

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

LA SEMAINE RELIGIEUSE SPEAKS.

And Furnishes Figures to Show the Amounts Paid by Religious Institutions—An Array of Powerful Facts.

The Archbishop's official organ has been publishing, of late, a series of most interesting articles upon the good done by the Catholic religious institutions of this city. It has also ably refuted the miserable attacks, made by thoughtless people, upon those holy establishments. But to cap the climax, last Saturday's issue of *La Semaine Religieuse* comes out with more than a mere statement of facts; it furnishes the figures that substantiate its statements and solemnly declares that the figures have been carefully verified. We quote the article in full:

HOTEL DIEU.

It first takes up the Hotel Dieu, and shows that, from January 1, 1888, to December 1, 1892, that community paid \$2,589.39 for water, \$14,962.49 for heating the hospital, \$2,999.81 for light, \$8,720.40 for remedies and surgical instruments, and \$39,597.38 for the ordinary tax on their properties. Against this, the Nuns received from the Quebec Government \$1,120 for Irish patients, and within the past five years, another grant of \$1,400 for French-Canadian patients. Now during the above mentioned period, 11,366 patients have been received and attended to gratuitously. The total number of days of sickness was 287,429, and putting down at the low figure of 25 cents the cost of each day, the sum of \$71,857.25 is reached. Moreover, the nuns have kept, fed and clothed 371 children in their orphanage. At the present moment they have 167 poor patients, and, during the last 12 months, 800 patients received gratuitous treatment at the dispensary for diseases of the eyes, ears, nose and throat.

GREY NUNS.

From 1887 to 1892, the Mother House of the Grey Nuns paid \$55,066.64 in taxes, made up as follows:—Water, \$3,914.62; streets and pavements, \$1,612.13; horses, \$216.04; on properties, \$30,822.73; to Cote St. Antoine, \$11,177.12; to St. Henri, \$4,039.84; to St. Gabriel, \$102.19; to Notre Dame de Graces, \$181.57.

The Institute for the Blind paid \$582.34 for water; \$840.63 for special taxes, and \$899.50 on properties.

The Notre Dame Hospital paid \$731 for the water tax and \$269 for roads and pavements. The water tax during the same period was for the Hospice St. Joseph, \$393.22; for the Hospice St. Charles, \$466.10; for the St. Patrick's Institute, \$307.60; for the St. Bridget's Institute, \$355; for the Bethlehem establishment, \$229.63. Total amount of taxes paid by the Sisters of Charity, in the course of five years, \$62,479.52. Now, here is what they do for the people. Their present Montreal family is composed as follows: 192 old men, 305 poor women, 260 orphan boys, 360 orphan girls, 29 sick persons, 87 foundlings, 64 blind people, 1676 children in the "Salle d'Asile."

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

In the course of five years, the Sisters of Providence have paid \$8,298.90 to the Corporation for their Mother House, their St. Catherine street, Asylum, their Deaf and Dumb Institute and their St. Alexis Orphanage; \$4,315.93 for water, and \$3,982.97 for expropriations, street widening, pavements, etc.

Since its foundation in 1843, the Providence Asylum has given gratuitous accommodation to an average of 100 poor people every year. The dispensary, established in 1863, has given between 15,000 and 20,000 medical prescriptions to outside poor, every year. About 10,000 meals have been served each year to outside poor, at the depot.

For the present year, from July, 1891, to July, 1892, the following are the figures for the Mother House, the St. Catherine street asylum and the St. Alexis Orphanage:—340 poor kept and fed gratuitously; 137 little girls kept, fed and taught gratuitously in the orphanage; 1,002 children in the Salle d'Asile, a large number of whom do not pay the monthly contribution, which is 30 cents only; 25,099 visits to sick persons and poor people; 1,931 night watches with sick and dying persons; 300 corpses laid out; 15,313 meals given at the depot; 4,885 sick persons attended to at the dispensary; \$8,000 expended for

remedies given to the poor; charities distributed by the visiting nuns to outside poor, \$8,233. For the same period, July, 1891, to July, 1892, the Deaf and Dumb Institute had 287 pupils, plus 49 poor inmates. The Government grant and the boarders' fees formed an amount equal to the maintenance of 78 inmates only, according to the terms of the prospectus, so that the remaining 209, plus the 49 poor mentioned, were at the charge of the institution.

SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

From 1888 to 1892 they paid \$3,946.58 for water; \$1,211.22 taxes on their immovables not occupied by them; \$996.50 for sewers, roads, etc., making a total of \$6,154.38. The Sisters generally lodge, feed and keep gratis 200 poor women or young girls. The families that they have been helping in the city, for many years past, are numbered by thousands. In the course of five years the Government gave them \$3,270, which makes about \$2.50 a year for each poor in the institution. Putting down at \$5 a month the cost for the board and dress of an inmate, we come to this result, that in the course of five years, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have made charity to the unfortunate children to the extent of \$69,000. The Sisters must, besides, see to their own maintenance and the keeping of the monastery.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

The Sisters of Mercy paid for water, in the course of five years, \$2,631.81 and they received from the Government for the Maternity and the children \$1,545. From December, 1887 to December, 1892, they received 2,804 patients, of which number 1,382 paid nothing at all. The expense incurred for the latter, including the three months' board, laundrying, remedies and other cares, amounts to \$56,877.1, making about \$41 for each. Besides this, from April 9, 1889, to Dec. 1, 1892, the 1,100 children born in the Maternity, caused an expense of \$23,443.36. Again, in May last, the Sisters bought at St. Hilaire, for poor abandoned little children, a property which they paid \$10,000. We have now reached an expenditure of \$95,333.07 on behalf of poverty and weakness in the course of five years.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

They were the last to arrive in Montreal among the Sisters of Charity. They have no revenue; no money in the bank. They live from hand to mouth, begging the food of their old people as well as their own. They were founded fifty years ago, and now number 4,500, disseminated throughout the whole world, in 266 establishments where they care for and feed over 200,000 old people. Since their arrival in Montreal, Sept. 1887, they have received 218 old persons. They have assisted at their death bed and laid up 78 of these. They now have 83 inmates, 41 men and 42 women; that is all that the Forfar street asylum can accommodate. In the course of four years, they have received \$280 subsidy. They have paid \$197.03 for the water, and \$337.05 for the widening of a street.

When referring to the taxes paid by the different institutions on their real estate, the article remarks that the revenue thereof is applied to their work of charity.

Little boy: Well, that's the queerest thing I ever saw. Mother: What is? Little boy: I just saw our school teacher at the corner of the street a-laughin' just like other people.

As if by magic, sir, for, after a few applications, every grey hair I had in my head was changed to its original brown color by Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer. I now use it when I require to oil my hair. Try it, my dear fellow, and you will see for yourself, that there is no preparation of its kind known that can in any way compare will compare with it.

Mrs. Fashion, about to give a party, to her greengrocer, formerly in service: I hear you're used to waiting. Greengrocer ruefully: Yes, mum; your account has bin runnin' over a twelve-month.

Warranted—"Are these razors sharp?" Shopkeeper turning down his collar and exhibiting a superb gash: "Look here."

Men in training for or in the field of athletic sports, at all times subject to sprains, bruises, cuts, wounds or hurts, will miss a surety of cure if they are not supplied with St. Jacob's Oil. The best for training.

ELLEN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Little Ellen's mother was dead. Oh, my dear children, you who have happy homes and loving arms into which to cradle your tired little heads at night can not understand the terribly sorrowful meaning of these words. But Ellen did, for on All Souls' Day a year before they had laid her dear mother in the graveyard, and it only remained for her to conceal and try to repress the tears that worried father so, and to pray, as she did daily, for strength and patience as her mother had taught her to do, her beautiful prayer for the souls in Purgatory.

She was an only child, which made her condition doubly lonely, for if she had had brothers and sisters to play with, they might have consoled each other and made the time seem less long and dreary. And yet she was only a child, but eight years old, and as she sat in the deep window seat, waiting for her father, and looking out into the gathering night, she longed for a Christmas tree, such as the children were preparing in the house opposite, a glimpse of which she could catch now and then through the half-closed shutters. But she dared not ask for it. Papa was so sad, he had said last night he hated the thought of Christmas and wished it were over. So did Ellen wish it were over, for she remembered the last happy Christmas, when mamma had decked the tree with her own hands, and when it was lighted had danced gaily round it, half lifting Ellen in her arms from the floor, so full was she of the joy and festivity of the season. And it was not so much for herself as the thought that it would please her mother, if she knew, that made Ellen long for the Christmas tree. She was a loving, thoughtful, conscientious child, and never could banish the feeling that her mother would wish her to be cheerful and happy as she could, without her. Before her death she had given her many little charges and injunctions—telling her to be very kind to her father, and to grow up a companion for him, not to grieve for her, but to do all her duties as if she were there, that so she might grow up to be a good and useful woman, a comfort and joy to all about her. Somehow Ellen felt that a Christmas tree would be the beginning of all the pleasant and cheerful things and thoughts she meant to do and think for her father. But she dared not ask him, and her small forehead soon became a mass of wrinkles, so full of conflicting thoughts was her perplexed soul.

Finally a smile dimpled around the corners of her mouth, and she slipped from her seat just in time to greet her father as he entered the dark hallway, where the lamp had not yet been lighted. All through supper time she was absent minded, but Judge Trenor, low-spirited as he was, did not observe it.

Ellen arose the next morning still firm in her resolve; she had determined to have a Christmas tree, even though she should keep it in the seclusion of her own room; she felt assured her mother would have liked it. But what to decorate it with? There were some crystal balls and gaily colored trinkets in the top drawer, a few half-burned wax candles lying about here and there, some

Japanese fans and bright advertising cards in her play-house, and a small Santa Claus on the mantle. Ellen was confident that if she only had the tree she could soon find enough decorations to make it presentable. Once embarked in the enterprise, she was fertile in resources. A stunted, half-withered juniper tree, grew in one corner of the small city garden. It had always been an eyesore to Mrs. Trenor, who had frequently spoken of having it removed. "Mamma would be pleased if I were to dig up and make a Christmas tree of it, I know," she said, and suiting the action to the word she ran down stairs, eluding, as far as possible the gaze of the servants and was soon tugging away at the tree, which readily yielded to her efforts. Smoke blackened as it was, she hastened with it to the bath room, where she treated it to a warm bath, which improved its appearance very much. Then she carried it to her own room, and stuck it in a large old-fashioned, broad-bottomed vase which always stood on the mantle. It was a tight fit, but that was rather desirable than otherwise, as it made it less liable to topple over. This accomplished she brought forth her treasures, and began to arrange them on the tree. When all was finished the tree still looked bare, and Ellen did not feel satisfied. After rummaging through various drawers she found some gaily colored ribbons which she tied among the branches. Her best doll was too large to put on the tree, but she sat her down beside it, and taking the rest of her small family, battered and broken as most of them were, she prepared to arrange their garments in some kind of order. This is no easy task either, they had been neglected for some time, and were sadly in need of repair. At length all was in readiness, the little family seated amid and below the branches and Ellen gazed admiringly at the results of her labor.

But something was yet wanting. Opening the drawer of a small cabinet she took therefrom a picture of Our Blessed Lady holding the Divine Infant in her arms. The scene was the stable of Bethlehem. This she placed at the apex of the tree, beneath the one gilt star which crowned it, symbol to her childish mind, of that wonderful star which led the shepherds to the new born King. Taking a photograph of her mother from its frame she put it reverently a little underneath the picture of the Madonna and child, tears starting from her eyes as she gazed lovingly into the dear remembered face.

It was now unlighted, and she felt impelled to light the candles few as they were, so anxious was she to see the effect. She did so, and was standing with her back to the door half admiring her own success and half wishing the tree had been more complete when her father opened the door. For a moment he stood amazed, half vexed also, for to his quick impulsive mind came the thought that Ellen should not have thus indulged herself on this sad, lonely Christmas. She neither saw nor heard him, as standing beneath the flickering lights she said in a low and tearful voice, while she looked up at her mother's picture:

"O, my two dear mothers, Mary and my own mamma, my tree is not nice I know, but it was the best I could do, and I dared not ask papa. Dear sweet mamma, I only did it because I knew it would have pleased you."

In another instant Ellen was folded in her father's arms, and they mingled their tears together. That night he resolved that he would not let his grief degenerate into selfishness, and remembering the sweet, sunny nature of his wife, he looked upon this as almost a direct message from the dead, and then and there made the resolution that Ellen should then and always have a happy Christmas while he lived. Enlisting the services of a kind cousin whom he invited to spend Christmas with them, he ordered a beautiful tree, handsomely decorated, and then he led Ellen on Christmas Eve, to her great surprise and unfeigned joy. In the sparkling light of the many colored tapers together they sang the "Venite Adoremus" as had always been their wont, and though each voice was broken with tears, they both felt happier in the knowledge that all things had been done as the dear, dead mother would have wished.—*The Poor Souls' Advocate.*

**ON TRIAL.**  
That's a good way to buy a medicine, but it's a pretty hard condition under which to sell it. Perhaps you've noticed that the ordinary, hit or miss medicine doesn't attempt it.  
The only remedy of its kind so remarkable in its effects that it can be sold on this plan is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder, there's nothing like it known to medical science. In every disease where the fault is in the liver or the blood, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affections, it is guaranteed in every case to benefit or cure, or you have your money back.

To every sufferer from Catarrh, no matter how bad the case or of how long standing, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure it, perfectly and permanently, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." Sold by all druggists.

**BRODIE & HARVIE'S**  
**Self-Raising Flour**  
as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it: all others are imitations.

Mr. Troomer: where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it? His bride sweetly: You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I sent it out to the laundry.