

OUR WAYFARER

Discusses in a Vigorous Manner the Apathy of Irish Catholics Towards Their Press.

Some Apt Illustrations of the Dangers of Introducing Secular Newspapers into Catholic Households.

That Catholics do not give to their press the support it deserves has been long a cause of complaint that the subject is worn threadbare. Yet I cannot refrain from raising the cry again.

Not long ago I had occasion to visit the home of a well known Irish Catholic merchant of this city, and in the course of conversation the subject of Catholic newspapers came up. Judge of my surprise when my host informed me that he did not take a Catholic paper. Naturally, I inquired the reason and he answered "Oh, there's no news in them." I felt tempted to ask him if he wanted a rehash of the daily news in a weekly paper, but what would have been the use? The idea that a paper may contain information other than the state of the market and the number of cases dealt with by the Recorder had evidently not occurred to him, and it would have been useless to suggest it. Yet this man may possibly wonder by and by why his sons have so little respect for their own faith and nationality. It is exasperating to see how obtuse so many Catholics are in regard to the importance of having an organ to express their views and defend their interests when the necessity arises. They are not slow to perceive and to resent the slur and injustice dealt out to them by the secular press, yet they do not seem to understand that the only remedy for these things lies in having a paper that will promptly bring the offenders to book.

There is scarcely a secular newspaper in the land that can be trusted to deal truthfully with Catholic or Irish questions, and yet these papers are in every home; we read them night and morning—must do so, if we wish to "keep up with the procession"—and sometimes forget that we must make a mental commentary upon them as we read if we are to avoid assimilating as truth many things which we know—or would know, if we stopped to think—are false on their very face.

Then we allow our children to read them also, and this is where the most mischief is done. Adult Catholics, well grounded in their religion, are not likely to be deceived by every shallow-pated "special correspondent" who is allowed to air his ignorance in the press; but it is vastly different with children. How can we expect our sons and daughters to have that instinctive reverence for the Church, that loyalty to the Holy See, which are the characteristics of a whole-souled Catholic, if they know next to nothing save what they gather from untruthful or insulting references in the secular press? What can they know of the beneficent influence of the Church upon the growth of the civilization we so pride ourselves upon if their conception of the medieval priest and monk and scientist is founded upon the popular Protestant idea of these characters?

What respect can they have for their race, what belief in past glories, what hope of its future, if the only Irishman they know is the one of "Hogan's Alley," or at best the "flower of wood and drawer of water" of the comic papers—pardon the adjective!

When we see the invertebrate young men who eat meat on Fridays lest they should be suspected of being Catholics but from homes where the influence of an uncompromising Catholic literature has been unknown?

Why are so many Irish Catholics ashamed of both faith and nationality but because they have never been taught that popular prejudices is to be fought, not feared? And what will teach this lesson so thoroughly as an outspoken Catholic paper?

Fathers and mothers should remember that Catholic principles are not hereditary; they must be implanted and cultivated in each successive generation. Modern conditions of life have done away with the exclusive spirit which at one time as effectually hedged in people of different faiths socially, as a cactus hedge would have done actually and the result is a confusion of principle, good, bad and indifferent, in which the bad may be said to preponderate, as being more active, and in the midst of which the Catholic youth must work out his destiny temporal and eternal. He cannot be isolated from it; but he may be, and ought to be, provided with an antidote to the poison he will be forced to swallow. This antidote is intelligent Catholic principle and a determination to uphold it.

We are often told by optimistic writers that anti-Catholic prejudices are dying out under the enlightening influence of education; and we would very much

like to believe it, did not the daily evidence of our senses point to a less cheering conclusion. Many of the most vulgar falsehoods about the Church are now less generally credited than they once were; but it is doubtful if those old monstrosities were in reality as hard to deal with as the more vague but equally determined prejudice that sways the non-Catholic world to-day.

When a native of "the most progressive country in the world, yes-sir!" is forced to resign his aspirations to political preferment because he has Catholic relatives, it does not look as if the school master were working all the miracles claimed for him. To come nearer home. Does the present Protestant agitation against Catholic schools argue that a new and enlightened era has dawned in which every man is at liberty to exercise the rights that the law, nominally, gives him? "Hope told a flattering tale," but alas for its verity!

Ungracious and unkindly as it may seem, Catholics must not believe too readily in apparent truces. They must not let their weapons rust under the impression that they shall never need them any more. It is an old and true adage that the best way to preserve the peace is to be prepared for war. Concessions are a confession of weakness, and they should rarely be granted. Once begin to concede—to give way a little here, to draw back a little there; and we are, before we know it, being pushed off our ground altogether and have to make a desperate fight to hold rights that would never have been conceded but for our own mistaken good nature. I admit again it is an ungracious thing to be always on the defensive, but we must maintain that attitude if we wish to hold our place, and the sooner we realize this the better. To expect people of diametrically opposite principles to see things from our point of view and shape their policy accordingly is to expect a miracle. We must insist upon our rights first; there will be plenty of time to explain our position afterwards.

This brings me back again to my subject. A public body without a public voice might almost as well not be in existence. It will, at least, make very little impression upon other public bodies. Hence the necessity which every aggregation of human beings feels of a medium through which to make itself and its objects known to the world at large. The press naturally presents itself as this medium and is seized upon eagerly. Views are put forth, principles enunciated, claims made, and presto! the aggregation has a name and a standing. The newspaper is the standard, the rallying point for all whose interests it advocates, and the general public must reckon with it whether it will or not. As Catholics we are an aggregation of individuals having common interests, we need, therefore, a public voice, and if we do not support one we shall have only ourselves to blame if those interests are interfered with or ignored.

In a recent pastoral issued by him to his priests and people, the venerable Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington, says: "No father or mother with the least sense of responsibility would allow a child to associate with criminals; and yet the secular papers, which are accessible to the youngest members of the family, are filled with all sorts of crimes. In many cases these reports are so detailed as to corrupt the minds of youthful readers and incite them to acts of immorality. As for the books, some of the most popular are, at least, dangerous reading. Parents who prefer their sons and daughters unpolluted from the world, rather than followers of its fashion, will banish all such literature from their homes as they would exclude criminals. If it be dishonorable and demoralizing to associate with dissolute men and women, it is certainly to no one's credit or profit to form their acquaintance in books and newspapers which reveal their corrupt minds and describe their shameful deeds."

In spite of the much vaunted liberality of the age, I am afraid a little study will reveal to us the unpalatable fact that the general sentiment still is— "He may take who has the power, And he shall keep who can." Let us be wise in time. A school bill that satisfies the fastidious taste and cultured intelligence of our Canadian Orange lodges and True Blue newspapers cannot fail to satisfy the Catholics of Manitoba. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Silas Wegg. A Queer Quest. Editor Brann, of the Iconoclast, informs the public in his latest issue that he will pay five hundred dollars for the privilege of looking five minutes at the most beautiful woman in the world. "Furthermore I propose to ascertain her name and habitation, and make a pilgrimage to her shrine, no matter in what land or clime she lives." Applicants are invited to send on their photos to Waco, Texas, and connoisseurs will award the prize. Editor Brann prescribes one limitation: "Contestants must be between the ages of 17 and 37. I am entering into no compact which may take me half

around the world to see a precocious infant or ancient painting.

If our friend's purpose is solely to destroy the practice of some society papers in publishing portraits of beauties who are not beauties, "the piling of fat-pured society chronicles"—well and good. But such does not seem to be altogether the case.

Our friend Brann proclaims that he wishes beauty—that it is his religion. "Woman's beauty, woman's sweetness and woman's truth constitute our terrestrial trinity," he says.

In this case we think our friend is foolish. He should proceed in a quest of this nature in a cold spirit of aestheticism.

But if \$500 is all he expects to spend in finding; the most beautiful woman, perhaps we had better not interfere. Hundreds of deluded mortals have spent more, and come out of the contest sadder, but not wiser men.

IRISH NEWS.

The number of pigs killed in the three Southern centres—Cork, Limerick and Waterford—last week for the London bacon trade reached the great total of 11,222. The Danish killings for the same period are estimated at 22,000. In Limerick 5,656 pigs, in Waterford 3,472, and in Cork 2,104 were killed last week. Prices are from 3/6 per cwt. being paid for Berwick's, and 3/6 per cwt for bacon pigs.

The Westminster Gazette refers to the formal handing over of the Leinster Hall, Dublin, to Messrs. Mottillot and Morell, representing the syndicate which is to transform it into a theatre. Mr. Mottillot, who is a Dublin man, is well known in theatrical circles. Mr. Morell is the son of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, the principal physician of the Emperor Frederick of Germany. The stage of the new theatre will have a depth of 53 feet and a width of 70 feet. The auditorium will seat 2,000 and there will be standing room for 3,000 people.

Rather Patrick McKenna, C.M., has died at the house of his order in Sunday's Week. Cork. He had been a severe sufferer for some years from chronic bronchitis, and to his trouble was last week added an attack of congestion of the lungs to which he was succumbing. Father McKenna, who had been educated at Castleknock and the Irish College, Paris, had had a very wide field of missionary labour in the United Kingdom and Australia.

The Boyle Town Commissioners intend to send a deputation to the Chief Secretary to urge that portion of the £500,000 granted by Parliament last session for the construction of light railways in Ireland should be spent on making a line between Arigna coal mines and Boyle, via Ballyfarson. As regards the proposed new line between Ballina and Schull, the Chief Secretary has intimated he does not need to receive a deputation on the subject, as he is already sufficiently acquainted with the facts.

The death of the Rev. Daniel Corcoran, C.C., Inchigeela, is announced. It took place somewhat suddenly. Father Corcoran complained of a chill, and was obliged to take to the bed. Acute pneumonia supervened with fatal results.

The Kanurk teachers' organization passed a resolution, which they submitted to the Cork City and County organization at a meeting, suggesting that the teachers should have one member of Parliament to look after their interests and start a National Teachers' Parliamentary fund to maintain him. The meeting decided to take no action on the Kanurk resolution, as all the Irish members had worked so unsparringly in the interests of the teachers.

The County Antrim police are investigating the mysterious death of an old woman named Langan, who was found dead at her husband's residence, Ballymena, under circumstances pointing to foul play. When the constables entered they found the woman lying apparently in injuries to her head, caused, it is believed, by some blunt instrument.

"Why don't you work for a living?" asked the lady who answered the ring at the door bell.

"I used to, but there is no business now," answered the tramp. "What was your business?" "I was a barber in a football town,"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Somebody to see you sir," said the office boy to the editor. "What kind of a man?" "I can't say for sure." "Where are your eyes?" "Hav' n't you any powers of observation?" "Yes, sir; but I've guessed wrong so often that you can't tell by the way a man wears his hair whether he's a poet or a Populist."

Wyld—Is Higbee married? Mack—No. Wyld—I thought not. Mack—Why? Wyld—He is always singing "Home, Sweet Home"—Up to Date.

The centenary of the introduction of the potato into Ireland is to be celebrated during the latter part of this month in Dublin, where there will be a great exhibition. The affair will be in charge of the Irish Gardeners' Association.

Every county in Ireland has its nickname signifying a curious tradition, a quality either of praise or blame, or some local attribute. These were very well known once, but are now disappearing by degrees. Unless they are recalled shortly they may go out of memory altogether. So we proceed to give a few which occur to us at the moment, in the hope that some of our readers may supply some, at least, of those wanting to the full list of thirty-two. Dubliners are called Jackeens; Kildare, Short Grass; Carlow, Scallion Eaters; Tipperary, Stonethrowers; Queen's County, Turf-cutters; Longford, Flutterers; Mayo, Exiles; Tyrone, in the Bushes; etc.

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Very Stylish Golf Cape, in all colors, cut full sweep, Trimmed Buttons, extra good value, \$3.98.

The latest Golf Cape, in heavy Cheviot Tweed, cut full sweep, highly finished, splendid value, \$3.98.

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Scotch Cheviot Heather Mixed Combination Tweeds, double width, for costumes, in all colors, 20¢.

Ladies' Melton Cloth for Costumes, double width, good, exceptional value, 29¢.

Fancy Boucle Cloth with Tufted Mohair patterns, raised on a colored ground, equal in appearance to Silk and Wool Goods, only 40¢ yard.

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Rough and Shaggy Scotch Tweed, in large and small checks, strictly all wool Goods, special for Street or Travelling Costumes, only 57¢.

Mohair Effect on Colored Grounds is one of the latest Novelties in Costume Cloth, a great variety of patterns to select from at 75¢ yard.

Silk and Wool Dress Goods, in Boucle Effects, Bright Satin Sheen Patterns, on Colored Grounds, a great novelty, 95¢.

New Illuminated Repps, interwoven with Bright Colors, Brilliant Effects, \$1.10.

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All Linen Damask Dinner Table Napkins, in 1/2 size, latest designs, only 58¢ dozen.

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All-linen Dinner Napkins, in great variety of patterns and best Damask designs, good large sizes, from 58¢ to \$2.20 dozen.

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FOR DRAWING ROOM A Very Handsome Carpeting for a Drawing Room is one of our Royal Albert Carpet Squares, 4 yards wide by 5 yards long, \$6.40.

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THE MARATHON RACE.

The Wild Expedition of the Greeks When Their Countryman Won It.

The Greeks are novices in the matter of athletic sports and had not looked for much success for their own country. One event only seemed likely to be theirs from its very nature—the long distance run from Marathon—a prize for which has been newly founded by M. Michel Breal, a member of the French institute, in commemoration of that soldier of antiquity who ran all the way to Athens to tell his fellow-citizens of the happy issue of the battle. The distance from Marathon to Athens is 42 kilometers. The road is rough and stony. The Greeks had trained for this run for a year past. Even in the remote districts of Thessaly young peasants prepared to enter as contestants. In three cases it is said that the enthusiasm and the inexperience of these young fellows cost them their lives, so exaggerated were their preparatory efforts. As the great day approached women offered up prayers and votive tapers in the churches that the victor might be a Greek.

The wish was fulfilled. A young peasant named Loues from the village of Maroussi was the winner in 2 hours and 55 minutes. He reached the goal fresh and in fine form. He was followed by two other Greeks. The excellent Australian sprinter, Flack, and the Frenchman, Lemaux, who had been in the lead the first 35 kilometers, had fallen out by the way. When Loues came into the station, the crowd, which numbered 60,000 persons, rose to its feet like one man, swayed by extraordinary excitement. The king of Serbia, who was present, will probably not forget the sight he saw that day. A flight of white pigeons was let loose, women waved fans and handkerchiefs, and some of the spectators who were nearest to Loues left their seats and tried to reach him and carry him in triumph. He would have been suffocated if the crown prince and Prince George had not bodily led him away. A lady who stood next to me unfasted her watch, a gold one set with pearls, and sent it to him; an innkeeper presented him with an order good for 365 free meals, and a wealthy citizen had to be dissuaded from signing a check for 10,000 francs to his credit.

BLAINE, N. Y., Jan. 1894. I couldn't sleep nights and was so nervous that I felt like flying day and night; when I closed my eyes it seemed as if my eyeballs were fairly dancing to get out of my head; my mind ran from one thing to another, so that I began to think I had no mind. When I had taken Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic only two weeks I felt like a new man, and now consider myself cured. Have recommended the Tonic to others, and I always had the desired effect.

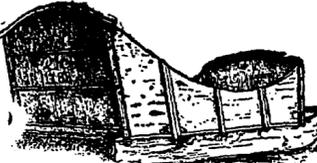
W. H. STERLING. A Minister's Experience. CAPAD, MICH., Jan. 1894. On account of my location and sickness in the family I suffered considerably from nervousness and sleeplessness, and often severe headache. Since I took one bottle of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic I am entirely free from above troubles.

REV. F. LOEBL. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856, and is now under his direction by the

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AXMINSTERS, WILTONS, RUSSIAN VELVETS, and TOURNEY PILE CARPETS,

that are not shown excepting in such a stock as ours, at the price of Brussels, is too good an opportunity to let pass, hence the reason that our WAREHOUSE is crowded with delighted customers during this the Greatest Carpet Sale Montreal has ever had.

20 DAYS MORE OF THIS SALE.

THOMAS LIGGET, 1884 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

A Home Thrust.

Mme. De Stael had fallen out with the Viscount De Choiseul owing to certain malicious reports circulated by the latter. One day the lady and the Viscount met in company, on which occasion good manners required that they should speak to each other. Mme. De Stael commenced: "We have not seen you for a long while, Monsieur De Choiseul." "Ah! Madame, I have been ill." "Seriously, Monsieur?" "I had a narrow escape from being poisoned."

"Alas! Possibly you took a bite at your own tongue?"

This little joke fell like a thunderbolt on the Viscount, who was a notorious backbiter and mischief maker. The lesson was a severe one, but he richly deserved it and had not a word to say.

Little Elsie—Aunt Jane, will you take me along down town when you go shopping at Christmas time?

Aunt Jane—But I don't think I'll be here then.

Little Elsie—Why, mamma said she expected you'd hang around here all winter.

Loues himself, however, when he was told of this generous offer, refused it. The sense of honor, which is very strong in the Greek peasant, thus saved the nonprofessional spirit from a very great danger.—"The Olympic Games of 1896," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in Century.

"What are you thinking about, little man?" asked a charming hostess of a small boy visitor. "Mamma told me," answered the little man, "not to take two oranges, and I was thinking I'd be mighty lucky if I got one."—Detroit Free Press.

Parson Goodman—Why are you crying, little boy?

Boy—I can't bear to see the leaves begin to turn, sir.

Parson Goodman—Ah, you must be a born poet. Poets always feel sad at this time of year.

Boy—It's school book leaves that I'm referin' to, sir.



Felt Like Flying.

BLAINE, N. Y., Jan. 1894. I couldn't sleep nights and was so nervous that I felt like flying day and night; when I closed my eyes it seemed as if my eyeballs were fairly dancing to get out of my head; my mind ran from one thing to another, so that I began to think I had no mind. When I had taken Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic only two weeks I felt like a new man, and now consider myself cured. Have recommended the Tonic to others, and I always had the desired effect.

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