

Obituary.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah McIlroy took place Saturday morning from the family residence, 51 Adelaide street, to St. Mary's church, where requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Dwyer. The deceased was a favorite among the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, and was also a member of the children of Mary; and all the members of the society turned out in a body to attend the service of their departed sister. The scene was very impressive, as the members wore black dresses with blue capes and white veils. Solos were sung by Miss Blanche Hazel, Brother Thomas and Brother Lewis. The flowers were many and beautiful. The bearers of the casket were Messrs. F. O'Donnell, Garnatt Lee, E. Chevrier, E. Doherty, F. Nagle and A. Egan. After the service the remains were laid to rest in St. Mary's cemetery.

Mrs. Mondor, nee Goudin, widow of the late Francois Mondor, died on Sunday afternoon at the residence of her son, Mr. F. Mondor, proprietor of the St. Boniface hotel, after a short illness. Deceased was one of St. Boniface's most highly respected residents and her demise will be mourned by many friends. She was born in St. Paul Joliette, Que., in 1822, and emigrated to Manitoba 28 years ago, and leaves a large family. The sons are Messrs. Fred. E. Mondor, of St. Boniface; E. Mondor, Mariapolis; Francois and Joseph, and the late J. Baptiste Mondor, of Lorette; the three daughters are: Mrs. (Judge) Prendergast, Mrs. A. Turner, Mrs. F. Parent.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mondor took place from the residence of her son, the St. Boniface hotel, at 9 a.m. on Tuesday morning, to the Cathedral, where requiem Mass was celebrated, by the Very Rev. Father Dugas, assisted by Rev. Fathers Trudel and Mirault, and the remains were afterward interred in the Catholic cemetery. The funeral was one of the largest seen in St. Boniface for some time. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. G. B. Desautels, F. Jean, C. Cyr, M. Guilbeault, J. C. Delorme, and M. Marcoux. The deceased was one of the oldest settlers and one of the most respected residents in the district, and was very widely known. A large family remains to mourn the loss of their honored mother.

Mary, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Youst, died on Monday at 421 Anderson Ave. The funeral takes place this morning at 8.30 to the Holy Ghost church and from there to St. Mary's cemetery.

Rose Vanuieuwenhuysze, beloved wife of Fred Vanuieuwenhuysze of St. Boniface, died on Monday aged 53 years. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to St. Boniface Cathedral and cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Senez, of St. Boniface, mourn the loss of their little daughter, Roseanna, who died Wednesday afternoon. The funeral takes place to St. Boniface cemetery on Friday at 3.30.

Mr. Trudel, father of the Rev'd. Dr. Trudel, secretary archivist of His Grace Archbishop Langevin, died at his home in St. Boniface on Thursday afternoon. The funeral takes place at the Cathedral on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

Edward James McDonald, the four-year-old son of Conductor Hugh McDonald, died Thursday of diphtheria at the Winnipeg General Hospital. The funeral will be held on Friday at 11 o'clock to St. Mary's cemetery.

Rev. Father Cherrier is expected home at latest on the 7th inst.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., begins, on the 8th inst., a mission at Letellier.

STE. ANNE DES CHENES.

Rev. Father Ferland, curate of St. Eustache, sang High Mass here last Sunday, he is, I believe, the nephew of Mr. Champagne, one of our old settlers.

Rev. Father Defoy was also present; he has just been appointed curate here. The parish is getting so big that there is too much work for one priest. We are sorry to hear that Father Defoy is suffering from ill health, but we hope that our bracing country air will soon set him up.

Last week Mr. A. Morin was married to Miss Pauline Gauthier. The young couple are both 19. We hope they will be very happy. Cupid has not been very active here of late; but I heard someone say lately that during Lent his darts were more dangerous, as people had more time to think about such things, and Tennyson says:

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

So perhaps at Easter we may have a whole budget to announce. I have heard that on one Low Sunday some years ago there were not less than five banns published. Quite a few knots for our good priest to tie in one week.

We have been, well yes, rather dissipated of late with parties here and there, but now that Lent is upon us we mean to be very quiet and good.

The ice on the river is covered with water, not water from the melting of the snow, however; for although we have been enjoying the most beautiful weather lately, it has not been mild enough to thaw very much. The water welled up from under the ice and came out at the water holes.

On Ash Wednesday our new curate sang Mass and Father Giroux gave a very eloquent sermon on the necessity of doing penance to obtain pardon for our sins. Everybody left the church in a serious mood.

VICIOUSNESS OF COMBES.

The French Premier is having it all his own way at present, says the London Catholic Times. A stroke of his pen and away goes now one religious institution, now another. Not only teaching orders, but nursing orders are suppressed. It is difficult to see on what plan he decides the fate of the Sisters, who devote themselves to the necessitous poor or the suffering sick. He has granted authorization to six houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, but refused it to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at Cambrai. He turns nuns out of hospitals here and stops stipends of priests there. Nothing is beneath his notice if he can see a chance of displaying his persecutor's zeal. Thus quite recently he ordered a railway company not to grant a reduction of fares to religious travelling together. One wonders how he finds time to enquire into all the possible avenues of persecuting legislation. At any rate he is doing his work with a thoroughness unequalled by preceding persecutors. They caught the objects of their dislike with a wide-meshed net, which, while securing the greater orders, allowed the smaller ones to escape. M. Combes narrows the meshes and captures great and small.

IRELAND WANTS MORGAN.

According to a dispatch from London, Richard Croker, John Redmond, M.P., and many other influential Irishmen, are trying to get J. Pierpont Morgan interested in Ireland.

For a month past the Irish Industrial Development Committee, in which both Richard Croker and his brother are largely interested, has had a party of surveyors at work collecting details concerning the anthracite coal mines in Ireland, which have been neglected for years, and which the committee wants to see opened with American capital.—Ex.

A Special Providence

By George F. Seymour.

Late in the spring of 1864, on the old Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, which had been taken possession of by the military authorities, I was doing "spare" work, which meant that sometimes I would run a shifter in the yard and perhaps the next thing would take an extra train out over the road.

We didn't have very much in the way of rolling stock at that time, as the "Johnnies" had run most of it away when they evacuated Nashville, and we were particularly short of good engines. One day I was sent out with an extra train and told to pull it down to Chattanooga with the shifter. This had been in its day a first class engine, but it was very old and had been patched and doctored up for use in the yard. We had a squad of soldiers for a guard, and orders had been given for everything to be kept out of our way.

Several changes have been made on the road since I had been out, but the only one having anything to do with this story was with regard to a siding about two-thirds of the way down. This was a spur some thousand feet or so in length, running into a gravel pit. There was quite a gully between the main track and the pit, and the siding ran for some distance over a trestle. Some of the rails had been taken up and used to lengthen out another spur track farther down the road. The switch stand had been removed and the switch spiked fast.

We stopped at a water tank just this side of Stevenson. Here the lieutenant in charge said he had a wounded guerilla, and, as he didn't know what to do with him, we would have to take him to Chattanooga with us. So he was carried into the conductor's car, at the rear of the train, and laid on the floor.

It was now well along toward evening and growing dark very rapidly, more so than usual, as a thunderstorm was coming up. Before long it was upon us, and it was a terror. I rolled the old engine along for all she was worth, and as there was a pretty stiff grade on this part of the road we were making tolerably good time. About three-quarters of an hour after passing Stevenson the gong gave the signal to stop. Never, before or since, did it send such a thrill through me. Before the sound of the bell had been swallowed up in the roar of the storm I had whistled for the brakes and reversed the engine. I knew that this would be of little avail, for the rails were slippery as glass, the train was heavy and we were running down an eighty foot grade. Just then I chanced to look back and saw Tom Gage, the conductor, climbing over the rear end of the tender. A moment later he was in the cab, and his face was as white as a sheet. He shouted in my ear:

"How far are we from the old gravel pit siding? Tell me, quick!" The fireman had come over to my side of the cab, and I motioned him to answer the question. "A little more than 300 yards, I reckon. Why?"

"Why?" Tom repeated in a shout. "We're all of us going into the ditch, that's why! That guerilla chap has just come to his senses, and he says his gang pulled out the spikes and then threw the switch, so as to open the sidetrack, and that a whole lot of the gang are waiting for us there now. I'm going to climb down before we get there. So goodbye, boys!" And, jumping to the side, he disappeared.

"Jump, Jim!" I cried to my fireman. "I'm going to stay here and take my chances, but you need not!"

He looked at me steadily for a second, shook his head and turned to his own side of the cab. Our speed had now slackened, but not sufficient to offer the slightest hope of ever coming to a stop before reaching the fatal siding. And I remember now that I fell to calculating how long it would probably be until we struck the switch. I noticed that we seemed to be run-

ning into the heart of the storm. The lightning was terrific.

And now we were in the cut—just beyond it was the siding—and I knew that within the next three minutes the story would be told, for we were still running at a fair pace. As we came out of the cut the siding was in plain sight in the lightning, and I saw in a moment that the wounded man had told the truth, for the switch had been thrown over and no earthly power would save us from turning off to the left, passing over three or four sections of the trestle, and then, when we reached the end of the rails, pitching twenty-five or thirty feet down into the ravine.

Something prompted me to turn my eyes toward the other side of the track, and there I saw a group of men, ten or a dozen of them, all armed, crouching at the foot of the embankment. At the sight all my calmness took flight. I forgot all about the danger we were in. Drawing my revolver, I emptied it into the midst of the group and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them tumble over. Then I threw the lever forward and pulled the throttle wide open, for now I was anxious to have the thing over with, and the end, whatever it might be, reached at once.

The train jumped ahead, and we were almost on the switch when I saw a bolt of lightning coming directly toward us. I say I saw it. I did see it and that is all I know. The concussion that followed made the old engine rattle in every joint and almost jolted me from the cab.

When, a moment later, the realization of our position returned to me, I saw that the engine had passed over the switch. A minute later and the entire train was across, and then I knew that by some means which I could not understand we had escaped the trap that had been laid for us. A moment before we had reached it I had seen the open switch as distinctly as I ever saw anything in my life, and yet we passed over it in safety.

It was like a miracle. We pulled into Chattanooga about midnight. The assistant superintendent happened to be there, and early the next morning he sent for me.

"You seem to be the only man likely to give a clear account of your last night's experience," he said. And when I had given it he added sharply, "You are certain you saw the open switch?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "perfectly sure of it."

Then he turned to me suddenly and said:

"What was it that closed the switch and let you over?"

"That's more than I can say," I replied, "but something closed it or we would have gone out over the siding and then down into the gully."

"No doubt of that," he said; "none whatever. And you mentioned something about an unusually sharp flash of lightning which came at about this time." He paused significantly, then added: "Well, I want you to keep this matter entirely to yourself. Take the first train going out, make a thorough examination of the switch and find out, if you can, what closed it so suddenly. The next train coming this way will pick you up, and as soon as you arrive here report to me."

The assistant superintendent's suggestion about the lightning kept my brain busy during the trip. Could that flash have been the agency whereby we were turned from certain doom into the path of safety? I got the answer as soon as I arrived at the scene of our adventure and examined the switch. Not only had the switch been closed by being thrown violently into place, but the parts where they came together had been fused and welded by heaven's fires into a mass so solid as to prevent the switch from ever being opened again.

Some may say it was nothing more than chance, others will call it good luck, but I never think of it without realizing that the bolt which struck the switch and forced it back into place came straight from Him who "holds the lightning in his hands."

A CHANCE FOR MISSIONARIES.

Instead of sending missionaries to Cuba and the Philippines to convert Catholics, our Protestant brethren should evidently direct their misguided efforts towards Connecticut. If what the Rev. H. I. Hutchins, who has been making a tour of that State for the Connecticut Bible Society says is true, and we see no reason to doubt his statements, there is a splendid field for missionary work in some of the Yankee towns of that State. He said, among other things, speaking of some of the conditions in some of the smaller towns in Connecticut:

"Not far from the outskirts of New Haven there was an astonishing condition of social life, due partially to the sparseness of the population and consequent habit of the inhabitants of inter-marrying, but mostly the result of two free indulgence in hard cider. The old New England stock, once pointed to with pride, was rapidly becoming extinct.

"Ashford, where there are 197 families, 36 per cent of which do not attend any church, and where the stores are open on Sunday, where the residents work on Sunday as they do any other day of the week, and where the greatest curse of the people, as well as in other small villages, is hard cider, he pointed out as especially vicious. The one ambition of the young men of the town, he said, is to belong to the band that furnishes the music for dances.

"In one town he found eight men living with their housekeepers. There is more imbecility and murder in those small places than in the larger towns in the State.

"He found in one house twenty-one persons living in five rooms, including the parents, a married son and two married daughters, with their children. There were two boarders in the family.

"Opium eating is prevalent among some of the poorer residents of the northwestern part of the State.

"In the town of Salisbury he found twenty-five of these wretched families of the degenerate type. He ascribed lack of educational facilities as another cause of the condition which, he declared, exist."

Here is an opportunity to spread the Gospel among people who have evidently lost all trace of the Word of God. Instead of trying to proselytize Catholics, our Protestant friends can certainly find enough to do nearer home among their own people, who surely seem to have been neglected.—American Herald.

FATHER PHELAN IN THE WESTERN WATCHMAN.

For fifty years we have been school-crazy. It would appear that we are fast becoming College-crazy. "Higher Education" is the demand of the hour. There should be a commission in every community to discover every child's capabilities; and the laws against cruelty to animals should be invoked to prevent education beyond capacity.

Knute Nelson held the floor six days with his speech against admission of New Mexico and Arizona. His chief objection was that more than one-half the people of the two territories were of Spanish descent and spoke Spanish. Nelson is himself a Norwegian, and Minnesota's population is 57 per cent. Scandinavian. What is more, they are shaky in their English as in their morals.

Our humorists are generally as honest as they are funny. Mark Twain has sacrificed his life to pay his debts. He has bequeathed his skull to Cornell University, with the stipulation that if he does not die in ten years—he is now seventy—he shall pay rent after that date.

Appropriating coal in transit has come to be regarded as an act of popular sovereignty, and juries will not convict, even where it is shown that the appropriators used violence. The fact is that the coal trust is now recognized as an outlaw, and may be proceeded against any way that will do him most harm.