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VOL. XI. No. 37.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Convent School, Cobourg

Opening of the New Building

Tuesday of last week was an auspicious day for the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent School, when the school building was blessed by Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, and opened for the Fall term of school. The building is adjoining the Convent, and with the addition of the two new rooms makes a very pleasant, comfortable and convenient living place for the children and teachers during school hours. We had the pleasure of attending on the opening day, and must say that outside of the new Collegiate Institute the pupils of the Convent School have the most beautiful school building in town. The new building faces the west, and is entered by a large hall with an arched doorway. The school consists of four large rooms, each 35 feet by 35 feet, with ceilings 11 feet high. Each room averages in attendance from 40 to 50 pupils. The rooms are well lighted, and will be heated by two large furnaces. The ceilings and walls of the two south rooms, which are in the old building have been covered with metal from the Pedlar People Co., of Oshawa, and look very pretty. The two north, or new rooms, are finished in white plaster. The floors and stairs are all of maple. Water from the town waterworks is in the building.

The hallways are capacious, and the ventilation system in the building is as perfect as can be obtained. The two upstairs rooms are occupied by the senior pupils, and the two rooms downstairs are for the junior pupils. In the senior room the individual desks have been introduced, while in all the rooms new desks have been placed.

The opening took place on Tuesday morning, when Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, blessed the school building. The attendance of pupils and parents was large, and the proceedings of a most satisfactory nature. The Bishop spoke in words of praise of the work done, expressed his admiration at the pastor displayed in the arrangements of the hallways and rooms, the metal work and painting. He congratulated parents and pupils on having a school so thoroughly equipped at this time, with its four large, handsome rooms, and its two spacious halls. The trustees had displayed great zeal in the many efforts they had been making, in erecting a school fully up to all the required demands of the present day. He wished them every success and blessing, which they were sure to possess, as long as they had for their guide in all matters connected with parochial work one who has always been renowned for his tact, talent and ability, as the good and worthy priest, their pastor, Rev. Father Murray.

At the conclusion of his Lordship's remarks, the pastor thanked him for his too high encomiums of his ability and energy. He was very grateful to His Lordship for his presence on this occasion, when so many were present to witness the blessing of their new school. He was happy in the knowledge that with the new equipment school work would be made more pleasant for teacher and pupil.

Ven. Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay, expressed his pleasure at being present at the opening of this handsome new school in this parish, where seven years ago he had the honor of addressing the members of St. Michael's Congregation on the auspicious occasion of the blessing and dedication of their new church. He congratulated both pastor and parents on the new building, which was now to be used for the benefit of the future hope of this parish of Cobourg.

Dr. McNicholl, Superintendent of the Cobourg Asylum, being requested to address the audience, in a few pithy sentences expressed his surprise at what had been accomplished in the erection of the new wing, and the

modelling of the old school building. He was convinced from the outset that nothing would be left undone to make this work perfect, when he knew that Rev. Father Murray was directing the construction of it had for a long time engaged his attention, but he was more than astonished as the work neared completion how perfect it was in its outline, and in every detail. With a sense of gratification coupled with reverence and love, we profit on this new occasion to express our high appreciation of Father Murray's untiring efforts in behalf of his people, and I am sure that I am voicing the sentiments of each member of St. Michael's congregation in the expression of our unbounded confidence in our worthy pastor. Our school has been for the last twenty years under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Every year in that period of time has added new proofs of their efficiency in the teaching and training of our children. The high order that efficiency has been manifested annually by the large number of pupils who have successfully passed the Entrance Examination. He had not the slightest hesitation in saying that under the same competent teaching staff, the Cobourg Separate School would in the future, as in the past, rank among the very best in the land.

Mr. D. Rooney, chairman of the School Board, said that he felt on this occasion a secret pride at having held so long the position which called from him the few remarks he was about to make. Much had been said about the anxiety and time which he had given with his co-trustees in the pursuance of the work which was completed to-day. He would say that wherever it was in his power he exerted himself in lightening the heavy task that Father Murray had undertaken in the erection of the new school, but witnesses were aroud on every side to testify that the great burden was carried with a manly and joyful heart by that pastor, who is endeared to us for so many years and by so many ties. This is no new fact to members of St. Michael's congregation, with whom Father Murray has been identified in spiritual and temporal labors for the past twenty-five years. His has been a strenuous life in the midst of a faithful people, and it is our joy and happiness on this occasion to express our congratulations to him for this new work, in which he has displayed ability and energy, combined with the greatest economy, as we were more than surprised to learn that this work has been carried out for the sum of \$600.

We have always found courage, in any work connected with the education of our children, especially since the Sisters of St. Joseph came here to take charge of our school. Their teaching and discipline have been perfect, and not only have they by their ability as teachers imparted the highest education to our children, but they have endeared themselves to both parents and pupils.

In conclusion, the chairman expressed his good wishes for the future welfare of everything connected with church and school.

A chorus was then sung by the children, after which the assembly dispersed.

The Pope for Peace

How vitally the Papacy lives while Popes die is again manifested in the message which Pope Pius X. has addressed to the Emperor of Austria in regard to the Macedonian massacres. True to the traditions of his exalted office and to his responsibility as the arbiter of nations, the Holy Father has spoken strongly to the Emperor upon the necessity of a union of the Powers to put an end to the atrocities, in so far as they are contrary to the principles of the Church which Pius stands for. The Pope urges that it is the opportunity of the Catholic powers of Europe to come to an agreement as to the best way to stop the massacre. It is the general opinion in Rome that the Pope is fully justified in publicly and unambiguously denouncing the brutality of the Turks and in calling upon all the nations of the civilized world, irrespective of religious differences, to make common cause against them in the name of humanity.

Meantime, the outrages seem to be unabated. The Autonomy publishes the names of 50 villages burned by the Turks in the following districts: Resen, 30 villages; Kostur, 14 villages; Krushovo, 6. The Turks also burned four villages in the district of Strushkopolis and murdered the priest. The population fled to the mountains.

The Turks have destroyed all the flour mills in the district of Resen and also every church. A light is reported to have taken place at the village of Vertso, between a body of insurgents and a Turkish battalion. It lasted four hours, and the Turks, it is said, lost heavily.

Reports have reached revolutionary headquarters here of atrocities by the Turks in the village of Velkosti. Regular troops and bashibazouks surrounded the villages. Part of them entered and began plundering the houses and assaulting the women. The other soldiers remained outside and killed those inhabitants who tried to escape. The Turks then set fire to the village in four places, burning 12 women and children. One child was hanged. Altogether 60 peasants were killed and their bodies were left in the streets.



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Farewell to Walter Oster

A large number of the past pupils of the De La Salle Institute assembled on Monday evening to bid farewell to a former classmate, Walter Oster, who has lately been appointed private secretary to T. J. McLellan, of the John Charlton Co., Collingwood.

The chair was taken by Mr. Edward Brynes, of the class of '01. Mr. Brynes spoke in highest praise of his friend and classmate, and, on behalf of those present, assured Mr. Oster of the kindly feelings in which he is held by each and all of those who know him.

Many were the expressions of esteem and best wishes for continued success tendered by the several speakers of the evening. In view of the fact that Mr. Oster graduated from the Institute only last June, he was considered very fortunate indeed to have secured so promising a connection with one of the most progressive business interests of Ontario.

The Register joins with Mr. Oster's many friends in wishing him every success in his new home.

High School Board Appointment

Miss Teresa Dunn has been appointed by the High School Board to the position of teacher in the Jarvis Street, Collegiate Institute. This is the second Catholic appointment and shows once more that the High School Board goes upon merit in the making of appointments.

Distinguished American Visitors

Bishop Dunn, of Dallas, Texas, and Father Hayes, of Chicago, were the guests of Rev. Father Minahan, of St. Peter's, on Saturday.

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W. H. SHAW, Principal

The D'Youville Reading Circle

Editor of the Register:

The Reading Circle will resume its regular work on the first Tuesday of October. The chief studies will be historical and literary, the historical will embrace the discussion of those reformations which prevented revolutions, together with the ones that had to do with the development of constitutional governments. The literary part of the course will have for its particular centre the Oxford movement. The other great poets of the nineteenth century will also be studied, with a view to prove that this century was in a healthy sense reactionary. Our relations with the T. C. T. S. have continued very pleasant and practical. Dr. McGinnis, the society's president, has been very welcome visitor. The senior pupils had the pleasure of hearing a splendid talk from him last week. He intends returning to Canada, possibly in January, when he is booked for a lecture. The work of remaining Catholic literature to the poor in out-of-the-way districts still goes on, we are very glad to be able to place fifty more names on the list, bringing the number up to one hundred and fifty. The current events study will continue to be an important feature. In this connection we feel under heavy obligations to the I. C. T. S. for the reliable reports they have sent us during the past year through their regular correspondents in all the great centres of activity. The outlook for the lecture course is very certain. Beginning in October we shall have one each month. The great rally will take place on St. Theresa's day. His Grace the Archbishop has kindly promised to preside, and last year's report with the programme of this session's work will be submitted. Several new and valuable works have been added to the library collection, also a few new and interesting periodicals.

Knights of St. John

At the last regular meeting of St. Leo and St. Anthony's Commandery No. 2, Knights of St. John, the following officers were elected for the uniformed ranks:

- John Heffernan, captain.
- Jos. Kloepfer, first lieutenant.
- Wm. Malloy, second lieutenant.
- Jas. Dillon, sergeant.
- Jos. Allen, paymaster.
- Jas. Kyle, orderly.
- M. Driscoll, standard bearer.
- Walter Belleau, bugler.

There are five more applications for membership. The record for the past year in the military ranks is good, which is evidence that this department is the centre of attraction for new members.

A special effort is being made by Leo Commandery to secure the prize offered by the Grand Commandery in the one showing the largest increase of members during the year commencing July 1st, 1903, ending March 31st, 1904.

French Premier Hissed in Brittany

Treugier, France, Sept. 14.—As was expected, the unveiling of the statue to Ernest Renan, the noted writer, in this, his native town, led to some rioting, because of the feeling between the followers of Prime Minister Combes and the Catholics. M. Combes and his party left Pontreux, where they had spent the night, for this place, Sunday morning, in six carriages, escorted by four squadrons of dragoons and mounted gendarmes. The people who gathered along the route were mostly those curious to pass. The crowds were not demonstrative, but some few hisses were heard, chiefly from women, and some cries of "A bas Combes," and "Vive la Liberté." M. Combes on arriving here received a welcome, which, on the whole, was favorable. In the course of his speech, in reply to the Mayor's address of welcome the Premier said: "I have heard a few hisses. Let me compare these to the flute played behind the chariots of the conquerors of ancient times to remind them that, having been raised by the people, they must be governed by the people."

The ceremony of the unveiling of the statue was carried out during a downpour of rain. While the addresses were being delivered there was some hissing and blowing of whistles and anti-Combes cries, which the efforts of the police failed to quiet. Thereupon, a company of soldiers were drawn up in line and pressed the disturbers back.

Subsequently, while M. Combes was visiting the old home of M. Renan, there was a violent disturbance between rival parties of Catholics and Republicans. The soldiers charged the rioters and dispersed them by the use of the butts of their rifles. The Baron and Baroness de Kerpernon were arrested. The Baroness had a loaded revolver in her pocket.

In his speech at the banquet at night, M. Combes defended the action taken by the Government against the religious congregations, declaring that the Cabinet had merely enforced laws that had been passed by the French Parliament. He expressed the belief that Brittany would soon throw off the yoke of squires and priests and would adopt the Republican principles of liberty of a Government that was not hostile to religion. Religion, he said, was entitled to liberty, but it must not leave its own sphere, which was spiritual, or interfere with the civil or political sphere. The Government was determined to enforce respect for the law, speaking of national affairs, M. Combes declared the French Government was flourishing at home and abroad. The alliance with Russia was becoming more confident and more intimate. The friendship with Italy was becoming stronger, while with Great Britain their only rivalry was in good methods of friendly demonstrations. On all the frontiers of France, he said, he saw only smiling faces. There was peace on the horizon and the Republic would try to maintain it.

Ontario Member

C.M.B.A. Audit

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Register—My September Canadian came to hand to-day and in it I read the following editorial announcement:

"Mr. Edwards, Chartered Accountant, of the 'Providence' of Ontario, has, by order of the Grand Board of Trustees, made an audit of the books of the late Grand Secretary S. R. Brown. He is now making an audit of the books of the Association up to the time of the appointment of J. J. Behan as Grand Secretary next year an audit by 'chartered' accountant will be made, bringing the audit up to the time of the Convention."

"These audits in full will be presented to the Convention, in session at Toronto in August, 1904."

I have taken the liberty to attach quotation marks to certain terms used in this announcement. It seems bewildering enough to be true to get our audit from Providence, aye, the special "Providence of Ontario." But who is Mr. Edwards? And is it implied by the "Providence of Ontario" that the audit may come from the Department of Public Works, of which Mr. Latchford, Grand Solicitor, is the "political head"? The membership may not consider such an audit pre-ventual at all. However, I would like to have the connection existing between this chartered accountant and the "Providence of Ontario" made a trifle more clear.

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C.M.B.A. Grand Officers

To the Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir—I have no sympathy with the tone of a letter signed C. M. B. A. in a recent Register. It does not impress me as having been written by a member who feels a true and genuine interest in the welfare of the Association. It is frivolous and indefinite and peters out in a silly laugh at the expense of the Quebec Tories upon their acquisition of one Grand President for organizer of the Irish Catholic vote down there. I submit, sir, that a different attitude towards Brother Hackett and his associates upon the Grand Board is required of self-respecting members of the C. M. B. A. I will not attempt to discuss this matter here from the standpoint of an Irish Catholic who sees a political party reach out after the head of the C. M. B. A. as an instrument with which to round up the Irish-Catholic vote. I may return to this consideration another time and take it up without any reference to C. M. B. A. concerns, because it is my conviction that the C. M. B. A. and the Irish-Catholic vote should not be mixed together in one political pot for the brewing of a new Tory soup. I shall not exceed to-day the line of my text. I abhor unbecomingness in the face of Catholic questions and protest against the insincerity that finds something to laugh at in that sort of unbecomingness. I say it is unbecoming in Mr. Hackett to remain for one hour Grand President of the C. M. B. A. while he goes in among the Irish-Catholic people of Quebec in the capacity of a paid agent to a political party. I say it was improper for the Grand Trustees, or any of them who attended the irregularly-called meetings in Montreal and Kingston, to countenance Mr. Hackett's contemplated course. I am given to understand that Dr. Ryan, of Kingston, and Mr. Latchford were aware of the whole plan beforehand. These gentlemen, chiefly, with Mr. Hackett, have constituted themselves an inner circle of the Grand Board to regulate Catholic political patronage. I submit that they have over-reached themselves at least. The C.M.B.A. is a noble organization. It cannot continue to retain its nobility and its political patronage board. I care not that Mr. Latchford differs in his public politics with Mr. Hackett and Dr. Ryan. As Mr. Hackett appears to have made up his mind to see the game through, let the group be banded out of doors together at the next Convention. Others whose names will occur to many fellow-members should also go, and the sooner the better for the honor of the C. M. B. A. The organization was intended for other work than servitorship of a handful of political caterpillars who are destroying the fair foliage of that once promising bay tree, the C. M. B. A.

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Reading down the paragraph you will notice that "chartered accountant" unnamed and undesignated, whether from Heaven or the Queen's Park, we know not, will bring the audit "up to the time of the convention." Does this mean that the delegates need not expect, as in the past, to see the financial statement before the afternoon session on the day set for the adjournment of the Convention? I notice that the Catholic Order of Foresters have passed a minute ordering that the financial statements shall be in the hands of delegates thirty days before the opening of their Convention, which audit named from a chartered accountant named by a special committee appointed independently of the governing Board. C. M. B. A. members are entitled to have their finances similarly laid before the Convention. We look to Brother Behan with confidence for business methods in office.

Yours truly,

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

Sept. 13, '03.

Oath of Typographical Union

Condemned by an American Bishop—
Catholic Members of the Union will meet to consider Situation

Orange, N. J., Sept. 11.—Bishop O'Connor, of the Catholic diocese of Newark, said at his home, in South Orange to-day regarding the oath of the typographical unions:

A man owes his allegiance first to God. That is equivalent to the allegiance he owes his church. If this oath or pledge requires the member of a union to do anything which the Catholic Church forbids, the church being a religious organization as described in the oath, no Catholic can conscientiously take the oath. The church requires allegiance first, while the oath might be interpreted as not interfering with a man's religious obligations, it would seem that according to the text of the oath allegiance to the union has priority. It would seem that in the event of the church commanding something to which the union might object, the oath might hinder a man from following the command of the church, and therefore no Catholic can belong to a union where such an obligation is demanded of him.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 12.—The Catholic members of the Typographical Union in Omaha have called a meeting for to-morrow afternoon to discuss the attitude of the church toward the oath taken by the union members. The condemnation of this vow by Bishop Scenel has caused trouble. One-third of the union members here are Roman Catholics. Most of them express a determination to stand by the union.

Upholds Union Oath

James W. Lynch, President of the International Typographical Union, which has its headquarters in Indianapolis, Ind., has sent a letter to Rev. P. A. Baart, of Marshall, Mich., who stated in a sermon that no Catholic could conscientiously take the oath of some labor unions, mentioning particularly the typographical organizations, "whose members must subscribe to an agreement that their fidelity to it must not be interfered with by any allegiance they may have with any religious, social or political body." Father Baart regards this as an oath that places the union above the Church and State. But Mr. Lynch says, he is mistaken in his views.

"He has placed the wrong construction on it," said Mr. Lynch. "Our members do not take an oath. They subscribe to an obligation not to permit their allegiance to a religious, political or social organization to interfere with their connection with the union. No renunciation of any religious beliefs is required, and we have never made any attempt to place the organization ahead of the Church, as he attempts to intimate. We do not try to bring religious matters into the organization at all."

Lynch says he will take the matter up with Father Baart in hopes of setting him right, but the latter's suggestion that the obligation be changed so the objectionable clause about religion be stricken out, Lynch says will not be heeded. He says a large per cent of the members of his organization are Catholics, and no question has ever been raised when they took the obligation. Most of the head officers, not only of the Typographical Union, but of the Mine workers, are Catholics.

PERSONAL

Capt. Kelly, of Montreal, who has been on a visit to this city for ten days, returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND THE NEW BISHOP OF SALFORD.

The Manchester Guardian offers its felicitations to Dr. Casartelli, the new Bishop of Salford. To begin with, it says in a leading article, "he is perhaps the most learned man within his own diocese, and learning is cosmopolitan and knows no bounds of sect."

In the Catholic Diocese of Salford, England, a new training college for female teachers is about to be established, and the Sisters of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, who have carried on a successful secondary school and a house of residence for teachers, are to have charge of it.

UNITED STATES

A convention of the Young Men's National Union was held in Boston last week. Rev. Dr. P. J. Supple, addressed the delegates. He said, "The vocation of the fourfold title of divine election, of divine ordination, of divine redemption, is strongly set forth in these words: 'But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that you may declare his virtues who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.'"

lives? To the crusade, then—The cause of God, the cause of man, is indissolubly bound up with the triumph and domination of God's truth as He revealed it over the minds and hearts of men.

"If in every community in the United States the young men would gather round the Church, join her societies, catch enthusiasm from the power of numbers and present to this American world a solid front of earnest, active, eager Catholics, thoroughly imbued with the necessity of making public profession of their faith and living up to its principles every community in the land would feel the influence, and the public imagination would be so impressed that serious minds would take up the study of a religion that in these days of indifference can so mould and influence young men."

"When you are thoroughly convinced of your high vocation to the lay apostolate, when you place its interests above all others, when your own hearts are on fire for the work of that apostolate and you communicate the sacred spark in others in ever-increasing numbers, when you speak with a voice whose volume and authority impress the whole community, when by your organized action you make the great moral principles of Catholicity felt in the private life of individuals and in the public life of the community—when you do all these things, you are living up to your high vocation, you are, in fact, as in name a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation of purchased people, purchased by the blood of Christ and irrevocably devoted to His divine interests in this world."

Governor Rawson and Cardinal Moran

The Sydney Freeman's Journal, in a description of the departure of Cardinal Moran for Rome in connection with the death of Leo XIII., quotes the following communication which he received from the Governor of the Colony, Sir Harry Rawson: "My Lord Cardinal: Hearing that your Eminence is about to leave Sydney for Rome, I wish personally to express my sorrow at the cause which is taking you, and the hope that it may please Divine Providence to restore to health His Holiness the Pope, and that he may be spared to the Roman Catholic Church and to the world, for all, no matter how much they may differ in forms of religion, must have a reverence and esteem for one who has so long, and so ably ruled so large a proportion of the human race. I trust that on your arrival in Rome you may find that His Holiness, in spite of the great age he has attained, has yet years of life before him. I remain, with deep sympathy in your anxiety and that of all Roman Catholics, yours faithfully—Harry H. Rawson."

A Fanatic Frenchman in America

M. Urbain Gohier, a French writer, in his volume on the United States, declares that "the Catholic question in the United States is one of extreme interest," and that "within a few years it will be the Catholic peril. The Roman Church," he writes, "which in the United States numbered 4,500 communicants in 1790, today numbers 12,000,000 or more. The total population of the country is twenty times more numerous than at that epoch; the Catholic population three hundred times more numerous. To this we must now add 6,500,000 Catholics in the Philippines and 1,000,000 in Porto Rico. The territory of the Republic maintains 1 Cardinal, 17 Archbishops, 81 Bishops, administering 82 dioceses and 5 Apostolic Prefectures, almost 11,000 churches, more than 5,000 chapels, with 12,500 officiating priests. There are 81 Catholic seminaries, 163 colleges for boys, 629 Colleges for girls, 3,400 parochial schools, 250 orphanages, and nearly 1,000 other various institutions. Finally, the United States alone sends more Peter's Pence to Rome than all the Catholic countries together." This, according to M. Gohier, is a very alarming state of affairs.

Thackeray and the Dublin Carman

The London Daily News tells the following story: "When on his first visit to Ireland, Thackeray took a drive on a Dublin car some distance into the country. Milestones had recently been erected along the roads, and on each was printed the number of miles, with the letters 'G.P.O.' distances being measured from the General Post Office. Thackeray was unaware of this, and in his thirst for information, asked the carman what the letters meant. The prompt reply was: 'God preserve O'Connell.' Thackeray believed what he was told, but the incident only appeared in the first edition of his book."

Papal Robes

Official Attire of the Sovereign Pontiff in Private Life and when Appearing in Public.

(Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton in The Av Maria.)

Papal robes vary with the occasion. In his private life when giving private audiences, the Pope's dress is as follows: He wears shoes of leather or cloth in winter and of silk or satin in summer; they are always of red color, and are fastened with red silk strings with golden tags. On them is embroidered in gold a cross, which the faithful kiss in homage to the Vicar of Christ. His stockings, according to the season, are of white wool or silk and are fastened with white garters which have catches of gold. The sinara, or cassock, has no train but it is finished with oversleeves and tippet; it is always of white material—cloth or merino—with white silk trimmings. A white silk stock and linen collar, white skullcap and a ring on the ring finger of the right hand complete the ordinary private dress. The Pope's color is always white, and this, writers say, typifies innocence of life, chastity and brilliance of virtue.

When the Pontiff goes out of doors he puts on a pectoral cross and chain and girds his cassock with a cincture of white watered silk fringed with gold. (I believe it was Pius IX. who introduced this fashion of wearing the cross and cincture.) During the cold weather the Pope uses a large red mantle, very full in size, of flannel cloth trimmed with silk and braided with gold. In the winter he also uses a peculiar style of headgear called the camauero. The marvelous picture by Raphael of Julius II. in the National Gallery at London represents the fiery Pontiff in the striking camauero. It is a kind of large and deep skullcap which comes over the ears, and is made of red velvet trimmed with ermine. If it is used in the summer it is of silk. Pius VI. fell in with the fashion of powdering his hair and gave up using the camauero, but Pius IX. restored it as a part of the Papal dress.

When the Pontiff receives in solemn audience Kings, Ambassadors, such like, or when he presides at Congregations, or assists in the Sistine Chapel, his slippers are of red velvet in winter, satin in summer and merino on days of penitence. Mourning, his cassock is of merino, of light silk in summer or of cloth or merino according to season during penitential times. Over the cassock, which is trained, he wears the rochet, which is crinkled in the peculiar Roman fashion by the nuns of the Child Jesus, who have care of the Pope's linen. Over the lace-trimmed rochet is worn the mozetta, or short cape, which is always red in color, and of velvet, satin or merino, according to the times. It is bordered with ermine. To this costume on occasions of ceremony—for instance, when the Pope, preceded by the Papal cross, goes to St. Peter's or visits churches or Kings—there is added a red stole of velvet or satin, thickly embroidered with gold and bearing the Papal coat-of-arms at the height of the chest.

At a consistory, to the foregoing costume is added a peculiar Papal robe, the faldia, which is a very wide and full white silk skirt with a long train. It is fastened round the waist and is so large that it has to be held up by attendants. It is a majestic robe and adds considerably to the dignity and stature of the Pontiff. It dates from the days of Julius II., and came in at a time when cassocks were not made with trains. There is a special stole, called the consistorial stole, which is used on these occasions.

During the Octave of Easter—that is from after the Office of Holy Saturday until after Vespers on the following Saturday—the Papal robes are all white. At what are known as Papal chapels—that is, when the Pope assists at a service in solemn state—he is vested like a Bishop, with certain peculiarities; his girdle is of white silk with bullion tassels; the stole is of one of three colors—red, white or violet, his cope is larger than usual and has a long train which is carried by the Prince Assistant at the Throne. This cope, which is embroidered with gold, is either red or white. It is of the same dimensions as the faldia, and is fastened by a morse of gold and precious stones called the formale pretiosum. Three mitres are borne before him on cushions—the precious mitre adorned with stones, the cloth of gold mitre and the cloth of silver mitre.

Since the days of Pius VI. the precious mitre has been used only once (by Pius IX. and that was at the procession at the opening of the Vatican Council. The tiara is worn only in processions, and never during a function where the mitre, gold or silver, is alone used. In the Papal treasury there are several of these tiaras; among them is one given by Napoleon I. to Pius VI. in 1805; it weighs eight pounds, cost eleven thousand dollars and contains one hundred and eighty-six precious stones. Isabella II. gave Pius IX. in 1854, a magnificent tiara, which the Pope sold, devoting the proceeds to founding the Seminario Pio.

The Pope sings Mass three times a day: at Christmas, Easter and St. Peter's; and on these occasions, besides the usual vestments worn by a Bishop when pontificating, he uses also the faldia, and attached to his golden-girdle is a kind of alms-bag, which since the time of Benedict XIII. has taken the form of a mantle. Over the stole he puts on an unwashed of this, and in his thirst for information, asked the carman what the letters meant. The prompt reply was: 'God preserve O'Connell.' Thackeray believed what he was told, but the incident only appeared in the first edition of his book."

Mr. Goldwin Smith and Ireland

(Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

A good deal of attention has been given by the press to an article in the new number of The Monthly Review, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, the main argument of which is that while it is right to reverse the agrarian policy which England has followed up in Ireland for over two centuries, it would be a great mistake to make any change in the political relations between the two countries. Mr. Goldwin Smith is entitled to the respect of Irishmen owing to the attitude he took up over the Boer war. There was no man in the British Empire of such standing who so strenuously opposed that war, or who so persistently pointed out its criminal character. Even the other day, with the war long since completed, and Lord Milner's work of building up the State begun, he still cried out against the crime of extinguishing the life of two nations, entitled to their own existence. It is curious that a man who so vigorously expressed views of this kind should, at this time of day, express opinions antagonistic to Home Rule. Yet, while Mr. Goldwin Smith is indignant with England for taking away the liberties of the Boer, he is quite satisfied that she does right in denying their liberties to the Irish. This kind of argument does not seem very logical, but Mr. Smith, like most other English political philosophers, applies special rules to this country. Mr. Smith, however, apparently forgets the opinions he held on the Irish question, "in the days of his youth."

The Irish Jaunting Car

The driver of the Irish Jaunting Car at the Dominion Exhibition just closed says 1903 was his busiest season.

You may boast about your rail, With its "special" and its "mail," Of your cycle and your motor, speeding far, You are welcome to the three If you leave, aggra, to me, Just the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

Sure for ever in the mind Is its memory entwined With the dearest recollections there that are Like a picture from the past, That no change can overcast, Is the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

In the morning long ago How my boyish heart would glow— Ah! no sorrow then life's happiness could mar— As we hastened to the fair, And the fun that waited there, On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

And when evening gathered down On the little market town, And we rattled home by light of moon or star, How merry was our song As we gaily drove along On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

On the gladness wedding morn, When the dew was on the corn, Sure it's little then we recked of jolt or jar, While we proudly drove in 'state' From the cheerful haggard gate On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

And when Sunday came around, And the happy, holy sound Of the chapel bell came stealing from afar, Well we knew its sweet intent, And to Mass we meekly went, On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

Ah, the olden vanished days, With their quaint, romantic ways, In your present prosy times they have no part, Sure the earth was fairer then, Fresh, unfolding to our ken, From the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

But the world is altered now, And the years have blanch'd my brow, I am fading far away from scenes that are, To the churchyard cold, below, They will take me soon, I know, On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

Moore's Patriotism

The commemoration in Limerick of the centenary of the birth of Gerald Griffin recalls an incident not generally known, in which Gerald Griffin, himself an illustrious man of letters, was brought in contact in matters political with Thomas Moore. In 1832 Gerald Griffin, as the spokesman of a deputation selected by the citizens of Limerick, proceeded to London with the object of inducing Moore to come forward as the Parliamentary candidate for the City of Limerick in the repeal interest. Moore, while constrained to decline the honor on grounds of ill-health and pressure of work, expressed himself in absolute sympathy with the Irish National claims and aspirations.

A Salisbury Sarcasm

A few years ago a Bishop called up on Lord Salisbury with regard to the chairmanship of some commission, and, becoming a little irritated by the Premier's obvious indifference, broke out with the exclamation, "Really, Lord Salisbury, this appointment is extremely important!" "My lord," replied the Premier, "in this country there are only two extremely important appointments; one is that of the Prime Minister, the other that of Foreign Secretary. For all the rest any fairly competent person will do equally well."

Ottawa's Loss the Gain of Halifax

The new Catholic collegiate school about to be established in Halifax is to have for its Principal Professor W. F. P. Stockley, formerly of the University, New Brunswick, and last year of the University of Ottawa. His Grace the Archbishop and the Catholics of Halifax are to be warmly congratulated upon the enlightened policy which has dictated this choice. If "stone walls do not a prison make," neither do they constitute an institution of learning. In that, as all else, the matter of first importance is men, and the man of first importance is the head. The new school will begin its career under one who has a more than continental reputation as a scholar, thinker, and educationist, and with a consuming zeal for Catholic progress—a zeal, too, which is in all things "according to knowledge."—Antigonish Casket.

Father O'Growney's Remains

(The Daily News on the Mother Country)

On Saturday, the 12th of September, the remains of Father O'Growney left California for Ireland. It was a solemn spectacle, says The San Francisco Leader, this long general, starting from the busy city of Los Angeles and ending in the little cemetery by the quiet cloisters of Maynooth. Under those cloms may a time he sit in retreat and meditated on the things of eternity. There he had hoped to be buried. Now from these uttermost shores the kindly Irish of the Irish will bear him over land and sea and lay him to rest among his own people, that his resurrection may be with Patrick and Brigid and Colum-cille and the unnumbered hosts of the saints of Eire.

In restoring to the Mother Country the bones of Eugene O'Growney, the Irish of California are performing a duty of piety and patriotism. These relics are too precious to lie in a foreign shore. They belong to Ireland. Therefore it is meet and just that the Gaels in California, their children and their children's children, should deem it a high privilege to give back to the Motherland this sacred deposit, that his grave may become a shrine to his people. The first suggestion of bringing home the remains of Father O'Growney came from his former pupil and friend, Mr. Lawrence Brannick, of Los Angeles. It was considered fitting that the Gaelic League of Ireland, in whose foundation Father O'Growney took such a part, should carry out the arrangements. Through the kindness of Dr. Hyde, the President of the League, the necessary preliminaries were arranged in Ireland.

Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., on Catholic Worship

Speaking the other day at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., said that sometimes they criticized the Roman Catholic Church very severely, but there was no church that had made a surer and deeper search into human nature. That Church, the greatest religious organization in the whole world, conducted its worship in a common tongue. The Roman Catholics conducted their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilized every means for taking people away from everyday interests, and sought to induce them to forget what was outside. The language of commerce and of every-day occupations was thus left outside, and the people were taught the language of worship. This showed a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind. The Welsh preserved their language for the health of their worship. English would become the language of commerce, the language of professions, the language of the street, and for Welshmen, he was afraid, the Welsh language, when it died, would die at the steps of the altar. (Applause.)

Death of a Catholic Actor

American exchanges report the death of Mr. Joseph Haworth, the actor. There was perhaps no American actor who had more power than Mr. Haworth, certainly none who had so complete an equipment for the highest dramatic success. He was the best interpreter of Shakespear on the American stage and an artist whose force was no greater than his versatility. Besides being a great actor, Mr. Haworth was a most lovable man. He was generous to the highest degree—generous of his means, of his time, of his talents. A large-hearted and high-minded gentleman, he made friends everywhere and kept them. He was a loyal and practical Catholic.

Brother of a Canadian Nun

The name of Lieutenant Portier has several times appeared in the newspapers, in connection with the persecution in France. He declines to take part in the expulsion of the Redemptorist Fathers at Sabes d'Olonne (Vendee). Perhaps the odious job was assigned to him, because his sister is a nun and his brother, Father Portier, O. M. I., is a missionary (in Alberta, N. W. T., Canada). The Lieutenant was tried by court martial, but acquitted on the ground that he had not disobeyed his superior officer.

Rattlesnakes Unloosed in Ireland

London, Sept. 12.—The Times prints under the heading of "Rattlesnakes in Ireland," the following extraordinary letter: "As a matter of record only I beg to state that I arrived from America on the Celtic about ten days ago, landed at Queenstown, went to Cork, and at Blarney Castle I liberated fourteen fairly good-sized rattlesnakes, one with six and two with four rattles, and the balance quite young. Time will tell if St. Patrick is a myth or not. Yours for science, C. R. Warwick."

NOT BORN A GENTLEMAN.

The Englishman—Were you born a gentleman? The Frenchman—No, Monsieur; I was born a baby. In all my life I have never known one baby that was a gentleman.

J. E. SEAGRAM

DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT," Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

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Loretto Abbey...

WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ON This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, &c., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

School of Practical Science

ESTABLISHED 1878. This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the School for giving instruction in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Analytic, 3-Mining, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing. The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Students will be received, as well as those taking regular courses. For full information see Calendar. I. B. STEWART, Secy.

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Mrs. Wells' Business College

Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts. ESTABLISHED 1888 Day and Night School Individual Instruction All Graduates Placed in Positions

LOYOLA A Classical College Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers

There is a Preparatory Department for Junior Boys and a Special English Course. Classes will be Recalled Thursday September 9, 1903 at 9 a.m. For particulars apply to the Rector. Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J. 68 Drummond St. - - - Montreal, P. Q.

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FENDERS GAS LOGS COAL YASES FIRE IRONS SCREENS Etc. Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

Calendar for September 1903, listing days of the month, feast days (e.g., St. Elizabeth of Portugal, St. Stephen, etc.), and liturgical events (e.g., Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost).

Children's Corner

SCARES THAT ARE USELESS. (By Charles McIlvaine.)

I think it was King James II. who said to one of his soldiers when he was boasting that he did not know what fear was, "Heh, mon! then you never snuffed a candle with your fingers." We jerk our fingers away from anything hot because we know they will get burned. This is a proper scare. We are saving our personal property; our fingers belong to us. It is always right, and never cowardly, to keep ourselves and other from being hurt.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep, Where the grey trout lies asleep, Up the river and o'er the lea, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest, Where the nestlings chirp and flee, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest, Where the hay lies thick and greenest, Where to trace the homeward bee, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest, Where the shadow falls the deepest, Where the clustering nuts fall free, That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away Little sweet maidens from the play, Or love to banter and fight so well, That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play, Through the meadow, among the hay, Up the water and o'er the lea, That's the way for Billy and me.

Prof. Lugon, of the University of Lausanne has been studying the population of the valley of the Rhone between Martigny and the Rhone glacier.

The statistics show that the right bank of the river between these points has a population of 34,000, while only 20,000 persons live along the left bank.

There are two reasons for this difference in the density of population of the two banks of the Rhone. One is that the right bank is less hilly and therefore offers better natural conditions for the building of hamlets and towns.

But Prof. Lugon is convinced that a more important influence is exerted by the different degrees of sunshine enjoyed by the two banks.

He has found that along a part of the river banks which present exactly the same topographic conditions the population of the side which is most exposed to the sun has from four to five times as many inhabitants as the other bank which is in the shadow of the mountains that ward off most of the direct rays of the sun.

With one or two exceptions all the villages have been built on the bank which is most fully exposed to the sun's rays.

This influence of the presence or absence of sunlight also manifests itself in the psychic characteristics and the material conditions of the population of the two river banks.

On the right side of the river in the sun the population live more at their ease, are more prosperous and present a degree of civilization more advanced than those of the opposite shore.

He calls those who are most favored with sunlight the solar aristocracy and says that they contemplate with a certain disdain the inferior population who dwell in the shadow across the river.

The people of the village of Reclingen, which occupies both banks of the Rhone, are notably divided into two distinct castes whose origin, in the last analysis, may be attributed to the difference of sunshine to which the two groups are exposed.

GOOD SENSE OF CHICKENS. "A chicken raiser in Connecticut told me something about chickens that I did not know before," said a dominie who spends a few weeks walking in the country every summer.

"It was late in the day, and I stopped at the gate of a little farmhouse to ask for a cup of water.

"The farmer was watching his chicken house as the brood, one by one, turned in to roost. He was so intent in his watch that he did not see me until I had spoken."

"Then we began talking about chickens, and I said that from my observation a chicken had less sense than anything else with feathers. The farmer at once took me up.

"You never raised chickens," he said, "or you wouldn't say that. Chickens can beat your city weather man in predicting rain. You wouldn't notice it, however, unless you made a business of raising 'em. Unless the shower is sudden they begin to run to and fro before the downfall as if a hawk was in the air, and then scurry to shelter."

"Another peculiarity about chickens is their system in making certain rounds every day when the weather is fair. They start out in the morning and go to given points with the regularity of a clock."

"They may be shooped off their course, but as soon as the fright is over they return, and they continue the route, winding up late in the day at the place of beginning. I have tried to fool a chicken now and then by taking it off its beat and putting it down at some other point. By waiting I found that it invariably returned to the place where I had picked it up, and from there it resumed its regular course."

"Unless there is a rain chicken will never leave their daily course until the time draws night for them to come home to roost. They may be a trifle late now and then, as some of my brood are this evening, but they will come. That's more than some folks know, added the farmer, looking at me in peculiar manner, which prompted me to go on my way."

THE WANDERER. I've fared in many an ancient land Of deeds enshrined in story, Of walled towns and castles grand Renowned in legends hoary, But spite the spell of tower and dome,

I long with restless yearning To see again the boyhood's home To which my soul's e'er turning, To hear once more in early Spring The April rain's soft patter.

The whirring of the birds on wing, The gray squirrel's noisy chatter, The crooning of the little rill Through meadows green a-straying, The woodland paths, the wind-swept hill,

The hunting hounds' deep baying; And joy supreme, to meet once more My mother waiting at the door.

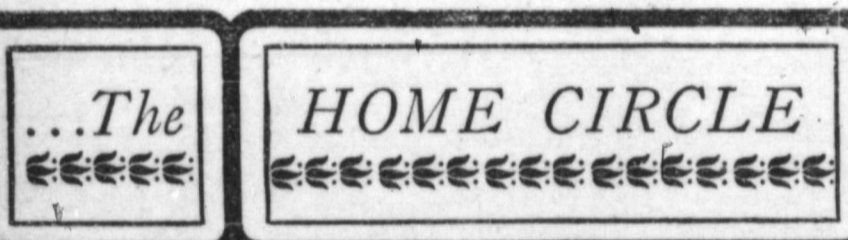
CATARRH CAN BE CURED. Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages.

For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely-noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Why does she take such an interest in him? "She says he reminds her of her dear, dead Fido."—Indianapolis Sun.

Not one of the beetles that come buzzing into the lights at night, and drop on the floor with a bang and straddle, will bite. Pick it up fearlessly. When bees, wasps, hornets, come about, keep perfectly still and they will not sting. Make a quick motion, strike at them, and they probably will. Almost every year I have

Clergymen, who are continually on their feet, try DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS for Comfort



HINTS FOR PICKLING. An adept in the art of pickling declares that the difference in vinegars is responsible for some unhappy results in flavor. Pure cider vinegar, she maintains, is the best for all kinds. Water may be used to dilute vinegar that is too acid. Nothing that has ever contained grease should be used as a pickle receptacle, and only porcelain or granite ware should be employed for cooking them. Metal vessels of any sort should never have any part in pickle making or keeping.

ALUM A USEFUL TOILET ADJUNCT. If the hands and feet perspire freely a jar of powdered alum is a useful good thing to use every day, but toilet adjunct. Powdered alum is dusted on the inside of the hands occasionally, after washing, or over the sole of the foot and between the toes, it will dry the surface of the skin a little, or a little of the powder may be added to the water in which the hands are washed. Once in a while one sees an alum bath recommended to take off that frightful, shiny look from the face. But alum is so drying it can hardly be used without producing or accentuating wrinkles, and surely the shiniest skin in the world is better than wrinkles.

CHICKEN BOULLION. To make a good chicken bouillon for invalids, take two yearling chickens. Old hens will not do, because a fowl over two or three years old does not have as good a flavor as one under that age, while a chicken of one year or less has enough richness of substance to make a good bouillon. Put this stock in a bright kettle over the fire. Chop and pound the breasts as fine as possible and add them to the soup, first seasoning it with salt and pepper. Let the breasts simmer very slowly for thirty minutes in this stock, if a small quantity of toasted bread is desired, it may be added as a garnish. In certain cases it may be well to make this soup with water, instead of veal stock, as some patients cannot take such a bouillon, but where it is desirable to have very stimulating bouillon the veal stock must be used. This soup is excellent thickened the second day with rice, as well as with the chicken breast. Add a tablespoonful of rice to a quart of the soup.

TO CLEAN SHETLAND SHAWL. The Shetland floss shawl or scarf in which the summer girl delights is practically spoiled if laundered according to the usual method, so some special way must be devised for restoring their freshness when the become soiled. Dry cleaning with starch meal, flour or the like is highly recommended, but one young woman has discovered one way to launder a white shawl satisfactorily. She made a suds with warm water and white soap, adding a little ammonia, and soaped the shawl gently around in this, squeezing, but never lifting the mass of wool. A large pan was utilized for the washing process, and when the suds was poured off fresh rinsing water was added twice. After the second rinsing every possible drop of moisture was squeezed out of the shawl and the pan set over the warming oven of the range. The shawl was turned over and over until perfectly dry, when it looked as good as new.

COME TO THE POINT. Many persons who are in the habit of making visits of business commit a sad error in not stating their object at once and in as few words as possible. They hesitate, introduce some subject altogether foreign, occupy much precious time, and all to little purpose. Instead of proceeding to the matter in hand directly, they apologize for the intrusion, intimate that another time may prove more acceptable, and explain until at last the real object is absolutely forced from them.

A DELICIOUS DESSERT. Coffee charlotte russe is a delicious dessert. Line a charlotte mould with lady fingers, cutting them off evenly at the top, and leaving a small space between them. Chill and whip three cups of thin cream (one cup of thick cream and two cups of rich milk may be used), drain and chill again. Soften one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold black coffee. Scald three-fourths cup of milk, or cream that drains from the whipped cream, add a half cup of sugar, beat the yolks of two eggs; add one-fourth cup of sugar, and cook in the hot milk until the custard coats the spoon; add the gelatine, strain and cool, beating occasionally. When the mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the whip from the cream, and turn into the lined mould. When thoroughly set and chilled, dip the mould in tepid water and invert over a serving dish. Coffee used with gelatine in this way or in coffee jelly has its stimulating and harmful qualities eliminated. The usual after-dinner coffee may follow any dessert of this sort.

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE. Careful observation of the effects of Parnee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1904.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City:

DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN, 478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.

DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I could be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COGGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN, 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

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PATRICK F. CRONIN,
Business Manager and Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION:
In City, including delivery, \$1.50
Outside, including delivery, \$2.00
OFFICES—9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

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Telephone, Main 489.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1903.

THE CHURCH AND UNIONS.

The oath or vow of the Typographical Union appears to have earned the disapproval of the Catholic Bishop of Newark, N. J. The words of the Bishop as reported are clear and to the point, and Catholic members of the Union in other States are taking the subject to heart. The Church does not needlessly show herself at variance with workingmen's associations, but on the contrary presumes them to be formed as a general thing for the betterment of laboring conditions. This ground is reasonable, and as long as the societies are wisely governed both Church and State will certainly look upon them as advantageous organizations. But the Church can never behold without disapproval any association, whether of workmen or employers, membership in which would expose the religion of her children to peril. We have not the vow of the Typographical Union before us, but the Bishop states that it demands an obligation dangerous to religion. Reason and religion equally dictate what the conduct of a Christian freeman should be towards any proposed unrighteous obligation of secrecy. From the Catholic point of view there is nothing new in the subject. Catholics who do not understand what Catholic teaching upon this head is do not hear the church as they ought. All societies of Christian workmen should make themselves responsible to religion. It is impossible for them to pursue the ends of justice if they leave religion outside their purpose. The Catholic workmen of the United States have shown in the past and will continue to show that they understand their rights and duties as members of labor organizations.

THE C. M. B. A.

Elsewhere we publish some correspondence from C. M. B. A. members. One of the letters we blue-penciled before sending to the printer, because the writer, in our opinion, trampled upon matters that could best be dealt with inside the Convention. This is of course our opinion only. Some further communications we have excluded altogether, for the reason that they treated entirely of just such matters. The Register has no wish to interfere with the full and free expression of its readers' opinions upon C. M. B. A. affairs, or any other affairs coming within the scope of legitimate newspaper discussion. The interests of the C. M. B. A. and indeed all Catholic societies, at the same time, demand conservative and sympathetic treatment in the public press.

CHAMBERLAIN'S DEATH STRUGGLE.

By Mr. Chamberlain's protection campaign England has been swept into a political crisis sharper than that which preceded the Boer war. The acute trouble is not between the Liberal and Tory parties, but between Mr. Chamberlain's opponents and followers in the ranks of the latter organization. Sir Michael Hicks Beach left Mr. Balfour's government rather than sit in conference with the Colonial Secretary, and the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, are now anxious to go out. Mr. Balfour has been temporizing up to the present moment, when it looks as if the break must come. Mr. Chamberlain has been hooted by the London workmen on his way to the Cabinet Council and the electors throughout the country are plainly desirous of having the issue brought to the polls. An election cannot therefore be much longer deferred.

It is quite astonishing the heat that has been engendered in a little time by Mr. Chamberlain's aggression. Indeed the political pot would appear to have been set aboil by some special process. There are probably deeper designs at stake than the professed wish of the Chamberlain party to strengthen the ties of empire by drawing the colonies into closer relationship under a tariff union. There are other signs of the times in England that appear much more prominent than this elaborately organized movement which Mr. Cham-

berlain is pleased to call "the imperial passion." The operatives of the north are on the verge of starvation as a consequence of the depression following the Boer war. The depression must certainly deepen in the next year or two, and upon the heels of this economic discontent and danger the scandal of the mismanagement of the war is daily assuming more alarming proportions. The Government will not let half the truth become known until the evidence is demanded by Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain was the author of the war and the bolt must strike him in the long run. The hoots that followed him along London streets on Monday are ominous. It may be smart politics to draw the red herring on an "imperial passion" across the track of his Nemesis. There is an abundance of money sunk in the secret places of this well-advertised "passion," as leadlets by the million are flying over the length and breadth of the land. An amusing feature of the situation is to see some of the Canadian palmists of free trade like Johnny Bengough, the redoubtable anti-protection poet and cartoonist, pressed into the service of the brand new British protection party. But as Rudyard Kipling remarked once upon a time, it is always "pay, pay, pay."

BAR, BENCH AND PUBLIC.

Mr. John S. Ewart, a Winnipeg counsel learned in the law, has been congratulating a newly-appointed Western Judge, and doubtless because the Judge was without a judicial past, Mr. Ewart took occasion to call his attention to certain matters affecting both the interests of the Bench and of the general public. Mr. Ewart lamented the selection of judges by Federal and Provincial governments to investigate charges arising out of political contentions, and he alluded to the acceptance by Judges of passes from railway corporations as well as to their holding directorships in financial and business corporations. All these things Mr. Ewart submitted as just cause, if true, for the decay of public confidence in the Bench.

We have emphasized the fact that the Judge to whom Mr. Ewart addressed his remarks was holding his first court. The counsel would not have cared to say as much to any of the senior occupants of the Bench, because his remarks would have been interpreted as directly personal and unwarrantably insulting. It is hardly an assertion that need be made after due circumstantial beating about the bush, that the judges of Canada have been accustomed to accept all sorts of commissions from governments in power, whether the governments were Tory or Liberal, nor is it very much of a secret that the judges travel on passes and that they draw directors' fees from business corporations. The Register agrees with Mr. Ewart that in one and all of these directions the judges jeopardize the confidence which the public should repose in them. But we cannot go the length of saying that Mr. Ewart was within the limits of professional etiquette in addressing his observations to a Judge upon the Bench. Nor do we think that Mr. Ewart proved the courage of his personal convictions in seeking for a remedy by the peculiar way he chose to select. Our view may be made tolerably clear.

Mr. Ewart was speaking as a member of the Bar to a brother member who had just been appointed to the Bench. He was speaking according to professional custom; but the matter of his speech was quite unusual. The subject of Mr. Ewart's remarks was in part of a purely political complexion and partly of general public interest. Now the only motive that could justify his course as a member of the Bar speaking within the Bar was the honor of his profession. It is scarcely necessary to say here that when a member of the Bar accepts an appointment to the Bench, he does not then cease to be a member of the Bar. His conduct still continues to reflect upon his brother members of the Bar, either creditably or otherwise, and it is their undoubted right, as it is their duty to hold his actions to the code of professional good conduct. Imprecation before the bar of public opinion is another story altogether. The Bar is a tribunal unto itself. It is somewhat the same with medicine and the church. Unbecoming conduct in either of the latter professions is tried within the particular profession. It may be a method that does not recommend itself to the democratic ideal. But that is not the question. If Mr. Ewart considers in his heart and soul that the practices of judges which he has alluded to reflect upon their public honor and lessen public confidence in them, he as a member of the Bar choosing to speak inside the Bar has acted in an unprofessional manner by making his impeachment to the Bar of public opinion. As a barrister in good standing and respecting the code of

his profession his appeal was to the Bar in the first instance. By making instead his appeal to the public, he displays a lack of confidence in the integrity of the Bar, which sins by omission if the Judges as members of the Bar have sinned by commission and have not been called to answer long ago. What Mr. Ewart actually did was to warn a new Judge against falling into practices which had lessened the confidence of the public in the Judges of senior appointment. This warning he uttered in the most public manner thus impeaching not only the Judges but the Bar tribunal as well, because the Bar must have been untrue to itself by overlooking in its members sitting upon the Bench practices which tended to weaken the confidence of the public in the Judges of the land. If this is not the logical conclusion of Mr. Ewart's speech, we would like to know what he was driving at—except a political effect.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Pope Pius X. is a Pope without a pedigree according to the slang meaning which that word carries. But some Catholic snobs, who deserve to be American millionaires, would like to invent a pedigree for him and could easily purchase a job lot of ancestors in the picture shops of Venice. A Belgian Catholic newspaper throws out the scyphantic suggestion that the Pope must be a descendant of the great Florentine artist, Andrea del Sarto. Unfortunately Pius X. has declared that he was born a Sarto without any "del." If there was any social evolution of his ancestors they must have become poor peasants after having been tailors in medieval times. But whether tailors or peasants Pius X. is too simple minded a man to afflict himself with the vanity of boasting either humble or high lineage.

Oh, what a difference in the men! Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has accepted from the Maharajah of Benares an historic suite of white ivory furniture. The presentation to the representative of the Crown was made after Lord Curzon's agent had written to the Maharajah that the Viceroy had been captivated by art displayed in the workmanship of the articles which he had seen while visiting the Maharajah. Then Lord Curzon got over the difficulty of the government regulations by exchanging for the ivory treasure a rifle worth £40. Fair exchange is not bribery. These are Lord Curzon's sentiments. A Miss Marie Custeau, of Boston, sent some presents to President Roosevelt the other day. The following was the reply from the President's secretary:

"I beg to state that while the President greatly appreciates your courtesy in sending him the enclosure which you forwarded, he has felt obliged to adopt a rule which precludes him from accepting a present from any one."

Palestrina's Music

The contrapuntal chorus music of the Middle Ages—the most refined as well as the most distinctive of those artistic products with which the Catholic Church has adorned herself as a bride worthy of the Heavenly King—reached its maturity in the middle of the sixteenth century. For 500 years this art had been growing, constantly putting forth new tendrils, which interlaced in luxuriant and ever-extending forms until they overspread all Western Christendom. It was now given to one man, Giovanni Pierluigi Sante, called Palestrina from the place of his birth, to put the finishing touches upon this wonder of mediæval genius, and to impart to it all of which its peculiar nature was capable in respect to technical completeness, tonal purity and majesty, and devotional expression.

Palestrina was more than a flawless artist, more than an Andrea del Sarto; he was so representative of that inner spirit which has uttered itself in the most sincere work of Catholic art the very heart of the institution to which he devoted his life may be said to find a voice in his music. His is therefore no factitious or accidental renown; he was one of those master minds who absorb and formulate guiding principles and characteristic traits of the age in which they live, and one who knows his works have obtained an insight into one phase which must be reckoned with in penetrating the spirit which produced the religious phenomena which appeared on the side of Catholicism in the stormy period of the sixteenth century.

Pius X's Facial Resemblance to Pius IX.

In the Conclave, immediately after the election, several of the Cardinals commented on the new Pope's resemblance to Pius IX., and the resemblance grew still more striking when he appeared among them for the first time wearing the white cassock and zucchetto. The people outside at once discerned the same likeness when his portrait was published in the papers and Papa Sarto began to be called Pius IX. the Second, "Pio Nomo Secondo."—The Tablet.

Have you a picture of the late Pope Leo XIII. If not read our offer in another column.

The First Pope

Sketch of the Life and Death of St. Peter

The Pontiff Selected by Our Blessed Saviour

No name can ever be of more interest to the Catholic mind as that of St. Peter. We know that many of the Popes have been enrolled in the calendar; thirty have sealed the faith of Christ with their blood. Some have stood high above the doctors of their age for knowledge and learning, while all have exercised an influence amongst the nations on the side of liberty and civilization. We find among them men like Gregory VII. and Innocent III., who elevated the masses and paralyzed the tyranny of kings; and others after the fashion of Benedict XIV., who gave an impetus to science, learning, and the arts that has left the impress on the history of Europe and the world.

THE FIRST LINK WITH THE REDEEMER.

But, nevertheless, to the figure of the first memorable Pontiff the Catholic mind ever turns as the first link that binds the Church to its Divine Founder and what is human in it, to the eternal and supernatural. Those great powers and privileges with which Christ endowed His Church were first placed in the hands of St. Peter and through him conveyed to the Christian world. He is the only Pontiff that was educated in the Apostolic College, and learned from the lips of his Divine Master those truths that have transformed human life and passion. Little wonder, then, that coming toward the time when the world's thoughts are fixed on Bethlehem, we do not forget that great saint who was the first to whom our Saviour gave such an extraordinary mission.

HIS LIFE.

St. Peter's life might well be divided into two parts by the biographer; the first his preparation among the disciples of St. John and our Saviour for His great destiny; the second begins with the first Feast of Pentecost, and continues to his crucifixion in Rome in '67. St. John the Baptist had charge over the novitiate that appeared for the public mission of our Saviour. Among the voices we find the future Pontiff. A native of Bethsaida, the city on Lake Genesareth which was frequently blessed by the presence of our Divine Saviour, he evidently possessed that longing for knowledge of the unseen world that, developed by years of association with his Master, was the source of his vocation. When called by our Saviour to the Apostolate, he hesitated not to cast aside even those few links that bound him to the world.

Once he had embraced this life of sacrifice he became the Apostle of faith and love. The gospel narrative proved that he was regarded by our Lord from the beginning with special favor and affection. Cardinal Newman thinks that it was for the love of Christ, flowing on as it did from its impetuosity and exuberance into love of the brethren that he was chosen to be the chief pastor of the fold. "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?" was the trial put on him by his God; and the reward was, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." It was for this reason that St. Peter was selected by our Saviour to take the place at the helm to guide the Church after His Ascension.

"UPON THIS ROCK."

The two prerogatives with which our Saviour endowed St. Peter as head of the Church were primacy of jurisdiction and personal infallibility. To him with the other apostles He gave the power of absolution from sin and of offering sacrifice. He enjoyed equally with the other disciples the right of preaching the Gospel. But besides and beyond all these powers he received in common with the other apostles, we find that he is specially chosen as their head. To St. Peter alone did our Saviour say:

"And I say to thee: Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven." We see that St. Peter is the "rock" on which the Church was to be built, and that to him was to be given as the sign of power he was to exercise "the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Besides he was the only one to whom Christ gave individually the power of "binding" and "loosing" which implies the power of making laws and dispensing from them. And it may be interesting to add that the charge of "feeding the lambs and sheep" refers to the right of teaching and ruling not only the faithful but the priests and bishops of the "kingdom of heaven" with which he was endowed.

THE PRINCIPLE OF INFALLIBILITY.

It will appear very strange that outside the Church so much difficulty is found with the doctrine of Papal infallibility unless we take into consideration the immediate consequence of such belief on the conscience. The principle of infallibility is the cardinal point of Christianity. It preserves and alone is capable of preserving Divine revelation. Hence no man could excuse himself from acting dishonestly if he did not join the Church once he produced the dogma of infallibility. Yet is the powers entrusted to St. Peter for the guidance of the faithful he honorably examined, it is impossible to see what our Saviour could mean unless He bestows infallibility. Besides what has been quoted above, we find our Saviour promising to confirm his faith so as to be beyond all the wiles of Satan. "Satan has tried

to sift thee as wheat; but I prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not; and thou, being converted, confirm thy brethren." The office of confirming thy brethren attached to the primacy to which St. Peter was elected by our Saviour demands personal infallibility for its proper and effectual fulfillment.

ST. PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENTANCE.

One act in this portion of St. Peter's life must not be forgotten. It will serve to show still more clearly the divine character of Catholic faith. It is his great sin of denial. Yet it produced two good effects. One is, it shows the weakness of the instruments with our Saviour made use of to convert mankind; the second, the extraordinary repentance of St. Peter. Tradition tells us that channels were worn on the face of the apostle by the continuous tears of bitter sorrow he shed for his act of dishonor. Does it not also teach us the efficacy of contrition and the infinite mercy of our Saviour to those who are really in earnest in co-operating with His Grace?

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE CHURCH.

St. Peter began the active work of his Pontificate on the first day of Pentecost. The advent of the Holy Ghost produced wonderful effects in the little room of Jerusalem. Previously fearful of the terrors of the Sanhedrin, and suffering from the loss of his Divine Leader, they, now having received the Holy Spirit of God, went out boldly into the streets of Jerusalem to preach Christ crucified. St. Peter planted that day the standard of Catholic faith in the very heart of Jerusalem, which, as our Saviour promised, has never yet been borne down. The first fruits were 3,000 souls. The apostle presided at this great work, and according to the Acts of the Apostles, personally baptized them.

In these days of labor we find St. Peter performing the duties of jurisdiction that belonged to his office as Pontiff. He was the first mover in the election of a new apostle in the room of Judas Iscariot; he was the spokesman of the rest as we have seen on the day of Pentecost, and he it was who answered the charges when the apostles were brought before the council; he is the chief actor in the tragic scene of the death of Ananias and Sapphira; he was the first to break down the wall of prejudice of race by receiving a Gentile convert into the Church; he was the first to propound in the Council of Jerusalem the question to be discussed as to the Mosaic observances; and, finally, we find him acting as president at that council in 49. From this forward his life is one of constant labor and work in many portions of the world, converting thousands by his preaching, and suffering innumerable persecutions from the enemies of Christianity. In 42 he took up his residence in Rome, and from that city kept up constant communication, as far as possible, with the workers in the ministry. Bishops received their instructions from him, and were encouraged by his extraordinary zeal. In Rome itself innumerable evidences of his labors could be traced. The very stones speak of the work of the Supreme Pontiff, and bring back the mind in wonder to the time when the great Catholic Church, that now has temples and churches and millions of adherents in every land, was in reality the "little mustard seed" of which our Saviour speaks.

THE LAST TRAGIC SCENE ON THE VATICAN HILL.

In Rome the last tragic scene in St. Peter's life took place. It was a scene, too, worthy of the great Pope. The enemies of the Church defiled his success with horror. Nothing could daunt his courage or his zeal. The Christians had grown numerous, and threatened the superstitious of the pagans. Sleeping in security for centuries, their rites and dogmas were so corrupt and ridiculous as to tempt the cynicism even of the infidel. Hence the authorities seized St. Peter, and with him St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, threw them into prison and condemned them to death. On the Vatican Hill this great Pontiff suffered persecution for the love of his Divine Master. One great feature of that death teaches us the humility of St. Peter. Crucifixion was the form of death he was to suffer. Least, however, his sacrifice of faith might seem too like that of his Master, he requested that he should be placed upon the cross with his head hanging downwards to the ground. And so, by his last act, he crowned the work of his life as Pope. He had spent the first seven years at Antioch, and the remaining twenty-five at Rome. When he was dying he must have felt happy at the result of his work. From the increase of numbers and the zeal with which, by God's grace, he inspired the Christians, he never feared that the Church would succumb to the long, bitter night of persecution that "festered" to fall upon it in the Roman world. He was among its first victims. And his blood crying to heaven for the success of the Church he was privileged to rule undoubtedly obtained grace and strength and gave courage to those who had later on to face the full power of the storm that Satan raised to destroy his work.

HIS LIFE LIKE THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH.

The life of St. Peter is not unlike that of the Church. With the powers of the world against its influence on the souls of men every year and generation brings with it an ever-increasing harvest. No country that sees its light receives the blessings of faith without persecution. The reason was not far to seek. The doctrine of Christ are opposed to the lower passions of men. The powers of hell are ever on its path. But so long as we have men inspired by the zeal and example of St. Peter its power for good must ever grow. In other words, since the promise of our Saviour to be with His Church extends

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The Pervenu Daughter and the Wayback Parent

Daughter was from Ontario, too, but she had spent two years in the city remote from the parental home, "finishing" at a school which taught a great deal more even than was to be learned out of books. She was able, therefore, to enjoy the ease with which her friend ordered dinner for her and her parents in the Paris restaurant and his fine air of having spent all his life in an atmosphere of epicurean delights. The four were seated in the place with the most famous cellars in Paris. He had looked through the wine list, voluminous as a telephone book, and said to the waiter, "Chateau de Villeneuve, premier cru, '64," astonishing this functionary until he was almost as white as his apron. The wine was the most expensive on the highest priced list in Paris. No mere waiter could handle a drink like it. Even the cellarman with his green apron and silver chain could not be trusted to bring up such wine. It must have the personal attention of the head waiter, and he in turn supervised by the proprietor, to have it reach the table in the proper way. Chateau de Villeneuve, premier cru, '64, at 40 francs a bottle was not ordered every day, even in this restaurant beloved of Russians and Americans.

A MAGNIFICENT EMBLEM OF THE PAPACY.

This statue of St. Peter is now a well-known object of devotion all over the world, and the custom of placing a copy of it in churches all over Christendom is becoming more and more common every day. It is a magnificent emblem of the Papacy itself. The metal of it once formed a statue of Capitoline Jove, who ruled the world from the Capitol Hill, and was molded to represent the Prince of Apostles in commemoration of Leo the Great's victory over Attila, "the scourge of God." In all the invasions, persecutions, revolutions, sackings and profanations which have devastated Rome during the last 1,500 years, no impious hand has ever been permitted to injure it. Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of Constantinople, and founder of the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, wrote to Pope Gregory II. in 726 that he was sending a powerful fleet with an army to Rome, with orders to destroy the famous statue, which, even in his time, had come to be styled "Invicta, Unconquered." But the fleet went down in the Adriatic, and only a few were left to tell the tale of the immense disaster. Pious Catholics have in past ages set apart part of their wealth to be devoted to spreading veneration for the famous statue, and many miracles have been worked at this shrine. One very remarkable prodigy took place during the holy year of 1725, when a German named Kouvalski, a hopeless paralytic, was instantly cured on being lifted to kiss the foot of the statue.—San Francisco Monitor.

Ireland's Fascination

M. Auguste Filon in The Journal des Debats writes: "Have you ever experienced the fascination of Ireland? I mean the double fascination of the land and people. There are certainly other countries more highly endowed by nature * * * but how is it that our memory devoutly cherishes her landscapes as a grey-haired man will keep the portrait of his dead loved one? Whoever has sailed on the Lakes of Killarney towards the mysterious little island of Innisfallen, whoever has traversed the mountains of Wicklow and lingered in the melancholy Valley of Glendalough, preserves the image, and even more the impression. It is the same wild, penetrating charm which our beloved Brittany leaves, and this comparison will help you, perhaps, to understand what I say. We cannot help remarking that both Brittany and Ireland are Celtic countries. Both one and the other have created, by the slow action of nature on man, that race which Mr. Chamberlain would wish to sweep from the face of the earth, and of which Renan has said, that if it has not produced great poets it is poetry in itself."

Canada's Great Illustrated Weekly

In keeping with the progress of the age, CANADA'S GREAT NATIONAL HOME NEWSPAPER, THE WEEKLY GLOBE, will be very materially improved for 1904. Numerous important changes are in contemplation, but the leading feature will be the introduction of an EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT ON CALENDERED PAPER. This will undoubtedly make it the most popular weekly offered to the people of the Dominion. For particulars see advertisement in another column of this issue.

The Pervenu Daughter and the Wayback Parent

The wine was the most expensive on the highest priced list in Paris. No mere waiter could handle a drink like it. Even the cellarman with his green apron and silver chain could not be trusted to bring up such wine. It must have the personal attention of the head waiter, and he in turn supervised by the proprietor, to have it reach the table in the proper way. Chateau de Villeneuve, premier cru, '64, at 40 francs a bottle was not ordered every day, even in this restaurant beloved of Russians and Americans. Passing from one to another of the restaurant hierarchy, the bottle finally reached the table. Mother, who had been nibbling radishes, tried an exorcism just as the wine was approaching the table and as suddenly ejected the hors d'œuvre into her hand. "I do believe," she said, with an expression of horror, "that the thing was raw." The wine was deposited in safety, jarred only by the blow from the mother's elbow. The soup arrived, too, and the distribution was imminent. The waiter lifted up the cradle, the cellarman stood like a guardian angel behind him and the other waiters hovered about in the background. Father saw the wine impending and held out his water tumbler. "Wine always goes to my head," he said, "if I drink it plain." And he picked up the carafe and filled it with water. When he returned the precious drops, when he returned the waiter glanced apprehensively at the cellarman as if the life of the American might be in danger. The waiters in the background disappeared as though unwilling to witness such a desecration. The cellarman's neck grew red and his fingers twitched nervously. The sight was awful. But worse was to come. Mother had her way of drinking claret. "I'd like a little sugar in my wine," she said. "Two lumps. It always seems to me to give it more taste. Will you tell that waiter to get me some sugar?" The host whispered sure as softly as possible, and the waiter went in search of it. Mother dropped in two large lumps. "At home, if this had a little lemon in it," she observed with the air of an epicure, "it would be called a sauganeer."

Daughter, who was beginning to suspect that something was wrong, looked nearly as conscious as the host and refused the wine altogether. So he had almost the entire quart to himself, which was also, in its way, a kind of compensation. The truest Christian politeness is cheerfulness. It is graceful, and sits well on old as well as young. It is the best of all company, and adorns the wearer of it more than rubies and diamonds set in gold. It costs nothing, and yet is invaluable.

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The Trappists in Japan

A Strangely Mixed Colony of Monk in the Heart of the Easts

(From The Tokio Times.)
I begin this letter in the monastery established by the Roman Catholic monks of La Trappe, near the village of Tobetsu, in Hokkaido. As nothing is said of this remarkable institution in any of the guide books of Japan, I think I may dwell somewhat in detail on my experiences here.

The monastery, which is visible from the landing place, is not a building of any architectural pretensions. It consists of a white, barn-like, one-story structure, about two hundred feet in length and facing the sea, this main building being flanked by two higher buildings, whose gables are turned toward the visitor and cut in two equal parts by an entrance door, behind which rises a church steeple sixty or eighty feet high, bearing on the summit a cross, and near the summit a large terra cotta image of the Madonna and Child.

The effect of this severe edifice, standing out against a bleak mountain, is austere. Before reaching the monastery one passes a long, low building used as an orphanage and a more unpretentious building used as a school. To the left of the monastery are the stables, etc., for the monks are great farmers, and their excellent butter finds a ready sale as far south as Tokio.

A good deal of the land about the monastery seemed to be cultivated by the monks, but their waving fields of corn contrasted strongly with the uncultivated and apparently uninhabited country around about, while the deserted appearance of the gloomy building, in front of us was heightened by the entire absence of life and movement. It was not till we had arrived at the entrance gate that there was any indication that the place was not deserted. A busy, bustling little brother in a brown monk's robe, with a hood and a leather girdle, then rushed out to welcome us. His head was bare, his brown beard long and flowing, his face rather handsome, with aquiline nose and bright, vivacious eyes, but rather pale and worn. He insisted on carrying our luggage himself, with many a "Je vous en prie," to the guests' quarters on the right, which contained by far the most comfortable rooms in the house.

Everything our eyes encountered was monastic. The entrance hall contained large statues of the Sacre Coeur, Notre Dame de Lourdes and St. Joseph. The long cloister along which we passed was hung with sacred texts and pious maxims in Latin and Japanese.

The hotelier were profusely decorated with sacred pictures and emblems, as well as with photographs and portraits of prominent members of the order, including the superior-general of the Hakodate establishment, who died last year in the Chinese monastery near Peking, owing to the anxiety caused by the Boxer outbreak. A crucifix met the eye at every turn, and porcelain crosses with small holy water fonts attached were to be found at the entrance to every room. In the hotelier, we are told, "les voyageurs sont recus et traites pauvrement," but really the chambers placed at their disposal are better than anything Hakodate has to offer the casual visitor unprovided with letters of introduction, as is also, to a much greater degree, the food.

It seems that we are not received, however, exactly according to the manner laid down in the rules, but it can be easily understood of course that some unimportant changes in matters of detail may be advantageously made in this country. According to the old rule of the order two religious present themselves first of all before the visitor and prostrate themselves flat on the floor, remaining in that position a few seconds, their foreheads pressed against the threshold. This is, as may be seen, exactly similar to the ordinary salutation in use among Japanese tea-house girls, and far from impressing Japanese visitors, would rather serve

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Mr. McSweeney's Fine Ride

A Toronto Gentleman Jockey Made a Reputation at Buffalo.

We clip the following from The Buffalo Express of Sunday last:
"Mr. George M. McSweeney, of the Iroquois Hotel newsstand, made a reputation for himself as a jockey at the Kenilworth races at Buffalo on Saturday last. Mr. McSweeney had the mount on Tommy Hill in the last race on the card, a mile event for gentlemen riders. The other starters were Arrah Gowan, 7 to 5; White Crest, 2 to 1; Belcourt, 8 to 1, and Ghetto, 30 to 1. Tommy Hill's price was 2 1/2 to 1. Mr. McSweeney got his mount away from the post well, but was forced to the whip at the first turn to keep up with the hot pace set by White Crest and Arrah Gowan. His mount soon forged to the front, and, entering the stretch, had a lead of a length on Arrah Gowan, who, hard ridden by Mr. Taylor, of Baltimore, one of the best gentlemen riders in the country, was coming fast on the outside.

It was a brilliant race to the wire. The Canadian clearly outrode the Baltimore man, and in a great hard ride landed Tommy Hill a winner by a nose. Mr. E. C. Smith, of The New York Telegraph, said it was one of the best rides he had ever seen in a gentlemen jockey's race. This is what he wired to his paper:
"White Crest and Tommy Hill alternated pacemaking, the former dropping out of it after going six furlongs. The favorite then challenged Tommy Hill, and the crowd thought it was all over.
"To the surprise of all, Mr. McSweeney, who rode Tommy Hill, sat down, and in a hand-riden finish that would have done credit to the best professional riders, kept Tommy Hill going long enough to win by the narrowest margin.
"Mr. McSweeney hails from Toronto, and a legion of his friends were present. A handsome silver cup went to McSweeney, the rider of the winner."
G. M. McSweeney is the youngest son of Mr. M. J. McSweeney, of this city.

Rev. R. Benson a Catholic

London, Sept. 15.—The Rev. Robert Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1896, has been received into the Catholic Church.

PERSONAL

Mr. John A. Harkins, for many years advertising manager of Saturday Night, has resigned his position. Mr. Harkins has just returned from a tour of the British Isles and France, and it is understood, will shortly engage in business on his own account.

Notice to Creditors of the Estate of Margaret Grimes, deceased

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to R. S. O. 1897, Chapter 128, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Margaret Grimes, late of Toronto, widow, who died on or about August 5th, 1903, are required on or before October 16th, 1903, to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to Foy & Kelly, 80 Church street, Toronto, Solicitors for the Executrix, Hannah Guinae, their full names and addresses and descriptions and statements of their claims, and particulars and proof thereof, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

Notice is hereby further given that after October 15th, 1903, the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to those claims of which she shall then have notice, and that she will not be liable for said estate or any part thereof to any person or persons whose claim or claims she shall not have had notice at the time of distribution.

Dated September 16th, 1903.
FOY & KELLY,
Solicitors for the said Executrix.

PUBLIC NOTICE

is hereby given pursuant to authority of the Council, the City of White Pine Timber in the following townships, berths and areas, namely: IN THE DISTRICT OF NIPISSING—the Townships of Hutton, Creelman, Parkin, Aylmer, Mackelacn, McCarthy, Merrick, Mulock (part of), French (part of), Stewart, Lockhart (part of), Garrow (part of), Osborne (part of), Hammell and Phelps (part of).

IN THE DISTRICT OF ALGOMA—Berths Nos. 195 and 201, the Townships of Kitchener and Roberts and Block "W" near Onaping Lake.

IN THE RAINY RIVER DISTRICT—Berths G19, G21, G23, G29 and G38, and the following Berths with the right to cut and remove the pine, spruce, tamarack, cedar and poplar—G4, G6, G7, G8, G24, G25, G28, G27, G28, G33, G35, G36, G37, G39, G40, G41, G42, G43. Berths Nos. S1, S2, S3 and S4, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on Wednesday, the NINTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1903, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

C. M. B. A.

The attention of the members of the C. M. B. A., and especially the members of Branch 15, is called to the fact that the meeting place of this branch has been changed to better quarters and its members will now be found together on the first and third Thursday in Room 3, fifth floor Temple Building, where they are always glad to see any of their visiting brethren.

MATRIMONIAL VALUE OF COOKS

(From an article by Mrs. Russell Sage in the Club Woman.)
Cooks are difficult to keep, as they are more in demand in marriage. Men like to marry cooks. They feel that the food question is settled then.

ITS POWER GROWS WITH AGE.

—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

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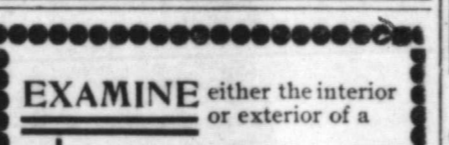
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To End Feuds

Dublin, Sept. 11.—With a view to ending the present feud between Orangemen and Catholics in the north of Ireland, Capt. Shaw E. Taylor intends to shortly invite representatives of the Orange Society, Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, including the laity, also the heads of various educational centres and colleges, to meet in conference in Dublin.

Honors for Victor Herbert

Victor Herbert, director of the Pittsburgh orchestra and composer of "The Fortune Teller," "The Serenade," "Babes in Toyland," and several operas, has been selected by the New York Philharmonic Society to conduct one of the eight concerts to be given by that organization next winter. This is a signal honor for Mr. Herbert, for the society announces that in its selection it endeavored to obtain the eight greatest living conductors. Mr. Herbert is the only American on the list, his

claims having been deemed by the society to be greater than those of Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch, of New York, William Gruebe, of Boston, or Frank Van der Stucken, of Cincinnati.

The other conductors chosen are Edward Colonne, of Paris; Felix Weingartner, director of the Berlin Opera; Richard Strauss, Henry Wood, director of the London Symphony concerts; the conductor of the Russian Musical Society of Moscow, the conductor of the Orchestra of Amsterdam and the most famous of Italian conductors. Victor Herbert is an Irishman and a Catholic. He was born in Dublin.

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MRS. WILTON'S EXPECTATIONS

The Story of a Legacy

Mrs. Wilton sat in consultation with her three daughters the day after her husband's funeral. She had been a great belle in her girlhood—a large, florid woman, with an abundance of blonde hair. The two elder girls—Cecilia and Edith—resembled her both in appearance and in the indolent good nature which was their mother's chief characteristic.

But she was no neglected Cinderella to be smothered and set aside, on the contrary, they adored her and had firm faith, with good reason, in her practical sense and sound judgment. While her sisters were undeniably handsome, Susan was hopelessly commonplace, she was short and plump, with glossy, brown hair, honest brown eyes and good teeth; cheerful and hopeful even under the most adverse circumstances.

Her husband's sudden death had been an overwhelming blow to Mrs. Wilton; he had been open-handed and hospitable to a fault, and had never anticipated a time when his family might be deprived of his support. He had been a successful lawyer, but spent generously the liberal fees that he earned, so that there remained nothing but the house in which they lived—fortunately unencumbered—and a modest life insurance.

"I suppose you could take lessons," said her mother, tearfully. In every crisis of life her mind reverted instantly to the idea of "taking lessons" in something or other, as a certain, if future, panacea, for existing ills.

That Cecilia and Edith lacked both faculty and perseverance was left out of her calculations, and the length of time required to attain anything approaching practical proficiency was also overlooked.

"Cecilia might take up her music again and let herself be taught," she said. "There are already twenty-seven music teachers in Madison, mother," Susan interposed, not willing that they should deceive themselves or waste time in undertaking the impossible. "Miss Fry, Signor Rubini, Miss Francis—"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, we don't want the whole list," Cecilia exclaimed, impatiently. "I think that Edith could do something with her elocution," the poor mother suggested after her first failure. "You know how the Clarion praised her when she read 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.' It said that if she devoted herself seriously to dramatic art there was a brilliant future before her."

"Oh, it says that of everybody—even of Susan Pringle, and you know what she is!" Mrs. Wilton began to sob.

"I never saw such a kill-joy as you are, Susan," she said at last, with her black-bordered handkerchief at her eyes.

sent, and not only this, induced her self-indulgent sisters to establish very she obtained her mother's consent in very desirable quarters on the top floor, her mother only remaining undisturbed.

The house was soon filled with the usual fustian and jargon that drift through life, content with or temporarily resigned to, their homeliness; the young rector of St. Jude's, Miss Vantage, the principal of the High School; a rich widow with her two daughters; several young business men, among whom was Richard Burrell, to whom Susan had been engaged for a year. All were tractable and reasonably well content, except old Mr. Worthington.

There was but one room vacant when he came, a small stuffy chamber in the rear, but after much fault-finding he said that it would do. He was exacting about the cooking, and imperious in his demands for hot water, although Mrs. Wilton said plaintively that she could not understand why, since he apparently used so little. But she grew accustomed to him, as one gets used to a pinched shoe, and turned him over to Miss Vantage, who played chess with him occasionally. From her he learned of their "expectations," and that their relative in California had really sent them the money with which to undertake the boarding-house.

"More fool he," remarked the old man crossly, as he protested against an unforeseen checkmate. "They're a worthless pack." "O, don't say that!" exclaimed the good-natured school teacher. "I'm sure Miss Susan is as good as gold."

"Well—she's all right, maybe," he admitted tentatively, making another unlucky move. It was true. Susan was as good as gold. The whole responsibility of the establishment had fallen upon her willing shoulders; she did the marketing, paid the bills, regularly and promptly, and conciliated the dissatisfied, and had worried through the first year with unimpaired temper and credit.

Uncle Jabez had given them a helping hand, as Miss Vantage had said, but he had not over-exerted himself in this direction. However, what he had done gave Mrs. Wilton grounds of hope for better things to come, and she dilated eloquently on his wealth and generosity. Whenever the outlook was especially discouraging, she confidently declared that "he would not let them suffer."

"They had held their own and no more. Susan had not expected to grow rich, and was grateful that they had not fallen into debt. But the house had suffered; the furniture began to show signs of hard usage; the carpets were growing threadbare, and the profits of the business would certainly not enable her to replace them when they were quite gone.

And she had other troubles. She had insisted upon releasing Burrell from his engagement, arguing that his salary was not more than sufficient for two. She would not consent that he should be burdened with the support of her mother and sisters, as hundreds of other women had done before her. Burrell, who was superintendent of the electric light works, had to admit that she was right, and while he released her, he did so with the clear understanding that he considered himself still irrevocably bound, and should continue to do so as long as she lived, or until she married some other man.

And, moreover, he came to board with them, and found consolation in seeing her constantly, and helping and comforting her in a thousand ways. He was especially fortunate in being able to mollify old Mr. Worthington, listening patiently to his complaints and his interminable stories, and he even relieved Miss Vantage at chess, permitting himself to be beaten with the utmost amiability. But his indulgence drew the line at the old man's criticism of the house and its management. Not only did he stop him, but he intimated pretty plainly that he was ungrateful.

reckon I am, he replied, gruffly, "I haven't any patience with their fool talk about their rich kin; I don't believe they have any."

ly tried her best; you haven't been ill-treated or neglected in any way, and, if you'll excuse me for saying so, I think they've been very patient indeed."

Mr. Worthington growled something indistinctly to the effect that "they'd been paid for it." "Money don't pay for all you've had here—and I understand that Mrs. Wilton has made an exception in your favor that she really could not afford."

"Nobody forced her to do it; she don't have to keep me. I can go somewhere else."

"Not where you would find another Susan," Burrell retorted quickly. The face of the crabbed old man softened. "No," he admitted, "that's so, for there isn't another Susan." Whereupon Burrell forgave him. The eventful day came, dull and threatening, with a biting east wind. A fire crackled in the grate, casting rosy shadows upon the wall and ceiling of the cheerful room, which was in readiness for its prospective occupant. At the last moment Susan had filled a bowl with splendid yellow cressanthemums and placed it upon a table by the window.

Mrs. Wilton and her two elder daughters wore becoming new gowns, and there was much excitement amongst the boarders. Old Mr. Worthington was the only one who entirely ignored the impending arrival. At breakfast he had been very dissatisfied about his coffee; the toast was scorched, he said, and he sent it away, and he looked dubiously at the fresh-laid eggs, whose integrity he openly questioned.

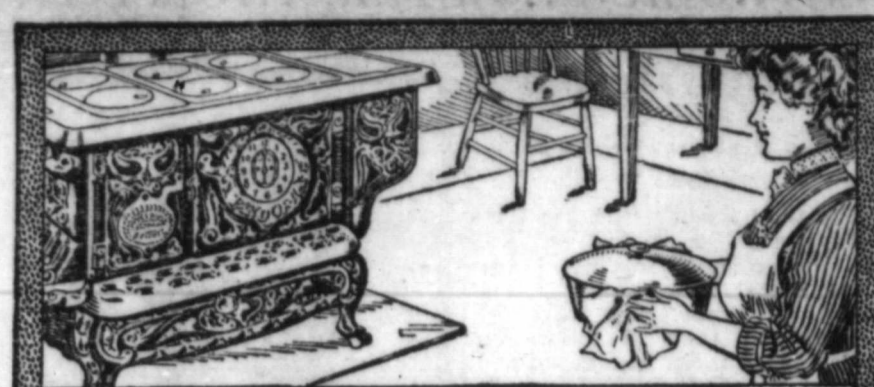
"Leave him to me," Susan said, and she brought fresh coffee, made more toast and so coaxed him into some semblance of tolerable behavior, but as he began so to continue. Miss Vantage, at length, boldly remonstrated, setting down his cross-grained mood to the jealousy of querulous old age.

The train was due at four o'clock, and Burrell and Susan had gone to the station, hoping to recognize the expected arrival by some sort of intuition.

Mrs. Wilton ran upstairs after they had gone, to see if anything needful had been forgotten in the guest chamber. On the threshold she detected an unmistakable odor of tobacco. She opened the door and stood transfixed. There sat old Mr. Worthington in his shabby dressing-gown, lounging in the armchair, smoking his pipe, his slippers feet on the fender.

Newspapers were scattered about, and he had been lying on the lounge, as the disordered pillows made evident.

"Well, really, Mr. Worthington!" said Mrs. Wilton, her eyes flashing—she knew him to be capable of anything—"I must say that this is unpardonable!" She was always ladylike. He turned and glanced at her calmly over his shoulder, and did not stir. "Sit down, Arabella," he said, at length, "and don't excite yourself."



Pandora Range advertisement featuring an oven thermometer and promotional text: 'OVEN THERMOMETER. NO "BAD LUCK" BAKING DAYS. Twenty degrees difference in the temperature of an oven is sufficient to make "Good Luck" or "Bad Luck" in baking many kinds of food.'

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

ending it and declaring her position. "Sir John is very, very good, but I never intended to marry him. I told him so—so last night."

"Then you refused him?" said her father. "Yes, papa, we were never anything but good friends."

"Rubbish, friends indeed!" said her father angrily. For the moment he could not control himself. Here was his silly whimsical Helen throwing away the best chance a girl ever had. Sir John, a good Catholic—youth, well-bred, handsome—what could girl want more? Then more calmly, "My dear Nell, you are only a child, and I am sure Sir John will forgive your inconsistent conduct. You have encouraged him in every possible way, and you would not wish me to consider my little girl a flirt. Not only I, but all who have seen you together. As to your religious vocation, believe me, my child, it is but a whim, born of a moment, and will soon pass away."

Helen rose and faced her father. "No, papa, this vocation is no whim of a moment. I made the resolution to offer myself to God on my first Communion day, and though I have not talked about it, the resolution has increased with my years. As to Sir John, I never encouraged him, and he is too good and kind to think so for one moment."

Her father looked at her—was this little whimsical Helen, this self-reliant, determined woman of to-night. Pshaw! the mood would not last. He was silent for some moments. Helen knew he was displeased. "And where do you want to go—what order? Have you formed any plans—consulted anyone?" she asked after a time.

She hesitated a moment. "Father Plevas has known of it for some years," she said faintly. "I want to join the Poor Clares, if they will have me."

"No, indeed, you shall not," he almost shouted. "An active order would be had enough, but a contemplative! You, to hide yourself behind a grille—bury yourself. No, it is too much. He jumped to his feet. "Put the fad from you, Helen—for you shall never be a Poor Clare!"

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whisper, as she clung to him, "But Jess, papa, turn that Jess round." This happened ten years ago. Squire Warden is compelled to admit that a Poor Clare's vocation is not confined to "sorrowful ones of the earth," and that Helen is as bright and happy behind a grille as in his cozy drawing-room—indeed, brighter and happier. She always attributes her escape on that eventful September morning to the children's Rosary; he on the miraculous intervention of Providence on his agreeing to her vocation.—The Rosary.

No Room advertisement: 'Foot-sore and weary, Mary tried some rest to seek, but was denied, "There is no room," the blind ones cried. Meekly the Virgin turned away, No voice entreating her to stay; There was no room for God that day. No room for her, round whose tired feet Angels are bowed in transport sweet, The mother of their God to greet. No room for Him, in whose small hand The troubled sea and mighty land Lie cradled like a grain of sand; No room; Oh! Babe Divine, for Thee That Christmas night; and even we Dare shut our hearts and turn the key. In vain Thy pleading baby cry Strikes our deaf souls; we pass Thee by, Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky. How can I bid Thee enter here Amid the desolation drear Of lukewarm love and craven fear? Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure eye. No home to offer Thee have I; Yet in Thy mercy pass not by.'

Empress Hotel advertisement: 'Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO —Terms: \$1.50 per day— Multiple Cars from the Union Station every Minute. RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR'

JAS. J. O'HEARN House and Sign Painting advertisement: 'Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging etc., etc. SOLICITS A TRIAL OFFICES RESIDENCE 161 QUEEN ST. WEST 3 D'ARCY Opposite Osmonds Hall Telephone Main 977'

On receiving some attention from others, as a drink when thirsty, or such like, we should lovingly consider the goodness of Our Lord and Master, whose wonderful solicitude procures us this relief.

"Press on" solves the problem of all heroes. It is the rule by which to judge of all wonderful success and all triumphal marches to fortune and honor. It should be the motto of all who are engaged in any enterprise. Never despair. Never allow yourself to be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, or dark the way, or heavy the difficulties, or repeated the failures.

HELEN'S VACATION

"Papa, I want to be a nun." The speaker, a bright, fair-haired girl of more than common beauty, threw herself on the hearthrug at her father's feet and laid her head on his knee. The curtains were drawn and the lamps lighted in the cosy little drawing room, and Squire Warden had settled for a comfortable chat with his favorite child, his darling Helen.

"Now, Helen, he said, laughing and derisive, "what new fad have you got in your whimsical little pate? You a nun! why you are never still five minutes together—you're too fond of pleasure. You a nun, and again he laughed. A keen observer would have detected a note of anxiety in voice and laugh."

"Come, papa, be serious," said Helen as without looking up she caught his hand and placed it on her head. "I can't talk much about these things, they lie too deeply for words. But, indeed, I feel I must be a nun, and if you and Bella will spare me, I should like to go soon."

"Let me hear, no more of this now, but dry your eyes and be my smiling little Nell once more. I don't want you to marry Sir John if you do not love him, but I do want you to be a bright, merry hearted girl. Leave Poor Clares and the rest of the sorrowful ones of the earth—of whom there are enough and to spare—and do you content yourself with your innocent amusements and the love of Bella and myself, until such time as you meet some good man and true, who will be your—what do your romantics style it—smile a little 'affinity,' isn't it? You have been reading too many lives of the saints lately and they have muddled your brain. Now go, my child, and get to bed early. A good sleep will benefit you."

Kissing her "good-night," Squire Warden led her to the door. "All a fad, a childish whim. I must try to divert her mind—yet if there should be anything in it—stuff and nonsense! Poor Clares, indeed—that, in itself, shows she has no vocation. Why, she'd be dead in six months—she so full of life and spirits." Tears came into the strong man's eyes. "Oh, God! anything but that—a living grave. If only her mother was over her. Bella has little or no authority over her. My winsome little Nell," and he sat down and covered his face with his hands.

Helen in the meantime ran up to her bedroom, and throwing herself at the foot of the little altar, was praying and crying in turns. "God keep me true to Thee." But was it a fad as her father had said? Then what was a religious vocation? He said she was a child and owed him her obedience—so she did, but was not always God first? Ah, but had God really called her or was it merely a whim? A resolution that had grown with her? Oh, no, no, this was no whim, this

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Many an Irish face will fondly turn towards Dingle when, says The Dublin Freeman, in the capital of the historic barony of Corcaquiny, or Corca Dhuibne, as we should say, on that day a Gaelic Feis will be held for the first time in the district.

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