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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.
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The Globe and Witness

Vol. LI, No. 22 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Topics of the Day.

SACRED BANNERS.—A number of our Catholic exchanges have recently expressed opinions concerning the custom of high sounding titles for members and officers, especially of our religious, national, or benevolent societies, and we are in harmony with those who think that there is no necessity for any such titles. In the first place these Grande, Highs, Most Excellent, and such like are meaningless in their exaggeration; and, in the second place, they savor too much of anti-Catholic organizations. Then it has been suggested by other Catholic organs, that the use of banners, scarfs, pins, charms, and other emblems, might be curtailed with great advantage to all concerned. We would advise caution in this crusade, for there is such a thing as carrying a reformation to an unwarranted length.

As to society banners, the Holy See has of late approved of a formula for the blessing of church banners, and it is universally acknowledged that they constitute a very helpful factor in all organizations. The multiplication of such banners may be carried to excess, but we are of the opinion that each properly organized and duly recognized association, or society, under the direct guidance of the Church, should have its distinctive standard. The banner seems to have been, from time immemorial, and amongst all races, the emblem of concerted action, the expression of authority, the signal for achievement. In the Church Militant each one of the faithful is actually a soldier and each society may be considered as a company, or a regiment. The standard of the Cross, the great Lebarum of the centuries, is the banner that all must follow; but, under its guidance, each sub-division of that vast army has its particular standard.

Then there is something inspiring about a banner; the eyes turn to its folds, and read in them the thought, or the principle that cements so many under its protection. It is a symbol that speaks in a language far more emphatic than words; it is an inspiration that at once suggests action and encourages endeavor. The grouping of flags around the national standard is the most emphatic expression of loyalty and submission to the authority represented by that standard; so the grouping of society banners around the standard of the Cross is an act of Faith that no language can translate, for it is understood by all—irrespective of station, race, tongue, or age.

FRANCE'S DANGER.—That France's great danger is from within, and not from abroad, is, we think apparent to the entire world—administrative France excepted. Certainly the unbelievers who hold the helm of State to-day are not capable of staying the in-rolling tide of misfortune that menaces the country. Their methods are exactly calculated to drive France with ever increasing rapidity towards the brink of ruin. It was under the influence of Catholicity that France climbed to the highest summits that her nationhood ever attained; it has equally been under the influence of the anti-Catholic spirits that now sways her destinies that she has sunk to the lowest depths that her genius has reached. In glancing over our exchanges we come upon the following editorial comment in one of them:—

"A debate took place last week in the French Senate on the population question, a brief summary of which was sent to this country by cable. The figures cited by the senator who called attention to the subject are certainly startling and such as to give to the French people grave cause for alarm. He alleged that the populations of France, Germany and Great Britain were at the beginning of the present century in round numbers as follows: France, 36,000,000; Germany, 41,000,000; Great Britain, 41,000,000. Now, the figures are, in round numbers, France, 38,000,000; Germany, 70,000,000, and Great Britain, 41,000,000. Germany was a somewhat vague term at the beginning of the century and one would like to know just what countries were included in Germany's population as we estimate them. It would seem that at the beginning of the century, France tall only 3,

But as a mere matter of worldly knowledge and experience Anglicans, it seems to us, ought to see that when the ship is bound to drift helplessly when there is no pilot, or rather when every one on board claims the position of pilot.

CATHOLIC UNITY.—Rev. Father O'Hare, of Brooklyn, N.Y., in the course of a recent sermon to which reference has already been made in these columns, said:—

The social condition of the laity in the Catholic Church calls for the attention of the hierarchy and the clergy in the United States of America. By historical developments which could not well be averted, a Catholic Society is neither not in existence or at least in a weak condition which demands organization. Protestantism, with its gaze ever turned earthward, can only maintain itself as it maintains its creed, by artificial means. It lays emphasis upon that which is only an accessory to civilization, namely, outward appearance, respectable bearing and quasi polished manners. To our people, most of whom have come out from under the ill-treatment and unjust subjugation of English arrogance, Protestant society is quite a centre of attraction. Mingling, then, in these circles, they naturally learn to speak the language of the Canaanites, to imitate their views and either by intimidation, by intellectual weakness, or as a matter of habit to accommodate themselves to their principles. All these are elements of weakness which call for a radical change. The laity justly looks to the hierarchy for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH CATHOLICS

By Our Special Contributor, "Cruz"—Continued.

ANOTHER CHAPTER.—Last week I touched lightly upon the story of the Scotch Catholics in Canada. It will be remembered that this subject was suggested to my mind by the reading of an account of the ceremonies in connection with the eleventh anniversary of His Lordship Bishop Macdonell's consecration as pastor of the See of Alexandria. No wonder that the mention of the good Bishop's name should carry my mind back to that day, eleven years ago, when the first Bishop of Alexandria was raised to the episcopal ranks. Of those who were present on that occasion a very great number have departed from this life, and others are scattered over the world. I remember well the splendid sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Filliatre, O.M.I., and it strikes me that the late Mgr. Fabre was represented there by the present Archbishop of Montreal. The names of the priests and of the relatives of the newly consecrated Bishop would easily recall the story of that grand Catholic settlement of Glengarry. I have since come upon some notes collected by a lady, from most authentic sources, consisting of a real history of St. Raphael's of Glengarry, and of the Catholic Scotch pioneers of that region. I intend to draw upon that sheaf of notes for my present article. I never like to reproduce, even in part, the work of another without giving full credit to the original author; but in this case I am not too certain as to the lady's identity—I believe her to be the late Mrs. Berlinguet (nee Amy Pope) of Three Rivers, sister of Mr. Joseph Pope, C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State. At all events the information is exact, and that is the principal point.

NOT ALL MACS.—I now turn to the notes before me: "It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were Macdonalds (or Macdonald's flock) we find the names to the migration of Rev. Dr. Macdonald's flock we find the names of Fraser, McLennan, Hay, Rose, Clouston, and others; among the bands of 1785 were Craze, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhies, McGillies, McGillivrays, McQualls and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more than half Macdonalds. In 1804 Rev. Dr. Macdonald followed the people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) Macdonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, and then went to Kingston. The clansmen of the old regiment especially, settled at St. Raphael's, Glengarry, wanted to have their former chaplain appointed parish priest, and to have Father Fitzsimons, then pastor of the parish, removed. Father Roderick refused with them in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John Macdonald, a man of "bonnet and spurs," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year, and appointed Dr. Macdonald parish priest of St. Raphael's.

THE "BLUE CHAPEL."—Needless to attempt any description of the first Denomination of the Blessed Sacrament given by their new pastor in the little Blue Chapel. That edifice was literally packed on that occasion. It was a wooden chapel erected by the first settlers, covered with clap-boards later on, once painted blue, and at the time in question, both too small for the congregation and too weather-beaten to be ornamental. Yet it was a most sacred building in the eyes of those Glengarry Scotch Catholics. This is the chapel that a Highlander man described to a traveler, who asked the way to St. Raphael's, as "a small black kirk, painted blue, with green whitewash on the front door in the side of it." The description was very exact, although it may appear contradictory, stopping aside from the path of Catholicity. But it is with the pioneers I have to do this week.

GLENGARRY'S REGIMENT.—There was a regiment of Scotch Catholics, under the command of Glengarry, stationed at New Ross, in Ireland, towards the close of the eighteenth century. In 1802, when under a cousin of Colonel Glengarry—Donald Macdonald—this regiment was disbanded, and the discharged men were absolutely destitute. Their chaplain, Rev. Dr. Macdonald, went to London and sought aid from the Government to enable them to emigrate to Canada. The Government offered to settle them in Trinidad. But the priest "persuaded" until he secured from the French—adding to an order to grant two hundred

of English arrogance, Protestant society is quite a centre of attraction. Mingling, then, in these circles, they naturally learn to speak the language of the Canaanites, to imitate their views and either by intimidation, by intellectual weakness, or as a matter of habit to accommodate themselves to their principles. All these are elements of weakness which call for a radical change. The laity justly looks to the hierarchy for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership. They look to those whom God has exalted and made his chosen knights and whose predecessors in the past have, by the nobility of their lives, inculcated those virtues for counsel, guidance and leadership.

HIGHLAND LONGEVITY.—I still quote from the notes. "Among those who came out in the ship 'Macdonald' were our John Macdonald, of the Macdonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The first son, established to nine before many years past, and of these two sons entered the Church; the eldest Aeneas (Angus), joined the Sulpicians, and passed forty years in the Montreal Seminary, where he lived to the age of eighty, universally beloved; then returned to Montreal to breathe his last in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, a kinsman of his exhorting him in his own native tongue. Two brothers and two sisters died, and respectively, ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall (in 1882) two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one and seventy-eight years. (All of whom are now dead—1901). The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's; thence he was removed to Kingston, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was Vicar-General of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years; and died at Lancaster on the 16th March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age."

A SCOTCH ANECDOTE.—If the readers are not fatigued with the subject I will now crave permission to continue it in the next issue. It would take several months to deal with the various Scotch Catholic settlements in Canada, and to tell of all that Highland energy has done for Catholicity in this Dominion. I have not even properly commenced to treat of one parish alone. But before closing I will reproduce an authentic and very characteristic story in connection with Father John Macdonald. He was a very determined man; and he "handled" his congregation without gloves. If any unlucky fellow incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked. According to ancient Scotch custom the priest was never called "Father," hence Father John was always called "Maister Ian." There was a stern authority on the part of the "Maister," and an exemplary submission on the part of the flock; yet, there was a kind of familiarity between them that could not exist amongst any other people and their clergy. Here is an instance: Father John was in a lowering rage one day on account of some mischief done by a parishioner. Sunday came; the congregation was at Mass; the priest came to the Communion rail to preach, and he thus began: "John Roy Macdonald leave this Church." "Tead silence," John Roy Macdonald; I say leave this Church." John Roy Macdonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-part logs that did duty for a floor. Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy Macdonald, and calmly resumes his seat. "John Roy Macdonald, did I not tell you to leave this Church?" "Yea, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the Church for to please you, and now I want come back to please myself." Ah! they were sturdy Catholics those Scotch Highlanders; and the faith they planted in Glengarry flourishes to-day as of yore—the Macdonalds still wear mitres and hold croziers.

SOME IRISH WRITERS.

[FROM A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.]

Under this heading we find a somewhat lengthy article in a recent number of the "Providence Visitor." While we fully appreciate the writer's aim and sympathize with his desire to make known more generally the men whose pens have achieved so much for Ireland, we cannot but feel that there were those who deserved more praise for their labor in the cause of Ireland's literature than the few mentioned in that sketch. Taking the following paragraph we can form an estimate of the whole article.

"These three men, Lever, Lover and Carleton, now remembered chiefly as the authors of 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Handy Andy' and 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' were the giants of their era, and their influence can be plainly discerned in the literature of to-day. Lever and Lover furnished us with the conventional Irishman—the author of a hundred witty sayings, the blundering hero of a hundred escapades, the dashing dare-devil who still figures on the stage, and is not unknown in literature, though one may seek vainly for him in real life. To Carleton may be traced all that has been written soberly concerning the Irish peasantry, from Mrs. Hall's 'Sketches of Irish Character' down to Jane Barlow's 'Irish Idylls' and Katherine Tynan's 'Isle in the Water.'"

It is exactly here that we have to differ from the writer in his estimate of the works and effects of the works of these three. Lever and Lover have, as is truthfully said, "furnished us with the conventional Irishman * * * who still figures on the stage." This is exactly the fault we have to find with both Lever and Lover. Micky Free, Darby the Blast, or Handy Andy have given birth to thousands of like characters, stage Irishmen, vile caricatures of the race, and it is against the very effects or consequences of their works, in this direction, that a veritable crusade had to be undertaken, in order to clear the Irish people of the misrepresentation and the abusive ridicule that have been heaped upon them during the past sixty years. It was exactly these works of Lever and Lover and the feeble efforts of their imitators that created amongst "the lords of human kind" what Phillips styled "a prejudice against my native land, predominant above every other feeling,—inveterate as ignorance would generate, and monstrous as credulity could feed." Was there an absurdity uttered — it was Irish! Was there a crime committed — it was Irish! Was there a freak at which folly would blush — a frolic which levity would disown — a cruelty at which barbarism would shudder — none could hatch or harbor them but an Irishman. Ireland became the rival's jest and the miser's profit—the Painter sold her caricature, the Ballad-singer chanted her in burlesque, and the Phant Senator decried out his stupid slander with the plagiarism of her slander!"

As far as Carleton's works are concerned, they have done more than the productions of any other writer to bring ridicule upon the Irish character, and to lower the Irish peasant in the estimation of all who are not conversant with true Irish characteristics. In fact, he furnished a whip to the bitterest of Ireland's enemies wherewith they have lashed and scourged the race, even upon the freedom-haunted soil of the new world. His "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" are to-day very happily forgotten by the vast bulk of the reading world. Not many weeks ago we had occasion to read a work, in two volumes, entitled "Rambles in the South of Ireland, during the year 1838, by Lady Chatterton," and we felt proportionately grateful to that gifted lady for the truthful and beautifully touching manner in which she brings out the true "traits" of the Irish peasantry. What a contrast with the native-born and admittedly talented Carleton? Who that has read Willis' "Pencilings by the Way Side," has not been struck by the higher standpoint from which that able essayist deals with the same Irish peasantry? It seems to have been reserved for Carleton to place before the world, in the clown's garb of ridicule, the very peasant race from which he sprang; equally has he had the unenviable distinction of being the most effective originator of a species of ridicule which the bigot loves to cast over the very priesthood to the ranks of which Carleton once aspired. We cannot agree, no matter how fine the talents or how remarkable the success of the writer, that any man whose production have, in any way, served to injure the Irish race

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)

IRISH UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

The Commission on Irish University Education has already brought the question of a Catholic university a stage nearer solution. In the first report—which has just been published—the evidence given before the Commissioners, it is recorded that the Right Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, was asked if he would supply the Commission with the draft of the constitution of a university such as would meet the wishes of the Catholic authorities in Ireland. The Bishop replied that he would take an early opportunity of consulting the Hierarchy, and said he had no doubt they would be happy to give the information required. What the proposal will be may probably be inferred from Dr. O'Dwyer's own evidence. His Lordship was not merely lucid in his statements, but essentially definite and practical. The scheme he recommended was this: Let Queen's College, Belfast, be granted a charter and endowment and be set up as a university. Give the Royal University, with its endowments, a fully-equipped college in Dublin, and the Queen's College, Cork, to the Catholics. Leave the Dublin University and Trinity College untouched, and let the Queen's College, Galway, be developed mainly as a technical and agricultural institution. It seems to us that it would be extremely difficult, under the circumstances, to adopt a scheme more likely to give general satisfaction than this, or one which would work with less friction. Roughly speaking, there are denominationally three divisions of the Irish people—first, the Catholics, who are vastly in the majority; secondly, the Episcopalians; and thirdly, the Presbyterians and other Protestants outside the Episcopal body. Each division would have a university to itself. At the same time, if any members of one denomination desired to study at a University frequented by students of another, there would be no hard and fast regulations to hinder him from carrying out his purpose. The alternative proposal, that the Catholics should have a college in the Royal University, side by side with Belfast, would not, as the bishop showed, be looked upon by the Catholics as a concession, whilst it would be difficult to adjust the arrangement so as to make it acceptable to the northern Protestants. As long as the Dublin University provides special privileges for the Protestants, the Catholic majority would be possessed of extraordinary precedence were they to be content with any concession which would leave them in an inferior position compared with the Protestant majority. If, then, there were no other obstacle to the working of such a system of university education, it alone would be sufficient to condemn it as wanting in the character of finality. After it had been in operation for a few years an agitation would again arise for placing the Catholics on a similar footing to the Protestants, who profit by the advantages Trinity College affords. The scheme would, however, prove unsatisfactory not only to the Catholics, but also most probably to the Protestants of the north. The difficulties and causes of trouble in connection with the present working of the

Royal University would be intensified. The Senate of that university, as Dr. O'Dwyer pointed out, is chosen in a very artificial manner. It consists of an equal number of Catholics and Protestants. The Chancellor is always a Protestant and the Vice-Chancellor a Catholic. There are two secretaries, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic. The necessity of balancing must tell against efficiency. Again, it would be by no means easy to ensure a community of tone and aim when the colleges of a university are conducted on denominational lines of a different kind. Rivalry and jealousies such as have been making themselves apparent for some time past would spring up. The results at the Royal University examinations having proved more favorable to Dublin than to Belfast, attacks were on the examining boards. There can be no doubt that differences and suspicions would only be accentuated were the Catholics and the Protestants to have equipped and endowed colleges of a common university. What is wanted is a national settlement of the question, and the plan put forward by the Bishop of Limerick would in our opinion produce such a solution of the problem. We think too that His Lordship's suggestion with respect to Cork and Galway colleges is an excellent one. We are hearing weak voices of the strain of foreign competition and of the success with which the technical schools of the continent are preparing students to take part in the struggle. Cork and Galway colleges have to be reconstituted, whatever fresh scheme of higher education be brought into operation, and the Bishop advises that they should be specially reserved for the teaching of technical and agricultural sciences. Objections have been made in Great Britain against the claim of the Irish Catholics on the ground that the university would be in the hands of the bishops and the laity would be entirely dominated by them. The Bishop of Limerick was very explicit on this point. The hierarchy are quite willing that the laity should greatly preponderate on the governing body. All they insist upon is that any teaching in the university which directly or indirectly enters the province of religion should not be out of harmony with Catholic principles and that through the agency of Visitors or otherwise there should, in case of necessity, be some effectual means of preventing a teacher from using scientific instruction to weaken or disturb the religious faith of the student in his classes. A Divinity Faculty would be established, but for this Government is sought from the Government of the Catholic Church in Ireland. The great bulk of the students—Dr. O'Dwyer is convinced that the total number would be about a couple of thousand—would, however, be laics and the instruction would be equally representative of the Catholic laity of Ireland. It is to be presumed that the scheme which the Bishop of Limerick is drawing up for presentation to the Commission on behalf of the Hierarchy will, in broad outline at least, be recommended to the Government by the Commissioners, and if so, it is to be hoped the Government will have the wisdom and courage to take it up.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Bendigo Cathedral, New Zealand.

It is always instructive to follow the progress of Catholicity, even in the most remote sections of the world. In taking up the New Zealand "Tablet" we find an account of the dedication of the New Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, an edifice costing £30,000, and capable of accommodating 2,500 people at Bendigo. We will not reproduce the lengthy account of the imposing ceremonies that marked the 29th September last; but we cannot omit giving our readers an idea of the progress that the Church has made during the past half century in that portion of the world. "The history of Bendigo coincides with the discovery of gold. In the early part of 1852 Bendigo Creek was known casually to settlers as a stream of good water, but by the middle of that year there was a population of 50,000 diggers settled on its banks and opening up the locality in their eager search for gold. A canvas city had sprung up in a few weeks, and to this came the first pastor, Rev. Dr. Backhaus, who set up a Celtic cross over a calico tent. His flock numbered thousands, and as it was impossible for them to assemble together at any one place he had recourse to a strange device to enable them to be present in spirit, at least, at the Holy Sacrifice. The little church tent occupied a gentle declivity in a position of prominence. A large pole was erected in front, and on Sunday morning whenever Mass was to be celebrated there a white flag, with the cross emblazoned on it, was unrolled. As the hour fixed for Holy Mass approached groups of miners and their families would be seen taking their place around their respective tents within sight of the church, as far as the eye could reach. At the moment when Mass began the church tent was opened in front, and the signal flag was lowered. All then knelt uniting in spirit and prayer, with the priest offering the Holy Sacrifice. At the elevation the signal was again given by the flag, and in like manner the end of Mass was notified to all devout worshippers. It was a sight that, for impressiveness, could scarcely be

surpassed. What Bendigo was in those days can be judged from the fact that when Dr. Backhaus secured a site for a parochial residence, he had scarcely begun to dig the foundations when the workmen discovered gold, and he was at once offered £10,000 for the little plot. In 1874 Bendigo was created a diocese, with the Right Rev. Dr. Crane, O.S.A., as the first Bishop, who arrived in April of the following year, and at once set about reorganizing religion and education. After his arrival Dr. Crane had to face the struggle over the education question, and, although (as His Eminence said on a recent occasion) defeated at the polls, a great moral victory has been gained in regard to that question of paramount importance. In his efforts Dr. Crane was ably assisted by Dr. Reville, O. S. A., now coadjutor bishop (cum jure successionis). Schools were established, churches and presbyteries erected throughout the diocese, and to-day no part of the ecclesiastical province of Victoria is better equipped in these respects than the diocese of Bendigo was. "The new cathedral, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the 25th June, 1897, by the Right Rev. Dr. Reville, is the most imposing building in the golden city, and will, when finished, be one of the most beautiful cathedrals in Australia. The site which has been selected is one of the finest in the city. The style of the proposed cathedral is early English Gothic. The plan consists of nave, transepts, aisles, chancel, six chapels, sacristies, a great central tower, two minor towers, and four turrets. "Sunday, September 29, will be ever memorable in Bendigo as a day which gloriously crowned the Catholic history of 50 years. There are those who remember when the Catholic Church of Bendigo was represented by a rude tent in which to offer the Holy Sacrifice, and here on Sunday was the dedication of a majestic cathedral attended by all the religious pomp and circumstance of the oldest of Catholic confessions. A Prince of the Church, and archbishops, seven bishops, and a numerous contingent of priests

having assembled to share in the triumph of the Faith. The day was rather inclement, but that was a detail which in no way detracted from the perfection of this day of days in the religious order. Never had so large a congregation been seen in Bendigo, never previously had such a representative assemblage gathered beneath the roof of any church in the city, and never before had such an important concourse of Church dignitaries taken part in any local ceremonial. "Shortly after 9.30 o'clock people began to flock into the cathedral, and a large crowd assembled in the streets around the church. At 10.30 o'clock a guard of honor, composed of members of the H.A.C.B. Society, lined either side of the front steps of the cathedral. Shortly after a large number of priests arrived at the cathedral, and at a quarter to 11 o'clock Their Lordships the Bishop and Coadjutor-Bishop of Sandhurst drove up in time to receive the Mayor and councillors. The councillors and officers, who were accompanied by several lady friends, were escorted to the centre aisle to seats close to the sanctuary. A few minutes later the crowded congregation arose in obedience to the grand eulogy of Perosi's 'Deus Sacros Magnus,' and the procession of prelates and priests passed up the aisle to the sanctuary.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Place Viger Hotel, Montreal, Nov. 18, 1901. To the Editor of the True Witness: Dear Sir,—I was much interested in reading in your valuable paper of two weeks ago a very interesting letter from your correspondent upon the subject of "The Secrets of the Egyptian Pyramids." I have always been intensely interested in these monstrous wonders of the silent past, and I have read and studied everything that I could hereofore find upon the subject. I am deeply interested in all that your correspondent has written about them in the Catholic "True Witness." But I have one criticism to make, which is that I cannot bring myself to believe, in the light of Holy Scripture, that they are antediluvian; because, under-stand fully read the account of the Deluge as given in the Book of Genesis, wherein it is repeatedly stated that all physical life of man, beast and every living creature that drew breath of the viterly and absolutely and entirely destroyed, accepting those in the Ark with Noah, and that the waters completely covered all the hills and the mountains in the whole world; and that "the waters prevailed upon the earth one hundred fifty days," (Gen. 7, 24), to repeat, by permission, and believe, that anything, even as great and massive as are the pyramids, could have survived the Deluge, or "The Flood." And as "It is written," St. Paul drew boldly, by permission, so I will say "by permission," that it is entirely improbable, that there is anything on earth above ground which can be said to have survived the Deluge; the Egyptian Pyramids, and all else to the contrary notwithstanding. There is nothing like looking at everything through the great magnifying glass, so to speak, of the Infallible, Inspired and Divine Lights of "The Word of God." And when we remember that in accordance with Biblical Chronology, the Flood occurred 2448 years before Christ, we find herein all sufficient and authority for these immense and colossal monstrosities of the long ago ages, (Gen. 7, notes). It would be very interesting as well as instructive, if your correspondent could give biblical reasons, as to why he thinks the Egyptian Pyramids are antediluvian?

To turn to another subject. Whenever I come to Montreal, I frequently attend Vespers in the Notre-Dame Cathedral; and I have always been much edified, spiritually impressed, and blessed in my attendance upon such services. Laud Deo! Sunday afternoons have been two services in the Cathedral, and these services they are more elaborate, beautiful, impressive, and spiritually delightful than ever before; the very large attendance of clergy, and the splendid music, with the beautiful lights, and all the religious adornments and well known attractions, for which the Cathedral is famous, all go toward making a most charming, instructive, and delightful service. Powerfully appealing to the eye, the ear, the mind, soul and spirit; so that all who go there to pray must surely come away awestruck, and conscious of absolution from sin, and experiencing joy and peace in the Holy Spirit, in believing in Jesus. Amen. I can speak of it in still further terms of the highest praise, did time and space permit; but must close with the following criticism, namely, I am very much surprised that when there is this grand and magnificent Vesper service, which must put clergy and the Cathedral to much labor, trouble and expense, as it undoubtedly does, to offer to the people such a delightful and refreshing religious treat, and spiritual feast of fat things, as they prepare and furnish every Sunday afternoon in this Vesper service, that there are not more people present to enjoy it! To be sure the attendance is quite good, but not what it ought to be for there are many vacant pews when in consideration of the above facts. I would seem, the church ought to be crowded. And I hereby make the suggestion, that if a wide circulation of the notice and advertisement of this Vesper service was given every Saturday in all the daily papers, and if notices of it were put into the different hotel reading

rooms, that the attendance would be very much increased. May the Lord grant it. Any way, the point I wish to emphasize is, that such a splendid, inspiring, and magnificent religious service, as are these Vespers in the Notre Dame Cathedral, should have the very greatest advertisement possible, so that hundreds more may be informed of them, and the attendance upon these blessed services be proportionately increased from what it is at present. Praying the Lord Jesus to bless, keep and prosper you and your work of love for Him and your paper, for His Name's sake. Amen. Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus, REB SILLIMAN BLAZZEN, Present address, Place Viger Hotel, Montreal, Canada.

NOTES FROM ROME.

A NEW ORATORIO.—Don Lorenzo Perosi's new Oratorio, entitled "Moses," was given at Milan on the 17th inst., before a crowded audience, which included some of the most famous musical critics in Europe. Perosi's new composition was received most favorably, several passages, such as the prologue, the Paschal Supper, and the grand aria of Moses, giving rise to enthusiastic applause. The Oratorio will shortly be executed before the Holy Father at the Vatican. BONI'S EXCAVATIONS.—There is little secret paid to the most sacred relics of religion when the archaeologist goes hunting for pagan remains. The excavations now being actively carried on in the Roman Forum under the direction of Professor Boni have already necessitated the demolition of one church, that of Sta. Maria Antiqua, and threaten with destruction the famous old cloister and church of Santa Francesca Romana. Should the archaeologists include this famous old shrine in their programme of wholesale destruction, they would incur a malediction, for although it is not generally known, Pope Gregory XI. (1370-1378), as if foreseeing a similar attempt, caused an inscription anathematizing anyone who should dare to disturb it to be placed on the wall of the cloister. The inscription, which is in Latin, is still to be seen. In all probability the excavators and iconoclasts will not be deterred by it. SPECIAL AUDIENCE.—The Holy Father still continues to grant numerous audiences, despite all rumors of his illness; referring to the week before last, a special correspondent says:— On Sunday last His Holiness received a deputation of Swiss Catholics, presented by Baron Meyer de Schauensee, the new commander of the Swiss Guard, who likewise presented to the Holy Father a richly bound album containing an address and the signatures of ninety thousand Catholic women. The Pontiff greatly appreciated this delicate act of homage and bestowed his blessing on his visitors and on all who had signed the address. On the same day Senor Ramolho Ortigao, chief librarian to the King of Portugal; Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and M. Feron Vran, editor of "La Croix," had the honor of separate audiences. Saturday's list of visitors included the Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool; the Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn, Bishop of Menavia, and Mgr. De Lanee, Coadjutor to the Vicar-Apostolic in the English and Scotch provinces of the Holy Father, dwelling upon the success of the recent pilgrimage and expressing his satisfaction at these periodical visits, which are of the greatest consolation to him.

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charming affability and benevolence. After 1 o'clock he retires and partakes of his frugal repast. He does not indulge in a siesta after dinner, as the Roman custom is, but a couple of hours before the angelus goes for a carriage airing outside the walls of Rome, generally to St. Agnes, where he never fails to enter the basilica to prostrate himself for a quarter of an hour before the Eucharist. Hardly home again, his rooms are crowded with strangers, whom he receives from the angels until 9, when he takes a light supper, studies and works up to midnight, allowing himself but five hours' sleep. Such is the daily routine of the life of the cardinal secretary of state, and we doubt if any man in any walk of life works harder.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN LONDON.

The religious Orders are attracting a great deal of interest at present. How many people (ask the "Daily News") could save off-hand the number of these communities now established in London? Here is a complete list.—Jesuits, Berkeley Square, Stamford Hill, Wimbledon, and Beaumont; Marists, Leicester Square and St. Paul's; Benedictines, Great Ormond Street and East; Carmelites or White Friars, Kensington; Dominicans or Black Friars, Haverstock Hill; Passionists, Highgate; Oratorians, Brompton; Servites, Fulham Road; Rosminians, Ely Place; Pallottines, Hatton Garden; Oblates of St. Charles, Baywater; Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Tower Hill and Kilburn; Franciscans, Forest Gate; Augustinians, Hoxton; Canons Regular of the Lateran, Stroud Green; Missionaries of Divine Love, Bethnal Green; Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Bratton; Brothers of Mercy, Walthamstow; Capuchins, Peckham; Salesians, Battersea; Carthusians, Parkminster; Christian Brothers, Denmark Hill; Xaverian Brothers, Clapham. All these are male communities. Those of women would make a list five times as large.

GROWING BABIES.

Need Watchful Care to Prevent Overfeeding and the Evils that Follow. Tablets or diarrhoea, I give him the tablets and he is soon relieved. The tablets regulate the bowels and do not cause after constipation as many medicines do. I have also found them beneficial in teething. Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones such as colic, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc. Children take them readily, and crushed or dissolved in water they can be given with ease and results to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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hundred movable pictures and figures. Every quarter of an hour the figure of a guardian angel appears on the left side of the principal field. The striking of the quarters is done by two angels, standing in the second recess on the left, while in the sixth recess two figures, at a time, are changing alternately. On the right side of the principal field the Angel of Death advances, pointing with his scythe to the dial centre angel of the second recess appears, holding an hourglass, while the angel on the right side above is sounding on the right side above in an allegorical figure represents sympathy, while above in the principal field, the guiding star of the principal appears. On the left side of the year cabinet stands a cock, which, five minutes before noon, beats its wings, stoops its neck, opens its beak and crows three times. When the picture shows "Spring" there appears a cuckoo above with the season "Summer" a quail comes forth on the left side, both calling "Moses." When the picture "Autumn" appears, the bull lying at the roars, and when "Winter" is indicated, a lion, which fits close to the clock strikes 12 Christ, twelve Apostles and a monk, standing in the portal below, rings his "Ave." The work contains also a small chime, which plays five minutes after the striking of an even hour, the melodies changing and each lasting one minute. This work has twelve little bells, and on the roller there are 997 pins, which make the music. Now that this patient worker has finished his task, he has been unable to find any one to buy it from him.—London Telegraph.

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Riding on the velvety. Every them. In the cars there were found in these of sequently greater. These same cars often wonder how get on if some heave were to o of which electric cease to be an grasp of man. The telephone ar for one week al What would be t to me that it volutionize the aginable departing car is not likely fore we must ta and deal with it. To my humble street car is ye greater permane kind than may be not have my remon that I a cars; on the en encourage that ap these same cars sem of transpo scientific genius u. I ride in the ca; that is to do not get the does not bind m system, and in the improvement use. My electro means anything) different consider tions. For the i fished with inda dangeous, and i tible in the m concerns the ag population; in the city or urban se nity. Let us begin w is a well-know cal economy tha suffer in prop of the produ no matter what eat, what we a any form, can source in the co fine to have lar mense manufactu sties for transp those signs at dustrial prospa tain and feed the producing c that yields the men that c Your baker may the finest bread make that bread flour; your grist mill the flour with the wheat. Now on St. James st cars have many that wheat. No wheat unless me Therefore, the reality upon who for your bread; other item of clothes that you order to emp that which inju curtains his mar the whole popul Therefore, if the is a source of m or fifteen year be a very inter that would sur You may ask p in horses in a rural populati raising horses t create his stock or devote hima branch of agri. Reflect for a m psee that since cling and the there are one t in use in this place of comput let us suppose and one hundre a year—putting purpose on st means five th and one hund of cats less in farming distri Montreal, and a rule, cuts an apical crops ar be grown, as n that will not p word, the farm

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1128.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work. (PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.)

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To-morrow, the 8th December, the Church celebrates the great festival of the Immaculate Conception. This is one of the most important feasts of the Blessed Mother of God, and is doubly so, in as much as the non-Catholic world seems ever to have had a special antipathy to the solemn truth contained in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It was upon the Eighth of December, 1854, that the great Pontiff Pius IX. proclaimed "ex-Cathedra" this most consoling and loveable doctrine. There is no devotion more characteristic of the Catholic Church than that which is paid to the Mother of God. She alone, of all the churches, proclaims the glory of Mary, and honors the Mother while adoring the Son. She alone supposes in Our Divine Lord the natural love of a child for his mother, and strives to reach His Heart by way of His Mother's sacred influence over Him. She alone seems to feel that to pay just tribute to the Mother is for the Son the most agreeable act, apart from the adoration of God, that can be performed. She alone has appreciated the full meaning of Redemption's stupendous work, and has beheld the absolute necessity of an Immaculate Mother for an Immaculate God. Hence it is that the spirit of devotion to Mary broadens into one of proportionate respect for womanhood, and the Church raises woman to the highest possible pinnacle of respect and consideration.

There is a something so refining in the devotion to the Blessed Virgin that it has become almost a phase or characteristic of Catholic life. Other churches may squander time, energies and means in seeking to emancipate the slave or enlighten the heathen, while ignoring the serfdom of vast numbers of Christians and the dense ignorance of others; but the Catholic Church alone has raised woman to her rightful position, has secured to her all her privileges and prerogatives, and has made her the companion, and not the slave of man. In her attitude towards the abominable law of divorce, and in placing sacramental value upon the bonds of matrimony the Church has constituted herself the guardian, the protectress and the savior of woman. And all this may be said to spring from one fruitful source, the love, veneration, and due respect for the most perfect model of womanhood, of virginity, and of motherhood in the person of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

It was consequently a veritable triumph for the true woman when the Church proclaimed to the world a dogma, the truth of which had been taught and believed since the days of Our Lord, but the actual necessity for the definition of which had not theretofore arisen. It is a feast that comes to us a little over two weeks before Christmas, and may serve as a preparation for that grand central event of the Christian year. There are untold indulgences and blessings associated with the devotions of to-morrow, and every Catholic knows that sublime invocation in which confidence is expressed that never was it known that any one who appealed to Mary was unanswered or allowed to perish.

A CLUB OF BIGOTS.—A London despatch of the 30th Nov. says that "the National Club of London, one of whose rules obliges its members to support and promote Protestantism as embodied in the articles of the Church of England, has fallen foul of Hall Caine, the novelist, and member of the House of Keys of the Isle of Man, who is a member of the club, for opening a Roman Catholic bazaar on the Isle of Man, and making a speech in which he spoke approvingly of the Roman Catholic Church, and referred to the Pope as "His Holiness" and "Holy Father." It looks very much as if Mr. Caine were going to be expelled from the club, as his offence is considered unpardonable. We are not at all surprised that

Hall Caine should be a member of such a club, considering the very loose Christianity displayed in his recent novels, notably "The Christian," nor does it astonish us that the club should be mortally offended at one of its members for using the language of common courtesy when speaking about a Church to people belonging to that Church. There is no limitation to the exactions of real bigotry. In the first place it is blind, and willfully blind. Then it knows no sentiment save that of antagonism in regard to the religion that it opposes. Any excess to which members of such a club might go need not surprise any person.

However, we feel for Mr. Caine. With all his errors of a doctrinal kind, and all his misconceptions of the true spirit of Catholicity, still we firmly believe that during his lengthy sojourn in Rome he did his very best to divest himself of his native prejudices and to see the centre of Christendom as it really is. He learned that the Pope is vastly different from the being represented to him by those who taught him the species of Christianity that he professes. He is an intelligent man, one who has travelled a great deal, and one who has met with a vast variety of men; consequently he could not fail to have been impressed by the personality of Leo XIII. Apart from all question of faith, considering him merely as a statesman, a litterateur, a philosopher, a man of the highest culture and the most perfect refinement, the present Pope challenges the admiration of the world, and only fools or the most ignorant of men can ignore his great claims to respect and veneration. In common with the rest of intelligent humanity, Hall Caine has noted the wondrous superiority of the venerable prisoner of the Vatican. That he should have acknowledged this when speaking to Catholics on such an occasion as a Church bazaar, is only natural and right. But the National Club thinks otherwise.

It is not well for a man to belong to such a club and to be, at the same time, a popular representative in an elective Legislature. Mr. Caine would have been a very strange politician had he declined to open a Catholic bazaar for the constituents who had just elected him to the House of Keys. He would be a still stranger one had he not spoken to these people in language appreciative of the merits that their Church must necessarily possess. The Catholics all the world over speak of the Pope as "His Holiness" and as the "Holy Father;" ordinary respect for those addressed would dictate similar terms to the man of another faith occupying the position that falls to the lot of Mr. Caine. To do otherwise would be both pedantic and stupid.

The incident, in itself, is not of very great consequence, for the National Club will never set the Tiber on fire, nor will Mr. Caine, even though a member of the House of Keys, influence the destiny of the Catholic Church one way or another; but it indicates the profundity of the ignorance that engenders the spirit of such a club and the lack of common respect for the sentiments of others that must characterize its members. In all probability Mr. Caine will find that a seat in the House of Keys, as a seat in any other Legislative Assembly, is not without its inconveniences. It is no easy matter to be elected of a mixed community and to satisfy all the elements that go to make up the electorate. However, had it not been for Mr. Caine's speech at that bazaar, we would never have known that such a club existed; and it is no harm to know its governing spirit.

A CANDID EXPRESSION.—There are a few of the anti-Irish element who oppose the idea of a university for higher Catholic education in Ireland, who seem to understand the situation. The "Daily Despatch," which has been investigating the subject, says:—

"The present university system of the Irish is denominational in a cowardly way. Let them do the

thing openly. The Catholics do not ask for the endowment of a single theological chair. They only wish support for their literary and scientific branches of instruction. They pay the piper. Why should they be denied the right to call the tune? This is the view of a paper which does not profess to take an interest in the promotion of the Catholic religion; which simply obeys the dictates of common sense.

STRONG STRICTURES.—Bishop Bilsborrow, speaking at a meeting of the Manchester Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, made use of language that leaves no room for doubt as to the position occupied by not a few Catholics and the views of the Church concerning it. The Bishop said:—

"You wealthy Catholics—at least a very large proportion of you—think you can save your souls whilst following out mere Epicurean ideas. Your motto seems to be: 'Eat, drink, and be merry, and reduce religious duties to a minimum.' You avoid contact with poverty, live in comfortable suburban houses, and seek pleasures not only on six days of the week, but often on seven. Do you not know that in the big cities there is flowing a great tide of life, and that there your presence is needed? The waves of religious indifference are washing away the weak and the young. What are you doing to help them? Have you no practical sympathy for them? The miseries of the poor are trying to flesh and blood. Why are you not offering solace, if not tendering assistance? Youths, who are as yet without experience in life, are surrounded by temptations. Why have you not held out to them the friendly hand which they require? You are afraid your respectability would suffer! Away with your respectability. What we want is genuine Christianity."

This is a stand, taken by an eminent prelate, which is calculated to awaken a large number from what seems to be a growing apathy.

LIFE OF LORD RUSSELL.—Mr. Barry O'Brien has written a biography of Lord Russell of Killowen. A Catholic reviewer says that while the work adds little to what is already known concerning the late Lord Chief Justice still "it strengthens the opinions already formed of Lord Russell's ability and disposition. The dominating power of his personality, his great kindness of heart, and the charming simplicity and strength of his love of home and creed come out in strong relief. His brilliant qualities as a lawyer were recognized by the highest legal authorities, but the highest legal authorities. As an active politician he used his influence as far as possible to put an end to jury-packing in Ireland. Indeed, the reason why he chose England rather than his native country for his professional career was because he held that the highest success was impossible for a Catholic lawyer in Ireland unless he forgot his early instincts or did 'dirty business' for the people in high places. The practice of his religion was ever dear to him, and in the Catholic Church at Beaumaris, whilst on his last circuit, when an acolyte was wanted he proffered his services."

CATHOLIC CONGRESSES.—In referring to the Catholic Congresses in Italy the Liverpool "Catholic Times" says:—

"Some time ago the Italian Government prohibited meetings held in the churches, the motive being to put a stop to the Catholic Congresses, which took place for the most part in the churches, under the presidency of the bishops. The circular forbidding the meetings assigned for the Government's action quite a number of reasons which were not merely unfounded pretexts, but also libels upon the Catholics of the country. The assemblages, it was asserted, were promoted by 'militant parties,' who carried into the sacred edifices profane passions which frequently caused angry polemics and even tumults and disorders; the churches were transformed into meeting places for intransigent, often hostile to the country and its institutions. Against these accusations the Central Council of the Catholic Congress Association has addressed an indignant protest to the Premier. The meetings, it is pointed out, have never been marked by disorder, but, on the contrary, being held under the personal direction of bishops and priests, have been both peaceful and reverent, and the business transacted at them was done in the full light of publicity, and testified to the pure motives of the delegates and their love of country and people. The truth is, of course, that the congresses have been held purely for the promotion

of religious and social work, but usurpers are always uneasy in the presence of rightful owners. Hence the Government's suspicions. The Catholic Congress Association maintains that the prohibition is illegal, and we shall, no doubt, hear a good deal more of the affair if the Government adheres to its persecuting policy."

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.—The November number of the "University of Ottawa Review" is just to hand, and contains some very interesting and instructive items. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Very Rev. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., the recently appointed rector of the institution. This illustration is followed by a full and detailed account of the reception tendered the new rector on the 22nd October last. Dr. Emery's reply to the address presented by the students is a most characteristic one, and indicates that the learned head of the university must be exactly what he describes himself, "an orthodox optimist"—the kind of man needed, in our days of doubt, unbelief, hesitation, fear, and uncertainty, to lead successfully in the grand work of Catholic education. We note another, a new feature in the "Review," which only suffices to be mentioned to establish its importance. It is entitled "Mainly About Books," "Compiled by Maurice Casey." Needless to introduce Mr. Casey to our readers; the very fact that he is to occupy a few pages of the "Review" every month, with his able and delightful written appreciations of books, should suffice to mark the "University of Ottawa Review" as one of the most welcome of monthly visitors.

AN EDIFYING INCIDENT.—When we hear of Catholics who are ashamed to be found making the Sign of the Cross, or giving any other external sign of the Faith that they profess, we are inclined to recall many incidents of an edifying character that have come to our knowledge. One of them is certainly worth repeating. During the recent football match between the Ottawa College team and the Argonauts of Toronto, some very critical moments were experienced. The College team is composed of French-Canadian and Irish-Catholic students of the Ottawa University. Two matches had to be played, as in the first one the honors were even, the teams scoring the same number of points each. At a critical point in the last half of the first match, when an error, or a slip of any kind would have given the victory to the Argonauts, one of the College team, an Irish lad, was seen to bless himself on the field. The College carried the point, and the almost assured triumph of the Argonauts became a mere draw. In the second match the College team won everything before them. This is a striking evidence of the deeply-inculcated principles that are received by the students of that institution, while the magnificent success that they have won in the athletic field goes far to show that in every branch of culture, physical, mental, moral and religious, as well as purely academic, the University of Ottawa keeps ever upon a level with the high standards derived from such men as the late Dr. Tabaret, and others amongst its founders and directors.

PROFESSION OF FAITH.—At the hour of death, when a man feels that this world is surely slipping away from him, and that he has no longer any hopes regarding mortal existence, his words must necessarily be of the most serious character. It is then that a man, a sincere, an honest man, speaks out his inmost convictions. In the will of the late Bishop Brownlow, of Clifton, we have a most beautiful and striking testimony to Catholic doctrine. He had long been a searcher after truth; he found it, at last; and when he had found that truth he had the courage and firmness to accept it. He had been drawn to the Catholic Church by study and a determination to know God's truth. As death approached he made use of these remarkable words: "I renew the profession of my unswerving faith in each and all the doctrines of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Into whose bosom I have by the grace of God been brought. I commend my soul into the hands of my Creator and Redeemer, and to the protection and patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God and all the saints."

CLOSED CHURCHES.—In certain localities our Catholic churches are not left open to worshippers all day long. During certain hours they are closed, except on special occasions. In London, Liverpool, and other very large centres in the old world, or rather in England, it is custom-

ary to close the churches during a portion of the day. Frequently inquiries are made as to the reason of this custom or practice, and we find a very sensible one given by a priest who communicates his views to one of our Catholic exchanges. He says:—

"Churches are closed because thieves enter in and steal. People generally have little idea of the depredations that go on in churches. In one I was connected with a Chief fastened and carried off a beautiful and valuable ivory figure from a crucifix; in another two men tore away and ran off with the alms box; in another a brass crucifix and vases were stolen; and so on in many other cases. The Blessed Sacrament is often left exposed to great danger. Indeed some day we shall, I fear, hear of some dreadful sacrilege. We cannot ignore these dangers, of which the public knows so little. Abroad the churches are open because they have guardians, and the poor through them all day. These facts should be known and understood."

CURE SWEARING.—We have had the gold cure for drink and various other kinds of cures for such like evils, but it has been reserved for Switzerland and Germany to inaugurate a "Curse Cure." According to a London contemporary "curse cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets and when they hear bad language, present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a pledge to abstain from swearing for a specified time, or to pay a small fine for each oath to some charity. Nearly 40,000 of these cards have been distributed in Switzerland alone. There may be need of such reminders, even in our own country, and in this very city of Montreal; but we would not care to personally undertake the distribution of "Curse Cards." The people who are not in the habit of cursing or swearing have no need of them, and it would be an insult to offer one to any of them. People who do curse are generally of a class who would fail to appreciate the motive of the card distributor, and who would be very likely to break another law of the land by testing that person's powers of resistance under pugilistic punishment. As a rule the handing around of cards is not the surest means of checking an evil or elevating a moral standard.

YOUNG MEN AND MARRIAGE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

In special columns of several of our Catholic exchanges are to be found varied and sometimes conflicting opinions regarding the apparent lack of desire on the part of the average young man to get married. One of the causes assigned by a contemporary is that young men fear to attempt the supplying of all the luxuries to which young girls are accustomed. We do not deny that there is here a very fair argument against the lives of ease and dependence which many young girls lead in their father's homes. To some of these it never costs a thought how the future may shape itself; provided they have all their desires satisfied they never dream of inquiring whence come the means to support their existence of comfort and satiety. But there is also another side to the medal. We, of course, are referring to Catholics, for the marriage question stands upon an entirely different footing in regard to non-Catholics. The terrors that the divorce court has introduced into the domestic domain are not a factor in the calculations of the Catholic young man; he has scarcely any need to calculate upon such chances, for his religion hedges him in against the menaces of divorce. Nor need we trouble ourselves with any of the other obstacles to an increase in marriages amongst those outside our own church.

As far as the Catholic young man is concerned we fear that there is another reason why he is not very anxious to take upon himself the responsibilities of a home. He is desirous of retaining all the liberty that he has enjoyed as a young man, and is not quite prepared to make the sacrifices that are absolutely imperative in the case of true Christian marriage. There are associations to be broken, habits to be modified, pleasures to be foregone, and the young man does not feel equal to the duty. It is impossible for the one who has assumed the responsibilities of a home to devote the time that of old he gave to social enjoyments, to club life, to the entertainment of friends, to sports and pastimes; we make no reference to night more questionable. The ties of life must be changed

ed with the change in condition. That which was given to the world in general must henceforth be given to the narrower and more intimate circle of his own home-world; the acquaintances of younger years must step aside to make way for those who become dependent on him. We need not go into details, nor construct a list of the changes that married life render obligatory; but it is obvious that a certain degree of sacrifice is demanded of the young man who steps from one sphere into the other. Nor do we intend to dwell upon the compensations that await him, the serene enjoyments that are in store for him; we simply desire to point out that he necessarily must be prepared to place some accustomed restraints upon what might be called his individual freedom. It is this, we fear, that the average young man does not like to undertake. The spirit of self-sacrifice is almost a stranger to society in our day; and yet, it is the only means to lasting enjoyment and real contentment. There is a satisfaction that follows an act of sacrifice that contrasts most potently with the void that succeeds an act of self-gratification. We do not always see things in this light, hence so many hesitate on the threshold of marriage, waver, draw back, and finally drift into the perpetual loneliness that isolation or solitude creates.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Fifty golden years have passed since St. Francis Xavier's Church in New York, now the most important foundation of the Jesuit Order in America, says an American exchange. The anniversary is to be commemorated by a three days' celebration of solemn ecclesiastical pomp and civic rejoicing, commencing with a Pontifical High Mass on Sunday morning, Dec. 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The celebrant of the Mass will be Cardinal Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., and an elaborate musical programme has been arranged for the occasion by Dr. Gaston M. Dethier, choirmaster and organist of the church. In the evening there will be solemn Vespers, at which Archbishop Corrigan will give the benediction. A reminiscence sermon will be preached by the Rev. Augustus Langcake, S.J., the only survivor of the founders of the parish.

On the following evening the memorial tribute of the friends and associates of the parish, the Church and the college, will be paid in the college theatre. The theatre has been newly decorated in a most attractive manner by one of the community, Brother Francis Schreen. He calls it plastic chasing, a novel and effective style of decorating, which will be finished in time for the celebration, Brother Schreen, after attaining distinction as a decorator, abandoned the world some time ago, joined the Jesuits as a lay brother, and now gives all his time to the decoration of churches and houses of the Order. There will be historical addresses at this gathering by representatives of the various organizations connected with the foundation. Bourke Crockran, who has been a pewholder in the Church for a number of years, will speak for the parish at large. Dr. Charles G. Horbermann, a graduate of the class of '38 and president of the Alumni Association, will speak for the college and the many thousand students that have been enrolled in its list since it was established in 1847. Supreme Court Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, also an old student, will represent the Xavier Alumni Sodality, one of the large fraternities connected with the institution and the parent of the Catholic Club. Other addresses in the same historical vein will be made on behalf of the Xavier Literary Society by Alfred J. Talley, for the Xavier Club by Assemblyman James E. Duroes and for the St. Vincent de Paul Society by Louis B. Binns. There will also be appropriate musical selections. Cardinal Martinelli, Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop McDonald and many other notable ecclesiastics are expected to be present.

THE SACRED COLLEGE.

There is always more or less speculation in the press regarding the coming consistories in Rome and the probabilities regarding the Cardinals to be created. At present, unless some cardinal dies between this and the assembling of the consistory usually held by the Pope about Christmas time, there will be only four red hats to be bestowed by His Holiness then. The Sacred College, when filled, consists of seventy cardinals, corresponding to the seventy disciples, divided among the three orders, thus: Six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests and fourteen cardinal deacons. Seldom is the college filled, and when once its ranks are completed, they do not remain so long. For most of their eminences are old men when they receive the red hat, and do not long retain it. Not before the election of Leo XIII., has the college had so many members as now. In 1892 it had but fifty members. In 1862 and again in 1886 it had sixty-five cardinals. In his reign of nearly twenty years Leo XIII. has created at least 100 cardinals, of whom nearly sixty have died. Only three of those who took part in his election still survive.

THE MA

It is purely of have taken up mayoralty, a enormous edito from the city few days, we reproduce, we d make clear the able. We are o ever been, to os and to monopol the files of the the past fifty y it will be fou never contained editorially, or would militate a distribution of p sentation amon of our mixed p spirit, that whic nicipal interests, us, and we are it also prevails a portant section of dian people, as n article from "La have translated this heading. We tomed to have e ment in the com ately represented It will be seen editorials herew certain of our c wish to have it Irish Catholic ca to take place. A part of a carefu plain against wh Irish Catholic rep papers assume th the candidate of moreover, that t other one. On th 'build up the fabri and analysis of t Doran deserves to he has earned th srious of using it wonderfully succo two years ago. I membered that sc of the Irish Cath taken place, and been regularly an Consequently a ment of the Irish no representative alleged interviewe date in the last i is manifestly unfa misleading. Th whether Mr. Dor be the choice of element as candid that element has to have one of i the civic chair d term.

The "Witness" way to accuse Mr ay prejudices ag his people by the the chair at the tendered the Irish representatives. If ness' states be tr try is none the b sence of those could be so easily cause as Presiden Society Mr. Doran occasion the "WH ed, we simply refer the article from " we give below; "Witness" finds it ed by utterances we reproduce h words of that gen defy any citizen, t otic, fair-minded, the slightest caus language made us sion. This is me same scheme to Catholic element track, until the rushes past—no m element occupie t press.

We have insisted necessity for our situation, to take lock, and to select time manner t and they can now vice was not inop OSTRACISM AC turn of an English Mr. Prefontaine h spondibility of br standing pact by French should p turn about. It is of an Irishman. I over, that Mr. Pre ple on the agreem Doran, especially the strongest so against himself a tion of the English would stand no c Prefontaine. The only been intende is to get a F whom the public a candidate has b person of Dr. J who has the mos dence of all who h Prefontaine. He only been intende tion at the start Mr. Ames and s sons on both sid Mr. Prefontaine's

THE MAYORALTY AND ITS LESSONS.

It is purely on principle that we have taken up this question of the mayoralty, and in view of the numerous editorial pronouncements from the city press within the past few days, some of which we have reproduced, we deem it our duty to make clear the nature of that principle. We are opposed, and have ever been, to ostracism of any class and to monopoly of any kind. If the files of the "True Witness" for the past fifty years are examined, it will be found that this organ has never contained one word, either editorially or otherwise, that would militate against the fair distribution of patronage and representation amongst all the elements of our mixed population. The olden spirit, that which prevailed for long years in this city in matters of municipal interests, still survives with us, and we are happy to note that it also prevails amongst a very important section of the French-Canadian people, as may be seen by the article from "La Patrie," which we have translated and placed under this heading. We have been accustomed to have each important element in the community proportionately represented in the civic chair.

It will be seen by some of the editorials herewith published that certain of our city organs would wish to have it understood that no Irish Catholic candidature is likely to take place. All this is merely part of a carefully planned campaign against what we might style Irish Catholic representation. These papers assume that Mr. Doran is the candidate of our people, and, moreover, that there can be no other one. On this assumption they build up the fabric of their criticism and analysis of the situation. Mr. Doran deserves to be the candidate; he has earned that right, if it is desirous of using it, by his plucky and wonderfully successful contest of two years ago. But it must be remembered that so far no convention of the Irish Catholic electorate has taken place, and no candidate has been regularly and officially chosen. Consequently to found the statement of the Irish Catholics having no representative in the field upon alleged interviews with their candidate in the last mayoralty contest, is manifestly unfair and ungenerous, and misleading. The question is not whether Mr. Doran is or is not to be the choice of the Irish Catholic element as candidate; but whether that element has or has not a right to have one of its number occupy the civic chair during the coming term.

The "Witness" has gone out of its way to accuse Mr. Doran of stirring up prejudices against himself and his people by the fact of occupying the chair at the reception recently tendered the Irish Parliamentary representatives. If what the "Witness" states be true, then the country is none the better for the presence of those whose prejudices could be so easily aroused. If because as President of St. Patrick's Society Mr. Doran presided on that occasion the "Witness" is displeased, we simply refer that organ to the article from "La Patrie," which we give below; if, however, the "Witness" finds its prejudices aroused by utterances of Mr. Doran, then we reproduce herewith the exact words of that gentleman, and we defy any citizen, any honest, patriotic, fair-minded man to discover the slightest cause for offence in the language made use of on that occasion. This is merely part of the same scheme to shunt the Irish Catholic element into some "side track," until the mayoralty train rushes past—no matter what other element occupies that limited express.

LEAGUE.—There is speculation as to the coming of the Cardinals to the city, unless some other arrangement will be made. Dr. Lachapelle, a man who has the most complete confidence of all who know him, and has only been induced to accept nomination at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Amos and others, including persons on both sides of politics. If Mr. Prefontaine was not in the field

we should counsel an effort to get an English-speaking Mayor, but while his is the prime object is to get him out, as he uses his position with great ability to obstruct measures of reform and to encourage the reactionary element in the Council. —Daily Witness.

SOME IRISH WRITERS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

MR. DORAN'S SPEECH.—Mr. W. E. Doran said: It is my pleasant duty and my esteemed privilege to preside at this meeting, and to introduce to you the distinguished leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Mr. John E. Redmond, (applause), and his worthy colleagues, Mr. McHugh and Mr. O'Donnell (cheers). It also devolves upon me, in the name of St. Patrick's Society and of all the other Irish societies of this city, to tender to them a hearty welcome. (Applause). The fact that they have come from Ireland, and that their mission is for Ireland, entitles them to that welcome. I thank you for having given them a real "craic-mille-faith" (cheers). It has been frequently remarked that we here in Canada ought not to interest ourselves in European issues, but that we should devote our time to building up our country. I do not subscribe to that selfish doctrine. (Applause). The Irishman, while always true to the land of his adoption, never forgets the land where he or his forefathers were born. As Canadians we are proud of our native land. We are desirous of promoting her interests. To her we owe, and for her we are willing to shed the last drop of our blood. (Cheers). But Canadian citizenship has its rights, and one of these rights is to elect those who are struggling to obtain the same blessings of self-government that we enjoy. (Applause). And what people or race is more entitled to our sympathy and support than the Irish people at home? (Cheers). We cannot forget that we are descendants of those people. It was in this spirit that, when it was known that the Irish envoys were on the ocean, St. Patrick's Society decided to invite them to visit the commercial metropolis of Canada. We felt confident that they would receive a hearty welcome in Montreal, and that great meeting showed that this confidence was entirely justified. I now call upon Mr. John E. Redmond, the leader of the Irish race at home and abroad. (Applause).

A FRENCH-CANADIAN VIEW.

An English contemporary of this city suggests the name of one of our most distinguished compatriots as a candidate for the mayoralty, and it gives as a reason for his choice the fact that an English-speaking candidate might not be successful. This implies an accusation of narrowness amongst the French-Canadians, which we believe it our duty to repel.

We believe that the French-Canadians have amply proven their spirit of toleration in the past. Witness the election of Mr. Abbott as Mayor of Montreal over Mr. Rainville.

We have recently expressed the wish that our English fellow-citizens should have the selection of the next Mayor of Montreal. We relied then as to-day upon the liberality of our people.

Our contemporary which had at first shown sympathy for the candidature of Mr. Doran declares now that he has aroused too many prejudices against himself in presiding at the reception of Mr. John E. Redmond.

We believe that this is giving a very bad reason to oppose the candidature of the President of St. Patrick's Society.

We cannot now declare in advance that Mr. Doran should present himself for the suffrages of the citizens as we do not wish to dictate to our fellow-citizens in the selection of a mayor. We wish only to protest against the ostracism of an eminent Irishman who in his capacity as President of the Irish National Society, has only done his duty in presiding at this demonstration in honor of the leader of his race in the British Parliament.

And if there had been some danger by this fact of arousing prejudices and dislikes we esteem the more the man who had the courage to brave them.

We admire strength of character wherever it is found. Moreover, in this circumstance, Mr. Doran was perfectly correct in his attitude—La Patrie.

THE HERALD'S DIPLOMACY.

This is the "Herald's" view of the situation.—The fact that Mr. W. E. Doran entered the field against Mr. Prefontaine when the belief in the Mayor's invincibility was general, and that his campaign was the first tangible indication of the degree to which Mr. Prefontaine's strength had been overestimated, made it wholly natural that his name should be prominently mentioned when a new contest approached. In a characteristically frank announcement, Mr. Doran now intimates that the support his candidature has received does not warrant its assuming the responsibility towards the public of entering upon another contest for the office. By this pronouncement the only gentleman whose friends might be free to urge on his behalf any exceptional claims for consideration, voluntarily relieves from the field and leaves the situation just what it was before his nomination two years ago, and imposes upon those citizens who are concerned for the good government of Montreal the obligation of finding a candidate with whom they can defeat Mr. Prefontaine. It is to be hoped that an effort will now be made to get together an influential committee of leading citizens representative of all divisions of the population, and that out of the resulting consultation there may be evolved a nomination that will command hearty

support. It is unfortunate that Mr. Prefontaine, after his many soothing declarations in the past, should force this course upon the public; but he has done so, and if his challenge is not accepted the city will deserve to suffer the penalty of its worse than neglect.

SOME IRISH WRITERS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

in the eyes of a critical and antagonistic world, is deserving of a niche in the temple of Irish literature. It is upon principle that we gladly grant the wit and genius, the varied gifts of the writers, we cannot but deplore the consequences of their labors, and we feel perfectly confident that Ireland and the Irish cause would have been ever since the better off had they never written.

There is another paragraph in the article before us which gratifies upon our appreciative sense. The writer says: "The poetry of the Young Ireland period, considered purely as poetry, is, perhaps, disappointing. There is wonderful music in some of Mangin's lyrics, and fine vigor in those of Davis; but, taken as a whole, the poems and ballads are wanting in that subtle suggestiveness and melody which mark the highest lyrical poetry."

We cannot possibly here enter into all the distinctions between the lyric, the ballad and the ordinary poem. But our friend of the "Visitor" seems to confound them. We would suggest the reading of the "Introduction" to Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," published in 1855. Let us quote a few disjointed sentences from that admirable review. "The people after all are the great judges of the artist's hand, and the most profound in their appreciation of the art of the poet. They feel its influence, while others analyze its philosophy; and the muse is elevated or otherwise, according to the power with which the artist's hand touches the popular ear. Dryden strove partially to exhibit Chaucer in the costume of modern phraseology, but the simple, vigorous verse of the original is preferred to the classic grace of the elaborate imitation. We have no great sympathy with philosophic poetry. Poetry, like history, has lost its primitive simplicity, and adopted the speculative and philosophic tendency."

Further on, in the same review of Ireland's poetry, the writer says: "The poet who has sung for the people has rarely yet been neglected; and he who has been neglected by the people need sing no more. He may amuse a small class of readers who prefer the delicate touches of the artist's hand to the bounding passion of the poet's heart—the artificial flower to the simple daisy. With such persons, poetry is merely to tickle the fancy. It has no higher mission." Again we read: "It requires neither the abstraction of analysis, nor the careful induction of logical investigation to unravel the mysteries of the muse. Poetry is judged by the heart only, and its beauties are understood intuitively. There is a 'suggestiveness,' subtle as your will, which is lacking in the poetry of young Ireland, and we thank God that such is the case. It must be remembered that the fabrication of polished verse is not necessarily the creation of poetry. The men and women of 'The Nation' write poetry, and they do not seek to construct verses, they were too poetic and impulsive."

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—It is with great regret that we learned this week that Rev. Father McDermott, the highly esteemed curate of St. Mary's, has been suffering from a temporary illness which necessitates his withdrawal from active work for some time. It must have been gratifying, however, for Father Melermott to learn, by a very practical demonstration, how sincerely appreciated his labors have been by the good people of St. Mary's parish. This sentiment they gave expression to in the form of an address, and in the more tangible form of a purse of gold, both of which were presented to the Rev. Father on Tuesday evening last in the basement of the Church. Rev. P. Heffernan presided on that occasion, and Mr. James Morley read the address and made the presentation. The gift of the parishioners was the result of efforts on the part of the ladies, amongst whom Mrs. Singleton and Miss Harvey were most prominent. With all the parishioners of St. Mary's, and all his friends throughout the city, we sincerely join in wishing Father McDermott a speedy recovery, and safe return to this city, as the field of his future labor.

THE NAZARETH INSTITUTE.

The annual dinner in aid of the Nazareth Institute for the Blind, which was held in the large reception hall of the institution last week, was the event of this season in Catholic circles of this city. The attendance was simply marvellous. Fifteen hundred representatives of both sexes, of Montreal's leading families, of various nationalities and creeds, honored the occasion with their presence, and partook, during the evening, of the sumptuous repast which the enthusiastic patronesses of the most deserving institution had prepared with so much taste, delicacy and art. Hon. Dr. Guerin presided, and

honored were many members of the local clergy and leading public men. The hall was an ideal one, and well suited for such functions. The ladies who organized the undertaking were made the recipients of great praise for the successful manner in which all the arrangements were conducted. They certainly deserved the kind words of approval which were expressed by hundreds of the guests during the evening. From every point of view, the dinner was a veritable triumph.

LOYOLA L. AND A. CLUB.

A novel and very interesting euchre has been given by the members of the Loyola Literary and Art Club. This was called a "Literary Inauguration," and was held in the pretty hall of the York Chambers, St. Catherine street. Each player represented a book, the names of which were written on the tally cards. Twenty tables were used by the young people for euchre, which was kept up for two hours, after which dainty refreshments were served. Among the chaperones of the evening were noticed: Mrs. DeWolf, Mrs. L. L. L., Mrs. M. M., Mrs. N. N., Mrs. O. O., Mrs. P. P., Mrs. Q. Q., Mrs. R. R., Mrs. S. S., Mrs. T. T., Mrs. U. U., Mrs. V. V., Mrs. W. W., Mrs. X. X., Mrs. Y. Y., Mrs. Z. Z., Mrs. A. A., Mrs. B. B., Mrs. C. C., Mrs. D. D., Mrs. E. E., Mrs. F. F., Mrs. G. G., Mrs. H. H., Mrs. I. I., Mrs. J. J., Mrs. K. K., Mrs. L. L., Mrs. M. M., Mrs. N. N., Mrs. O. O., Mrs. P. P., Mrs. Q. Q., Mrs. R. R., Mrs. S. S., Mrs. T. T., Mrs. U. U., Mrs. V. V., Mrs. W. W., Mrs. X. X., Mrs. Y. Y., Mrs. Z. 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THE TRAGEDY OF A VOICE.

By JOHN A. FOOTE, in the "ROSARY MAGAZINE."

The city was wrapped in a dense, January fog. A chilling, misty rain was falling, and the asphalt was treacherously slippery with half-melted sleet. From the North and East rivers came the hoarse whistles of the belated ferry-boats, and mingled with the rush of the elevated railroad trains and the whir of the cable cars. Twilight was falling, and the tall buildings, frowning down on the City Hall, with their thousands of windowed eyes, were steadily feeding the restless stream of humanity that surged around and across lower Broadway. Prosperous looking men from the office buildings, workmen with lunch pails, well dressed clerks, pretty girls from the large stores, gaudily attired women with painted cheeks, faded creatures from the factories—all of these types and many more were there, and they pushed and jostled one another in the rush and hurry of the evening hour, forgetful of all save their own particular aim or destination. The day's work was finished and they were going to their homes. All day their thoughts had been given to the care of business or work; now each one thought only of himself.

A sleety snow mingled with the rain, and the gas lamps shone with a murky halo around them. The weather was growing colder. Scarcely any one noticed a pathetic little figure that stood near the corner of Chambers street, gazing at the hurrying crowd with amazed eyes—an emigrant lad, with a dark, Italian face, and clustering curls, that hung over his large brown eyes in a picturesque tangle. He was clad in one of the odd-looking, braided, velvet suits that are worn by Italian emigrants, and close to his side he clutched a small guitar wrapped in a faded cover.

The noise, the throng of people, the fearful streets, where one dared not to cross, the cold breezes, the strange language and the strange, selfish people—all so different from his mountain home in Italy, made him tremble with fright and timidity. He knew not where to go, for really Francesco, who induced him to come to America, had deserted him, taking his little store of money. He had eaten nothing since morning; he was weak from want of food, and he feared that his guitar, that he loved so dearly, would be injured by the rain. Every once in a while he clasped it close to his side to shield it, and glanced around, apprehensively, for he knew that if one of those great, blue-coated men should see him standing, they would push him out into the crowd that hurried along without cessation.

He crouched in a niche in one of the massive buildings, watching apprehensively for the policeman, his teeth chattering with cold and fright.

"Santa Maria, help me!" he prayed over and over again. And then the tears stole down his cheeks and he began to sob hysterically. Even the hoarse, Virgin could not hear his prayer in that awful noise; the city was a wicked place.

Night had fallen, and the traffic on the street gradually lessened. He stretched his cramped limbs and started to walk again, past the huge buildings that now shone resplendent in the glare of thousands of lights. For a while his mind was diverted by the scene, and he paused with an ejaculation of pleased surprise before a window filled with beautiful cut flowers. Then there were large dining rooms where white-coated waiters were serving food to throngs of people. He could smell the appetizing odors, and they served to remind him of his own gnawing hunger all the more forcibly.

Soon the streets were filled with carriages. Men wearing tall hats and beautiful ladies with furs and diamonds passed by and thronged the entrances of the theatres. At one large building stood hundreds of coaches, and he was fascinated with the beauty of the scene in the lobby. There were some Italian words on the bill-board and he knew that the building was a great opera house. Some of his countrymen were in there, for the bills said Signor, and was not that Italian? There was a fascination for him in those few words of his native tongue, and he waited near the theatre until the throng again filled the streets and the last carriage had been driven away.

Wearily and heart sick he crossed the street and tottered along until he came to a stairway leading down underneath a building to a restaurant. He felt that, come what might, he could not go any farther, and so he curled himself up in a corner of the stairway and, clutching his guitar to his breast, closed his eyes.

It seemed only a second later when he awoke with a start, and found a dark-eyed, kindly-faced man in evening dress, leaning over him. And oh! happiness, he was speaking Italian!

"What is the matter little one?" he asked.

Angelo poured out his troubles in a torrent of language and with a wealth of expressive sobs and gestures.

"And you have had nothing to eat?" interrupted the newcomer.

"Well! I must attend to that. I must not let my little countryman starve. Come with me."

He assisted the boy to his feet, and taking his hand, led him down the steps to the underground cafe, which was largely frequented by musicians and painters. There were a number of dignified looking men in the place, and a veritable confusion of tongues prevailed, for some of the men spoke in Italian while others conversed in French, German or English. When Angelo's protector entered the room, leading the boy by the hand, he was immediately recognized by a merry group seated at a table near the door.

"Ho there! Carlucci," shouted one of them, "come over here and give us an account of your doings. What is that boy; a cupid in disguise, or a Valkyrie, sent by Odin to help you in your arguments against our intemperance? You know," said the speaker, laughingly turning to his companions, "Carlucci is always making wonderful finds. Come, now, Carlucci, tell us the romance of this street beggar."

Angelo's protector took the badinage with an air of quiet seriousness. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a little countryman of mine whom I found starving at the door of this cafe. He is not a beggar; he is a Southern Italian like myself. Adversity can teach us how to starve, but it will never force us to beg."

"Bravo! bravo!" laughed the first speaker. "You are ever the same, Carlucci, pride and sentiment, turtle dove and peacock—a true Italian." Carlucci smiled with the others at this sally, and moved to an unoccupied table, where he seated the child and called for a waiter.

"Food such as he had never even dreamed of eating was set before the famished boy and he was given a draught of wine from his native land that brought the color back to his cheeks. Now that the worried expression was gone from his face, he looked a handsome youth of fifteen, or thereabout. His features were decidedly Italian, and there was not a little resemblance between the boy and his protector, who was the leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"But I have seen such a tenor as Carlucci," said the critic. "He was a wonder, a phenomenon." Carlucci, to whom praise was as food to other people, was supremely happy in his prosperity and popularity. The sight of the little home-taken, so like himself, a few years past, awakened strange memories in the singer, and when the boy had finished eating, he commenced to ply him with questions.

"Of course you sing," he said.

"Only a little, Signor," answered the lad, bashfully.

"But I am sure you can sing me one of the old songs—the songs the village lads sing under the chestnut trees on moonlight evenings. It has been many years since I heard them."

There was a gentle appeal in his tone, and the boy bashfully unwrapped his guitar and after tuning it, began to sing in a beautiful voice one of the sweet old folk-songs of Italy. At first he sang low and with hesitation, but gradually as he forgot his surroundings, his voice grew stronger and the few occupants of the other tables turned away from their food and drink and faced the singer.

The Southern temperament, so impulsive, and so susceptible to influence, was strongly developed in Carlucci, and he was deeply moved by the song. He leaned forward in his chair, his eyes fixed on the youth and his whole nature drinking in the old familiar melody of his native land that floated in exquisite cadence from the lips of the waif.

The air, the sky, the beauty of Italy sounded in this voice so crude and so free from all art. It was perfection, it was heaven itself, that song—and when the boy, having finished, gazed apologetically at Carlucci, he jumped from his chair and clasped the urchin in his arms.

"Is he not a wonder?" he cried out, enthusiastically, to the others who had crowded up at the conclusion of the song. "Such a voice! And I found him, starving; yes, starving in the streets. But now he shall want for nothing; he will be to me as my own son, and I will train his voice myself. Some of you have been kind enough to say that Carlucci will never have a successor. Perhaps I shall not; but in this boy I will have a continuation. What is your name, my lad?"

"Angelo Pietro," answered the boy.

"Walter, some wine! Now gentlemen, we will drink to the future of the great tenor that I will make— to the health of Angelo Pietro."

"To his health and yours," they responded, and the glasses clinked a chime of welcome to the new singer, who sat with downcast head abashed at the furore that he had created.

Five years had passed since the night when Carlucci found the little boy and took him under his protection. In that period the child had grown into a man, tall and graceful, with Greek features and Italian eyes. His voice, too, had grown under Carlucci's careful training until even his teacher was surprised at its wonderful range and purity of tone. No other person had ever heard him sing, for Carlucci had forbidden that, and the boy, remembering his obligation, had never disobeyed the injunction. So it was that Angelo had no knowledge of

the wonderful latent power of his voice, and he continued to regard Carlucci as the greatest artist in the world. He hoped some day to be able to sing nearly as well as his teacher, but he dreamed of this achievement as something entirely objective—something that he might obtain through Carlucci's training and influence.

But from the very beginning the tenor realized that his pupil, with youth and beauty to assist his marvellous voice, would set the musical world in a furore, and that even his own achievements would pale into insignificance before the new star. So he determined to hold his own prestige in the kingdom of song as long as his voice would permit. There would be plenty of time for Angelo after that, he told himself.

Despite this apparent selfishness of Carlucci's a wonderful friendship existed between the two men, but praise had become to the tenor almost as dear as life itself, and though he loved Angelo with an affection that was almost paternal, his vanity would not allow him to sacrifice fame on the altar of friendship.

Carlucci was now forty-five years old, and for the past three years he had watched with a morbid fear for any sign of weakness in his voice. He knew that he could not preserve the youthful vigor of his tones for many more years, and he wished to be able to notice before critics should the signs of deterioration. Now, he told himself, the time had come for his retirement. Apparently in the prime of his career, he would make way for Angelo's appearance, and thus reap the benefit of praise for his seemingly magnanimous act. He was flattered by the storm of protest that the announcement of his intention created. The critics bewailed that the stage was to lose "the greatest tenor of the age," and stoutly asserted that no novice could take Carlucci's place to their satisfaction. The public wrote letters of indignant protest to the newspapers, and said that, no matter how well Carlucci's pupil might sing, he would not act his role like the great tenor. The manager, fearing a lack of patronage, besought Carlucci to reconsider his determination, but the tenor remained obdurate.

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Notes for the Household.

TO CARE EYES.—The eyes shouldn't be coddled, said the distinguished oculist. Possibility the theory was not wholly disinterested. Oculists must live. One's eyes are intended to meet one's usual requirements, he continued. "If they will not do it, it is because something is wrong with them. Right that wrong by glasses that produce normal visual conditions. Then go ahead. Of course, there are some forms of work and of folly that are particularly disastrous to the eyes, but the eyes of a healthy person will stand any abuse that doesn't pass reason. "Take this matter of reading on the cars. It is a trifle hard on the eyes, but it ought not to make trouble. If it does, it is because the person needs glasses, and in his place, I would get proper glasses and go on with my reading. "Then, if my eyes still troubled me, I would know there was something seriously out of order in them or in my general health, and I would look into the matter thoroughly. "Unwillingness to wear glasses is at the root of more eye trouble than any other one thing. That is why women suffer more with their eyes than men do. Their vanity prevents their adopting the obvious remedy for the trouble. "The need becomes too urgent to be set aside. The ordinary man hates the inconvenience of glasses, but doesn't agonize because they are unbecoming. "I've wondered a good deal about this question of glasses. I don't know that I believe it worth while to go to a good oculist and pay his fee, unless one is sure the trouble is a serious one. It is all a matter of dollars and cents. If a man is rich, let him go to the best oculist he can find and increase his chances of satisfactory glasses to the maximum; but, personally, if money were an object to me, I'd gamble on my chances of getting what I needed at a good optician's shop. The chance would be good. I suppose it is bad policy to advance the theory, but, as a matter of fact, most people can get the glasses they need without consulting an oculist, who, by virtue of experience and ability, has the right to charge a whopping fee. At any rate the scale of chance justifies the experiment. If it doesn't succeed, here are we standing ready to do the work and charge for it. "Naturally, one must exercise common sense in the use of one's eyes. When I say 'don't coddle them,' I don't mean that one must put them to absolutely irrational strain. I've had patients who ruined their eyes for life by trying to watch an eclipse without smoked glass, and I've seen search-light men who looked at the light until they burned their retina beyond cure; but reading, writing, theatre-going and all that sort of thing ought not to strain normal eyes or eyes properly spectacles. "There are a lot of traditions about caring for the eyes that ought to be scattered to the four winds. They were exploded long ago, but the public clings to them and no professional man might as well tilt against a time-honored belief. I suppose that, to the end of time, a mother will believe she is doing the wise thing for her student son by putting him in a comparatively

dark room, with a shade lamp falling across his left shoulder, upon the pages of his book. That's the real thing for students. "I know grown-up and intelligent men who pride themselves upon doing their reading or studying in that fashion. That theory is dead, dead as Pharaoh; but the public hasn't buried it. "Every oculist to-day knows that the glare of light on the book contrasted with the shade of the room and its other objects is harmful to the eyes. If the reader lifts his eyes, even for a second, from the page, he gives his ocular nerves a wrench and strain. If one reads in the evening one should do it in a room well lighted throughout. The lights should be high above one's head, entirely out of ocular range unless one should choose to look up at them. The more the quantity and pervasiveness of the artificial light is like daylight, the better for the eyes. I'm not advising the glare of a dairy kitchen, but an even, clear all-pervading light, by which one can read without having an extra light to fall directly upon the book. There are your modern ideal conditions for reading and study; but it isn't always possible to have such light and if it were, people wouldn't give up their shades and student lamps. "Theatre and opera try the eyes for the same reason that the ordinary reading light does. The lights are turned down in the auditorium and concentrated on the stage, and the eyes are constantly called upon to adjust themselves to rapid change from dark to light. The only way to mitigate the evil is to avoid looking at anything at all in the darkened house, while the curtain is up, not even at the companion sitting beside one. Consulting the programme in the gloom and then turning one's eyes back to the brilliant stage is hard on any eyes. Strong eyes should stand it, but there's no use in imposing upon even a willing worker. "Worry will affect the eyes as quickly as anything in the world. People often come to me and tell me they have injured their eyes by crying a great deal. That is all nonsense. Nothing serious ever happens to the eyes from mere crying; but the thing that makes one cry hurts the eyes—the worry and grief back of the tears. "The eyes echo the general nervous system. Half the time people think their eyes need treatment when it is general nerve treatment they need. Glasses will not help them, save possibly to rest tired nerves and muscles temporarily. The man or woman who worries and frets is generally elected to eye trouble, and not only that, but to the net work lines around the eyes, which a woman hates worse than the pain. Many a person would be able to throw away his glasses if he could live sanely and get into a normal healthy condition of nerve. "If the eyes are weak, tired or inflamed temporarily, there are simple things that may relieve them. Just what benefits one most under such conditions one must learn by experience. For some people hot water bathing is a benefit. Other eyes are helped by cold water. If one goes to an oculist and get his advice, one must merely experiment and find what gives relief. Except rarely neither the hot nor the cold water will harm the eye.

Story of a Conversion.

"Well, Mary, I'm not satisfied," said a respectable-looking young tradesman to his wife, as he was walking home one Sunday evening from the Episcopal Church, where they had been together. "I don't see how there can be two faiths and two churches, when the Apostle tells us there is but 'one faith, one hope and one baptism,' and that our Lord Himself said He had founded His Church on a rock, and 'the gates of hell should not prevail against it.' "But, Ralph," replied Mary gently, "don't you recollect Mr. Andrews telling us that though all this was very true, we might be quite content, because we were a branch of this one true Church?" "That's all very fine talking, my dear," answered her husband, "but if it be a branch, why are we not allowed to go to the parent tree? Whereas you know he lectured us all in the pulpit last week for going to see that procession of the 'Blessed Sacrament' in St. Peter's Catholic Church; and said it was being 'unfaithful to our own dear church,' and all the rest of it." "But Mr. Lewis told me the other day, Ralph, that when he was traveling in England with his master, Mr. Andrews said he might go to the Catholic Church as much as ever he pleased and so he did." "Yes," replied Ralph, "he was telling me all about it the other day, and he and I agreed there was no sense at all in Mr. Andrews saying that. It's making the truth just a matter of geography! Why, if it's wrong in the states, it ought to be just as wrong in France or Italy. Don't you see that, too?" "Well, yes, I couldn't make it out," answered Mary; "but then, Mrs. Willis tried to explain it to me by saying that here the Episcopal Church was the 'rightful' Catholic Church, and so it was a deadly sin to leave it; but that on the continent of Europe the Roman Catholic was the 'rightful' church, except where the Greek or Old Catholic churches prevail." "But if that is true," observed Ralph, "we are all in heresy and schism, because the Episcopal Church is a daughter of the Established Church of England, which became Protestant when Parker was ad-

vanced to the see of Canterbury, he being the first English prelate who was ordained with the Protestant ceremony of our Book of Common Prayer. Everybody who stuck to the old church and wouldn't become Protestant was put to death. Give me the old church again, I say, and not the imitation of it!" Mary walked on, looking rather sad and grave. She felt, it is true, much in the same way as her husband; but she was of a timid, shrinking nature, and she dreaded very much the idea of taking any step which would separate them from their old friends, and from the clergyman whom they loved, and probably injure their business. Besides, she unconsciously, perhaps, she always tried to shut her eyes to the truth, and to put the subject from her. This evening, however, she seemed to be fated not to be left in peace; for, on reaching home they found an old friend who had come from the country to see her husband; and this man was himself of a faithful Catholic family. He had taken a great interest in the young couple, and had shown them substantial kindness in many ways; so that his arrival was hailed with pleasure by both husband and wife. "Why, if you're not the very man, I was just thinking of, and longing to see," exclaimed Ralph, warmly shaking his friend's hand. "Sit down here by the fire, and Mary will get us our supper, and we can have a good talk." "What on the old subject?" asked Mr. Richards—"the difference between the two churches?" "Yes," replied Ralph. "My wife and I get more puzzled every day. Our parson here is a very good man, and says he is a Catholic; but yet he doesn't obey the Catholic Church. And then he tells us we are a branch of it, and that I can't believe, because, as Protestants, we're cut off from the tree." "And a branch that's cut off must be a dead branch, mustn't it?" answered Mr. Richards, "because it's got no sap and no life." "But surely, sir," exclaimed Mary, "it would be a wrong thing to leave the church of our baptism because we fancy we should like another better." "Stop a bit, Mary. In whose name were you baptized?" "In the name of the Father, and

of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," replied Mary. "Very well, then you see that you are baptized into the Catholic, the true Church, not into the Episcopal, or Anglo-Protestant heresy and schism. Is it not really silly to say that your denomination is Catholic, when you have only lay-priests and no sacred orders? Only Protestant statements of doctrine in the Book of Common Prayer?" "But Mr. Andrews says we are Anglo-Catholics," said Mary hesitatingly. "Yes, and possibly thinks so," replied Mr. Richards drily. "Every heresy has claimed to be part of the Church. But St. Cyprian says: 'God is One, and the Church One, and the Chair One, founded by the Lord's word upon a rock. There shall be one flock.' How, then, can he who is not of the number of the flock be reckoned in the flock? And again, 'The spouse of Christ is His Church. She owns but one Home; she keeps us for God.'" "But," persisted Mary, "Mr. Andrews is a very learned man. I've heard people say, and I'm sure he's a very good man. Why, he gives everything away that he's got; and he so mortifies himself he hardly ever eats anything, his servant tells me he carries off his dinner day after day to some sick person. Surely, if a religion is to be judged by its fruits, his must be the right one!" Mr. Richards smiled at Mary's warm praise of the minister, and still more at her conclusion. Then, drawing his hand, he said: "Listen to me, my dear child. I grant that Mr. Andrews may be a very conscientious man, but that is no proof that he is right. A very good man I once knew was a Unitarian; but that did not blind me to the fact that he was in the wrong! Mr. Andrews has been brought up in error and to consider himself a priest, and he acts up to that belief. But we know his denomination is no church at all, and that his priesthood is no priesthood at all. For to be a priest one must have received the sacrament of Holy Orders and the Anglican ceremony of ordination is not a sacrament. The Episcopal ceremony of ordination may be classed as an ecclesiastical rite for blessing ministers, as a sacramental, but to call it a sacrament is contrary to the express teaching of the articles of religion and contrary to its own plain meaning. Thus Mr. Andrews has been ordained by men who have no power to confer the sacrament, and therefore the elements, or give absolution, or perform, in fact, any priestly function. So now you see why I speak and feel so strongly about it. All these things which he does in his church are simply sham. And, I do not say he does them thinking they are sham; but that does not prevent my words being true; and if he is so good a man, I firmly believe the day will come when he will have the grace given him to see the truth, and then he will have a great horror of his present intentions as we have." Ralph had listened with the deepest attention to Mr. Richards's speech, and at the conclusion he said: "I've quite made up my mind. What you have just said settles the question for me. I'll go and see the Catholic priest to-morrow. He comes every Monday to some Sisters of Charity, and I'm doing a wonderful work down in the neighborhood, and I have said he is a very learned man himself, besides being so kind and good, and patient with people like us; so I'll go to-morrow night. Will you come too, Mary? A squeeze of the hand was her reply. She felt very keenly; but in her heart she was convinced that her husband was right. The following evening found them both kneeling in the Sisters' little chapel, and after some quiet instruction from the superior, and a more lengthened interview with the good priest, both pronounced their adoration and were admitted to the fold of the Only Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church.—Exchange.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

FUEL SUPPLY.—A timely subject for the farmer now to consider is the fuel supply for the coming year. It is a question that has not been in the farmer's mind for some time. There is no larger item in the farmer's expenses than his fuel bill would be if he were to pay cash for all used. This I know to be true, for in some years I have bought my fuel. If a farmer has a wood lot on his farm, and uses his time during the winter to prepare the year's supply of wood, he is saving money that often cannot be well spared from the profits of the farm. It may be a question with some farmers whether it is profitable for them to maintain a wood lot on the farm. The answer, I think, will depend on the value of the land; whether, if it were made tillable, its produce would pay the cost of working it and leave a sufficient margin to buy the fuel it would supply. Sometimes there is rough, hilly land on the farm that is more profitable for a wood lot than for any other purpose. In my section most farmers keep a wood lot, but it is so small on some farms that the annual supply of wood lot is managed most economically. I have had some experience in managing a wood lot on a farm. One plan practised was to begin on one side of the woods and cut all the trees that were above eight or ten inches in diameter, until we obtained our year's supply, leaving the small trees standing. When the large trees were removed the small trees would grow rapidly. I think that, managed in this way, five acres of land will timbered would supply annually forty to fifty cords of stove wood for many years. If one has a large wood lot the supply

usually be obtained from decaying or falling trees. The method advised by some farmers is to cut all the timbers on a part of the wood large enough to supply the wood each year, then leave it to grow up the timber where the cutting was first begun will be large enough to use again. From my own experience I think wood is cut, drawn and prepared for the stove with the least expenditure of labor in the following way: I would go to the woods before the snow has fallen, and cut the wood ready for drawing. The logs that were too large to load easily on a sled I would draw together, in some place where they were convenient to get to in winter, and roll them on skids, from which they can be easily loaded on a sleigh and drawn to the house when the sleighing is good. The small wood, less than six inches in diameter, I would place in small piles near a road where I could easily drive to them. I would try to use the first good sleighing to draw the wood to some place near the woodhouse. We have used a horse power for sawing the wood for the stove, a drag or cross-cut saw for the large lots, and a circular saw for the smaller wood. It was only a short job to saw the year's supply of wood, as we could cut from ten to twenty cords a day. If one has no power for driving a saw for cutting stove wood, two men can cut the logs quite rapidly with the crosscut saws which are now made, and the small wood is soon cut with a bucksaw. I have used one end of a crosscut saw to saw one cord of wood in one hour. No matter how the work is done, I would see that the wood that would be used in one year is all made ready for the stove during the winter, and that it was in the woodhouse before the time to begin felling in the spring. If the woodhouse is very tight the wood should be partly seasoned out of doors before it is put in. I find it more economical to use dry wood, which is kept under cover, as less wood is required. It certainly does not pay to burn green wood. I know farmers who cut a green log, draw it to the house and cut a few arifulls at a time, and leave it out of doors for the women to dig out of the snow and carry in as it is used. Sometimes one or two sticks of dry wood will make all the fire needed, and will burn at once when put in the stove, while the stove must be kept full of green wood to keep it burning. When the year's wood is in the woodhouse the farmer need give the subject no further attention during the summer, and his work will not be interrupted by wood cutting. It also pays when coal is burned to put in the year's supply in the winter, when it can be drawn on a sleigh for ten days to but coal and let it dry or season in the cellar as it burns better than new coal direct from the car which has been exposed to snow or rain.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Dr. Galen Wilson writing in an exchange of helps to success in life, gives many instances of how farmer's sons achieve success. In his examples there is, as is always the case with such writers who merely view success in life from a purely temporal standpoint, one note lacking, and to our view the most important of all—the religious note. To the Catholic young man who enjoys the blessings of rural life it is most important that he should regulate his whole career by the principles of his religion, because when success is achieved in life he will find it his only solace even in the midst of everything that the product of success can secure for him. Here is what Dr. Galen says:— Parents should observe closely from early infancy the trend of the minds of their boys toward some useful industry, and encourage that trait. Another farm family of four boys. One took a great liking to reading, first newspapers and then books of which he had read in those papers, the parents always selecting the right kind of books and papers. Finally, this boy begged for a college education. He was sent to Cornell University four years and to Germany and France six months each. Strict account of the money his father furnished him was kept, but in his will he might divide the property that he had accumulated in all his lifetime equally among his children. This son is now a professor in a Western literary college and has been for many years. Knowing his father's wishes about the final distribution of his property, he long since paid back to him what he had used of it. The next two boys chose business careers. They were encouraged and helped in it, and are now successful business men. The fourth and youngest boy desired a commercial college education. This did not please his parents any too well, but "let him follow his bent" was their decision. He boarded at home, but earned money to pay his own tuition. At about twenty he was given the position of secretary of a construction company, at a salary of \$1,000, by the president of it, who had watched the career of that family of boys for years. Now, at the age of twenty-two, there has been added to his duties that of secretary of a company, salary \$300; but this requires but little time and does not interfere with his other duties. Surely these "twigs" were "bent" about right, or, rather, were trained up in a perpendicular direction. While all of these young men singly by their own will had set a path for the farm, the same principles and motives of action as instigated them have incited "oceans" of farm boys to equal or greater successes in the line of agriculture. Here is one and how he did it. Mr. B. was reared on a farm by parents who began married life with nothing and closed their existence with a competency. They did it by constant industry, and, as all must do to win success who begin in that manner, they practised close economy and were very particular about saving the little things, on the princi-

ple that if one saves the pennies the dollars will care for themselves. Reared under such influence, B. at eight years of age began to grow bantam fowls on his own account, selling when he could and hoarding the money. Presently he bought a lamb and grew a few sheep, and later he purchased a colt and raised it into a good and well trained horse. At the age of twenty-one this property was worth about \$300. But all this time he was getting something better than money—he was learning how to do things to advantage; he was gaining experience that would tell in after life. At twenty-five he purchased a valuable 150 acre farm, going into debt for most of the purchase money. Then he married and began a business campaign such as seldom is seen in any farmer. His invariable rule was never go to town without taking along something to sell. This put him upon his mettle to study out how to have something to sell all the year round. Here is a partial list of the items he gave me: Besides the main crops of grain, he sold straw, potatoes, etc., he sold butter, poultry, eggs, a large assortment of vegetables, berries, horse-radish, peppergrass, hickory nuts, butternuts, butts of hickory trees for ax handles and whiffletrees, logs for lumber, sauerkraut, a little wild game, some pumpkins, medicinal herbs, maple syrup and sugar, fat hogs and young pigs, an occasional beef, veal, mutton and many other things. He reasoned that as "drop by drop every day will carve the hardest rock away," so if there is saved every penny, dollar every day "will keep gaunt" from the door away. By pursuing such course he lifted the mortgage from his farm, and in course of time bought an equally good farm for his eldest son, and paid for it, he was assisted by the sons. All three and later purchased and paid for a similar farm for his younger son; and there we will leave them and their families enjoying "the fat of the land" gained by the foresight, industry and economy of the father, who, however, after a long and hard day's work, began right, continued right and now have their reward for it. Any young farmer boy possessing common sense can imitate this father's business career successfully if he will, but if other habits are already formed it is too late to begin.

POTATO CROP.—Formerly thousands of Irishmen went to England and helped to gather the grain harvest. The general use of machinery, however, after a few years, checked the annual emigration. This autumn, says the "Leeds Mercury," witnessed a partial resumption in connection with potato-picking in the Lincolnshire Fens. Of the importance of Irish labor, it is stated by a farmer that 20 men in as many days earned about \$416 at such work. In that time they picked 83 acres of potatoes, representing, at a moderate estimate, eight tons per acre. Each Irish worker would earn about 4s 2d a day. In the Holbeach district, where potatoes are grown extensively in England, some large gangs of pickers have been at work. On one farm alone, where the crop was bought by a London firm, 130 pickers were at work one day.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

MAGISTRATE DAUPHINE'S DEFLECTORABLE CONDITION. Despite Medical Treatment, He Became Weaker and Weaker, Until He Could Scarcely Sign His Name. Mr. James Dauphine, of East Bridgewater, or as he is better known as ex-Councillor Dauphine, has been a sick man for the past three years. His health gradually forsook him, until by degrees he was forced to give up doing all kinds of work. He consulted a physician and took a large quantity of medicine, but it did him no good and he gradually grew weaker and weaker. His duties as a magistrate ceased. He did his doing much writing, and being an excellent penman in his days of good health, it came very hard to him when his hand shook so much he could scarcely keep it steady enough to sign his name. His daughter, seeing his deplorable condition, advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a bit of coaxing he was induced to try them. There was no noticeable change in his condition until he had started taking the third box. From that on the improvement was rapid. He grew stronger every day, his appetite increased, the weariness and lassitude departed from his limbs, some of the lustre of his youth returned to his eye, and by the time five boxes were used, Mr. Dauphine felt a new man. The weight of years and the burden of sickness have rolled from his shoulders, his hands are now steady and his pen can run as rapidly as ever. He attributes his cure to the ministrations of a good wife and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Dauphine is 73 years of age, but feels as young and vigorous as he did years ago, and is ever ready to praise in the warmest terms the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and dependent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, post-paid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Not education, but character, is a man's great asset and man's greatest safeguard. That which hides sorrow for sin in itself, the more particular is cast out, the more sorrow enters.

Business Cards.

T. J. O'NEILL, Real Estate Agent, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

M. SHARKEY, Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent, 1840 and 1728 NOTRE DAME ST., Montreal.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils, 137 McCORD Street, cor Ottawa.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Plumbers, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers, 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine Street.

JOHN P. O'LEARY, Contractor and Builder, 1 Wardell St., Westmount.

CONROY BROS., Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, 228 Centre Street, Montreal.

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, 107 St. James Street.

T. F. TRINNEY, Real Estate, Room 38, Imperial Building, 107 St. James Street.

DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton and Poultry, 54 Prince Arthur Street.

LAWRENCE RILEY, Plasterer, Successor to John Riley, Established in 1866.

ROOFERS ASPHALTERS, Luxfer Prisms and Expanded Metal Work, Hot Blast Heating, etc., GEO. W. REID & CO., 788-788 Craig Street.

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WENBLY BELL COMPANY, TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

BOATS BENEATH THE WATER.

The question of appropriation for building of submarine boats is to be considered by the naval committee at an early date. It is not likely that the Holland type will be the one selected, as the majority opinion, while favoring the true submarine as against the submersible, inclines to the new Lake model.

While the British Government is building the Holland boats the French Government has made extensive experiments with the latter. In their experiment with the Narval, covering 260 miles between Cherbourg and St. Malo, she made the trip in 40 hours with 90 miles on the return, making 850 miles, during which she was towed 30 miles under water, the accumulators being charged only twice during surface steaming, demonstrating the best results from the true submarine.

The original Holland was purchased by the Government for \$150,000, about \$87,000 less than she cost her builders to construct. Under ordinary conditions while running on the surface the submarine boat can cruise like any other vessel of her size, her motive power being a small gas engine which drives the screw. She can carry a fuel supply sufficient to enable her to run some 800 miles if need be. The engine which drives her propeller also runs a propeller which delivers current to a large storage battery in which electricity is accumulated.

She is steered in the usual way by a man whose head and shoulders enter a small conning tower, and of this the lid when the vessel is on the surface may be opened so that plenty of air can enter below. When it is necessary to go beneath the surface the lid is closed, making the whole boat perfectly air-tight. The gas engine is then stopped and the dynamo connections to the storage battery are reversed so that the dynamo becomes an electric motor and acts as the propelling engine. Of course for such an engine as this no air is necessary, inside the boat are strong tanks containing compressed air made at very high pressure. The air is used to throw a self-moving torpedo from the torpedo gun placed in the boat and also to actuate the little engine through which her rudders are controlled. The air exhauster from the engine supplies the necessary breathing atmosphere. The compressed air is also used for auxiliary purposes, such as blowing water out of the ballast tanks and moving weight.

One of the cleverest features of the construction of the Holland boat is the weights which make all the weights within her, except the screw, immovable, which compensates for all expended weights by taking in automatically a sufficient quantity of water into her tanks, the net result being that the centre of gravity of the boat remains practically unaltered. This obviates her sudden standing on one end or the other as some of the boats earlier designed happened to do. It also makes it possible for her to move in the third dimension which is up and down, obviating the necessity of throwing out additional weight. She is so nicely balanced in this way that she carries her to the surface and when she wants to dive the maneuver can be accomplished just through the action of the diving rudder, which is simply an ordinary rudder placed flatwise.

The submarine, while being a distinct improvement over its ancestor, has proved too heavy a drain upon the men. Dr. Clerat, a prominent medical officer of the French navy, who was present during three of the trips, decided that the close confinement and want of fresh air produced nausea and exhaustion, completely unbecoming the men. In other respects the type has been perfectly satisfactory.

The Lake model, which is likely to be accepted, is based upon entirely different principles. Four big hydroplanes are used, two on each side, which steer the boat either up or down. The hydroplanes, which are simply rudders, are placed near the waterline, located well forward and well aft, so that they act in concert and in place of pointing the vessel's head either up or down, when rising or sinking, force her up or down on an even keel. This feature does away, entirely, with the dangerous tendency to dive characteristic of the two previous models. Stability is further assured by the contrary forces of buoyancy and gravity at work in the boat, the buoyant forces or structure upon the deck, acting just as the inflated body of a balloon does on the car it carries, the force of gravity being entered in the heavy metal keel, which in his turn pulls the vessel into an upright position just as does the weight at the rope ends of a parachute.

This double tendency towards uprightness or stability enables the crew to move about more freely when the boat is submerged and as so tides over the interval between the discharge of a torpedo and the filling of the compensating tanks with a corresponding weight of water, so that the boat's trim will remain undisturbed.

To submerge the boat it will be necessary only to fill certain divisions of the bottom section, while to make it rise again to the surface the same tanks are quickly discharged by air pressure. Certain reserve tanks are designed to be discharged as the torpedoes are discharged so that the exact balance of the boat will remain unchanged while she is submerged.

There are numerous safety devices planned, of a simple yet efficient character, which will automatically restrict the diving possibilities of the boat, either by working the hydro-

planes, relieving the boat of weight by driving out water from the submerged tanks, or by bodily releasing a large section of the metallic keel. It has hitherto been found that in all sub arine boats of the sub-surface type the navigation was almost as difficult as steering in a heavy fog.

In the Lake model this difficulty is obviated, for unaffected by currents, she holds her course while navigating at the bottom, even though the navigator be absolutely in the dark. With a boat running between the surface and the bottom currents there is danger of her course being deflected, the compass bearings showing nothing.

LEAVING ITALY.

Italy every year parts with many thousands of her peasants who can no longer find a living on her soil. Sabina now furnishes the largest contingent of emigrants. Quite recently 600 persons, comprising 122 families from six villages, took ship at Civita, Vecchia for Brazil. Whole districts have in many cases been decimated by the rush of emigration, and very touching are the scenes that take place. As a rule the emigrants go to Confession and receive Communion before embarking, and put their voyage and their future under the protection of the Madonna. Mgr. Scialabini, who was recently in the United States looking after the spiritual interests of his countrymen here, intends to proceed afterwards to Brazil to consolidate the schools and orphanages which have been established for Italian emigrants, and the Holy Father has expressed himself as greatly pleased by the zeal of the Bishop of Piacenza. Hitherto the majority of Italian emigrants left their native country with the intention of returning after a year or two, but the tendency towards permanent emigration has become very marked within the last few years.

VANITY IN WEEDS.

From not a few of the pastors of the diocese and from intelligent laymen who notice these things, one hears vigorous protest every now and then on the wasteful and ridiculous excess some of our Catholic people are beginning to exhibit once more in the conduct of their funerals. Seventeen years ago the Third Council of Baltimore urged upon the episcopate of the country the need of strong measures in order to stay the evil. In a few courageous instances action was taken; and though a handful of foolish but well-meaning people were hurt, the Catholic body at large profited for a while by the lesson.

But the vanity that finds material for its restlessness even in death is not easily laid to sleep. We still have the spectacle of showy funerals among those who can ill afford the expense of their dark trappings; and hardly a week passes but some shrewd undertaker is enabled to increase his balance at the bankers because a struggling family of wage-earners will not be balked by sober public opinion from paying its peculiar devotion to the dead. It is hard to understand it, because the tendency to be pompous in the presence of death does not seem to be a weakness of human nature as such; rather is it confined to a few races in whom the primitive instincts are still alert, and who cling to customs that have long ceased to have a spiritual meaning. The Celt and the Gael, for instance, will unconsciously endeavor to create a spectacle in marching to the grave-side, where the Teuton or the Anglo-Saxon will prefer to trudge quietly and alone. A poor family will cheerfully go into debt and face months of financial anxiety just for the vain delight of seeing one of its members "buried decently," or "given a good funeral," as they invariably put it. The "good funeral," strangely enough, is pagan rather than Catholic in its connotation; for it consists largely of display and very meagrely of the faith that plays a part in its hope. It begins with an expensive coffin, known grossly in the vulgar jargon of the undertaker's trade as a "casket," and it ends in a long line of hired carriages with intervening "refreshments" and other hideous incongruities that need not be mentioned.

MOTHER AND BABE

Sick mother—sick child That's the way it works when a mother is nursing her infant.

Scott's Emulsion is an ideal medicine for nursing mothers. It has a direct effect on the milk. Sometimes the mother is weak; her thin milk does not make the baby grow. Scott's Emulsion changes all that. The rich cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion feeds the mother and gives a flow of rich, nourishing milk for the baby.

The medicine in Scott's Emulsion not only strengthens the mother but goes naturally through the milk and strengthens the child.

Nothing to harm—all for good—Scott's Emulsion.

It will send you a bottle to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Limited, London.

here. We shrink from dwelling on these things; for we do not like to be misunderstood. We would much prefer to be silent rather than say one flippant word in misperception of customs which we know are often holy to those that follow them, and which, if rightly appreciated and religiously followed, carry true comfort to the hearts that take refuge in their touching symbolism.

We do not object to wakes. A wake is a perfectly intelligible form of piety to the dead. As long as we have a man's body with us we must show it reverence. We must sit by it and remember. That is not only not wrong, it is meet and fitting. The races that show their grief in that guise are in the main more nobly tender-hearted than the colder stocks that think it right to shut the body up in a darkened room with servants to look to the lights and undertakers' manuals to arrange inappropriate flowers. It is the abuse of a good custom we should like rather to see stayed than the custom itself removed. If money must be spent on the dead, if piety must have its way, is the disembodied spirit to be forgotten? Is not the soul, after all, the real term of our affection? Ought not its needs to cry more persuasively to those who remain behind than the purely tribal or family ghost of importance and vanity that selects so inopportune an hour to remind us that it is still alive? To spend one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars on a coffin, as many a hard-working mechanic does most ungrudgingly, and another hundred on hired hacks, on dressmakers and milliners, while a mere pittance is set aside for Masses for the departed soul is a strangely inverted way of exhibiting one's regard for the dead. That kind of service is vain; it brings the departed no relief, and it does harm by feeding the self-inflation of the living. It is, in reality, little better than pagan pomp, and is altogether unworthy of those who profess their belief in the doctrine of purgatory. We hope there will be less of it hereafter in the sad processions that wind their way daily to the graveyards that lie outside the city's limits.—Providence Visitor.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF BAD AIR.

At every moment of the human life the air which we breathe goes coursing through the most delicate and sensitive of the wonderfully constructed organs of the human system to purify and re-invigorate the vital currents of life. But what if the purifier shall itself be unclean and laden with the seed of pollution? Having once done its work and come forth tainted and foul, what if it shall again and again be called to perform the task for which it is no longer fitted? The natural inevitable deduction is not far to reach. The blood is no longer purified, but it goes coursing through the body, the source of disease and corruption instead of being the fountain of pure, perfect healthfulness.

Other organs by sympathy or by direct contagion become affected. The imagination is too often influenced as well, and the sufferer, who is now in such earnest, flies from one "blood purifier" or "tonic" to another, gaining perhaps temporary and questionable relief at the expense of a system loaded with poisons and harmful drugs, whose reaction may be expected at any time and in almost any horrible form.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

GRUMBLE DAY.—"No salt in the oatmeal," growled Ned. "Flatter your sawdust!" sighed Gertrude. "Of course," said mother quietly, "what else did you expect on grumble day?"

"Grumble day?" said both children at once.

"Yes, grumble day. I have decided to observe it as often as there is a demand for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Gertrude.

"We have Thanksgiving day," replied mother. "Then we count up our blessings. On that day we have an unusual amount of temporal blessings. We rest and feast and have a good time. Grumble day is just the opposite. It is a day when we start a grumble day. On such a day we will have only the most necessary things to eat, the plainest food and the hardest work."

Gertrude and Ned looked in dismay at each other. "Will just one grumble day?" asked Ned.

"One grumble is enough," said mother, "when we have so much to be thankful for."

"Does everybody have to go without because one person grumbles?" asked Gertrude.

"Do you think it would be polite for part of us to eat more and have a greater variety than the others?" said mother, "even if we deserved more?"

"This is a jolly good steak," said Ned without waiting for Gertrude to reply.

"Yes, too good for grumble day," said father as he slyly slipped another piece on Ned's plate.

At dinner they had plain meat and potato with no dessert, and for supper brown bread and milk; but the children made no complaint. They knew that mother could be relied upon to carry out what she undertook.

"That night Ned and Gertrude made a solemn vow not to make one word of complaint ever again. Next morning Ned, being in a hurry, took a large spoonful of hot cereal in his mouth. He swallowed it with a gulp.

"Show!" he exclaimed, "that oatmeal is—" here Gertrude looked him under the table—"is lovely and hot!" he added, and the family laughed. They both remembered after that,



Are You SATISFIED With Your Walk in It?

If not, wear Mansfield Shoes; wear them because there's wear in them—because they're as stylish, as comfortable and as easy fitting as any shoe on the market that's selling for \$3.00.

The Mansfield shoe, in all the Fall shapes and all leathers. Patent Leather, Visi Kid, Patent Enamel Calf, Box Calf, Wax Calf, Russia Calf and Kangaroo. All Goodyear welted and made for the hard usage that shoes always get in the winter time. Also rubber sole and keel.

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and for three days no complaint was heard in the family. They were both sure that they were completely cured of grumbling. They were so sure of it that one of them forgot. "I read rolls!" whined Gertrude. "I'm sick of them; why don't we ever have waffles?" Then she clapped her hand over her mouth. Ned was looking inexpressibly disgusted.

"But the bread rolls are lovely and light," she added cheerfully. "Too late," said mother, and they had another grumble day. That night mother talked it over with them. "I want to give you just what you like best," she said, "provided it is good for you. I try very hard to plan for your favorite dishes, and I am very glad to have you suggest things that you would like. But when everything is served and it is impossible to change it for anything different, complaint does no good and it certainly does the complainer harm."

Three or four grumble days completely cured Ned and Gertrude, and now Gertrude says: "Why, we have Thanksgiving day every day in the year!"

MARKET REPORT.

LIVE STOCK.—There were about 600 head of butchers' cattle, 20 calves and 300 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir on Thursday. There were no really good heaves among the offerings, and anything moderately good was held at higher prices than have prevailed during the past ten days, but the common and inferior beasts are still very low priced. A few of the best cattle were sold at about 4c per lb., but they were sold at extra; pretty good heaves sold at from 3 1/2c to 4c, and the common stock at from 2c to near 3c per lb. The camers paid from 1 1/2c to 2c per lb. for small bulls, and lean cows. Calves sold at from \$1.50 to \$3 each, and the lambs at from 3c to 4c do. Fat hogs sold at about 6c per lb., weighed off the cars.

HAY—No. 1, \$10 to \$10.50; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; clover, \$7.25 to \$7.50 in car lots on track.

MAPLE PRODUCTS—New syrup at 6 1/2c per lb. in wood; 70c per tin; sugar, 9c to 10c per lb.

HONEY—White clover, 10c to 10 1/2c per lb., section; tins, 9c; buckwheat, 2c less.

BUTTER—Choice creamery, 20c to 20 1/2c; seconds, 19c; winter butter, 19c to 19 1/2c; western dairy, 16c to 16 1/2c; rolls, 16c.

EGGS—Best straight receipts, 18c to 20c; best selected candled, 22c to 24c.

CHEESE—Ontario, Septembers, 9 1/2c to 9 1/4c; October, 9 1/2c to 9 1/4c; Eastern counties, 9 1/2c to 9 1/4c; Quebec, 4c to 9 1/4c.

POULTRY—Turkeys, 7 1/2c to 8 1/2c; ducks, 7c to 8c; geese, 5c to 6c; chickens, 5c to 6 1/2c; old fowls, 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. for dry picked birds; scalded stock from 1c to 2c less.

People desiring the best pianos on the market should unquestionably choose the Heintzman & Co. The Heintzman alone among Canadian pianos affords the highest musical qualities, coupled with lifelong durability. For sale only in the LINDSAY-BORNER Co. warehouses 2300 St. Catherine Street. East End Branch, 1633 St. Catherine Street.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, December 7, 1901.

A Vast Xmas Trade.

The Big Store's vast business is forging ahead every day. Remember the convenience of this store; you can do all your shopping here, and our Restaurant saves you going home at noon. In every way The Big Store provides for the comfort of shoppers. Street cars pass the door connecting with all lines throughout the city.

NEW DRESS GOODS

Another day's wonderful selling in our Dress Goods department brought thousands of ladies in touch with the finest assortment of the latest Dress Goods ever seen in Montreal. The great markets of Europe are ably represented here. It is reasonable to say that The Big Store saves you money on every purchase of Dress Goods here.

Dress Suitings. New Covert Cloth, extra quality, in a large range of beautiful colorings, makes a handsome Winter Suit, special 98c. New Fancy Striped Zibeline, elegant quality, large range of colors; it makes a very Stylish Costume; special \$1.20. New Camel's Hair Cloth, in all the latest up-to-date material for Winter Suits, special \$1.35.

Ladies' Fur-lined Coats.

A special shipment of Ladies' Fur Lined Coats will be shown for the first time Monday morning, they are extremely handsome garments. An early visit secures first choice. Ladies' Driving Coat 40 inches long, made of box cloth, lined throughout with Hamster fur, trimmed with large Thibet fur collar and revers, in black, blue and fawn. Price \$39.00. Ladies' Fur Lined Coats 40 inches long, lined through best quality Hamster fur, box cloth top in fawn, blue and black, trimmed with sable collar, revers and cuffs. Price \$48.00. Ladies' Fur Lined Ulsters 50, 58 and 60 inches long, made of imported box cloth lined through choice Hamster fur, semi-tipped back, high storm collar and revers, trimmed with black Thibet fur. Price, \$48.50.

Parlor Lamps

35 Sample Parlor Lamps, high class art decorations on globe and vase, all hand painted, detachable oil chambers; complete with chimney and wick. Lowest value \$5. Price \$25.00

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Will soon be here and a present of one or more pairs of Linen Sheetings make a sensible and most acceptable gift. Whether for personal or for gifts associate Linen Sheetings and the name of OGLVY together and you will just be right.

For value and variety in all kinds of Linens come to

OGLVY'S,

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Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, December 7, 1901.

A Vast Xmas Trade.

The Big Store's vast business is forging ahead every day. Remember the convenience of this store; you can do all your shopping here, and our Restaurant saves you going home at noon. In every way The Big Store provides for the comfort of shoppers. Street cars pass the door connecting with all lines throughout the city.

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Another day's wonderful selling in our Dress Goods department brought thousands of ladies in touch with the finest assortment of the latest Dress Goods ever seen in Montreal. The great markets of Europe are ably represented here. It is reasonable to say that The Big Store saves you money on every purchase of Dress Goods here.

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GOOD COUNSEL.—An annual dinner of the Be...

He thought it a very that the society should together in friendly and wing. He was certain had often been said by they had recently lost, whom he always had the possible reverence and referred to Lord Russell—that if Catholics success should do in this city of unity. The more they come one another, the more could see of the clergy a

THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDERS, 2474-2476 St. Catherine Street, 175 to 179 Sparks Street, Ottawa.