

THE UNGUADED TONGUES OF MEN.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

As a rule women are credited with the bulk of this world's gossip and back-biting; this may be on account of the female portion of the community having more occasion than the members of the male sex to enjoy lengthy chats. Men have, as a rule, a multitude of subjects for conversation in which women are but little interested, and the exhausting of which prevents a considerable amount of small talk. For example, politics, trade, foreign affairs—stock markets, games, athletics of all kinds, commercial interests, and a score or more of like topics generally furnish the men with so much subject matter for conversation, that they rarely have time to criticise their neighbors. Seen from this point of view, there may be a good deal of truth in the contention that women are great talkers and gossips. But we must confess that the men have just as much to say as have the women—and they do not always say it in as refined or charitable a manner as do their sisters. At all events there is no excuse for a man being a gossip, a story-carrier, a family critic, a back-biter, a purveyor of slander and of scandal. He should be above all that, and his occupations should prevent him from making such a poor and questionable use of his time—and of his tongue. Still we have men, and it is too bad to have to admit that they are not few in number, who have contracted the abominable habit of criticising every person else, of jumping at conclusions regarding their neighbors, of taking delight in spreading and amplifying every evil report concerning another person, of running down those whom they pretend to hold in esteem and whose friendship they would not like to forfeit. Whence this nasty habit we do not exactly know, but it is certainly a blot upon the social customs of any community in which it prevails. We know men, and know them very well, who have never a good word to say about any person. No position, no station, no dignity, no character is safe from their attacks; nothing is too sacred to escape their evil tongues. The priest in the sanctuary and the man, or woman in the intimacy of domestic life, cannot be shielded from their attacks. Like the bird of prey that scents from afar the carion, they seem to detect by a kind of instinct the existence of a bit of scandal, and they hover over it in a twinkling. If it be not unsavory enough, they have a peculiar knack of adding to it for the benefit of others, and of magnifying its proportions beyond recognition. There is something exceedingly low

in the exercise of this unenviable faculty, and eventually it has the effect of bringing down social ostracism upon the perpetrators of the offence. It was once said by an eminent writer that a half truth is worse than a whole lie. You can meet a lie, can contradict it, can nail it down as a calumny; but when it is merely tacked on to a truth, there is a great difficulty in disproving it, and a still greater difficulty in rectifying the evil and wrong that it may have wrought, of this class of evil speaking, we might draw special attention to the habit of "imputing motives." This is one of the most effective and ruin-dealing instruments in the armory of these enemies of their fellow-men. They are never ready to admit the existence of good, or of virtue, or of disinterestedness on the part of others. They cast a hue of suspicion over every act, no matter how praiseworthy it may be. They see in every meritorious deed some sinister motive, some selfish intention. Possibly they have no other standard whereby to judge others than their own hearts, and these being unhealthy they cannot but see evil in every good. If a neighbor does not attend church—even through illness—they set him down as a renegade; if he is faithful in attending to his religious duties, they call him a hypocrite. Should he decline to have his deeds of charity published, they declare that he has none such to his credit; if they should be made known, they claim that it is for self-glorification that he performed them. If he sacrifices the one half of his existence to some sacred cause, laboring, without reward, for its success, they discover some dark and ulterior aim that he has in view, and set down his labor and humility to cunning and trickery. In a word, no man is safe from the poison of their tongues, and they imagine, all the while, that the world does not see behind the mask that they strive so hard to keep adjusted. We do not expect that any remarks we may make can ever have an effect upon these consummate evil-tongued people; but we deem it well to let them understand that they are appreciated at their proper value by their neighbors, and that the more they have to tell concerning others, the more does the world detect their own shortcomings and the more will it resent the same when, sooner or later, the opportunity arises; for they had no mercy on others and they need expect none for themselves.

facts unknown to the writer. In the days of the stage-coaches, before the railways came to spoil the happiness of life, and years before electricity was thought of, otherwise than in connection with a thunderstorm, Danny Shields carried two baskets, filled with apples, cakes, candies and tobacco, and found customers for his wares at the commencement of navigation above the Capital. In those days the "Jenny Lind," the "Dominion," and the "Iron Duke" were the stages that carried travellers from Ottawa to Aylmer. They left the city at dawn, and reached the end of their eight-mile journey in time for the steambot's departure at seven in the morning. Sometimes hundreds of men, destined for the lumber regions above, were seen packed into and on top of the stages, all gay and singing as only voyageurs can sing. From Aylmer the "Union Forwarding Company's" steamboats carried them thirty odd miles to the Quyon, or Chats Rapids. There they were transferred to a peculiar tramway, three miles in length, built on wooden trestle work, in some places seventy feet high, and consisting of a single board track along which two horses, driven tandem, dragged immense and totally unprotected cars. Yet not one accident ever happened on that strange, that unique road. At the end of the three miles, at Pontiac, they took another and smaller steamer in which brought them to Portage-la-Poutre, where they spent the night. Next morning they drove twelve miles to Cobden over the most abominable road that ever carried public conveyances. From Cobden they boarded the "North Star," a tiny boat, that paddled its way amidst floating islands over the Muskrat, or Mud Lake, and the propelling of which frequently demanded that the men should get out, and with pike-poles, and other contrivances, push the boat along. After another ride

on stages, they reached Pembroke about midnight of the second day. Thus was a distance of one hundred miles traversed. To-day a C.P.R. train takes you from Ottawa to Pembroke in less than three hours. But Danny Shields knew nothing of C.P.R.'s or any other R.'s, unless it were the famous Three Rs., of his elementary education. Now it was along this line that the good man whose name is now, possibly for a first time since his death, recalled, was wont to travel, to sell his delicacies, to canvass for the "True Witness," and to break the monotony of such a journey with his jovial outbursts and his ready wit. The stories that some of the older inhabitants still set down to his account would fill a volume. Needless to say that he was an astonishingly controversialist, and it was his delight to fall in with some unfortunate preacher, (above all if he were an Orangeman) and to administer a "tongue-threshing" such as few would care to experience a second time. On one occasion a Rev. Mr. Ralph Smith, a Methodist preacher of some local repute, was on his way to hold a camp meeting at Bristol. He went by way of Aylmer, and took passage on the old steamer "The Emerald"—the captain of the said steamer was Mr. Alexis Rajotte, at present, and for long years past, the efficient ticket agent of the C.P.R. at the Place Viger, old Dalhousie Station, Montreal. Danny Shields soon "spotted his man," as the term goes; and, in going his rounds with his cakes and candies, he asked Rev. Mr. Smith to purchase a copy of the "Witness"—omitting, of course, the prefix "True." Glad to have the "only religious daily," as our contemporary the "Daily Witness" was even then called, the reverend gentleman quickly bought a copy—surprised, however, that Danny asked two-pen-ha'penny for that which he was accustomed to buy for a copper. However, he bought the paper, settled himself down to read, and, doubtless expected to secure additional ammunition for his attacks upon Rome at the coming camp meeting. Poor Danny could not resist the temptation of thanking the reverend gentleman for the purchase, and of adding that it was "a most religious publication."

After a time Mr. Smith found a quiet corner on deck, and began to read. Danny had informed a couple of his friends of what he had done, and they seated themselves sufficiently close to Rev. Mr. Smith to be able to note the effect of the newspaper upon him. Danny planted himself directly behind the reader. Without ever glancing at the heading of the paper, but, at once, turning over to the editorial page, the Rev. Ralph Smith commenced to carefully peruse its contents. For a few moments all went smoothly; but soon he began to grow uneasy, he scratched his head, rubbed his eyes, laid down the paper, took it up again, and ever and ever the astonishment, the bewilderment, the anger on his face became more and more pronounced. At last he began to comment in a hall audible tone; and, every now and again, he was heard to ejaculate: "Wrang Johnny, wrang Johnny." He was mentally addressing the late John Dougal, the founder and inspiration of the "Witness." Anon would come, in broad Scottish tones, the same "wrang Johnny,"—at last, he could stand it no longer, and he exclaimed, sufficiently loud for Danny to hear him: "Ye maun he daft Johnny! Daft Mon as a march here!" At this juncture Danny Shields quietly came forward, and said:—"Would you buy an apple to-day, sir." Mr. Smith looked at him, for a moment, and then said: "No, sir; if your fruit is as rotten as Johnny Dougal's articles in this issue, you should be fined for hawking them about." "Ah! good sir," replied Danny, "there is this difference, the apples are as nature made them, but since Mr. Dougal took to boarding all summer at the Jesuit institution in the country, his articles are not what they used to be." The minister, without ever deigning another glance at the newspaper, walked over to the railing and cast the "True Witness" into the Ottawa.

There is no record of what the ultimate result of the incident was. No matter what Mr. Smith may have thought of the late able editor of the "Witness," at least Danny Shields was perfectly satisfied that he had made the clergyman read the "True Witness" whether he willed it or not. A hundred good stories could I tell of Danny Shields, and his adventures in pushing the circulation of this very paper, fully forty years ago. Some other time, perhaps, it may please the readers to hear tell of how Catholic journalism was encouraged in those early days and how men, of that time, went heart and soul into the work of building up a paper.

HAPPENINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The new chapel of the convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Dolbeth, will be blessed and opened on the last Sunday in September. Monsignor John S. Vaughan, of London, will be the preacher.

The Rev. James Donlevy, S. J., lately returned from Austria, has just concluded a retreat for the nuns of the above convent, and is at present the guest of the Very Rev. Father Gartlan, S.J. Father Donlevy is a cousin to the Very Rev. Canon Donlevy of Edinburgh.

The Irish National Foresters of Great Britain and Ireland celebrated their silver jubilee at Celtic Park, Glasgow, last week.

Miss Ellen McGuinness, a young lady well known in St. Andrew's parish, Glasgow, where she was a devout and zealous member of the Sacred Heart Society, met her death under sad and unexpected circumstances in Ireland during the recent Glasgow holidays. Miss McGuinness, with a party of Catholic friends, amongst whom was her companion Miss Crilly, left Glasgow on Fair Friday on a pilgrimage to Lough Derg. While performing the religious duties of this pilgrimage, which occupies three days, the young lady took ill and died.

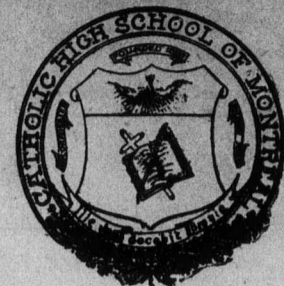
The Rev. Father Edward Whyte, S.J., London, was recently the guest of Father Bader, S.J., for a day or two, ere proceeding to Dundee to conduct an eight days' retreat for the Sisters of Mercy in that city. Father Whyte was for twenty-five years rector of the Sacred Heart mission in Edinburgh prior to his transference a few years ago to London. During that time, while winning the hearts of his own congregation in a very endearing and fatherly manner, he became one of the best liked priests in Edinburgh, whom to know was to love and honor.

After about forty years faultless fidelity to the cause of Scottish Catholicity in the Border towns of Selkirk and Galashiels, the Jesuit Fathers, whose practice of late years has been to relinquish the smaller missions committed to their care, are now on the eve of retiring, and leaving all who dearly love them in the towns in question to deeply and sincerely mourn their loss. Last week a farewell congregational social gathering was held in connection with Our Lady and St. Andrew's, Galashiels. Parish Councillor O'Hara presided over a meeting in the Guild Hall. Jesuit Fathers from near and far graced the gathering with their genial presence. Father Lea, in the course of the evening, was presented with an address on parchment, and made the recipient of an entire set of breviaries and a dressing-bag. Father Lester, the assistant, was also presented with a dressing case as a parting gift. The speeches on all sides were of a very affecting character, and the whole gathering seemed deeply moved. Father Lea, who has been about ten years in Galashiels, succeeded in wiping out a mission debt of two thousand pounds sterling. The Jesuits took over the Galashiels mission in 1863.

The Leith Catholic Young Men's Society had on Monday an enjoyable excursion to Peebles. The rev. chaplain, Father O'Ryan, and other officials of the society, accompanied the excursionists, who numbered about 300, and were conveyed by special excursion train. Sports were held, and dancing on the green was indulged in by the young people. Neidpath Castle, an ancient stronghold of the Douglases on the Tweed, and other historic places, were visited.

The Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, O.M.I., who was Superior of the Leith Mission, immediately before Bishop Gaughran, of Kimberley, has just been paying his old parish a visit.

The habit of acting by caprice or by impulse, and of doing only what is pleasing to one's self, weakens and enervates the will.—Charles Sainte-Foi.



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Society Directory. A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, M.P., Vice-President; Fred J. Devlin, Vice-Secretary. 1628P Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovon, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1855.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in this hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1873.—Branch, 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred J. Searns; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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Old Time Reminiscences

By a Special Correspondent.

Has any of the readers of the "True Witness" ever heard of Danny Shields—or Daniel Shields? In all probability the name will not awaken a single association in the mind of any living person to-day. Yet Danny Shields was very intimately connected with this organ in its younger days. During the early sixties that easy-going, light-hearted, ready-witted son of a vanished generation, walked many a mile, up and down the valley of the Ottawa, soliciting subscribers for what he was always pleased to call "the great Catholic paper of Montreal." When the writer was a boy he frequently met Danny Shields and has a vivid recollection of the old gentleman's astonishing feats of memory. He could repeat, without hesitation, almost every editorial that had appeared in the "True Witness" of that day, and he knew how to make use of that faculty in securing subscribers. That Danny Shields is dead there can be little doubt, for in about 1863, forty years ago, at the time of the commencement of the Civil War in the United States, he claimed to be seventy-five years of age. But when he died, where he was buried, and under what circumstances he departed this life are

SENTIMENT

The scientist of this age to human reason in all things included. Hence it completely fails when, at reach the Truth, inside of Christianity. He can't strate to his own satisfaction the existence of the essential underlies religion, consequently rejects all religion and the abyss of infidelity. He every conclusion upon the of human reason, and the cannot reason out, from the data at his disposal, entirely. This is the r which the modern science. The fundamental ground science must be material, the succeeding discoveries, particular branch of science ply the material links in chain, that bind the origin material results, or conclusions. It is so with astronomy, geology, any, chemistry, and ever science. So far, so good. But the moment that the believer, or speculator, step the domain of the material, the field of the spirit in a totally different sphere different conditions, and he play other standards than he has been accustomed to the world of materialistic Reason exists in the new s it must accept a different point and follow another it is to logically arrive at conclusion. Take for example the Christianity as a religion from all idea of an original teachings, or the grace sary to the attainment of The same standards and m reasoning, as those empirical science, cannot be Christianity appeals to the rements more than to the re is to say to the heart rati to the mind. Take the story of Our Lord's life on you will find that He incl

Some Phases of The Leprosy Scourge

Rev. Henry Cleary, editor "New Zealand Tablet," is the following vivid description of Molokai and its dreadful scene. Somebody has described the Molokai as "the sweetest, dearest in the world." It is paradise of the green and things that are the gems of life. But the trail of the scourge over it, and in the physical has left no slimmer and fetid than that most dreaded scourges of all diseases, leprosy. Many years ago, when a student of the cornstalk of architecture, I became greatly interested in the hideous story leprosy scourge that had down among the towns and of Normandy during the middle. In the neighborhood of Gae I counted the sites of no fewer than thirteen leper houses—leproselanderies, as they were called the language of the time. The fascination of the grim jet has never left me. A chance threw me into person course with a Picpus mission had spent several year in attendance on the lepers, who are hemmed perpetual seclusion on Molokai the circling blue sea on the and by an impassable barrier precipice on the other. I dislike talking leprosy in H as they dislike conversations cretinism in certain cantons of zeland. But my missionary, communicative and interesting high degree. So were a few whom I met on sea and shore who had a first-hand acquaintance with the conditions that prevailed the dismal homes where humankind reaches its worst degradation, yet dies not, in stricken Kalaupapa. But there was all, but little to tell beyond touching and harrowing tales of human woe and an unwilling fragmentary story of quiet heroism of which the narrator seemed serenely unconscious. Last official statistics fell into my and were eagerly scanned. The work of Hawaii deprecates talk as calculated to cause and apologetically supplies the