGET
Makes a magnificent display of newest effects in Carpets, Curtains and every description of floor coverings, rugs, etc. Office and church work a specialty.
Our new work rooms are now in full running order. Carpet making and laying, removal of carpets, carpet beating, making over and re-laying in all its branches a specialty.
A large and competent staff and sewers to ensure prompt attention to all orders. Note the address.
THOMAS LIGGET, Empire Bldg., 2274-2276 St. Catherine St.