

MAY 30, 1903.
 Directory.
 DIVISION NO. 6 meets on
 and fourth Thursdays of
 at 816 St. Lawrence
 Officers: W. H. Turner,
 McCull, Vice-President;
 Quinn, Recording-Secretary;
 Denis Street; James
 Treasurer; Joseph Turner,
 Secretary, 1000 St. Denis

The True Witness

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS
 AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Witness

48 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
 IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & C. CO., Limited,
 255 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of
 Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland
 and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in
 advance.
 All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Wit-
 ness" P. & C. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CHARITY'S LESSON.—From time
 to time we meet with paragraphs in
 exchanges that suggest long trains
 of thought and even waken up ideals
 that otherwise might remain slum-
 bering. Recently, hidden away in the
 corner of a small publication we
 came upon the following very striking
 passage:—

"A beautiful illustration
 of Christian charity is offered
 in the following incident.
 An eminent painter was re-
 quested by Alexander the
 Great to sketch his like-
 ness. Alexander had a scar
 upon his brow of a sword-
 thrust. For a time the artist
 was perplexed as to how he
 might make a good like-
 ness of the king and yet not
 show this deformity. He
 finally hit upon the expedi-
 ent of having the monarch
 seated upon the throne with
 his head slightly resting up-
 on his hand, thus concealing
 the scar. When we sketch
 the character of others, let
 us kindly lay our hands of
 charity over the scars, and
 when others come to sketch
 us perhaps they also will
 lay the hands of charity
 over our scars, for we have
 them, too. Thus shall each
 preserve and set forth the
 beauty of the other, and
 forget the deformity that
 more or less mars us all."

What a splendid sermon we have
 in this brief story and the lesson
 that is drawn from it!
 This is exactly the great rock up-
 on which so many of us split. We
 are well disposed, and we would not
 harm others for worlds; we make it
 a point to give relief to the indigent
 and to refrain from repeating cal-
 umnies—and we believe that we are
 possessed of charity. But we never
 take the pains to correct false judg-
 ments, to defend the absent, or to
 hide the spots that might be effaced
 if they were not constantly brought
 into the glare of the sun. It is this
 that is charity; the covering over
 of the scars and the whispering of con-
 solation, or encouragement in the
 ear of misfortune. Read over the
 above anecdote and let the lesson
 sink deep into your soul.

TWO REBUFS FOR BIGOTS.—
 Each time that the ultra bigot
 pushes his demands to the limit of
 impudence he is sure to get a set
 back, and it is always well-deserved.
 When King Edward VII. returned
 home after his recent tour of the
 continent, and especially his visit to
 the Pope, certain persons, of the
 Protestant Alliance stamp, had the
 impudence to ask "why he went to
 visit the Head of the Catholic
 Church." The answer was character-
 istic, and certainly of doubtful satis-
 faction to the prejudiced busy-bodies.
 The King simply said that he went
 to the Vatican "because he felt like
 it." Quite a clear way of telling
 his less tolerant subjects that it was
 none of their business.

There is another case of this kind
 that has just transpired in Ger-
 many. It would seem that a bust
 of Charles the Fifth was said to be
 designed for the purpose of placing
 it in the new Cathedral being erected
 in Berlin. It appears this bust was
 to be set up near those of Luther and
 Melancthon. This lashed the Pro-
 testants of the country into a pe-

fect fury, and petition after petition
 was sent in against the "outrage."
 They finally appealed to the Emperor
 in person. His answer was just as
 forcible, if even more peculiar than
 that of King Edward. He told the
 malcontents that "in addition to the
 bust of Charles V. there will be
 erected statues of Diocletian, Nero
 and Alva. It has been proposed,"
 he added, "to have one of Lucifer,
 but it has not been decided yet whether
 it would be better to place him
 in the pulpit or in the imperial
 pew." Decidedly Charles V. was no
 friend to the continental reformers,
 but a statue of him would scarcely
 be productive of any very terrible ef-
 fects, and completeness would be
 added by its presence to the chain
 of historical characters. The Emper-
 or's answer, taken in connection with
 his recent action at the dedication of
 the bronze doors of the Metz Catho-
 lic Cathedral, would indicate that he
 means to do as he pleases, and is
 not going to take any dictation from
 either the prejudiced or bigoted peo-
 ple of his own faith. Surely two
 such rebuffs should suffice to make
 people of this class be more careful
 how they air their anti-Catholic fer-
 vor, above all in the face of rulers
 fresh from a contact with the most
 august person on earth to-day—Leo
 XIII.

THE NEXT CONCLAVE.—When
 will the press—Catholic as well as
 Protestant—tire of speculating upon
 the life of the reigning Pope? We
 have been bored, periodically, with
 all kinds of conjectures regarding
 what will happen when the Pope dies.
 Now all these speculations are vain.
 Why not abide in patience until he
 does die? And that may not be un-
 til many of those who are so persist-
 ent in calculating the results of his
 death, shall have individually passed
 over to the great majority. In the
 St. Louis "Review" of last month
 we came upon the following com-
 ment:—

"A writer in the 'Civiltà Cattolica'
 makes the startling announcement
 that on the occasion of the conclave
 which elected Leo XIII., Prime Min-
 ister Crispi, was only prevented from
 introducing Italian officials into the
 Vatican by a fierce telegram from
 Bismarck, who was particularly an-
 xious that a Pope should be elected
 about whose legitimacy no question
 could ever be raised. The Rome cor-
 respondent of the New York 'Free-
 man's Journal' says that the present
 temper of the Italian authori-
 ties there affords only too much
 ground to fear that a similar out-
 rageous attempt to violate the free-
 dom of election may be attempted.
 Under the circumstances he thinks it
 is not at all impossible that the
 next conclave may be held outside
 Rome—possibly outside Italy."
 Does not this seem like a mere hint
 thrown out to the anti-clericals of
 Rome to give them an idea of what
 they might do? There are so many
 events that may transpire, to change
 the whole face of the situation to-
 day, that it is like counting upon
 the days of the Pontiff to map out
 what may happen when he shall be
 no more. But the press must have
 something to say about the Vatican,
 and when news is lacking invention
 comes into play.

UNFAIR EXAGGERATION.—There
 is a tendency, especially when Catho-
 lic Churchmen are concerned, to un-
 fairly exaggerate the wealth that
 they possess. And the worst fea-
 ture is that it is generally insinuated
 that they grow rich at the ex-
 penses of the poor. In other words,

people are left to understand that
 they have always preached one thing
 and then practised another. In fact,
 the story is old; the calumny is
 threadbare—yet what can we do when
 it pops up every now and again.

Not long since we had a good ex-
 ample of this in an article published
 in the "St. James Gazette." Under
 the general heading, "Wealthy Cler-
 gymen," after detailing fortunes
 made by Dr. Parker and others, that
 organ says:—
 "The poor people of Glasgow will
 be surprised, no doubt, by the revela-
 tion that the late Roman Catholic
 Archbishop, Dr. Eyre, left all but
 £150,000 gross."

This spiteful and very insufficient
 sentence, small as it is, has gone
 the rounds of the press in almost
 every country in the world. By it
 the reader would be led to believe
 that the late Archbishop Eyre had
 made his wealth, as did Dr. Parker
 and other ministers, in and by his
 ministry, and that he gathered in
 the pennies of "the poor people of
 Glasgow," and hoarded them until
 his fortune swelled to such an en-
 ormous size. Now this is a pure fic-
 tion, that constitutes a slander upon
 the deceased prelate. The London
 Era explains the situation in its
 true light and that explanation is
 well worthy of reproduction. It says:

"Many poor people in Glasgow
 would not be a bit surprised. A great
 many of the poor people of Glasgow
 are Catholics, and the Catholics of
 Glasgow knew, and had good reason
 to know, that Archbishop Eyre was
 a wealthy man. He was a scion and
 heir of a wealthy family. He inher-
 ited the wealth of that family and
 passed on to the posterity of the
 family so much of the family trust
 confided to him as he deemed it to
 be his duty to bequeath rather than
 appropriate. At the same time the
 Archbishop took a fair slice out of
 the funds of the Eyre family, for he
 built and bestowed upon the arch-
 diocese of Glasgow an ecclesi-
 astical seminary which cost him in
 round figures about £40,000. Added
 to that, during the long years of his
 tenure of the See of Glasgow he
 took—not one brown copper from the
 archdiocese for menial expenses, as
 he would have been perfectly en-
 titled to do. In other words, for
 over thirty years he gave the Catho-
 lic Church in Glasgow an incom-
 parable service absolutely without
 financial fee or reward, disbursing
 through all these years a stream of
 benefactions which God and His an-
 gels and the recipients may know of,
 but of which the world knows nothing
 and never shall know. So that the
 imputation of the 'St. James
 Gazette' is wholly groundless. Dr.
 Parker's wealth was acquired while
 he was in the Protestant ministry,
 and no doubt derived from his labors
 as a Protestant minister. We do
 not say a word against Dr. Parker
 for having amassed a fortune. Since
 the point is raised, however, it is
 fair play to the Catholic priesthood
 to state that the Catholic priest
 usually dies worth about as much as
 suffices to bury him. Cases in point
 are numerous and ubiquitous, and
 have been frequently commented upon
 admiringly by the Protestant
 newspapers. A notable case lately
 was that of Dean Donaghy, of Mel-
 bourne, who died worth eighteen
 pence, a fact which led a Melbourne
 Protestant paper to remark that the
 gentleman had always about eight-
 pence, more or less, but that as
 soon as he found he had more he
 parted with the surplus to the first
 poor man he met."

We do not hesitate to reproduce
 the entire passage, for it is not only
 a striking vindication of the late
 Archbishop, but it is still more a re-
 futation of those slanders so fre-
 quent and so persistent. In fact, we
 can look around us in our own city
 and find examples enough of this
 senseless outcry against the church
 and her ministers, the religious or-
 ders and their institutions. Men who
 have neither data, figures, or even
 elementary knowledge concerning
 them, take delight in speculating up-
 on all their wealth and in building
 Spanish castles wherein to lodge
 every supposed Cræsus of the
 Church. But the slanders only re-
 coil upon the slanders and exposure
 is their ultimate punishment.

CHANNELS OF PREJUDICE.—
 Some persons, over the signature
 "Voces Catholicæ," published a
 pretended Catholic article
 in the contemporary "Review" of
 December last, under the title,
 "Catholicism v. Ultramontanism."
 Commenting upon the article the
 London "Tablet" draws attention to
 the readiness with which certain
 magazines open their columns to
 any anonymous writer who will un-
 dertake to attack the Church. And
 referring to this special article it
 says: "With perfect gravity the
 writer assures his Protestant readers
 —and he gives the incident as an ex-
 ample of Catholic credulity and su-
 perstition—that a Prime Minister of
 Spain refused to meet a colleague
 who had incurred ecclesiastical cen-
 sures until the apartment had been
 'blessed by a priest, sprinkled with
 holy water, and fumigated with in-
 cense.'"

So far so good, "Voces Catholi-
 cæ" had his say, and the "Tablet"
 has pointed out the absurdity of the
 statement. In the last issue of the
 "Contemporary Review" the former
 comes out with an explanation that
 only makes matters worse and serves
 entirely to inculpate him. He claims
 that the foregoing is a grave mis-
 statement of what was really as-
 serted in the article. Well, what did
 he assert? He says:—
 "The statement advanced was very
 different, namely that the pious Gen-
 eral had received permission to con-
 sult with his censured colleague on
 condition that after the meeting was
 over, the apartment should be bless-
 ed by a priest, sprinkled with holy
 water, and fumigated with incense."

Where is the difference, as far as
 the fact goes, or at least, the spirit
 that actuated the said general? Whether
 he had the room blessed before
 the interview with the excommunicated
 one, or after that interview, amounts
 to about the same thing. The object
 that the writer had in view is
 attained in either case—namely to
 represent the Catholic general, or
 any other faithful son of the Church,
 as a slave to certain superstitions
 that he knows, if he knows anything
 about the subject, are foreign to the
 teachings of the Church.

We have no intention to follow
 him in his long rig-mar-bole about
 Senor Azcarraga being called the
 "Bishop of Buenavista"—Buenavista
 being the name of the palace in
 which the Ministry of War is situ-
 ated in Madrid—nor is it necessary
 to take up the series of examples where-
 with he attempts to come again to
 the charge and to make still worse
 attacks upon the Church.

Our main object in touching the
 subject is to illustrate how easily
 and how often the general reading
 public is deceived by writers who
 sign themselves Catholics, but who
 may be Jews, Atheists, or Protestants
 for aught any one can tell. It is
 a dishonest method of throwing the
 burden of their misrepresentations
 upon the Church. And even in the
 national field we have had to suffer
 often from like dishonesty. Times
 out of mind we have read most arti-
 stic Irish articles signed by "an Irish-
 man," or "an Irish Catholic," or
 "a Hibernian," or by some such
 non-de-plume, that in nine cases out
 of ten we are confident covered
 names of persons that had no more
 Irish than they had Chinese in them.
 Yet that system has been long in
 vogue, and no institution on earth
 has had to suffer more from such
 unmanly and cowardly attacks than
 has the Catholic Church. It is
 so easy to sign oneself "Voces Catho-
 licæ;" but it is so hard to recon-
 cile anti-Catholic utterances with
 an assurance of the writer's right to
 his title.

AN EPISCOPAL JUBILEE.—On
 the 29th July next Rt. Rev. Bishop
 Cameron, of Nova Scotia, will com-
 memorate the fiftieth year of his
 priesthood. In 1853 His Lordship
 was ordained, and during the half
 century that has since elapsed, the
 story of his career, both sacerdotal
 and episcopal, is one that is most
 closely interwoven with the history
 of progress of Catholicity in the
 Maritime Provinces. It is with no
 small degree of pleasure that we note
 beforehand the preparations that are
 being made to fittingly celebrate such
 an important event. And we trust
 that, when the occasion comes, we
 will have an opportunity of joining
 our humble voices with those of thou-
 sands, in relating what has been
 done in honor of the great and good
 prelate, as well as in expressing our
 sincere congratulations and our best
 wishes for many long years to come
 of health and strength for Bishop
 Cameron. The life of Bishop Cam-
 eron would form a very interesting

chapter in the annals of Nova Scot-
 ia, and especially of his own dioc-
 ese.

LA PATRIA ITALIANA, is the
 title of a new publication, which
 marks a fresh departure in Mont-
 real and Canadian journalism. It is
 an independent paper, published
 weekly, on Sunday. The first num-
 ber appeared on the 23rd May of
 this year, and is a most promising
 sheet. It consists of editorial com-
 ments, local and foreign news, espe-
 cially that which most interests the
 Italian people in Canada. The sub-
 scription is two dollars per year, or
 one dollar for six months. We notice
 that the last page is entirely
 filled with good and reliable adver-
 tisements. The director of the paper
 is Signor Rag. S. Pennino, whose
 offices are at 355 St. James street.

The fact of the small Italian col-
 ony in Montreal being able to pub-
 lish a weekly organ of such a size
 and character, in spite of the fact
 that it being printed in Italian nec-
 essarily confines its circulation to
 people of that nationality, should
 be a lesson for the English-speaking
 Catholics, who have such an advan-
 tage in numbers as well as in the
 universality of the language, over
 these men of another land. We need
 not comment upon this phase of the
 subject.

The principal matter that natu-
 rally attracted our attention was the
 leading article of the first number,
 that forms a species of prospectus or
 programme. The spirit and charac-
 ter of the paper are all important.
 Amongst other aims set forth in
 that article we find that the direct-
 ors seek to defend the legitimate
 rights of their fellow-countrymen,
 to direct them in the path of patriotic
 union, while they intend to censure,
 or avoid rather, all base personal-
 ities, to believe in God, to love peace
 and to detest discord. If they live
 up to these principles we have no
 hesitation in welcoming this new or-
 gan and addressing it, in the old
 Italian formula "Viva La Patria It-
 aliana."

CONFIRMATIONS.—On the 16th
 April last His Grace the Archbishop
 commenced his visits, in the city,
 for the purpose of administering the
 Sacrament of Confirmation. His
 round lasted until the eleventh of
 May. During those few days His
 Grace visited fifty-two different
 places. Over 8,600 children and ad-
 ults received Confirmation. Thus are
 they divided: 525 in nineteen col-
 leges, boarding schools and religious
 institutions; and the balance in
 thirty-three parishes. Of these par-
 ishes five alone furnished 2,000 sub-
 jects for Confirmation. St. James'
 parish holds the palm for this year,
 having 500 newly confirmed souls
 within its limits.

Accidents of the Week.

A SAD OCCURRENCE.—The many
 friends of Mr. John Burke, Lagau-
 chetière street, a member of the A.
 O. H., will learn with regret of the
 accident to his brother, Fred, on last
 Sunday evening, while returning from
 a day's trip to St. Agathe, when
 quite near the city he was thrown
 from the train on the track and an
 engine passing cut off both his feet.
 He now lies at the General Hospital
 in a very low condition, and great
 fears are entertained for his recov-
 ery. Mr. Fred Burke is a well re-
 spected and promising young Irish-
 man, and held an important position
 with Messrs. Chas. Gurd & Co., by
 whom he is well liked.

ANOTHER CASE is that of the
 well known ex-member of the senior
 Shanrock lacrosse team, Tom Mur-
 ray, who has been suffering from at-
 tacks of dizziness for sometime
 past. Recently while leaning on the
 railing of the gallery in rear of his
 residence he was suddenly seized with
 dizziness, and fell to the yard be-
 low, a distance of twenty feet, suf-
 fering serious injuries. Reports from
 the hospital are to the effect that
 Mr. Murray's condition is serious.
 This will be sad news to a large
 number of his friends.
 Since writing the foregoing and
 just as we go to press, we learn that
 Mr. Murray died on Thursday even-
 ing. May his soul rest in peace.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

The weekly concert of the Catholic
 Sailors' Club was presided over by
 His Worship Mayor Cochrane, and
 the attendance was a large one. His
 Worship referred to the noble work
 which the Club is doing, and con-
 gratulated the directors upon having
 secured such a splendid location for
 the home of the organization.

The programme was an exception-
 ally good one, and was very much
 appreciated by the audience, judging
 by the outbursts of applause which
 greeted each of the contributors, am-



HIS WORSHIP MAYOR COCHRANE

ongst whom were—Miss Gertie
 O'Brien, Mrs. Osborne, the elocution-
 ist; Miss Weston, Miss Stella Boyle,
 Messrs. Alley, Hogan, Stephen Fa-
 ley, Seaman F. W. Winfield, steam-
 ship Manchester Importer; George
 Grey and Frank Hardcastle, steam-
 ship Lake Champlain, humorous
 sketches; James Donohue, Charles E.
 Briggs, steamship Livonian; J.
 Cleary, steamship Lake Champlain.
 Miss Orton was the accompanist.
 Next Wednesday the concert will
 be under the management of Branch
 50, C.M.B.A.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE VACANT SENATORSHIP.—
 It is a well known fact that as soon
 as a public man in high position
 dies, there is no time lost by aspir-
 ants to his vacant seat in coming
 forward with their claims. It some-
 times happens that in case of very
 protracted illness the problem of suc-
 cession has been solved before his
 death. Such a condition of affairs,
 is not only sad, but to our view
 very unchristianlike; it is the prac-
 tice, and we cannot change it no
 matter how we regret the circum-
 stances which has brought it about.
 There are few of any exceptions; in
 fact, the aspirant who through a nat-
 ural delicacy and spirit of manli-
 ness awaits what should be a reason-
 able time before putting forward his
 aspirations, is sure to find that he
 is too late. There is one very un-
 pleasant feature, however, as far as
 our people are concerned, that we
 desire to call attention to again, as
 we have often called attention to it
 in the past, and that is the caricat-
 uring style, of a more or less vulgar
 nature, of Irish Catholic aspirants
 to public office, by the local press.
 A case in point is that of the vacan-
 cy in the Senate, created by the
 death of the late Senator O'Brien.
 We object, and that most emphati-
 cally to the manner in which a
 "Gazette" reporter, in the
 news columns of that jour-
 nalist indulged in his occasional
 fit of anti-Irish sarcasm recently
 in mentioning possible or probable
 candidates for the place, some of
 whom might have never thought of
 it, and holding them up in different
 ways to ridicule and contempt. "Le
 Journal" is still worse, but it is
 less offensive, inasmuch as nothing
 better is expected from it. For over
 a year it has done its utmost, on
 every possible occasion, to belittle
 our element, and fan into a flame
 a sentiment of distrust amongst
 its fellow-countrymen, which
 might easily be turned to one of direct
 enmity.

The attitude of these newspapers in
 this particular instance is an ignoble
 and poor business, and while we re-
 gard with contempt all such meth-
 ods, we feel a keen regret that our
 people should be made the target for
 such practices each time it becomes
 their turn to have a public office or
 position to fall to their share.

Our Curbstone Observer On Strikes.

TRIKES are in the air; the microbes are countless as mosquitoes in July; but they seem to be short-lived in the majority of cases.

MY OWN STRIKE.—It is now several years since I went on strike, I have not since repeated the proceedings, and am not very likely to do so for a long time to come.

meet my former fellow-employees. How happy they were; how miserable my fate. And I went for consolation to the friends who had urged me to go on my little strike;

MY RESOLUTIONS.—I got a place finally. I got it through the goodness of one who was making great sacrifices of a personal character in order to afford me the chance of living.

MY CONCLUSIONS.—During the recent extensive strikes that have occupied the attention of the public in our city, I frequently walked the curbstone observing closely the passing events.

Cure for Insomnia.

Professors Emil Fischer and Von Mering, two medical practitioners of Berlin, Germany, have discovered what they regard as a sure cure for insomnia.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles from all grocers.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, June 1.

Parliament is again in full swing, but for how long there is no telling; some say the last week of June, some say mid-July.

There is still, the great menace of fires hanging over Ottawa. There is no rain and the heat is increasing, although the nights are cool, and it is clear that if there is no rain within the next few days there will be great distress.

Sunday last was a remarkable one in Ottawa and vicinity, as far as the religious world goes. Quite a number of incidents of interest took place; and as the "True Witness" has so many subscribers in this section, and so many people hereabouts are beginning to take a deep interest in the paper (they find it the very best organ of information on all Catholic subjects) I think I will give you a few details concerning some of the events of last Sunday in and around the Capital.

In St. Bridget's Church the feast of the Pentecost was celebrated with pomp. Rev. Father Six, of the Company of Mary, Montreal road, officiated at High Mass, and Rev. A. Gagnon, the curate, preached on the Holy Ghost. During the ceremony the choir, under Mr. Louis D'Auray, sang the second ton Mass in plain chant, and at the Offertory, the canticle "Come Holy Ghost."

THE BASILICA.—There was a Pontifical High Mass at the Basilica at ten o'clock. The main and side altars had been profusely decorated with ferns and cut flowers intermingled with myriads of colored lights which presented a magnificent ensemble.

Among his announcements Mgr. J. O. Routhier, V.G., made five marriage publications and recommended to the prayers of the faithful the soul of the mother superior of the Order of Jesus Mary, who died in Hull last week, and also Mr. S. J. Major who is dangerously ill. He also announced the ember days for this week in preparation of the Corpus Christi celebration, which takes place next Sunday week, and the devotions of the first Friday of the month.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.—The children who made their First Communion next Sunday at the eight o'clock Mass. Next Sunday a collection will be taken up, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of prizes for the pupils of St. Joseph's school.

A GREAT BAZAAR.—Over five hundred people attended the joint bazaar of Ste. Anne Church, and La Garde Champlain which opened last Sunday evening at Ste. Anne hall. The hall was profusely decorated with bunting, Union Jacks and Canadian flags, interspersed with numerous electric lights and Chinese lanterns.

A RELIGIOUS DEAD.—The community of the Servants of Jesus and Mary, who have a convent on Laurier Avenue, Hull, have suffered a great loss in the death of their beloved founder, Rev. Sister Mary Zita of Jesus. She passed away Saturday after a long illness, fortified in her last moments by the sacraments of Holy Church.

PILGRIMAGE.—The annual pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for the Ottawa diocese will be held on Monday, June 22nd. It will be by the Northern and Southern lines of the C. P. R., and will be under the patronage of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

A NEW HALL.—The handsome new hall erected on Alma street, Hull, by the Oblate Fathers, was inaugurated last Sunday evening in the presence of His Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Sr. Wilfrid Laurier, and a large assemblage of the clergy of the diocese and citizens of Hull and Ottawa.

An excellent programme of vocal and instrument music was provided, those taking part being some of the best Montreal talent. After several selections Mr. L. Leclerc, advocate, stepped forward, and in a neat little speech, in which he referred to the kindly interest which Lady Laurier had always taken in the development of art among the French-Canadians, presented her with a bouquet of American beauty roses.

expressed the pleasure that he felt in being present and congratulated Rev. Father Valiquette, the pastor of Notre Dame de Grace, and the citizens of Hull on their commendable enterprise. He spoke of the high places obtained by French-Canadians in the world of art, and referred to such names as Albari, Martal and Hebert, the great sculptor. Mr. Martel was an old friend of his, they having been born in the same county of Assomption, and afterwards students at the same college.

It is wonderful the progress that is in and around Ottawa. But the place is growing so rapidly that they are taxed to their utmost point of energy to keep pace with it. It is a hopeful sign, however, to see religious institutions thus springing up and flourishing in the capital of the country.

Hon. John Costigan's Testimonial Fund.

We have been requested to state that the presentation of the testimonial to the Hon. John Costigan, in recognition of his lifelong devotion to the Irish cause, and the banquet to be tendered to him by his friends, has been postponed until Thursday, the 25th June.

The following is a list of subscriptions so far received. Further subscriptions may be sent to John Daly, treasurer, St. Patrick's Hall, Ottawa, or to this office, and will be acknowledged in this paper.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HON. JOHN COSTIGAN'S TESTIMONIAL. M. P. Davis, Ottawa, \$100.00. Hon. Wm. Harty, M.P., Kingston, 100.00. Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Ottawa, 50.00. Hon. R. W. Scott, Ottawa, 50.00. Ed. Guerin, Montreal, 50.00. Jno. G. Hearn, M.P.P., Quebec, 50.00. Div. No. 1, A.O.H., per Jas. McIver, Montreal, 25.00. Div. No. 2, A.O.H., Ottawa, 26.75. Div. No. 2, A.O.H., Ottawa, 25.00. J. P. Dunne, Ottawa, 25.00. D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa, 25.00. C. McCool, M.P., Ottawa, 25.00. Wm. Power, M.P., Buebec, 25.00. Div. No. 2, A.O.H., St. John, N.B., 25.00. Roger Ryan, Ottawa, 20.00. M. F. Walsh, Ottawa, 20.00. M. A. Finn, St. John, N.B., 20.00. Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, 15.00. J. Gorman, Ottawa, 15.00. Jeremiah Gallagher, Quebec, 10.00. Thos. Conlon, Thorold, Ont., 10.00. E. P. Stanton, Ottawa, 10.00. M. Fitzgibbon, Montreal, 10.00. Hon. Thos. Coffey, London, Ont., 10.00. D. Gallery, M.P., Montreal, 10.00. John Hatchburt, Montreal, 10.00. John Hatchett, Montreal, 10.00. W. E. Doran, Montreal, 5.00. E. Lantalum, St. John, N.B., 5.00. P. C. Kerwin, Quebec, 5.00. Thos. Dean, St. John, N.B., 5.00. T. Burke, St. John, N.B., 5.00. J. B. McColl, M.P., Cobourg, 5.00. H. Higgerty, sr., Ottawa, 5.00. W. D. O'Brien, Ottawa, 5.00. W. Armstrong, Ottawa, 5.00. E. J. O'Connor, Ottawa, 5.00. Major D. C. F. Bliss, Ottawa, 5.00. E. T. Smith, Ottawa, 5.00. A. Freeland, M.D., Ottawa, 5.00. J. J. McGiffigan, St. John, N.B., 5.00. J. D. Purcell, Montreal, 5.00. Rev. Father McGuire, Hastings, Ont., 5.00. Rev. Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., Ottawa, 5.00. Rev. Father French, Brudenell, 5.00. Rev. Father O'Brien, Peterboro, 2.00. John Waller, Peterboro, 2.00. Rev. Father Kavanagh, St. Malachi, P. Q., 5.00. T. P. Gorman, Ocello, Ont., 1.00. John O'Reilly, Almonte, 1.00.

EMMET CENTENARY.

The reproduction by the dramatic section of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association in the Monument National, next Tuesday night, of the drama "Robert Emmet," in aid of the building fund of St. Michael's Church, reminds us that during September next, Irishmen of this city will have an opportunity of honoring the memory of Robert Emmet. One hundred years ago next September the young hero was hanged for treason in Dublin in accordance with the sentence of death pronounced upon him by Lord Norbury.

Old Letters.

By a Regular Contributor.)

The letter that I had selected for the present issue, I have discovered, since the transcribing of it, that it would not exactly suit to give it to the public. Of course, a line must always be drawn. Much that has been written by individuals, for personal or private purposes, may well, on account of the public character of the writers be made known in after years; but the public fame of a man does not justify the publication of that which he probably would not care to have pass into print.

I may add that this is only one of hundreds of poems written by the same lady, and that she has never deemed them sufficiently good to risk their publication. Now that she is very advanced in years, and has grown to care less and less for any kind of publicity or notoriety, she would feel it an unkindness on my part were I to even indicate who she is. But some day I may have the permission, or be otherwise at liberty, to give the reading public the benefit of these delightful productions. Until then I must respect the wishes and feelings of one who seems to have shaped her life of great usefulness upon the motto of England's famed classic writer, "Stat nominis umbrat"

I must explain the purpose of the following poem. In 1849, the writer, had occasion to go visit a young couple in the neighborhood of a leading city in Ireland. They lived in an humble cottage, were poor, but loving, true, young and hopeful. When she and her companion reached the cottage they found their young man dying, and the young wife on her knees beside the bed of their expiring husband, praying and whispering heart-breaking farewells to him. On this scene she based her poem; and to make it more effective and solemn she purposely left the last line of each stanza in blank verse. It is the wife that is supposed to be speaking, in whispers, to her dying husband.

A SAD ADIEU.

"Good night! good night, Acushla Machree! Sad is the night that is setting for me, And the tears, that are falling silently, Will gush in a torrent soon.

"There is no one beside me to cheer me to-night; No one to tell me that God's will is right; But I know 'tis a deadly sin to fright. The soul that is going to Him.

"So I'll hold my peace, and, in accents low, To Him and His angels I'll tell my woe; And none can dream I am grieving so— Asthore Machree, you are going!

"I will hold my head less lofty now, When you are laid in the church-yard low; Ah! too much I gloried long ago, In the happy lot God gave me!

"And when the evening shades come on, I'll steal away from the busy throng, And the neighbors will see me glide along, To the cold grave where they laid you.

"And there I will sit and weep alone; No body will bid me to cease my moan; My bitterest grief will be all my own— Till they lay me down beside you."

Subscribe to the

"True Witness"

Month Of the Sacred Heart

By a Regular Contributor

June is the month of the Sacred Heart, and in this month especially is it held in particular. The well known prayer of our Archbishop for the month of the Sacred Heart has given impulse to that most impressive in the year's tributes. Coming after the month of the Sacred Heart seems in an unbroken manner the chain that binds the Blessed to the Divine Son, and them in the worship of the veneration of the souls of the faithful.

Again it is fitting that when nature has reached glory, should be dedicated one who is the plenitude and all greatness. It is the course of June that we feast of Corpus Christi, it is by outside procession the time-honored custom, district, or within the temple, it is an occasion the Catholic gives full taken testimony of the faith within him. The month is adorned by other festivals of a portentous character. St. Baptist, who was the preceptor of the one called upon to compare the ways of the Lord who received the exalted baptizing Our Saviour in and thus giving to all foundations the example that a special command be followed in the work of salvation is to be in our souls.

Then we have the double St. Peter and St. Paul. Sonages in the sacred history world that were most connected with Our Saviour and the Church that He endured unto the end of Peter, the chief of the Apostles first Vicar of Christ on earth who established the order the shadow of the golden Nero, and who took his heart of the Great Republic, there to remain for to survive that Empire by erations, and to witness the fall of countless human that faded away while the and ground of "Truth" remained unchanged and unshaken. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles converted suddenly by way to persecute the followers of Christ, the educated Pharisee became the writer of the epistles that carried the light of all the cities of Asia Minor whose expressions have been throughout the centuries most perfect enunciation of the new law. It is able that the chief character of St. Paul's Christian life was love for Jesus Christ, his love to the Sacred Heart, and his conversion of souls. The writer, in one of our religious editorials, says:— "St. Paul's love of Jesus displayed as much energy in for the glory of his divine he had displayed ardor in the disciples of Jesus, thrown on the road to while on the way to perse faithful, he was suddenly the cause of God made man which he had until then became his own thenceforth devoted himself to it with fortitude. Nothing could the Lord had said: 'I will how to suffer for my name followed closely upon the and, in the very city of whither he had gone to Jews against the Christian count near to losing his life listen to his own account had to suffer for Jesus. 'Thrice was I beaten with I was stoned, thrice I suffered wreck, a night and a day the depths of the sea. In painfulness, in hunger and fastings often, in cold a ness.' Was the apostle driven by these sufferings and others? Far from it; he suffered for the love of the Lord. I keep under my says, and bring it to submission. Thus it is that in this June we behold so many closely associated with our His wonderful work of the again grouped around Him

Letters.

Month of the Sacred Heart.

By a Regular Contributor.)

June is the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and in this diocese especially it is held in particular devotion. The well known predilection of our Archbishop for the devotion to the Sacred Heart has given a special impress to that most important feature in the year's tribute to God. Coming after the month of May this season of particular supplication to the Sacred Heart seems to continue in an unbroken manner that mystical chain that binds the Blessed Mother to the Divine Son, and combines them in the worship of the latter and the veneration of the former in the souls of the faithful.

Again it is fitting that this month, when nature has reached fullness of glory, should be dedicated to the one who is the plenitude of all glory and all greatness. It is during the course of June that we celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi, and whether it be by outside processions, as was the time-honored custom in many a district, or within the walls of the temple, it is an occasion on which the Catholic gives full and unmistakable testimony of the faith that is within him. The month is also marked by other festivals of a very important character. St. John the Baptist, who was the precursor of Christ, the one called upon to "prepare the ways of the Lord," the one who received the exalted mission of baptizing Our Saviour in the Jordan, and thus giving to all future generations the example that must, by special command be followed, if original sin is to be effaced and the work of salvation is to be efficacious in our souls.

Then we have the double feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. Again personages in the sacred history of the world that were most intimately connected with Our Saviour on earth and the Church that He established to endure unto the end of time. St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, the first Vicar of Christ on earth, the one who established the Church under the shadow of the golden palance of Nero, and who took his stand in the heart of the Great Roman Empire, there to remain for all time, to survive that Empire by long generations, and to witness the rise and fall of countless human institutions that faded away while the "pillar and ground of Truth" remained unchanged and unshaken. And St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, the one converted suddenly when on his way to persecute the followers of Christ, the educated Pharisee who became the writer of the Epistles that carried the light of truth into all the cities of Asia Minor, and whose expressions have been preserved throughout the centuries as the most perfect enunciation of the doctrines of the new law. It is remarkable that the chief characteristic of St. Paul's Christian life was his love for Jesus Christ, his devotion to the Sacred Heart, and his zeal for the conversion of souls. A recent writer, in one of our religious periodicals, says:-

"St. Paul's love of Jesus. St. Paul displayed as much energy in laboring for the glory of his divine Master as he had displayed ardor in persecuting the disciples of Jesus. When overthrown on the road to Damascus, while on the way to persecute the faithful, he was suddenly changed; the cause of God made man, against which he had until then contended, became his own thenceforth and he devoted himself to it with invincible fortitude. Nothing could stop him. The Lord had said: 'I will show him how to suffer for my name.' Results followed closely upon the prophecy and, in the very city of Damascus whither he had gone to raise the Jews against the Christians, Paul came near to losing his life on account of his Christianity. But let us listen to his own account of what he had to suffer for Jesus Christ: 'Thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I was in the depths of the sea. In labor and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' Was the apostle discouraged by these sufferings and by many others? Far from it; he sought further suffering for the love of his Redeemer. 'I keep under my body, he says, and bring it to subjection.'"

Thus it is that in this month of June we behold so many of those closely associated with our Lord in His wonderful work of Redemption, again grouped around His Sacred

Heart by the Church, and lending, as it were, their influence and example to heighten the devotion of the month. In June all nature is in perfect harmony with herself; the days reach their longest point of duration, the nights are correspondingly shortest; the light and warmth of the sun have full effect upon the earth—so is it that the warmth and brightness from the source of all life and truth make themselves feel in the soul, through the special devotions to the Sacred Heart.

A Plea for a Catholic Hall

Dear Mr. Editor,—There appeared in the issue of the "True Witness" of May a letter signed "R. L.," under the caption of "A Plea for a Catholic Hall." I have much pleasure, Mr. Editor, in endorsing the sentiments expressed by "R. L.," and I agree with him in saying, what is wanted is a strong advocate who will lay before them (the Catholic societies) the feasibility of such a scheme, and also that none is better qualified than yourself to create a healthy public opinion on the subject, and bring the matter to a successful issue.

Now, Mr. Editor, to accomplish such a task a starting point must be made somewhere, the ground work must be laid out and ways and means must be considered carefully and thoroughly before such an important enterprise is undertaken.

The first thing to be done in my estimation is to look around and see what we have already on hand of a permanent character, the Young Irishmen's L. and B. A. have a hall of their own, the ground of which might be added to sufficiently to build thereon a large central structure, or better still and more centrally located, with the cars passing the door, is that of the Catholic Sailors' Club. There is certainly no better locality in the city for a large concert hall where a cool, refreshing breeze can be had from the river during the hottest season of year, and I think the space owned by the Catholic Sailors' Club is sufficiently large for the requirements of the contemplated or much talked of Catholic hall. Of course, Mr. Editor, I am not aware as to whether either of the above named organizations would be prepared to enter into such a deal with the English-speaking or Irish Catholic societies. I merely throw this out as a suggestion so that a start may be made somewhere.

SHAMROCK.

Montreal, June 1st, 1903.

In Catholic Country Parishes

While sections of the continent are being flooded and lives are swept away in the excess of waters, we in this part of Canada have been long weeks in need of rain. It has been a pious custom in all Catholic countries to send up petitions to heaven for the prosperity of the season and an abundance of harvest. Amongst some people this is set down as a needless task, for they say that God will do just as suits His plans no matter what the desires of men; and that He knows as well as we do what is needed, and if He desired that matters should be otherwise He would so ordain. This is the false principle of predestination carried to its logical conclusion. It is not based upon the teaching of God, nor of the Church. In the olden times God ordered the patriarchs to offer sacrifices to Him that He might favor them in a special manner; He could have so favored them without the necessity of the sacrifices, had He deemed it proper and suitable to their condition in regard to Him. In the new dispensation He has given us the law most clearly: "Ask and you shall receive." Frequently, while God knows what we need He refrains from supplying our wants so that we may have the opportunity of presenting them in petitions and thereby acknowledging our dependence on Him. Again He sends afflictions, individual or national, by way of punishment; and the "prayers of the just availeth," to turn away the lightnings of His wrath.

Hence it is that four times in each year the Church sets aside days called Ember Days, when the faithful are ordained to fast and pray that

the season about to commence may be blessed. On those days of rogation, or petition that the Church keeps so faithfully, men ask for the help of heaven for the fruits and crops of the earth. So is it that in times of plague, or of great national affliction, the Church summons the faithful to petition heaven for protection and to have the danger averted.

This is actually in the order of things. And at present, as we are passing through a most trying period, when the clouds have refused us rain for five or six weeks, and the sowing of the seed has been rendered almost a useless task, the Church again reminds the faithful that they must pray in order that God may grant them the blessing they so much need. On Sunday last a special Mass of petition was celebrated in our Cathedral, and a most impressive sermon was delivered by the Vicar-General, in which the necessity of supplication, under such circumstances was accentuated. The example has been followed in our country parishes, in many of which the initiative has been taken. Outside the city, in the farming districts the want of rain is far more felt than in the city. Here we are worried with dust and heat; but, if our corporation only had the energy, cars could sprinkle enough water to lay the dust. But it is otherwise in the agricultural districts. Rain there means plenty; drought means famine. It is there very lives, their daily bread, their supply for the long winter, the absolute necessities of life that the farmers are asking to have sent to them. We have had some beautiful examples of that piety, that sturdy faith, that confidence in heaven, which characterized the men and the women of the older generations.

On Thursday last week at Varennes, a most edifying ceremony took place. A solemn procession was held from the parish Church to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Varennes, in which parishioners from Varennes, Boucherville, Ste. Julie, Vercheres and other surrounding parishes took part. It was a grand spectacle to behold those hundreds of men, women and children walking in solemn ranks, reciting the rosary, and turning their eyes to the miraculous statue of Ste. Anne de Varennes. It is only in the regions where the pure faith remains unswayed by contact with the world's false principles that such scenes can be witnessed.

On Friday, the day following, another like religious demonstration, for the same purpose, took place at Boucherville. At 6.30 in the evening all the bells were rung and the faithful from the surrounding districts flocked to the Church; they came in all kinds of vehicles. It was as when the tocsins used to ring in Brittany of old and the peasants crowded to the temple to join in supplication that God might avert the war. The Church was crowded to the doors, when Cure Lafortune ascended the pulpit to say the preliminary prayers. After the prayers a procession was formed, and they proceeded to the cemetery, where the Stations of the Cross were made, and special prayers were said that heaven might send rain. All the way to the cemetery and back the beads were recited aloud. Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in the Church, and thus closed one of the most impressive religious demonstrations that the parish had ever witnessed.

We have frequently heard strangers and Protestants especially traveling up and down the St. Lawrence, express astonishment at the number of Church spires that rise, at given distances, along the shores, and like the light-houses mark the centres of activity.

They do not seem to understand that these are the real beacons that guide our province and its Catholic people along the immense stream of existence. These are the lightning-rods that protect the mansion and the cabin alike against the flash of adversity's tempest, the thunderbolts of heaven's chastisement. These churches are the refuges to which the people flock in the hour of need and beneath the roofs of which they find the consolation and comfort that they so greatly need. In the Church the child has been baptized; there he or she made the First Communion, and probably was confirmed; there the priest united the young couple in the sacred bonds of wedlock, and in a sacramental union that defies the society-ruining demon of divorce and infidelity; there the "Requiem" was chanted over the parents' coffin—and in the cemetery, "neath the shadow of that spire repose the ashes of all who were once dear to them. Hence that Church represents the epitome of the farmer's life, and the story of his family for generations. No wonder that Quebec is the banner Catholic province of our Dominion.

Memorials Of The Past.

The archaeologist, especially the one inclined towards oriental research, cannot fail to be interested in some very instructive comments recently published by Rev. Dr. J. P. Peters, on the recent work of explorers in the Holy Land. The article is highly educational in as far as it gives a fair idea of the great contrast between Palestine and the other older and Eastern countries in matters of archaeological discovery. While the poverty, in such relics, of Palestine is noteworthy, the wealth of antiquity's remains in Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria is remarkable. This point he emphasizes in the following comment:-

"From the architectural and artistic standpoint the relics of the past are, if anything, less valuable. Excavations have revealed no works of art and no buildings of great importance or beauty, if we except perhaps the colossal foundations of the various Byzantine, Crusading and Saracenic structures built upon or adjoining those same foundations. Partly this failure to find archaeological material of value is due to the lack of systematic and extensive excavation in Palestine, partly it is due, doubtless, to the lack of material—that is to say, it seems evident that we shall never find in Palestine such abundant inscribed material as has been discovered in Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt, nor shall we find such valuable artistic and architectural remains as have rewarded excavations in Greece, Crete, Cyprus, and Egypt."

We must not conclude, however, from this that what has been discovered is without interest, or that there is no prospect of the discovery of Edom, southeastward of Palestine; there is the rock-cut city of Petra in Edom, southeastward of Palestine; the picturesque castles that form a line east of the Jordan, from its source at Baniyas southward to Kerak; the great caves in the hills of the Shephelah, between Judea and the land of the Philistines; the rock-cuttings in Gilead, north in Bashan, and a whole city cut in the rock in the same vicinity. East of the Jordan are the remains of the rock-cut theatre at Amman, the ancient Philadelphia; the temples and streets of colonnades at Gerash, and other great remains.

One great reason why Palestine is not as excavated and explored as other lands in the East is very well set forth in the following passage:- "The sanctity attaching to most of the localities in Palestine, while it has attracted much attention to those sites, has also to some extent prevented a more accurate and scientific investigation of their antiquities. The country is equally sacred to Moslem, Jew, and Christian. All have traditions as to the identification of various sites. There has been since the time of Constantine rather a tendency on the part of Christians to endeavor to confirm the Bible narrative or to support traditional identifications of holy sites than to ascertain the actual facts. The Jews have had no scientific interest of any sort in the investigation of the antiquities of the country, and the same is true of the Moslems. Owing to the sanctity of the country, the latter, have interposed more obstacles in the way of scientific research in Palestine than elsewhere. There are, however, at the present time in the field societies representing different countries, which are conducting excavations at Jerusalem and at various sites in the Shephelah. Next in point of date is the German Palæstina Verein, having the same object as the English society, but younger. This society has conducted surveys east of the Jordan, with a view to completing the geographical survey of the country, and is now about to commence excavations at what is supposed to be the site of the ancient Megiddo on the plain of Esdraelon."

While we might, from a Catholic standpoint, go further into details and show the difference, in regard to the sacred character of the places in the Holy Land, between the views of our Church and that of others interested in Palestine; but for the present, we will confine ourselves to a gleanings of the information afforded by Dr. Peter's article. He thus tells of the various views of different people that you meet in Palestine—and

this furnishes us with a fine theme for a future occasion:-

"I need not speak of individual efforts and of the various small archaeological and Biblical collections which one finds in Jerusalem. Almost every resident of Palestine—English, American, French, and German—has some interest in and knowledge of or theory about the antiquities, the ancient history, and the identification of sites in Palestine. So, for example, as I am walking down the Bethlehem road, west of the walls of Jerusalem, a man accosts me in English and expounds to me his theory of the topography of Jerusalem, and the actual site of the hill of Zion. I call on a lady, the head of an English school, and am shown some interesting Græco-Pheonician glass and a small piece of gold leaf, with an inscription in Greek letters: 'Good luck to the newly married.' The holes in the gold leaf showed that it had been sewn on the garment of a corpse, and the reference of the inscription was to the marriage of the dead with Persphone. It had come from a tomb excavated by the natives in the neighborhood of the ancient Mareslah in the Shephelah. I am the guest of the Franciscan monks in Tyre, and the abbot holds a discourse on the antiquities of the country. He had been in Jerusalem when Dr. Bliss was excavating there, and had followed his work closely and intelligently. I meet an American missionary at the Jewish town of Safed in Galilee, and he tells me of monuments which he has discovered in northern Galilee in missionary and hunting tours, which are as yet on no map, of a cave full of flint fragments, remains of the period of the stone workers, and much more."

The next most important point in this noteworthy article is the mention of the collection of the Assumptionist Fathers—like all the Catholic orders, from time immemorial they were the real custodians of all that antiquity held of useful for coming generations. Here is the passage:-

"In Jerusalem, at the hospice of the Assumptionists, there is a scientific collection of antiquities, with a catalogue in French. To be sure, the collection is small, but it is well arranged. At the monastery of the White Brothers, by the supposed pool of Bethesda, where a fresco of an angel stirring the waters was found some years ago, is also a Biblical Museum, but here there is more zeal to illustrate the Bible than scientific knowledge of archaeology. In the Moslem high school is a collection of pottery gathered and arranged by Dr. Bliss, from objects found by him in his excavations for the Palestine Exploration Fund. Unfortunately, it is difficult for the stranger to visit this collection, nor is the collection itself kept up. Of late it is whispered, also, articles which were in that collection have been offered for sale by dealers; for there are dealers in antiquities in Jerusalem whose agents through the country are causing an enormous destruction of antiquities."

We simply take these few quotations. Later on we purpose returning to this subject and dealing with it from a standpoint not within the scope of Dr. Peter's article. But the foregoing will serve to indicate the importance of the subject.

THE SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart, my yearning Both spend itself in Thee; For Thou art ever waiting My Haven sure to be; The world and its allurements Both cease me oft to stray, But swiftly comes the waking, And I am Thine away!

O Sacred Heart, forgive me If still from Thee I turn; If yet from Thee I wander, And seem Thy Love to spurn; 'Tis not that I am faithless, But errant ways are mine; For these do not despise me, But make me ever Thine.

Amadeus, O.S.F., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

BUSH FIRES.

Mrs. William Howes, a widow of 65 years of age, was caught in a bush fire in Caledonia township, a few miles from Vankleek Hill, last week, and burned to death. She was found by neighbors a few hours after in a sitting position and her remains were badly charred. She went to the bush alone to fight the fire and was evidently overcome by the dense smoke. Bush fires are raging in all directions in that vicinity.

Jubilee Of Immaculate Conception.

Rome, May 14.—Another Jubilee! The echoes of the Pontifical Jubilee of Leo XIII. have not died away, when Rome begins to prepare for another great Jubilee, in which the Holy Father, not only by reason of his office, but of his person, occupies the leading place. In the apex of St. Peter's are a number of marble tablets containing several hundreds of names of Cardinals and Bishops of the Catholic Church throughout the world. All these hundreds, representing the whole hierarchy of half a century ago, have, with one solitary exception, disappeared from this world. They met in that very spot to hear from the lips of Pius IX. the definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The portraits of many of them still speak from the magnificent frescoes in the Hall of the Vatican, in which the historic scenes have been handed down to posterity.

The only one of them who survives to-day is Cardinal Pecci, whose name was printed almost last among the members of the Sacred College of the time; and Cardinal Pecci has just closed the Jubilee of his pontificate in the Chair of Peter.

During the present month the programme of the celebrations in honor of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception will be published here in Rome under the auspices of the commission which has already been established to make the necessary arrangements. Three of the Cardinals of the Roman Curia are at the head of this, Vincenzo Vannutelli, Ferrata and Vives, while the detail work has been appropriately entrusted to the Circle of the Immaculate, which has been in existence in Rome for nearly half a century. The first part of the programme is to consist of the appointment of committees throughout the world, the organization of pilgrimages to the Eternal City, the execution and diffusion of a "cantata" on the Immaculate Conception composed by the great Maestro Perosi, the formation of a Marian Library for works dealing with the Mother of God, especially in relation to the dogma; a preparation of the statistics of the institutions existing in honor of Our Lady under this title, the organization of a universal Marian Congress to be held in Rome, a collection of the best poems composed in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and the publication of special periodicals to bring out all the significance of the great event.

The second part of the programme has special reference to Rome, and consists of a series of missions for the people, a particular organization of preparation for first communions, retreats for members of the different Catholic associations, a special religious service for the 8th of every month in the year in the basilica of St. Mary Major—the chief church in Christendom, dedicated to Our Lady. On Dec. 8, 1904, the fiftieth anniversary of the Solemn Definition of the Immaculate Conception, there will be a magnificent function in the presence of the Holy Father in St. Peter's, where the dogma was defined, at which all the Catholic associations of the Eternal City will be represented; a similar function in St. Mary Major—without, of course, the presence of the Pope. On the same day there will be a solemn reception in the Vatican, at which the people of Rome will offer the Holy Father a magnificent ring, and out at San Lorenzo a Solemn Requiem will be offered for the repose of the soul of Pius IX.—the Pope of the Immaculate Conception.

Just four years ago a committee took in hand the preparations for the Jubilee of Leo XIII.—an apparently audacious undertaking, for His Holiness was then almost ninety. Strange to say, nobody seems to consider the presence of Leo XIII. at the crowning of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee a year and a half hence as a far-fetched supposition. Even His Holiness himself has ceased for the last year or two to speak of his death as imminent. Certainly, he is at present in as good health as he has been any time during the last four years, and his private physician, Dr. Laponni, continues to answer all enquiries about his illustrious patient with a confident optimism which is inspiring.—Roman Correspondent, New York Freeman's Journal.

The Late Hon. James O'Brien.

Within the past two or three years it has been repeatedly our painful duty to record the deaths of good and tried friends of the Irish Catholic cause, and now we are in presence of another loss, and one that will be long felt in our community. It would be a difficult task for any one to write a fully appreciative account of the successful, exemplary and honorably Catholic career of the late Senator Hon. James O'Brien. If the severe and fatal illness that came to him in such an unmistakable manner a few months ago, had not given every indication that the end was certainly death, the shock would have been much greater; but even as it is, and prepared as so many were for the sad news, the void caused by the painful event is nonetheless felt in all ranks of the community.

A contemporary speaking of him, the day after his death, styled him, one of the merchant princes of Montreal. Such he was, in the true acceptance of the term; but, as we will attempt to show, gleaned our information from experience of the man and knowledge of his great and fine qualities, there are other claims far beyond those of wealth, station, influence, and commercial as well as political success, which entitle the deceased Senator to rank amongst the princes of merit—far more important than the princes by birth—among his fellowmen.

The late Senator was only in his sixty-seventh year when death put an end to his active and useful career. A native of County Tyrone, Ireland, he came to Canada a youth, and began his career. Having passed through every grade of probation and experience, he was enabled a few years ago to withdraw from active business and to command a princely income. On the death of the late Senator, Hon. Edward Murphy, there was no hesitation as to whom should fall the mantle of his succession. Hon. James O'Brien was selected for the vacant seat in the Upper House. That was in 1895. During the past two sessions he was unable, owing to failing health, to attend to his legislative duties. Last year, at the advice of his medical attendant, he took an extensive trip around the world, and had the honor and hap-

piness of a personal audience with the Holy Father, when in Rome.

We have a vivid recollection of having published at the time an extensive account of Senator O'Brien's most interesting voyage, as we had taken it from his own lips. However, the trip did not seem to have all the beneficial effects that had been anticipated, for, no sooner had he returned home, and again settled down to the extensive interests which he still held in various institutions, financial and otherwise, than a return of the fatal and dreaded malady sent him to a bed of sickness from which he was destined never to rise. It would be a long list were we to tell of all the establishments, associations, works of charity, and societies, national, religious, benevolent, athletic, educational, and financial with which he was intimately and actively connected. We might, however, mention a few:—

He was a director in the Royal Victoria Life Insurance Company, and the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, and was the sixth largest individual shareholder in the Bank of Montreal. He was a life governor of the Montreal General Hospital, the Western, as well as the Notre Dame Hospital. He was vice-president of the Board of Governors of Laval University, trustee of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, a member of the Montreal Board of Trade, and a vice-president of the Bel-Air Jockey Club.

So far we have dealt briefly with the rank that the late Senator won for himself in the eyes of the community in general, but we have yet to tell of other qualities and other characteristics that go largely to make up the souvenir of respect and regret in which he will long be held, that contribute to the consolations that a memory of him shall bring to those near and dear to him, and that help in the assurance that we all feel of the fulfillment to him of the promise made to the "good and faithful servant." To mourn his loss he leaves three sons, Messrs. James, Edward and Henry O'Brien, and three daughters, Mrs. Amos, Mrs. Whitney and Miss O'Brien. To these we extend the sincere expression of our heartfelt condolence.

Senator O'Brien's great success in business, to which we have referred above, was due to a perseverance in the path of duty and rectitude that was proverbial amongst all who knew him, or had dealings with him.

equally important character. We are not speaking of those domestic obligations, those duties of husband, of parent, of head of a household that he fulfilled with such care and Christian fortitude, as well as unbounded

they are sacred to the home, and there alone are they to be cherished as they should be.

But outside his immediate family, and beyond the extensive range of his business affairs, Senator O'Brien found time and opportunity to do good to the community, to his Church, to her institutions, to his co-religionists, to his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen.

During the greater part of his life he was associated with St. Patrick's parish and successive pastors have borne kindly and grateful testimony to all he had done for the advance-ment of its interests. It would be difficult to tell of his private charities. They were not recorded in the press of the day, they were written in the hearts of those who were the objects of them, and a faithful copy of each act was kept to his credit by the Recording Angel above. What a host of those even living to-day could step forth and tell each a chapter in that unedited story.

The young men whom he aided silently in their efforts to reach the priesthood; those that he helped into the professions; the hundreds less fortunate than he who knew by experience the seriousness of his desire to have them succeed; the educational institutions that he aided, in order to give to others that complete instruction which circumstances prevented him from receiving when a boy; the parish works which he helped along; all these, and a hundred more evidences of his silent, unostentatious benefactions, can arise to-day and tell to the world what sort of man he was.

Then personally he was a practical Catholic. The light of faith which he received in the land of his fathers and which he preserved unshined through all the distractions of a business career, illumined his pathway and shed a radiance of hope around his bier. Attentive to every duty prescribed by the Church, exemplary in attendance at all her services and in the participation of her sacraments, his entire social life was swayed by those same religious principles. Unlike many who drift away from the Church according as the world smiles success upon them, he only clung the closer to the bark of

Peter and drew nearer to the altar of God. The unsullied name that he had established in the commercial world, and that was known from Atlantic to Pacific, as well as over large sections of the American Republic, was the outcome of the steady practice of those same Catholic principles which he carried into the practice of daily affairs.

Gifted with great judgment, keen insight into men and things, he had the splendid gift of stability—in all matters, social, commercial, political, and finally religious. His word was his bond, and he could say "no" with a kindness that took away any feeling of resentment, even when an answer of another kind were anticipated.

The funeral, which was held on Monday morning last, from his late residence, Sherbrooke street, to St. Patrick's Church and to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, was attended by all classes of the community. The chief mourners were: Messrs. Jas. O'Brien, Edward M. O'Brien, Wm. C. O'Brien, Thos. Guerin, Jas. O'Brien, jr.; Ed. Amos, jr.; Hon. Dr. Guerin, E. C. Amos, Dr. C. S. Murray, of Toronto; Wm. McKenna, Jas. Quinn, and Ed. Quinn.

At the Church door, which was surrounded by hundreds of the late Senator's fellow-citizens, in all walks of life, the levee du corps was performed by Mgr. Archambault, of the Archbishop's Palace, and rector of Laval University. The celebrant was Rev. Father Turgeon, rector of St. Mary's College, assisted by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, and Rev. M. J. McKenna, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

Rev. Dr. Gerald McShane acted as master of ceremonies, while Rev. Martin Callaghan, parish priest of St. Patrick's, Fathers Ouellette, McGrath, and other members of the clergy were also present.

The sacred edifice was heavily draped in mourning. A large choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, rendered the musical portion of the services in a most impressive manner.

After Mass the remains were transferred to the cemetery where they were interred in the family plot. May his soul rest in peace.



LATE HON. JAMES O'BRIEN.

Yet all that absorbing labor, that close attention, that unceasing, untiring energy, did not exhaust his resources of mind nor time, nor did it usurp his life to such an extent as to exclude other interests of an

love for those dependant on him. Those are matters that are more easily understood than described, and that lie naturally beyond the sphere of the journalist, outside the reach of even the most friendly pen — for

Damages by Fire and Water

It is many years since this continent has been the object of such a variety of visitations as those which seem of late to have come upon the United States and Canada. Some of them amount to actual catastrophes. While one section of the country is positively suffering from lack of rain, other sections are flooded out of existence. High winds, cyclones, tornadoes, fires and other afflictions have multiplied to an extent that has become alarming. Elsewhere we refer to the prayers that are being offered up for rain, on behalf of the farmers whose crops are suffering to a menacing degree; but we must also remember that for lack of rain we are threatened with a still more dangerous visitation. Already whole sections of the country have been burned; property to an immense extent has been destroyed; forest fires not only lay low the woods, but carry away and scatter in ashes entire settlements. Villages, towns and cities are not exempt. Ottawa, Hull, St. Hyacinthe and other centres have heart-touching stories to tell. Along the tributary rivers of the Ottawa entire settlements have been wiped out; and still the danger, like the sword of Damocles, hangs by a thread over the head of the country. And while we are thus suffering for need of rain, elsewhere the rivers overflow their banks, entire sections of country are deluged, human lives are lost, and ruin is in the track of

the waters that sweep on, even as it is in the track of the fires that leap in other parts. The records of all the damages caused and all the sufferings endured are too extensive to admit of reproduction; but we cannot refrain from indicating some of the most extensive of those visitations.

From Gainesville, Georgia, on the first of June, comes an account that we may thus summarize:—

A cyclone of terrific force struck this city recently, causing fearful loss of life in this city and New Holland and White Sulphur. As near as can be calculated the results are eighty-five men, women and children dead, and perhaps forty more fatally injured, with a property loss of something like \$300,000. The death list is yet imperfect not all the bodies having been recovered, and identified. Many of them were mangled beyond recognition. The storm appeared little before 1 o'clock, and within two minutes it had killed nearly 50 persons, torn two storeys from the five-floor brick factory of the Gainesville Cotton Mills, demolished almost two hundred cottages, razed two brick stores to the ground, and blown down innumerable outbuildings. By what resembles a miracle the cyclone's fury was confined to the outskirts of the city, the main business and residence portion not being touched. Torrents of rain accompanied the wind, but within five minutes after its first onslaught the sun was shining upon a scene of fearful desolation.

On the same day comes another and more astounding account of the fight for life, against rising waters, that marked the last days of May and first of June, in Kansas City, Mo. In this case we feel that we

should give some more extended details, owing to the awful losses sustained, and the dangers that still menace. The account says:—

With gas and electric lights extinguished, the water works shut down, and the city practically at the mercy of the first fire that shall break out; with railroad transportation feeble, and uncertain, Kansas City may, if the waters do not recede within the next two or three days, be compelled to fight for her life, and to-night the skies are dark, and threatening, the rain is falling heavily, more stormy weather is sweeping up from the west and the insatiate river is holding its own. It is practically stationary to-night, but what the flood has it keeps, and there is no certain promise of when it will recede.

The first authentic information from Kansas City, Kansas, was received. In that district, 20,000 people are homeless, many have been drowned, and the number cannot be really estimated. The property loss has been heavy. The situation there is a parallel to the situation here—apparently no better and no worse.

It is utterly impossible to form any estimate of the number of dead in Kansas City. There have been manifold stories of how boats laden with people have been seen to sink—there have been reports without end of bodies seen floating by on wreckage, of men who have tried to drive waggons laden with their household effects against certain death in the swift current, and gone down in the field.

Topeka, Kas., has suffered equally, yet there are hopes for it, as the latest reports say:—

To-night at 8 o'clock the water in the Kansas river had gone down

fourteen inches, and is falling at the rate of half an inch an hour. From Manhattan, up the river, comes the report that the water there is falling. At Wamego the same condition prevails, and it is now reasonably certain that the waters here will steadily recede.

It is estimated that the property loss in the residential portion of North Topeka will reach \$500,000, in addition to the loss to the Santa-Fe, Rock Island, and Union Pacific railroads, which will aggregate \$200,000.

There are about 2,000 homeless people who are without money or helpful friends.

Thus it is with the waters, the rain and the wind on the Missouri. While such havoc is taking place from Tilsonburg, Ont., comes this story:—

The worst conflagration in the history of Tilsonburg occurred recently, when eleven business places and twelve residences were razed to the ground and as many more considerably damaged. The fire started about noon at the rear of Buckborough's blacksmith shop, being caused, it is supposed, by children playing with matches.

Glinders were carried for miles into the country, and caused great havoc on the farms of Mr. F. Sanders, at least two miles away. His barns and sheds were destroyed and his house was only saved by hard work. The wide street, Broadway, saved the west side of the town from being wiped out also. Several places were on fire at different times.

Many pitiful scenes were witnessed as the fire leaped from building to building. Women and children were crying at the thought of losing their

homes. Hundreds of willing hands were carrying out furniture, and many thoughtless ones dumped precious articles on the streets and boulevards which were smashed into atoms. The goods were carried hither and thither and as the flames followed them they had to be removed to new quarters. In this way many articles were lost. The homeless ones are searching in vain for their goods and some are still hunting for places to store what is not lost or burned.

Comments seems superfluous in presence of so many calamities, and yet we cannot but be grateful to God that they are not worse, and more numerous. It is decidedly a season when the feebleness of man to struggle unaided with the elements is made manifest. It is a time when all thinking and serious people may well address the incredulous in the language of Holy Writ, and ask if they will always have eyes and be unable to see. Men do not care to give up their narrow conceptions and to admit of a Power that is beyond their comprehension, but nevertheless visible; yet such overwhelming catastrophes should serve as so many lessons to bring them to an acknowledgment of their impotence and of God's Omnipotence.

COMING EVENTS.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS.—The oral examination of the graduating class of this Institute will take place on June 4th, at 7 o'clock, p.m. Very Rev. Canon Dauth, of the Archbishop's Palace, will preside.

DRAMA.—The dramatic performance by the dramatic section of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. A., in the Monument National, on Tuesday next, in aid of St. Michael's parish, to which reference is made elsewhere in this issue should be well attended.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday next the Reading Circle of St. Patrick's Academy, Alexander street, will give their annual literary evening. The subject will be "An Hour With Nature, Through Nature's Poet, William Cullen Bryant."

FETE DIEU.—The parishes of Notre Dame, St. James, and St. Patrick's will unite in the celebration of the Fete Dieu procession on Sunday, the 13th of June.

The procession will leave Notre Dame Church at 9 a.m., and proceed by Place d'Armes, St. James, St. Lambert Hill, St. Lawrence, St. Catherine, St. Denis, Champ de Mars, Gosford, and Notre Dame.

A PILGRIMAGE.—Arrangements have been made by Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's for a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. Special train will leave by the C. P. R. from Windsor Station on Saturday, July 18th at 9 p.m., returning to Montreal on Sunday evening at 8.30 p.m. The tickets are now on sale at the presbytery.

Movement Of Our Clergy

Rev. Dr. Gerald McShane according to the daily press his last sermon at St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday last. Father McShane has been with St. Patrick's since here from Rome, some ago, and during that period his duties, amongst which of director of the sanctuary that office he has introduced notable and practical changes added much to the devotion of the services, and advanced it in the ranks of the parishes which is calculated to exert a beneficial influence during the important stage of their transition from boyhood to manhood's estate.



REV. GERALD MCSHANE

Of course, it was quite the kindly young Sulpician to the tender memoranda which had taken up his connection with the parish. His remarks in were brief, yet touching, in the minds of his audience of regret that will forgotten.

Father McShane in St. Patrick's will carry with sincere wishes of all the for his future success in field of labor he may be exercise his holy calling, during his connection with wick's evinced those qualities and heart which lead us to the earnest hope that he worthy follower in the footsteps of those saints and culture our race whose memory cherished and revered homes of our nationality real.

Father Ouellette, another is also on the eve of bidding to the mother Irish parish up his residence in his Order. He has been with St. Patrick's for many years, and like his predecessors race, Fathers Toupin and



REV. J. B. OUELLETTE

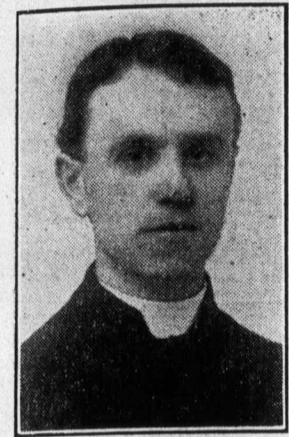
has won a lasting place in the hearts of the parishioners with health and youth period of his office as Vicar of St. Patrick's, Father Ouellette a tireless worker performed which included, besides his duties in the Church, at educational and charitable institutions under the supervision of the parish. Of an amiable and with a fervor and ear-

Cowan's PERFECTION Cocoa.

GOOD FOR ALL AGES. GET IT FROM ANY GROCER.

Movements Of Our Clergy.

Rev. Dr. Gerald McShane, S.S., according to the daily press, preached his last sermon at St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday last, Pentecost. Father McShane has been associated with St. Patrick's since his arrival here from Rome, some three years ago, and during that period has been zealous in the discharge of his various duties, amongst which was that of director of the sanctuary boys. In that office he has introduced many notable and practical changes which added much to the devotional effect of the services, and awakened a spirit in the ranks of the sanctuary boys which is calculated to exercise a beneficial influence during the all-important stage of their careers—the transition from boyhood to manhood's estate.



REV. GERALD McSHANE, D.D.S.S.

Of course, it was quite natural that the kindly young Sulpician should refer to the tender memories of incidents which had taken place during his connection with the central Irish parish. His remarks in that regard were brief, yet touching, and aroused in the minds of his auditors a sentiment of regret that will not soon be forgotten.

Father McShane in leaving St. Patrick's will carry with him the sincere wishes of all the parishioners for his future success in whatever field of labor he may be called to exercise his holy calling. He has, during his connection with St. Patrick's evinced those qualities of mind and heart which lead us to cherish the earnest hope that he will be a worthy follower in the footsteps of those saintly and cultured priests of our race whose memories are cherished and revered in the homes of our nationality in Montreal.

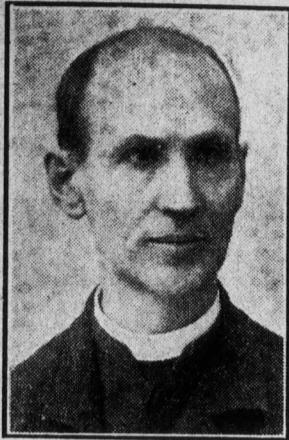
Father Ouellette, another Sulpician, is also on the eve of bidding adieu to the mother Irish parish and taking up his residence in the home of his Order. He has been connected with St. Patrick's for many years, and like his predecessors of the same race, Fathers Toupin and Leclair, will preside.



REV. J. B. OUELLETTE, S.S.

has won a lasting place in the hearts of the parishioners. Blessed with health and youth during the period of his office as Vicar at St. Patrick's, Father Ouellette has been a tireless worker performing duties which included, besides his immediate work in the Church, attendance at educational and charitable institutions under the supervision of the parish. Of an amiable disposition and with a fervor and earnestness to

labor constantly, it is to be expected that his departure will cause a void in the ranks of the spiritual guides of St. Patrick's which will not soon be filled.



REV. L. W. LECLAIR, S.S.

During the past week the venerable Father Leclair, who, owing to his recent illness, and since the withdrawal of the Seminary of St. Sulpice from the spiritual direction of St. Patrick's, had been staying at the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, of which he is the Director, has been allotted rooms in the Seminary building on Notre Dame street. The kindly old priest must have experienced a feeling of regret in quitting scenes so dear to his heart. Of course, Father Leclair continues in his important office of Director of the Asylum.

Disastrous Fire in an Orphanage

A New Zealand Catholic exchange contains the following account of a disastrous fire which occurred on a recent Monday morning at the hour of 3 o'clock in the Boys' Orphanage at Stoke:

Mr. Fitzgerald, the head master, states that about half-past two he discovered a fire, and traced it to the boys' dressing room, in the upper storey, and at the northeast end of the building. In a very short time the fire spread. He at once removed two boys who were in hospital, and got the other boys from the burning place. There were 112 boys in the institution, and so far as could be ascertained all were got out safely and without mishap. They escaped in their nightclothes, though some secured blankets. A small harmonium some few other things were saved from downstairs, but the lads were left without clothes to wear.

When the roll was called William Nelson, aged eight and a half years, was missing. Some of the boys said that they had seen him after the fire was discovered, and it was thought he strayed on to the hills. Search parties were out during the following day in quest of him, but were unsuccessful. A press message received on Tuesday stated that his remains had been found in the ruins.

The insurances are: £3,000 on the building, £500 on the furniture, and £100 on the workshop in the South British Insurance Company. Of this sum £1,000 is re-insured in the National, and £500 in the New Zealand offices.

The splendid discipline at the school ensured the saving of life. The whole of the boys except the lad who lost his life were marshalled by Schoolmaster Beach, who sent them back for what they could save, and then marched them down the stairs like a troop of soldiers.

The total loss is estimated at £10,000, and the loss over insurance at £6,000.

The boys are housed at present in the woodshed and other outhouses. A supply of clothing was forwarded shortly after daylight. Gifts of clothes, boots, etc., are greatly needed, as everything was lost.

Archbishop Redwood was at Oamaru when the melancholy news of the destruction of the Orphanage reached him by wire from the Very Rev. Father Lewis, S.M., V.G. It was naturally a great shock to His Grace, but he bore it bravely, and his courage under the blow was greatly sustained by the deep sympathy and proffered help of Bishop Verdon, Monsignors Mackay, O'Leary and the other clergy that were present in Oamaru in connection with the opening of the Basilica. Offers of generous and practical assistance were also made by Bishop Verdon and the other clergy present, and strong hopes were expressed that the noble work done by the Stoke Orphanage and Industrial School would suffer only, at worst, a temporary check.

Co-operative Catholic High Schools.

(From the New Century.)

The rapid growth of Catholic parochial schools in the United States and the recent impetus given Catholic higher education makes the question of Catholic High Schools imperative. They are needed as a necessary link connecting the extremes of the system. But there seems to be a lethargy in many places where one would expect initiative. Many bishops take little interest in advancing the educational system of their dioceses. While the Catholic Church itself is the most highly organized body in existence, there is a great lack of organization inside the various organizations of the Church. Recent efforts towards organizing Catholic societies are a step in the right direction and the meetings held in Chicago of representatives of colleges may help the High School movement; but in education there is as yet no organization, no standard, not even diocesan regulation save in a few dioceses which are the exception, no boards to hold entrance examinations, no curricula of studies for colleges which all accept. In fact in these matters we are behind the public school system of the country. And as long as we keep imitating and pecking at that system instead of directing all our energy to building up our own, we will make no progress. Public opinion is slow to form and it will be a long time before the American people is ready to give the public funds for denominational schools. So it seems better wisdom to pitch in and build up our own system. That will come in time.

As stated above, our pressing need is high schools. We need central high schools in our cities, and township high schools in the country.

As long as wealthy Catholics are lacking in public spirit, we must look to the authorities and the parish people for our support. On the west side of Chicago, St. Mary's High School for Girls is supported by some six or eight parishes with large parochial schools situated in that part of the city. St. James' High School, on the south side, is largely supported by parishes on the south side and several other schools have high school departments of their own, but not a separate building devoted to high school work. These separate efforts have sprung up of their own activity pushed by energetic parish priests co-operating with the Sisters. But every parish might have its own high school if it had the funds. St. James', in Chicago, is an unusually wealthy parish, and Father McGuire is an unusually able organizer, we are told. But there are many parishes in New York, Philadelphia and Boston equally as wealthy as St. James, in Chicago. Besides, what is to prevent the poorer parishes from uniting in the support of a central high school in their district? Say from ten to fifteen parishes undertaking to prepare pupils for high school and contributing so much annually to the support of the building and teaching staff. "Oh, but we have enough parish taxes now!" some one objects. Well, let the other interests slumber for awhile till we get our central high schools. Co-operation of parishes will do a great deal. It is being done in Chicago—why not here in the East? Or, dioceses might undertake the building and equipment of central or township high schools and make their support a diocesan tax—like the annual collection for the Seminary. Each parish might be taxed its pro rata for the support of the high school of its district just as it is charged a certain per cent. of its annual income for the support of the Bishop.

Another plan would be to entirely separate the high schools or "prep" schools from the male colleges and place them in the hands of lay teachers, the Christian Brothers and other lay, teaching orders and offer the career of teacher to the Catholic College lay graduates, many of whom are eminently fitted to do high school teaching. This would immediately raise the standard of our preparatory or secondary schools and in time they would offer the same courses to the boys, which our lack of organized action now forces them to seek in the public high schools. In turn these large high schools would prove a fine feeder for our colleges, many of which are not now receiving the amount of patronage they should. It is earnestly hoped by the friends of Catholic education that the meet-

ing of our Catholic College professors to be held in Philadelphia in July will see some definite position taken on this important matter.

A step of value was taken by the prelates of the Church during their April meeting in this city, in urging all the diocesan seminaries to do all they can to feed the University with advanced students. In this they point the way to an organization of all Catholic schools, colleges and seminaries. Let the great Catholic University of America be the apex of our pyramid and let all minor schools, colleges, and seminaries be affiliated; but, above all, let us have a system of good secondary schools.

W. S. CLARKE.

Catholic Lay Endeavor in Australia

We are always pleased to note the trend of thought in every section of the world where Catholic interests are to the fore. Thus we were pleased to remark how in West Perth, Australia, a movement is on foot to establish a Catholic Boys' Club, for the most laudable of purposes. We gleaned our information from some letters written on the subject to the Australian Catholic press. Of these we might quote the following:—

"Sir,—The new curate and some young boys of West Perth met in the forenoon of Saturday, 18th inst., at St. Brigid's School room to discuss the advantage of starting a Catholic Club for boys under 15 years. The chief object of such a club would be to advance the religious and intellectual training of Catholic boys, and to have them realize that "to be noble needs but to be good." Our programme at each meeting will consist of a religious topic, a song, a recitation and sometimes a debate. The Rev. Father said he did not see any reason why we should not commence immediately, so taking our programme orderly he explained the meaning of Faith, then one of the boys sang, and two recited very well. Of course, we had no debate prepared, but our curate said it would improve our composition if we would write an account of our little gatherings for the W. A. "Record" in our turn. Then the boys pointed at me, and the Curate imposed on me the obligation of writing for the Press, otherwise I would say we had a very pleasant meeting. Next Saturday, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we want a large crowd of new boys.—I am, etc., Thomas C. Gogarty."

We see more here than a mere isolated class of little boys. The writer of the above is evidently a young boy; and see how he has already been induced to play the part of a man, to step forward as the advocate of a revival of Catholic work on behalf of the youth, and to become an active participator in matters of grave public interest. Taking the foregoing letter in connection with the following one, we cannot fail to see how rapidly such a propaganda may spread and receive due encouragement. We clip this letter, also, as an evidence that it sometimes only needs that one should take the initiative in order that the good work he carried on, multiplied and made eventually a mighty power for good in the bosom of Catholic society. Here is the second letter:—

"Sir,—I'm sure the Catholic youths of West Perth welcomed Monsignor Bourke's announcement on last Sunday that steps would be taken to form a Catholic Young Men's Society at St. Brigid's. No apology is needed for the formation of a Club—call it what you will—which aims at the culture, moral and intellectual of young men. It is a great pity that we have not a number of such clubs in this city. There are Catholic Young Men's Societies in Perth and Subiaco, and there is a Catholic Institute at Fremantle, but those are few and far between. Would it not be a good idea to form an executive, consisting of delegates from Perth and Subiaco Young Men's Societies, as well as from Fremantle, Catholic Institute and West Perth Young Men in order to amalgamate or join all in federation.

"This would certainly be for the benefit of all; 'union is strength' and the proverbial unity of the Catholic Church ought to be manifested in every possible way. Hoping, therefore, to see the Catholic young men thoroughly organized for the cause of Religion and Education.—I remain, yours faithfully,

A CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN."

Here is an example that should not be thrown away on the Catholics of other colonies, especially Canada.

Index Expurgatorius

By a Regular Contributor.)

According to the press despatches—be they right or not—the Pope intends to place Gabriele D'Annunzio's latest volume of verse "Laus Vitae" on the Index Expurgatorius, owing to the insults it contains against Christ, the Virgin Mary and the Pope. There is nothing extraordinary in this; works far less outrageous have been placed on the Index. But what is surprising is to find a certain section of a press, that calls itself Christian, expressing disapproval of the Index in general, of the Pope's right to use such a means for the shielding of souls from the poison of infidelity and immorality, and of the "indexing" of this particular work. They see nothing wrong in it, and they find its iconoclasm in harmony with their ideas concerning images. That they should admire a work that insults the Pope is very natural, but they should equally admit it as natural for the Pope to crush, as far as he can, that which is insulting to him. That they should be prepared to read with satisfaction a book that insults the Blessed Virgin, we do not doubt, for it merely says in verse what they say in their hearts or express in bad prose; but it is equally reasonable that the Pope, who is the custodian of the Church's teachings, and who specially insists on the respect, veneration, and love that men owe to the Mother of God, should resent the insults, and use his power to draw the sting from the viper. But what is most astonishing is the fact that Christians—as they would like to be called—should object to any act, be it of Pope or any other person, that would tend to demolish that which directly insults Christ. This is a fair test of the faith that is in these people. They are of D'Annunzio's own opinion, when he expresses himself as astonished that the Pope should so "infringe on the royal rights of poetry and art." As if poetry and art had any rights or license to insult and injure men, not to speak of Divinity itself. The poem to which the Pope has taken exception is neither an example of the poetic, nor of the artistic. It is too earthy to be poetic and too vulgar to be artistic. In it the author expresses the desire that images of the crucified Christ be thrown into the ditches around the capitol, and that the Virgin disappear like mist. What is there poetic in a ditch, or artistic in a mist? The ideas are low, mean and claptrap in character. To dignify such production with the title of poems is to lower poetry to the muddy level of the filthy things of earth. There is nothing but evil that can come from them. Besides none but Catholics could reasonably complain of the "Index"—and they do not. It does not affect the infidel, the sensualist, the heathen, the heretic, the non-Catholic, be he what he may. But in it Catholics recognize a shield that protects them against the poisoned shafts of the evil one.

Royalty in Rome.

"Innominato," a Roman correspondent of two American secular journals, the New York "Sun" and Chicago "Inter-Ocean" in his letter of last week dwells at length upon the lessons of the visits of King of England and Emperor of Germany to His Holiness the Pope. We take the following extract from the correspondence as follows:—

While in Rome and throughout Italy the journals which are thrilled by the name of Garibaldi or of Mazzini had an obscure French politician, an ephemeral Minister, who, after dinner at the Villa Medici had declared that "Rome is intangible," the same journals spit fire and flame against the King of England and, above all, against his nephew, the German Kaiser, a Protestant, too, and as powerful a sovereign as his uncle is.

"What!" they cry, "they are not even Catholics, they are explicitly or implicitly our allies; for every reason they should ignore the Papacy and yet they come here to assert, under cover of a diplomatic fiction, that the Pope is a sovereign, not merely a spiritual sovereign, but a temporal sovereign. The one quietly, the other with pomp, lends himself in Rome itself to the programme settled upon by the Curia to preserve its claims. No; for them there is not

one single sovereign at Rome; there are two, and that is an insult to the nation, an insult to its King! What use have we for their visits if they are made only at the cost of this affront? And it is a radical Ministry, supported by the Socialists, that tolerates such abuses! We are dared to our faces, and Italian regiments line the route of our insulters from the Quirinal to the Piazza di San Pietro!"

1871-1903! When Pius IX. died many good souls groaned, thinking that when the beloved Pope was gone it would be hard to turn men's hearts and eyes with as great enthusiasm toward the rock of St. Peter! How many "thinkers," acute rationalists, declared or thought to themselves that after that Pope of kindness and nobility, bearing the august crown of tragic misfortunes, no Pontifex Maximus could act with such vividness on men's imaginations! Again both sides blundered. The augurs on the right and on the left were short-sighted. "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The child who understands these words knows more than the augurs of the right and the left. "Even unto the end of the world." Perhaps the world is only beginning.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Napoleon closed the abyss of the Revolution and disinfected France by placing the cross on the brow of the Roman Empire. A few years later the Czar of all the Russias made himself the protector of the Sovereign Pontiff against the new Constantine, who had become a persecutor.

Later still, Catholic nations took up again their guard of honor around the Vatican; afterward they deserted it. The Church, morally, has lost nothing by these desertions. To-day the immortal right of the Popes, thanks to a diplomatic fiction which strikes at the heart of the despoilers, is respected, and by whom? Above all by the heads of Christian States that are not Catholic, Edward VII., on whose dominions the sun never sets; Wilhelm II., head of the nation to which an infinite future seems destined, Czar Nicholas II., who will perhaps soon, as they have, make his way to the Vatican. "Political manifestations," they grumble around Monte Citorio. Nonsense! Sovereigns have no other policy than their conscience or their interests; that is to say, the interests of their people.

That the conscience of Edward, of Wilhelm, of Nicholas should impel them to present their respect to the Vatican, at what time, under what Pope, can we find a parallel for this? And if it is the interest of their people above all that brings them, is not that a proof that the Catholic Church holds in the whole world and under the three greatest non-Catholic sovereigns a place such that these three sovereigns, in spite of their prejudices of all kinds and in spite of all obstacles by formal or secret alliances, think it necessary to manifest solemnly their respect? Gentlemen of the Quirinal, you cannot escape from this dilemma; either you are of not enough weight, you and all the revolutionary and anti-Christian forces that you control to prevent the heads of the most important States from going to the Vatican, or else these non-Catholic heads of States feel under such obligations to the Vatican that in spite of all their sympathy for you, they prefer the Vatican to you.

God has made use of the wisdom of Leo XIII. and of his faithful minister, Cardinal Rampolla, to cut through or smooth away many difficulties; to extend and strengthen the beneficent action of Catholicism, which is the whole of Christianity. However, we will take care not to prophesy even about the Vatican. One thing is clear to every one; that he should make his life conform so far as possible to the Christian ideal, and that he should give his humble aid to the collective work of Catholicism—peace, love, progress—wherever the human soul moves.

WEDDING BELLS

On Wednesday last a pretty wedding was held at St. Patrick's Church, when the contracting parties were Miss Chloe Hogue, daughter of Mr. P. Hogue, of Albert Avenue, Westmount, and Mr. Lawrence C. O'Brien, son of Mr. Cornelius O'Brien, the well known master-painter of this city! The ceremony was performed by Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P. Prof. Fowler presided at the organ, and Mr. G. A. Carpenter sang two solos. After a wedding breakfast served at the home of the parents of the bride, the happy couple left to spend their honeymoon. The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful, and bore testimony of the high esteem in which the bride and groom are held by a large circle of friends.

EVENTS.

GRADUATION.—The oral examination of the class will take place on Monday, June 8, at 10 o'clock, p.m. Very Rev. Father Ouellette, of the Archdiocese, will preside.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.—The dramatic performance of the class will take place on Tuesday, June 9, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Very Rev. Father Ouellette, of the Archdiocese, will preside.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—On Monday, June 8, at 8 o'clock, p.m., at St. Patrick's Church, a literary evening will be held. The subject will be "An Hour with Nature's Poet," by Mr. G. A. Carpenter.

PARISHES OF NOTRE DAME.—The parishioners of Notre Dame and St. Patrick's are invited to a social gathering on Sunday, June 7, at 8 o'clock, p.m., at the home of Mrs. J. B. Ouellette, 100 St. James Street.

ARRANGEMENTS.—The arrangements for the graduation exercises will be in charge of the Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P. The tickets for the evening will be on sale at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Ouellette, 100 St. James Street, from July 15th to 18th at 9 o'clock, p.m. The tickets for the dramatic performance will be on sale at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Ouellette, 100 St. James Street, from July 15th to 18th at 9 o'clock, p.m.

The Education Act.

Now that the Education Act is coming into force it would seem that disturbers of general harmony who were not able to prevent it being passed through Parliament, or who did not try—are bound to make trouble. There is a movement on foot in London that is called the "Passive Resistance" movement, and it is carried on by the Nonconformists. These people seem to represent their title very well, for they seem to conform to nothing, neither the laws of the state nor those of the state church, nor to any other law; and they have waited till the Education Bill became law in order to "non-conform" to it, or rather oppose it by what they call "passive resistance." At the City Temple last Sunday week, a Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has succeeded Dr. Parker, declared that he was in favor of "Passive Resistance." He said he would tender payment of the portion of the school rates that was not to be devoted to sectarian purposes, and added that the collector would have to seize his hall clock and chattels for the balance. This was applauded by the congregation.

How very sensitive these people become when the "shoe is on the wrong foot," when their own corns are pinched. They hold up their hands in holy horror when the Catholics decline to pay taxes for schools to which, in conscience, they cannot send their children. The movement's origin may be thus told: "The English Nonconformists, after the introduction of the Education Bill in the House of Commons, made many threats that they would refuse to pay the taxes to carry out the provisions of the bill, but since the passage of the act these threats became less frequent and up to a month or so ago it was supposed that the idea of fighting the measure in the way suggested had been abandoned.

"It now seems that the Nonconformist leaders have decided to carry out their original plan, and another bitter religious conflict is consequently expected.

"R. W. Perks, M.P., who was one of the most active opponents of the Education Bill before its passage, speaking at Oxford on April 22, at a meeting convened by the Free Church Council of that city, said that if they had been told two or three years ago that a Government would come into power and make it one of its cardinal measures to sweep out of existence the great school boards of England and to strengthen the priestly control over the elementary education of their children, they would have said that it was beyond belief. There were certain cardinal features in the Education Act which they as Free Churchmen never could and never would admit. First of all, in every voluntary school in the country the majority of the foundation managers were not elected by the people, and that must be reversed. In the second place, they had 14,000 appointments of headmasters and headmistresses in the voluntary schools where the masters and mistresses were subjected to sectarian tests, and none of these appointments could be legally held by Nonconformists. This was bad, because it limited the area of choice, and because it was a serious temptation to a boy or girl to change religious opinions simply for the purpose of securing a public appointment.

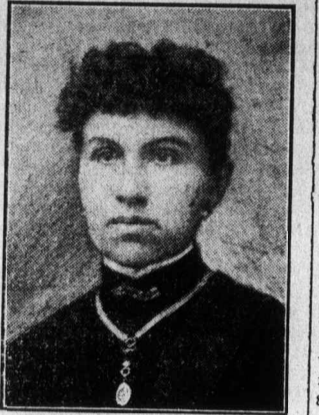
"In conclusion Mr. Perks said he did not believe it was their duty to pay a rate for the propagation of a faith or tenets which they believed to be obnoxious in the sight of God." This will give a pretty good idea of how the anti-Catholic spirit in matters of education leaps and bounds from contradiction to contradiction. We have but to recall the long series of arguments, for and against, in the case of our own Manitoba school question. As long as the argument is against them these "non-sectarians" repudiate it; the moment the tables are turned and it becomes suitable to their purposes they adopted—repudiating their own repudiations. Inconsistency equals insincerity.

QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL. To raise money to free the great Cathedral at Queenstown, Ireland, from debt and to bring about its completion two priests of the Cloyne diocese, Rev. Denis Kent, of Inniscarra, and Rev. Denis Donnelly, of Ladysbridge, are coming to America. During the last thirty-five years the bishop, priests and people of Cloyne have contributed \$750,000 to the erection of the Cathedral.

Death of Mrs. John C. Fee

Powerscourt, 30th May, 1903.

Flora McMillan, beloved wife of John C. Fee, a valued subscriber of the "True Witness," died at the residence of her husband here on the 19th of May, after a brief illness. Mrs. Fee was born at Lochiel, County Glengarry, and was a daughter of the late Alexander McMillan. At the time of her death she had only attained the age of forty-one years. Deceased leaves besides her husband, a family of three girls and two boys, to mourn her loss. A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted in the parish Church—St. Joseph de Hunting-



LATE MRS. J. C. FEE.

don—at which the Cure, Rev. M. T. Nepveu, officiated, and the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the Church.

The large concourse of friends, relatives and sympathizing neighbors, who attended the funeral, showed in a marked manner the esteem in which she was held by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with her. Her obliging disposition, her intensely Catholic life, and the manner in which she discharged her duties commanded the admiration of all who knew her. Yet she was far from being ostentatious. The influence of her example will long be felt in the neighborhood where she resided.—R. I. P.

Late Mrs. Michael O'Sullivan.

It is indeed with profound regret we announce the death of Margaret McKnight, beloved wife of Mr. Michael O'Sullivan, of Hypolite street, which occurred at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, this city, on Friday last, after a brief illness with pneumonia. Deceased was a pious and devout Catholic, an affectionate wife, and a most exemplary mother. Although of a retiring disposition, she was universally admired for her amiability and charity.

Her funeral took place on Monday, 1st instant, from the Hotel Dieu to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Service was celebrated by the Rev. Father G. McShane, and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Mrs. O'Sullivan is survived by her husband, three daughters and two sons, to all of whom we extend our sincerest sympathy in their heavy and irreparable loss.—R.I.P.

The Spread of Cancer

Two and a half centuries ago, when Bernini made his famous statue of the Nile in Rome, he represented it as a human figure with its head concealed by the fold of a mantle. For at that time, and till far on in our own day, the head or source of Egypt's wealth-bearing river had not yet been discovered. If some grotesque sculptor of our time were to personify cancer, he might aptly treat his subject as Bernini treated the Nile. For the source or origin of cancer still remains one of the unread riddles of medical science. Leprosy is a medical mystery, but (to use "the genial showman's" term) cancer is "mysterious." Dr. Fell, a well known New Zealand practitioner, has expressed the opinion that cancer is a disease of comparatively modern growth. No mention is made of it in the Bible. Hippocrates wrote four centuries before the Christian era. He was the most famous physician of that far-off time, and described many a human ill of his day; but he is silent about cancer, and if it existed at all at that remote period, it must have been comparatively rare. Dr. Snow, the English physician who has made cancer his subject, says, in an article before us,

that it is not hereditary, but is due to "the increased stress of our modern life." And he adds that "until society emerges into some calmer sea," "a progressive increase of cancer, duly proportioned to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be predicted as a matter of course!"

Whatever may be the value of Dr. Snow's theory as to the causation of cancer, there can be no doubt about the menacing rapidity of the spread of that fearful malady. Tuberculosis is the over-king of all the ills that flesh is heir to. Cancer comes next to it as a slayer of our kind. In New Zealand, the deaths from this noisome parasitical disease rose steadily from 307 in 1892 to 515 in 1901. This represents an increase during that period, from 4.78 to 6.62 deaths per 10,000 persons in the population, and from 4.75 to 6.75 per cent. of the total deaths in the colony. In the British Isles the proportion of deaths from this dread scourge is even greater. A report recently published by the Registrar-General shows that cancer is steadily increasing in every country in the United Kingdom. In Ireland, in 1864—the first year in which the registration system was in force—the rate was 2.7 per 10,000 living. In 1871 it had risen to 3.2 in 1881 to 3.7, in 1891 to 4.6, and in 1901 it reached 6.5. In England (including Wales) in 1864 the rate was 3.9, in 1871 it was 4.2, in 1881 5.2, in 1891 6.9, and in 1900 it had risen to 8.3. In Scotland in 1864 the rate was 4.3, in 1871 it was 4.4, in 1881 5.2, in 1891 6.8, and 1900 8.0.

In reviewing the detailed figures presented in his report, the Registrar-General draws attention to certain main facts which they disclose—facts which, however, serve only, in a way, to emphasize the strange and painful mystery that still surrounds this fell disease. Here are the points to which the Registrar-General directs attention:—

"1. That in many cases cancer occurs in the same family, grand-parents, parents, and other relatives of the person affected having suffered from that disease.

"2. That frequently, where the member of a family is afflicted with cancer, other members of the family suffer from lunacy, idiocy, and epilepsy.

"3. That in a number of instances where members of a family are afflicted with cancer, other members of the family suffer from lunacy, idiocy, and epilepsy.

"4. That in some cases the disease has occurred in persons who have been in direct contact with cancer patients.

"5. That the disease has manifested itself in individuals who have used the tobacco pipes of persons suffering from cancer of the lip.

"6. That in some instances more than one case of cancer has occurred among different families living in the same house, or among successive occupants of the same house.

"7. That in a few cases the disease has appeared in different houses in the same locality about the same time."—The New Zealand Tablet.

Live Stock Markets

EUROPE.—A cable to the "Gazette" says:—Trade of a holiday character here and foot and mouth disease was discovered among Argentine sheep at Deptford.

Liverpool, June 1.—Since this day week a weak feeling has prevailed in the market for cattle, owing to increased supplies and warm weather, and prices show a decline of 1c per lb., with sales of Canadians to-day at 11c to 11½c, as against 12c to 12½c a week ago.

MONTREAL.—The exports of cattle from the port of Montreal for the month of May, 1903, beats all records in the history of the trade, as the shipments have been 22,778 head, which shows an increase over the same month for 1902, of 12,688 head and a feature worthy of note is that more cattle were shipped to Liverpool and Bristol this May than the same month a year ago, and out of the 22,778 head that have gone forward there were 9,990 head of American cattle. The shipments of sheep for the month of May, 1903, were 2,159 head, showing an increase of 1,823 over May, 1902, and the shipments of horses were 158 head, showing a decrease of 66, with May, 1902.

At the Montreal Stock Yards, at Point St. Charles, the receipts of live stock on Monday morning were 160 cattle, 450 hogs, 100 calves, and 10 sheep. The tone of the market for cattle remains steady, but trade was quiet, owing to the small offerings. There was some demand from local dealers for carloads, and sales were made at from 4c to 5c per lb. The

few sheep offered sold at 8½c per lb. The demand for calves was fairly good, and sales were made at from \$1 to \$6 each. There was no change in live hogs, of which the supply was only fair and prices ruled steady at 6c to 6½c per lb.

The offerings of live stock at the East End Abattoir market were 800 cattle, 700 calves, and 400 sheep and lambs. The supply of cattle was smaller than on last Wednesday, and as the demand from butchers was good for the same the undertone to the market was firm, and an active trade was done. Choice heaves sold at 5c to 5½c; good at 4½c to 4¾c; fair at 4c to 4¼c, and lower grades at 3c to 3½c per lb. In sheep and lambs an active trade was done, there being a good demand from both butchers and exporters, and as the receipts do not increase much prices are sustained. Export sheep sold at 4c to 4½c, and butchers' stock at 3½c to 3¾c per lb., while choice spring lambs brought from \$5 to \$6 each, and ordinary at \$3.50 to \$4.50. Calves met with a good demand at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$8 each.

The exports of live stock from the port of Montreal for the week ending May 30th were:—

Table with columns: Destination, Cattle, Sheep, Horses. Includes entries for Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, and various ports.

The exports of live stock to the different foreign ports for the month of May, 1903, were:—

Table with columns: Destination, Cattle, Sheep, Horses. Includes entries for Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Belfast, and Total.

The exports of live stock from the port of Montreal for the season to date, with comparisons were:—

Table with columns: Year, Cattle, Sheep, Horses. Compares 1903 with 1902, 1901, 1900, 1899, and 1898.

New York, June 1.—Beaves, receipts, 4,464; steady; steers, \$4.50 to \$5.30; tops, \$5.50 to \$5.55; stags, \$4.65 to \$5; bulls, \$3.25 to \$4.40; cows, \$1.65 to \$4. Cables quoted live cattle lower, 11c to 11½c, dressed weight; sheep, lower 11c to 13c, dressed weight. No exports. Calves—Receipts, 5,011, higher. Veals—\$4.50 to \$7; tops, \$7.25 to \$7.50; buttermilks, \$4 to \$4.50; mixed calves, \$4.75 to \$5.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 15,578; steady; sheep, \$3 to \$4.75; extra, \$4.85; culls, \$6; yearlings, \$5 to \$6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 7,494; steady; Pennsylvania and state hogs, \$6.35 to \$6.50.

East Buffalo, June 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,625 head; active; heavy grades strong, 10c to 15c higher; others 15c to 25c higher; prime steers, \$5.20 to \$5.30; shipping steers, \$4.90 to \$5.10; butchers' steers, \$4.50 to \$5.10; heifers, \$3.75 to \$4.90; cows, \$3.25 to \$4.60; bulls, \$3.50 to \$4.25; feeders, \$4.25 to \$4.50; stockers, \$4 to \$4.65; stock heifers, \$3.25 to \$3.85; choice fresh cows and springers, steady; common, \$2 to \$3 per head lower; good to choice, \$4.50 to \$5.50; medium to good, \$2.8 to \$4.00; common, \$1.5 to \$2.5. Veals—Receipts, 425 head; steady; tops, \$6.50 to \$6.75; common to good, \$4.5 to \$6.35. Hogs—Receipts, 15,300 head; active; pigs, scarce, 25c to 30c higher; others 10c to 15c higher; heavy, \$6.40 to \$6.50; mixed, \$6.25 to \$6.35; yorkers, \$6.15 to \$6.20; pigs, \$6.25 to \$6.35; roughs, \$5.40 to \$5.65; stags, \$4.25 to \$4.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000 head; active; mixed sheep, 25c lower; lambs, 50c lower; top lambs, \$6.00 to \$6.85; culls to good, \$4 to \$6.40; yearlings, \$4.50 to \$5; ewes, \$4 to \$4.25; sheep, top mixed, \$4 to \$4.25; culls to good, \$2 to \$3.90.

Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 883 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE



World's renowned Saguenay River (the scenery of this remarkable river is unequalled for wild grandeur and variety. Steamer BEAUPRE is open for charter for Pilgrimages and Excursions. For FURTHER PARTICULARS, APPLY TO H. FONTER CHAFFEE, W.P.A., JOS. F. DOLAN, C.P.A., L. H. MYRAND, 2 King St. E., Toronto, Can. 128 St. James St., Montreal, Can. Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

EASY SHOES For Soft and Tender Feet

—Made of the best leather with flexible soles and on full fitting lasts—For Ladies and Men. —Get a pair now, the warm weather is at hand, and you will enjoy SOLID COMFORT. —The prices are as easy as the shoes.

RONAYNE'S

207 Notre Dame St.—Chaboillez Square

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Unprecedented Sale of GLASSWARE IN BASEMENT. For this week we will sell Glassware at prices never before equalled in Montreal.

- List of glassware items for sale: Berry or Preserve Bowls, good clear glass, 19c; Fruit Stands, fine glass, worth 25c; in this sale, each, 15c; Genuine Cut Glass Bells, 3 fine cuttings, each, 25c; Lemon Squeezers, sale price, each, 25c; Water Glasses, good clear glass, 5 patterns selected from your choice, 3 fine cuttings, and 10 regular price 10c, sale price, each, 10c; Salt and Pepper Shakers, beautiful clear glass, silver lined heavy top, only, each, 10c; Salt and Pepper Shakers, beautiful clear glass, silver lined heavy top, only, each, 15c; Glass Candlesticks, clear glass, sale price, each, 15c; Cuspidor or Lemonade Cups, fine glass, either plain or fancy, worth \$1.50 dozen; sale price, each, 15c; Mirror Plates, with lip, measuring liquids and solids, worth 25c; sale price, each, 15c; Bon-Bon Dishes, handled, fine imitation of cut glass patterns, worth 25c; sale price, each, 15c; Lamp Chimneys, crimp top, flint glass, sizes A & B; sale price, each, 7c; Celery Tray, fine pattern, special at, 50c; Glass Berry Sets, 7 pieces in set, worth 75c, sale price, special at, 50c; Individual Preserve Dishes, 3 patterns, worth 7c; special at, each, 5c; Ice Cream Dishes worth 4c each, sale price, 2 for 5c; Vinegar or Oil Bottles, with stoppers, good imitation cut glass patterns, worth 25c; special at, each, 15c; Bon-Bon Dishes, 5 shapes to select from, worth 15c; special sale price, each, 10c; Cream Jugs, beautiful clear glass, good size, worth 25c; sale price, each, 15c; Glass Plates, fine patterns, sale price, each 15c; Cake Servers, splendid patterns, with edge, good size, worth 60c; sale price, each, 45c; Brass Jugs, fine patterns, nickel cover, worth 60c, in this sale at, each, 25c; Lemonade or Water Sets, fine decorated tall pitcher and six glasses, with tray, worth \$1.20 in this set at, per set, 85c; Glass Flower Vases, 3 different patterns, beautiful clear glass, special at, each, 10c; Sugar Servers, fine nickel screw top, good cut design, worth 8c; in this sale, each, 5c; Water Carafes, 2 beautiful designs, good size, worth 75c in this sale, each, 50c; Glass Rose Bowls, hob nail patterns; in this sale at, 20c; Fine Glass Tumblers, 5 designs, (red and blue) and star, Hour de l'An, etc., worth \$1.20 per dozen; in this sale, each, 7c; Marmalade Jars, with cover, fine glass, 2 kinds, plain clear glass or cut design, worth 25c; in this sale, each, 15c; Glass Sugar and Cream Sets, good patterns, in this sale at, 20c; Extra Special! Extra Special! 50 only Glass Water Jugs, with silver plated tops, 3 beautiful designs; cannot be sold from retail outlets; suitable for June wedding presents; regular price \$3.20 in this sale while they last for, \$1.37.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

234 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street. Telephone Up, 2740

The eighty-fifth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Room of the institution last.

There were present: A. Drummond, Vice-President, William C. Macdonald, Greenhields, James Alexander, W. H. E. F. S. Lyman, K.C., F. S. G. F. C. Smitker, Henry Doherty, Michael Burke, E. K. Col. Prevost, A. W. Taylor, Albert Piddington, D. Morrice, James John Morrison.

On the motion of the man, Hon. George Vice-President, was elected to the chair, in the President, Rt. Hon. J. H. P. On the motion of Mr. bell, seconded by Mr. it was agreed "That gentlemen be appointed scrutineers: Messrs. K.C., and G. F. C. S. Mr. James Aird be secretary."

DIRECTORS' REPORT. The Directors have sent the 85th annual showing the result of business of the year April, 1903:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1902 ... Profits for the year ended 30th April, 1903, after deducting charges of management, and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts ...

Capital Stock ... Reserves ... Balance of Profits ...

Unclaimed dividends, Unclaimed dividends, payable 1st June.

Notes of the Bank in Deposits not bearing Deposits bearing interest Balances due to other

Gold and Silver coin Government demand Deposit with Dominion ed by act of Parliament general bank note Due by agencies of the bank and other banks in Great Britain and other banks in foreign countries ... Call and short loans in Great Britain and United States ...

Notes and Cheques of Dominion Provincial Railway and other Bank Premises at Montreal Current Loans and elsewhere (rob and other assets Debts secured by mortgages Overdue debts not provided for) ...

R. F. QUIGLEY.

Ph.D., L.L.D., K.C., ADVOCATE, BARRISTER and SOLICITOR, Member of the Bars of New Brunswick and Quebec.

Brousseau Lajoie and Lacoste,

Advocates and Barristers-at-law, 7 PLACE D'ARMES, Montreal.

C. A. McDONNELL,

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT, 150 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal. Fifteen years experience in connection with the Liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a speciality. TELEPHONE 1182.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars and a bonus of two dollars per share of the capital stock of this institution have been declared, and the same will be payable at its banking house in this city on and after Thursday, the 2nd day of July, 1903.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of June, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager. Montreal, May 30th, 1903.

BANK OF MONTREAL

The eighty-fifth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board Room of the institution on Monday last.

There were present: Hon. George A. Drummond, Vice-President; Sir William C. Macdonald, Messrs. E. B. Greenshields, James Ross, Charles Alexander, W. H. Evans, T. Irving, F. S. Lyman, K. C., James Kirby, K. C., G. F. C. Smith, James Tasker, Henry Dobell, R. Hampson, Michael Burke, E. K. Greene, Lieut. Col. Prevost, A. W. Hooper, A. T. Taylor, Albert Piddington, M. S. Foley, D. Morrice, James Skeoch and John Morrison.

On the motion of Mr. F. S. Lyman, Hon. George A. Drummond, Vice-President, was unanimously voted to the chair, in the absence of the President, Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

On the motion of Mr. Henry Dobell, seconded by Mr. James Tasker, it was agreed "That the following gentlemen be appointed to act as scrutineers: Messrs. F. S. Lyman, K. C., and G. F. C. Smith; and that Mr. James Aird be secretary of the meeting."

DIRECTORS' REPORT.—The report of the Directors to the Shareholders at their 85th annual general meeting was then read by Mr. E. S. Clouston, General Manager, as follows:—

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the 85th annual report, showing the result of the Bank's business of the year ended 30th April, 1903:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1902 ... \$ 165,856.09
Profits for the year ended 30th April, 1903, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts ... 1,813,483.66

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Premiums on new stock | 965,466.00 |
| Dividend 5 per cent. paid 1st December, 1902 | \$2,944,807.75 |
| Dividend 5 per cent. payable 1st June, 1903 | 620,000.00 |
| Account credited to Rest Account | 1,000,000.00 |
| Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward | \$724,807.55 |

Since the last annual meeting, branches of the bank have been opened at Birchy Cove, Bay of Islands, Newfoundland; Raymond, Alta.; Colingwood, Ont.; Paris, Ont., and Spokane, Wash., U.S.

A special general meeting of the Shareholders was held on January 7, 1903, at which authority was taken for the following purposes:

To increase the Bank's capital by \$2,000,000 making it \$14,000,000.

To apply for an Act of Parliament to sub-divide the shares of the Bank into shares of the par value of \$100 each.

To appoint the first Monday of December as the date upon which the annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank is to be held in future, instead of the Monday in June, as heretofore.

The Head Office and all the branches have passed through the usual inspection during the year.

STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL,
President.
Bank of Montreal, Head Office, 1st June, 1903.

THE GENERAL STATEMENT.

| LIABILITIES. | |
|---|------------------|
| Capital Stock | \$ 13,379,240.00 |
| Reserve | 9,000,000.00 |
| Balance of Profits carried forward | 724,807.75 |
| Unclaimed dividends | 9,724,807.75 |
| Unclaimed dividends, Half-yearly Dividend, payable 1st June, 1903 | 620,000.00 |
| | 10,348,747.76 |
| | 28,727,937.76 |
| Notes of the Bank in circulation | 7,968,972.00 |
| Deposits not bearing interest | 21,699,154.27 |
| Deposits bearing interest | 71,698,765.04 |
| Balances due to other Banks in Canada | 453,231.41 |
| | 101,820,122.72 |
| | \$125,546,110.48 |

| ASSETS. | |
|--|------------------|
| Gold and Silver coin current | \$ 3,196,245.10 |
| Government demand notes | 4,719,861.75 |
| Deposit with Dominion Government required by act of Parliament for security of general bank note circulation | 360,000.00 |
| Due by agencies of this bank and other banks in Great Britain | 2,420,755.41 |
| Due by agencies of this bank and other banks in foreign countries | 4,552,248.82 |
| Call and short loans in Great Britain and United States | 24,043,278.00 |
| | 34,025,282.23 |
| Dominion Provincial Government Securities | 435,697.46 |
| Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and stock | 8,136,285.53 |
| Notes and Cheques of other Banks | 2,032,005.14 |
| | \$49,905,327.21 |
| Bank Premises at Montreal and Branches | 600,000.00 |
| Current Loans and Discounts in Canada and elsewhere (rebate interest reserved) and other assets | \$74,767,257.28 |
| Debts secured by mortgages or otherwise | 141,500.51 |
| Overdue debts not specially secured (loss provided for) | 134,025.48 |
| | 75,042,783.27 |
| | \$125,528,110.48 |

E. S. CLOUSTON,
General Manager.
Bank of Montreal,
Montreal, 30th April, 1903.

ADOPTION OF THE REPORT.
Hon. George A. Drummond moved: "That the report of the Directors now read, be adopted and printed for distribution among the Shareholders."
It is usual, he observed, for the presiding officer to make some remarks at this particular stage of the proceedings, but in view of the fact that we shall have another meeting in six months, under the new and altered date, it seems to me unnecessary to detain you with any observations of mine. I can only say that the statement now in your hands, I am sure, one which you will all agree is extremely satisfactory. It shows the largest profits of any of the Bank's statements for the last twenty-five years, although some indication may be drawn from the fact that in earning that profit, the business of the Bank has enormously increased. In 1876, when the profit to which I have referred was realized, the assets of the Bank—an indication of the business done—stood at \$37,500,000, and to-day, according to

the statement in your hands, they stand at \$125,000,000; so that the old story is repeated, which is that to earn an equal amount of profit, you must now do a very much larger business; in this case, three times or more. With these remarks I put before you the motion I have already made.

The motion was seconded by Mr. E. B. Greenshields, and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. B. A. Boas moved:—"That the thanks of the meeting be presented to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Bank."

This was seconded by Mr. Charles Alexander, and was unanimously agreed to.

BY-LAWS ADOPTED.

It was moved by Mr. A. W. Hooper, seconded by Mr. A. T. Taylor:—"That by-law No. Three shall read as follows:—

"III. For the management of the affairs of the Bank, the Shareholders, at each annual general meeting, shall elect, by ballot, a Board of nine Directors, who shall be capable of serving as Directors during the ensuing twelve months, or until they shall be replaced by their duly elected successors. Every such Director at the time of his election shall be, and during the then immediately preceding thirty days shall have been, and during his service as Director shall continue to be, the holder and absolute owner in his own and sole name and right (and not in any other right, or in trust for any purpose, person or party, or in trust simply), of not fewer than one hundred of the paid-up shares of the capital stock of the Bank. At every annual general election the outgoing Directors, and each of them, shall be eligible for re-election."

"And that by-law No. Eleven shall read as follows:—

"XI. The Board of Directors may, from time to time, appoint local Directors for the management of the affairs of the branches of the Bank, and may fix their qualifications and remuneration, define their powers and duties, and revoke their appointment; but no such local Director shall at any time be appointed or serve as a local Director unless he be, and during his service continue to be, a holder in his own and sole name or right, nor in trust for any purpose, person or party, or in trust simply), of not fewer than twenty paid-up shares of the capital stock of the Bank."

This was unanimously concurred in, after which it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. R. Hampson, seconded by Mr. J. Kirby, K. C.:—"That by-laws Nos. III. and XI. as amended, shall go into effect on 1st September, 1903."

Sir William C. Macdonald moved:—"That the thanks of the meeting be given to the General Manager, the Inspector, the Managers and other officers of the Bank for their services during the past year."

This was seconded by Mr. James Ross, and was unanimously carried, the General Manager acknowledging the compliment.

Mr. John Morrison moved, seconded by Mr. Albert Piddington:—"That the ballot now open for the election of Directors be kept open until 3 o'clock, unless fifteen minutes elapse without a vote being cast, when it shall be closed, and until that time, and for that purpose only, this meeting be continued."

This was unanimously concurred in, and a hearty vote of thanks was then accorded the Chairman, who acknowledged the same.

THE DIRECTORS.—The ballot resulted in the election of the following directors:—

- R. B. Angus, Esq.
- Hon. Geo. A. Drummond.
- A. F. Gault, Esq.
- E. B. Greenshields, Esq.
- Sir William C. Macdonald.
- A. T. Paterson, Esq.
- R. G. Reid, Esq.
- James Ross, Esq.
- Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G.

Christian Manhood.

"Learn of Christ's example, tenderness and forgiveness, watch the little loves, the little courtesies, the little self-denials you make for friends or others. Be ready ever to extend them, Christian perfection is made up of little courtesies and trifles and self-denials, and I tell you a perfect Christian man is the noblest work of God."—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Horrors Of Thirst.

The following intensely interesting narrative of hardship and suffering in the lonely Australian wilderness illustrates in a vivid manner the dangers to which the pioneers subjected to in their work of exploring and prospecting for new Westralian Gold-fields, is related by John Marshall, of Kalgoolie, late Hon. Secretary Westralian Gold-Diggers' Association in the "Wide World Magazine." To the average "Englishman who lives at home at ease" comparatively little is known of the difficulties, hardships, and dangers which gold-seekers have to endure in searching for, opening up, and developing new gold-fields. No class of men has ever exhibited more enterprise and energy, more dauntless daring and resolute courage than the gold-diggers of the new countries of the world. The Australian miner is not given to "skite" or boast or complain about the dangers he passes through. He looks at them as part of the "day's work," and deeds of bravery are performed and hardships endured which, if they were known, would thrill the world with admiration and awe. As it is, they pass without surprise or comment, owing solely to the lack of someone to chronicle them.

The opening up of the Coolgardie Goldfields was accomplished under the greatest possible difficulties. The early prospectors had to travel over waterless wastes, and literally take their lives in their hands every time they left the few and isolated centres of population. And, alas! how many had to pay toll for their daring with their lives! The following thrilling story was told to me in the early part of 1894 on the streets of Coolgardie, where I met the mate (Patrick Hughes) who had been able to endure the hardships the best, but who bore even then the marks of the awful sufferings he had to encounter on the trip; his pinched face and deeply marked forehead speaking eloquently of the fatigue and agony he had gone through.

Two better fellows and more experienced bushmen than Patrick Hughes and Jack Fouracre, both of whom were "sand-groppers"—that is, native-born Westralians—never set out on a prospecting tour. With six good horses and well-lined saddle-bags, in splendid health and spirits, they left Coolgardie to take up and register the Diorite King, a now well-known gold mine, situate 195 miles from Goongahrie without any incident of what was then known as the "Ninety Mile" (now the township of Goongahrie) without any incident of note taking place. Here they registered the Diorite King at the Government office. Then, leaving the "Ninety Mile," they went sixteen miles to a condenser, where they watered their horses. After this they pushed on nine miles farther and struck camp, but were unable to obtain any water here. Next day they travelled twenty-five miles to a "gnama hole"—that is to say, a cavity in the rock into which the surface water drains when it rains—but they found to their surprise that it was nearly dry, only sufficient being left to give the horses a quarter drink each and themselves a little to make tea with. Jack Fouracre, however, was certain that about fourteen miles from where they were camped there was a large gnama hole which was full of water when he was there some months previously. This, he declared, would yield them all the water they required. The horses were beginning to get restless and uneasy, but there was nothing for it but to try and make the extra fourteen miles and get to water. When they reached the hole, however, they were horrified to find that there was not a single drop in it. Nothing now remained but to go ahead, which they did, till darkness set in; and they camped for the night on a big mulga flat. Long before daybreak they started for the head of what is now known as Granite Creek. Jack had only been once in that locality before, and the general impression then was that the creeks—which was simply the bed of what was a water-course probably once every seven years—was about fifty miles long instead of being, as it has since been proved to be, only fifteen miles. Jack calculated that by striking across the country they would cut the bed of the creek, where, he thought, they would be sure to get water. The horses had travelled all day as fast as their weak condition and the intense heat would permit, but no appearance of

a dry creek was visible. The poor animals were terribly knocked up with their long day's journey, while the two men, being scarcely capable of standing, lay down to snatch a few hours' sleep during the cool of the evening. Whether it was owing to the want of water, and the fever induced thereby, Jack Fouracre, who up to this time had always taken the lead, and whose knowledge of bushcraft was considered absolutely reliable, appeared to have—to some extent at least—lost his memory for names and places, as he was not at all sure of his bearings. The matter was debated that night by the two mates, and it was agreed to get up early in the morning and try hard to make the head of the creek. The horses rambled about all night vainly looking for water, and the men were too much excited and thirsty to sleep well. Rising before day broke they ascended a hill some way off, and saw what they took to be a line of timber marking where the bed of the creek was supposed to be. This timber seemed about five miles distant. Hope again rose in their breasts, and, packing the horses, they set out for the creek. By this time the poor horses were scarcely able to move, as they had been nearly three days and nights without water. After hours of painful toil they neared the place they had taken for the watercourse, and Jack, who by this time was in a half-crazy condition, was certain the long-sought-for Granite Creek was close at hand. After almost incredible efforts they reached the spot where Jack thought they should find water, but instead they discovered, to their horror, that it was not the place they were looking for at all, and there was no trace of water to be found!

The plight the two mates now found themselves in may be better imagined than described. Buoyed up with the hope of obtaining plenty of water for themselves and their horses half crazy with thirst and heat, they had whipped up their wretched animals and exhausted themselves in their frantic efforts to get as quickly as possible to the supposed water. The shock was too much for Jack Fouracre, in his weak and half-demented condition; and, cursing his ill-luck, he drew out his revolver to end his sufferings, as he saw no prospect of escape from the horrible death that was staring them in the face, Pat Hughes, however, who, from temperament and physical constitution, was better fitted than his despairing mate to stand the horrors of the situation, plucked the revolver from Jack's hand and called him a fool. Then he said, angrily, "I have followed you all over the bush, Jack Fouracre, but now you shall follow and obey me. We shall go back into the Granite Hills, and see if we can't strike some gnama holes." They rested for some time under a tree, and then tried to strike back into the hills. Presently they came across a buggy track, which had passed over there some months previously, and, after following it up for a bit, found to their despair and disgust that the tracks were going towards Mount Ida, and away from the place they wanted to go to. They then determined to proceed to Cutmore's Well, which they reckoned was about forty-five miles away, but was nevertheless the nearest water they could depend upon. By this time Fouracre was very ill indeed, and every now and then he had to leave his horse owing to the intense pain he was suffering. At last he fell right out of the saddle, and when Hughes went to him he said, feebly, "Pat, I am done!—fairly done! I can't go any farther! For God's sake give me my revolver and let me blow my brains out! Anything is better than this cruel, slow death!" Pat lay down gently and patiently beside his mate and tried to soothe him, but it was all to no purpose. The man was suffering dreadful agony and appeared to be dying. They had now been over three days and four nights without water, the heat being terrific. Despair was in their hearts; they were fairly exhausted, their tongues swollen, and their heads giddy and ringing with strange noises.

About 10 p.m. they determined to make one last desperate effort to find Granite Creek or perish in the attempt. They travelled all night by the compass. A fresh breeze was now blowing, and it was nice and cool. They made better headway than they had hoped for. When daybreak came they saw a line of timber about a mile and a half ahead, and Jack swore that it was Granite Creek, the goal which they had been so eagerly seeking. The horses, which had been crawling along at a snail's pace, began to prick up their ears and go forward more rapidly. In an hour and a half they reached the bank where Jack was certain water would be found, as he recognized what is now known to prospectors as the "Cement Hole." Taking a pannikin each, the two mates hob-

bled, as well as their tottering limbs would permit them, down to the bank of the creek. It was a last chance. If it failed they would not have waited for death. But lo! to their intense joy they found an abundant supply of precious water. Hughes, who was the least spent of the two, managed to crawl down from the ledge of the rock which fringed the water-hole, and dipping in his pannikin, he lifted it up full of water and drank it off. It needs an infinitely abler pen than mine to describe the man's sensations at that moment. He then filled and handed the pannikin to Jack, who was standing on the top shaking with excitement, and he also drained it off with feverish eagerness. As they quaffed the pure cool water it seemed as if it were nectar from the gods. The darkness and despair of hell seemed to lift, and a new earth was opened to them. Both men felt as if they could drink a bucketful, and yet still remain thirsty. They well knew, however, the evil effects likely to result from a surfeit of water after such a long thirst, and despite the maddening desire to drink more and yet more, prudence restrained them. New energy, life, and hope sprang up anew in their breasts. Their voices, which had sounded hollow, and were scarcely audible when they spoke to each other, now became comparatively clear and ringing. Next the horses, which had been tied up when they reached the water-hole, were given about three gallons each, and in a few hours they got as quench water as they could drink. A number of parrots were killed and a grand breakfast cooked, of which each man ate as much as his weakened stomach would permit, nearly all the food with the packs, having been left some distance back, two days and three nights before.

After getting their traps and "tucker" they rested for a few days, and two of their horses died, having succumbed to the hardships they had undergone. They then went on to the Diorite King, which they reached in safety.

But the "gruelling" Jack Fouracre had received through the privations and suffering he had endured had wasted him terribly, and he became very seriously ill. Pat found it necessary to bring him to Coolgardie on camel-back, and from there he was taken on to Perth, where he lay in the hospital for many weeks ere he recovered. Hughes himself also suffered a good deal, and it was some time before he was all right again. Although only a little over thirty years of age his hair turned quite grey within a few weeks of his trying experience. The last heard of Jack Fouracre was from Klondyke about six months back, when he wrote to his friends at Coolgardie stating that he was trying to get back to the "Golden West" again. Patrick Hughes is still battling it out at Kalgoolie, and a few months ago was a conspicuous figure in the celebrated "Ivanhoe Venture" troubles at that great mining centre.

The Parochial School.

The parochial school idea and religious system of education is winning friends daily, slowly but surely, among intelligent and well-meaning and fair-minded Protestants. This very fact should be sound in every religious paper and magazine not only once, no, again and again in order to let the public know and understand that the Catholic Church always had and still has the correct idea and the only correct system of education. The Methodist Bishop, Dr. Bole Smith, of South Carolina, made this strong declaration at Jacksonville, Fla., when he said: "Intellectual culture by itself is the means of the development of rascality. Who break your banks? Who are the leaders of anarchistic movements? Are they the ignorant men of the country? No, they are the intellectual rascals, and the educated criminal is the most dangerous of all. No education deserves the name unless it has the moral side. The most powerful influence about the training of the child is the influence of the teacher. God save this country from godless teachers and God save the country from a purely secular education!"

Yes, let us have public religious schools for the children of those parents at least, and there are millions in this country, Catholic and Protestant, who are not contented and cannot be contented with our present godless system of education in our public schools—since it is a matter of conscience with Christian parents! Let us have public schools, public religious schools; public and religious in a way that will be just to all denominations!—St. Anthony's Messenger.

...edgy,
...Mansfield
"Niagara to the Sea"
...ASURE ROUTE
...ster, Kingston
...Intermediate Ports.
...Lake Ontario, a trip
...the Thousand Islands
...the exciting descent of all the
...opolis of Canada)
...ool and refreshing night
...of
...s Gibraltar)
...ouage and Points on the
...ver is unequalled for wild
...images and Excursions
...L. H. MYRAND,
...Dalhousie St., Quebec,
...an.
...oft and
...er Feet
...s and
...en.
...and,
...ORT.
...E'S
...z Square
...LOUIS E. CURRAN,
...& Curran
...and Solicitors,
...nc & Newfoundland.
...K CHAMBERS,
...nes Street,
...Montreal
...UIGLEY,
...D., K.C.,
...TER and SOLICITOR,
...of New Brunswick
...Quebec,
...e and Lacoste,
...arristers-at-law,
...MES, Montreal.
...DONNELL,
...ACCOUNTANT,
...ES STREET,
...Montreal.
...erience in connec-
...idation of Private
...ates. Auditing
...ng Annual Report
...and public corpor-
...ONE 1182.
...ity and District
...Bank
...given that a divi-
...ars and a bonus of
...are of the capital
...ituation have been
...ame will be pay-
...y house in this city
...day, the 2nd day
...eks will be closed
...the 30th of June.
...e.
...Board.
...ESPERANCE,
...Manager.
...30th, 1903.

Catholic Cadets On Parade.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS.—On Saturday last as we saw the Mount St. Louis Cadets marching past the "True Witness" office on their return from the annual inspection at the Champ de Mars...

An immense crowd assembled on the Champ de Mars to witness the inspection. Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, the inspecting officer, after putting the Cadets through various classes of drill, expressed his great pleasure at the exhibition of drill that he had witnessed.

The following are the names of the officers that constitute the various corps of the Mount Saint Louis Cadets:

Lieutenant-Colonel Vaillancourt, commander; 1st major, Alexandre St. Pierre; 2nd major, J. Latourelle; adjutant, J. Hughes.

Company, No. 1, captain, P. Skelly; 1st lieutenant, H. Keefer; 2nd lieutenant, H. Poirier. Company No. 2, captain, A. Cousineau; 1st lieutenant, P. Vogel; 2nd lieutenant, M. Bellew.

ST. PATRICK'S.—On June 13, St. Patrick's Cadets will muster on Champ de Mars to face the ordeal of their first public inspection. Judging by the work of this new corps we have no doubt whatever that the result will be creditable to the Christian Brothers and to the members of the corps.

Public Men in France.

Nothing seems too contradictory for France, or for the leaders of the country at this hour—especially in regard to religion. The "Catholic Universe" of London, Eng., comments thus upon the contradictions in the life of President Loubet.

The fact that the eleven-year-old son of President Loubet should have made his First Communion has caused a good deal of unnecessary surprise. One would imagine from the secular press representations that France was credulous from top to bottom.

case of Combes. Here is the comment upon that irreligious character and his family:—

"Even Combes daughter was married in the Catholic Church, although his son, who died, was buried without religious rites. The explanation of this curious incongruity is that the maiden was alive to guard her own religion; the son, being dead, could not prevent his father's outrage on religion in ordaining a pagan funeral. Indeed, Combes seems to have achieved a very rare feat in carrying his hatred of religion to his son's final resting place."

In this we have a graphic picture of the cowardly character of the renegade Premier, even in regard to his own children. The daughter, who was alive, he could not, or he dared not attempt to influence, in a matter affecting her soul as well as her future happiness—in her marriage; but the son, who was dead, was at the mercy of the father who could have him buried as he saw fit.

LATE MR. JOHN McGRATH.

It has been our painful duty within the past year to record the death of a number of staunch subscribers of the "True Witness" for a period of nearly half a century. The most recent name we have to add to our record of obituaries, is that of Mr. John McGrath, of McAlpine P. O., Ont. His death occurred last month, the notice of which we received on Thursday morning.

Notes From Rome.

A correspondent of one of the leading Catholic organs of London, writing from Rome, mentions some of the important audiences recently granted by the Holy Father, and amongst them the following:—

The Holy Father received in private audience Prince Don Camillo Rospigliosi, accompanied by his wife, and his son, Prince Don Giovanni Baptista, who presented to His Holiness his betrothed, Miss Brownson. His Holiness then received Duke Engelberto D'Arenberg and his wife, the Duchess Edvige, nee Princess di Ligne.

Turning then to the ever recurring question of the Pope's health and the probabilities concerning his successor, the same writer gives a bit of advice that we are glad to see corresponds with that which these columns contained on more than one occasion, within the past couple of years. We are happy to find, from such a source, a confirmation of our own expressions. He says:—

"Speculations, vain as always, are again being made as to the successor of Pope Leo XIII., whose great age would suggest a probable near laying down of the supreme authority of the Church, were not the marvellous vitality of His Holiness an encouragement that he will long be spared to rule the Church he has so long ruled, and so well. The likeliest successor is now judged to be Cardinal Gotti, who is understood to be in favor of a nearer relationship between the Holy See and Germany. So many 'Papabili,' however, have gone to their graves in the present Pontificate, that till there may be an actual successor of Pope Leo XIII. it will be wise for Catholics not to attempt prophecy."

Nothing could be more exact. Let us await the time when Providence shall indicate the certain close of this wonderful reign before we begin to prophecy about what may never occur in our time.

PLENTY OF SLEEP.

The first essential for enduring hot spells is to get plenty of sleep. There is eminent medical authority for the statement that heat prostrations are due much more to the exhaustion incident to insufficient sleep on successive hot nights than to the actual intensity of the daily heat.

The Individual Soul.

There is no subject, under that of God, more suited to the contemplation and study of man than the soul that he possesses. At the old Church of Saints Anselm and Cecilia, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, a few Sundays ago, the Rev. David Dimford, delivered a beautiful sermon on the "Individual Soul Created by God."

"Man was able to choose whether he would do this or that; the tree had to grow just as God made it grow; and the shrub, the flowers, and the animals had no power except that of instinct. Man had the power of free will, and he (the preacher) wanted them to note this distinction between animals, flowers, and fruits, and themselves—that as the soul, or principle of life of the former was corruptible and died, man's soul, the intellectual power he had in his nature, was incorruptible and could not die.

Adam unfortunately fell, and his soul had a certain amount of shadow cast upon it, but that was no reason why they should not raise their souls from that state of shadow to the state Almighty God wished them to be in. He could not go into all the gifts Almighty God gave to the soul of Adam, he could only comprise them in the gifts of memory, understanding, and will. Take the gift of memory. Did they endeavor to remember all that Almighty God, their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, had done for them? Did they try to understand all that Almighty God had done for them? Did they try and understand what Almighty God was doing for them did they with their will endeavor to follow that out?

What had God done for them? Created their memory, given them a will, and given them their understanding, so that they knew them if they followed out His and their will, if they were determined to correspond with the will of Almighty God. There was the whole secret, not only of Catholicity, but of eternity. Almighty God would have undergone all His suffering for the sake of one individual soul. There was one thing that would convince them as to the importance of their own souls, and that was to take a walk through a cemetery. Let them go to the poorest part, where the bodies were buried in graves of mud. Let them ask themselves where were all those souls. If God made those bodies beautiful, if God made those bodies looked upon by others as beautiful, and if He allowed them to rest there in clay, they might well ask—where are the souls? They knew how people hid away jewels, how they hid away their souls. They might have beautiful bodies, they might have features of good shape, but Almighty God had made the soul of man to be hidden away completely from the view of other men. So was the soul of Mary, the mother of all Christians, hidden away.

Let them ever have Mary in their hearts; let them cherish her, and look upon her not only as their mother, guide, and protector, but look upon her as their friend and helper. If they did not love Mary, if there was one amongst them that did not look upon Mary as their mother and protector, he could only say "God help that soul."

Conditions in the Coal Mining Region

The readers of "Donahoe's Magazine" may be curious to know the prevailing conditions among the miners of Pennsylvania since the great strike of 1902. Few events in the history of our country brought more genuine happiness and needed relief to all classes of society than did the propitious termination of that prolonged and bitter struggle.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHANGES IN TIME.

(Taking effect June 7th, 1908.) FROM WINDSOR ST. STATION. BOSTON, 9:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m. SHERBROOKE, 8:30 a.m., (1) 1:40 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 11:25 p.m. HUDSON HEIGHTS, additional train (a) 12:30 p.m. Reg. arr. 3:00 p.m. IMPROVED OTTAWA SERVICE. Lv. Montreal 1:45 a.m., 7:40 a.m., (a) 11:40 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 10:10 p.m. Ar. Ottawa 11:45 a.m., 12:40 p.m., (c) 2:40 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 3:10 a.m. *Daily (1) Saturdays only. (1) Ex-Saturdays. (a) Except Saturdays and Sundays. (b) Su., Wed. and Fridays. Other trains week days only. From Place Viger Station. QUEBEC, 8:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 11:00 p.m. THREE RIVERS, 8:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 11:00 p.m. ST. AGATHE, 9:00 a.m., 9:15 (1) 1:25 (c) 5:15 5:30 p.m. LABELLE (a) 9:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m. (1) 1:25 p.m., 5:30 p.m. ST. JEANNE, 9:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m. (1) 1:45 p.m., 5:30 p.m. (1) 9:55 a.m., 11:00 p.m. JOLIETTE and ST. GABRIEL, 8:30 a.m., (1) 1:55 p.m., 5:00 p.m. (1) 9:00 p.m. *Daily. (a) Ex-Sat. and Sun. (b) Sundays only. (c) Daily. (e) Fridays only. (f) Tues. and Thurs. (1) Saturdays only. Other trains week days only. City Ticket and Telegraph Office. 129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY FAST OTTAWA SERVICE.

REDUCED FARES. Until June 15, 1908, Colonist rates from MONTREAL to Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rosland, Nelson, \$48.65 Trail, Robson, 84.15 Spokane, Butte, Helena, 45.65 Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake, 45.65 San Francisco, Los Angeles, 49.00

VACATION TRIPS. Write or call on Grand Trunk Railway Agent for copy of "Summer Tours," giving valuable and interesting information how and where to spend your holidays.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 127 St. James Street. Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Souvenir Station.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. Main 2161.

ST. PETER and COMMON Sts

tion of work under conditions laid down by the coal operators. Their blank refusal to reinstate every man in his former position was a mighty bitter pill to swallow, and were it not for the self-sacrificing spirit of our heroic miners, the pill would not go down. Hundreds of skilled workmen were denied the right to return to their old places, and sad to say, are still barred out, and will be as long as the companies so decree. All the rest, filled with flattering expectancy, risked their fate and fortune on a favorable award to be rendered by the extraordinary Strike Commission appointed by the President of the United States. Thus complacently hopeful, the miners soon forgot the privations endured during their prolonged struggle, and set to work with renewed ambition and energy to make up for lost time. The scales of justice were to be reset while labor and capital were to wait for the future arm-in-arm on a broader plank. Hence, a feeling of buoyancy and self-satisfaction swept over the regions and fired the hearts of the people with a glow of securing and hopefulness hitherto unknown among them. In fact, we all took on that sprightly feeling so characteristic of the little boy in his first trousers, and began at once the building of huge air castles.

It was a reassuring sight indeed to watch the veteran miner, with pick and shovel and drill, bending his heavy steps at an early hour in the morning to the scene of his long deserted avocation. The sprightly driver boy, with an air of triumph in every crack of his whip, assured us that the tide of fortune had turned. And the stunted little slate picker from whose dusty face shone out two glittering blue eyes, and a set of immaculate white teeth, foreshadowed the typical miner whose dreams of future greatness were to be realized in the favorable findings of the now world-famed seven arbitrators. The belching smoke stack and hissing steam pipes; the rumbling sound of ungreased car wheels, and the unceasing whirl of industrial machinery—all proclaimed the joyous tidings of the resumption of anthracite mining and the consequent wave of prosperity sweeping over the land. The first few days proved a veritable bonanza for the merchants and grocers of these regions. No miner was so mean as to emerge out of his deluge of circulated greenbacks without a full outfit of the very latest pattern. His wife and children fared equally as well; nor was there one of us who suffered damages from the golden flood which inundated our very homes.

But the fierce struggle of well nigh six months' duration did not make the mines less dangerous nor the miner more secure. Since the reopening of the mines more than one hundred men have lost their lives in these hideous and unwholesome caverns. Four members of my own congregation have thus perished, and left behind them several orphan children to struggle helplessly with the world.

Let us now turn our attention in brief but serious comment to the findings of the Commission. Aside from the surrender of the eight-hour day to the miners, it is difficult to see how the award can be construed as a victory for the miner. True, they got a raise of ten per cent., but they did not secure the weighing of the coal. Their strongest and most urgent demand was payment by weight at the standard of 2,460 pounds to the ton, and not at the rate of 3,800 pounds as it obtains now where the coal is actually weighed. The concession of a nine-hour day to all men working by the day, is a step in the right direction; but a raise of at least five per cent. should be added to this. The Board

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street

MUSLINS YOU WOULD LEAST EXPECT TO BUY AT A BELOW VALUE PRICE.

Particularly at this end of the season. A wide-awake buyer found a manufacturer in greater need of cash than Muslins, and in the mood to accept any figure, provided the entire lot was taken off his hands. The swap was quickly arranged, and the particulars follow: Windsor Papillon Organdie Muslin, 28 inches wide, white grounds, in 3 combinations of colors: Pink, Blue and Yellow; never sold for less than 25c yard. Chevaux de Frise Mercerized Grenadine Muslin, 27 inches wide, black ground, with white stripes, three widths of stripes; regular price 25c yard. Special. 15c

SOME 65c FLAKED VOILES THAT A FORTUNATE PURCHASE ENABLES US TO SELL AT 39c.

Just such Fabrics as you will buy whether obliged to pay full price, or are in time to share in this saving opportunity. It will prove advantageous to come early while there's a full complement of colors. Particulars: 50 Pieces All-Wool Flaked Voile, 48 inches wide, in colors of Gray, Fawn, Blue, Turquoise, Mauve and Navy Blue, also Black; all flaked with white. A regular 65c quality. To sell at per yard. 39c

What Kind of an Umbrella Can Ladies Obtain for \$1.90?

Haven't seen that line recently acquired by The Big Store? Then defer purchasing until you do. Bought under usual conditions we could not afford to charge less than \$3.00. These, however, were a lot of handles that the management secured at a mere fraction of value, and entrusted to a reliable manufacturer to cover with durable material. 500 of them—Gloria Silk Covering, sterling silver mounts, steel rod. Regular \$3.00. To be sold at, each. \$1.90 With such a variety of handles to select from there's an advantage in first choice. Will you be the first?

MEN'S \$10 TO \$12 SUITS FOR \$6.25.

The Manufacturers shipped to us another small lot similar to preceding arrivals, and there are in the stocks now as many as 200 Suits—a full complement of sizes. Says he can't let us have any more to sell at that price, but if he changes his mind, we'll accept all that he can make, provided that they are equal to samples submitted. Good business suits they certainly are, in Summer weights. CALL AND SEE THEM.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street, Montreal

THOMAS LIGGETT.

Carpets, Rugs, China and Japanese Mattings, Curtains, Draperies, Brass and Enamelled Beadsteeds, complete with Springs, Mattresses, Quilts, Spreads, etc. Mail Orders promptly and carefully executed.

THOMAS LIGGETT EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

of Arbitration, or Conciliation, provided for, will fill a gap long needed, and prove a barrier against abuses on either side. It is a most deplorable state of affairs that the public has no means of redress against the most barefaced outrages committed upon it by trusts and combinations of capital in this country. Within two years the people in these sections, not directly employed in and about the coal mines, have had to pay fifty per cent. more for the coal they burn, while the miners have within that time received only twenty per cent. advance in their wages. Owing to these facts, I personally and conscientiously feel that the miners have not been justly dealt with and that on account of the exorbitant prices of coal now prevailing in the markets, the coal barons have been enriched to the extent of millions, while the public lies helplessly at their feet.

Hence, it is my honest and sincere conviction that the coal miners have scored no victory; that the coal operators are better off now than ever; that the public is being unmercifully fleeced, and has not the courage to cry out against the plunderers. In the face of these conditions, therefore, it would not be surprising to hear that an outraged and indignant public was on the eve of the greatest strike that has yet been declared; demanding the worth of its money and the right to say to the plunderers—"So much you may steal from me, but no more."—Rev. J. J. Curran in Donahoe's.

A reprint of Moore's lower keys, and at much (all of which we now 1903), would probably sentimental music of Irish natural supremacy. The Bunting but two good is—"The Bonny Cuckoo," Campbell's "Exile of Erin" and a few of Lover's songs can alone compete. But, save one or two and Drennan, almost a political songs are too weak to content a public to independence as if they had never been. The popularity and inclusion of the "Spirit" proved that it re- hopes and passions of the people. This looks like va-

Irish Mus

BY "CRUX"

Y this title it that we are (and closer to most interests us travelled a long the path of Irish history, paused to examine the crosses, Druid altars, ruins and shattered aisles of desolate grandeur; we her paintings, her bards anry, and have taken her olden customs. And we did not hesitate to produce all those delightful essays that the of the "Nation" left us. In so doing I felt tvice was two-fold; it gave tunity of illustrating the the one who has been gognized as a great poet other claims to gratitude. Then no language th plier and writer of the could use could possibly object in view half as st as pleasantly as have the sixty years ago. It is the small degree of pleasure to that final essay on sic," which I will have with other commentaries same sub-ect, but which attempt to treat it from standpoint.

Once more I desire to tion to the fact that quotation marks for the son that there can be no to the authorship, since lows belongs to Davis, there are so many quot text that it is more co otherwise to multiply th

No enemy speaks so sly Irish music, and no foe to boast of it. It is w Its antique war-tun those of O'Byrne, O'D strom, and Brian Boru crash upon the ear like riors of a hundred gens you are borne with them and they and you charge gle amid cries and batt stinging arrows. Did make man's marrow qu his nostrils with the br grave like the ululu of the wirrasthrue of Muns are their slow, and reek did their quick marches, Water," and "Sios agus the "Michael Hoy," a Tipperary." The Irish planties are not only t cing tunes, but the marches in the world. S would cure a paralytic, the marble-legged prince bian Nights charge like Beach boy. The hunter every leap and yelp of Chase;" the historian moan of the penal days, hu" and sees the embark Wild Geese in "Limeri ton;" and ask the lover do not come and go wneen Deelish," and "Lou Varied and noble as the English-speaking pland have been gradually knowledge of it, and a foreign tunes—paltry sc from Italy, lively trifles land, and German opera heard in our concerts, a worse, from our Tempe Yet we never doubted Sight Entrancing," or of the Dead," would st most spoiled of our fash er than anything Balfe ever wrote; and, as it is row" it better than poetotalters, wearied wi and "British Grenadiers Britannia."

A reprint of Moore's lower keys, and at much (all of which we now 1903), would probably sentimental music of Irish natural supremacy. The Bunting but two good is—"The Bonny Cuckoo," Campbell's "Exile of Erin" and a few of Lover's songs can alone compete. But, save one or two and Drennan, almost a political songs are too weak to content a public to independence as if they had never been. The popularity and inclusion of the "Spirit" proved that it re- hopes and passions of the people. This looks like va-

Co. LIMITED

AT LOWEST PRICE,

SELL AT 39c

for \$1.90?

OR \$6.25.

Co. LIMITED

GET.

Japanese Quilts, complete promptly

RE BUILDING, 174 and 2476

Conciliation, pro-life gap long needed

honest and sincere

the coal miners have

the coal miners have

the coal miners have

the coal miners have

the coal miners have

the coal miners have

Irish Music.

BY "CRUX."

Y this title it will be seen that we are drawing closer and closer to that which most interests us. We have travelled a long way down the path of Irish history; we have paused to examine the towers, crosses, Druid altars, ruined shrines and shattered aisles of a nation's desolate grandeur; we have studied her paintings, her bards, her peasantry, and have taken glimpses at her olden customs. And in all this we did not hesitate to actually reproduce all these delightful and instructive essays that the first editor of the "Nation" left us as an heritage. In so doing I feel that the service was two-fold; it gave an opportunity of illustrating the genius of the one who has been generally recognized as a great poet, but whose other claims to gratitude and admiration have been comparatively ignored. Then no language that the compiler and writer of these sketches could use could possibly attain the object in view half as surely or half as pleasantly as have these works of sixty years ago. It is then, with no small degree of pleasure that I turn to that final essay on "Irish Music," which I will have to follow up with other commentaries upon the same subject, but which I shall attempt to treat it from a different standpoint.

Once more I desire to draw attention to the fact that I disregard quotation marks for the two-fold reason that there can be no doubt as to the authorship, since all that follows belongs to Davis, and because there are so many quotations in the text that it is more confusing than otherwise to multiply these marks.

No enemy speaks slightly of Irish music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. It is without rival. Its antique war-tunes, such as those of O'Byrne, O'Donnell, Alestrom, and Brian Boru, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting; and you are borne with them to Lattle, and they and you charge and struggle amid cries and battle-axes and stinging arrows. Did ever a wall make man's marrow quiver, and fills his nostrils with the breath of the grave like the ululu of the north or the warrathru of Munster? Stately are their slow, and recklessly splendid their quick marches, the "Boyne Water," and "Sios agus sios liom," their "Michael Hoy," and "Gallant Tipperary." The Irish jigs and planties are not only the best dancing tunes, but the finest quick marches in the world. Some of them would cure a paralytic, and make the marble-legged prince of the Arabian Nights charge like a Fag-an-Bealach boy. The hunter joins in every leap and yelp of the "Fox Chase," the historian hears the moan of the penal days in "Drimindhu" and sees the embarkation of the Wild Geese in "Limerick Lamentation;" and ask the lover if his breath do not come and go with "Savourneen Deelish," and "Lough Sheelin."

Varied and noble as our music is, the English-speaking people in Ireland have been gradually losing their knowledge of it, and a number of foreign tunes—paltry scented things from Italy, lively trifles from Scotland, and German opera cries—are heard in our concerts, and what is worse, from our Temperance bands. Yet we never doubted that "The Sight Entancing," or "The Memory of the Dead," would satisfy even the most spoiled of our fashionables better than anything Balfe or Rossini ever wrote; and, as it is, "Tow-row-row" it better than poem to the teetotalers, waried with overtures and "British Grenadiers" and "Rule Britannia."

A reprint of Moore's Melodies on lower keys, and at much lower prices (all of which we now possess in 1903), would probably restore the sentimental music of Ireland to its natural supremacy. There are in Bunting but two good sets of words—"The Bonny Cuckoo," and poor Campbell's "Exile of Erin." These and a few of Lover's and Mahony's songs can alone compete with Moore. But, save one or two by Lysaght and Brennan, almost all the Irish political songs are too desponding or weak to content a people marching to independence as proudly as if they had never been slaves.

The popularity and immense circulation of the "Spirit of the Nation" proved that it represented the hopes and passions of the Irish people. This looks like vanity; but as

a corporation so numerous as the contributors to that volume cannot blush, we shall say our say.

(This is a remarkable estimate of the poets of the "Nation," by the chief and the inspiration of the band, who has the delicacy to forget his own work, the first and best of all).

For instance, who did not admire "The Memory of the Dead?" The very stamp officers were galvanized by it, and the Attorney-General was repeatedly urged to sing it for the jury. He refused—he had no music to sing it to. We pitied and forgave him; but we vowed to leave him no such excuse next time. If these songs were half so good as people called them, they deserved to flow from a million throats to as noble music as ever O'Neill or O'Connor heard.

Some of them were written to, and some freely combined with, old and suitable airs. These we resolved to have printed with the music, certain that, thus, the music would be given back to a people who had been ungratefully neglecting it, and the words carried into circles where they were still unknown.

Others of these poems, indeed the best of them, had an anti-types in our ancient music. New music was, therefore, to be sought for them. Not on their account only was it to be sought. We hoped they would be the means of calling out and making known a contemporary music fresh with the spirit of the time, and rooted in the country.

Since Carolan's death there had been no addition to the store. Not that we were without composers, but those we have do not compose Irish-like music, nor for Ireland. Their rewards are from a foreign public—their fame, we fear, will suffer from alienage. Balfe is very sweet, and Rooke very emphatic, but not one passion or association in Ireland's heart would answer their songs.

Fortunately there was one among us (perchance his example may light us to others) who can smite upon our harp like a master, and make it sigh with Irish melodies, and speak sternly with Ireland's resolve. To him, to his patriotism, to his genius, and, we may selfishly add, to his friendship, we owe our ability now to give to Ireland music fit for "The Memory of the Dead" and "The Hymn of Freedom" and whatever else was marked out by popularity for such care as his.

In former editions of the "Spirit" we had thrown in carelessly several inferior verses and some positive trash, and neither paper nor printing were any great honor to the Dublin press. Every improvement in the power of the most enterprising publisher in Ireland has been made, and every fault within our reach or his, cured—and whether as the first publication of original airs, as a selection of ancient music, or as a specimen of what the Dublin press can do, in printing, paper, or cheapness, we urge the public to support this work of Mr. James Duffy—and, in a pecuniary way, it is his altogether.

We had hoped to have added a recommendation to the first number of this work, besides whatever attraction may lie in its music, its ballads, or its mechanical beauty.

An artist, whom we shall not describe or he would be known, sketched a cover and title for it. The idea, composition, and drawing of that were such as Flaxman might have been proud of. It is a monument to bardic power, to patriotism, to our music and our history. There is at least as much history. There is at least as much the work it illustrates. If it do nothing else, it will show our Irish artists that refinement and strength, passion and dignity, are as practicable in Irish as in German painting; and the lesson was needed sorely. But if it lead him who drew it to see that our history and hopes present fit forms to embody the highest feelings of beauty, wisdom, truth, and glory in, irrespective of party politics, then, indeed, we shall have served our country when we induced our gifted friend to condescend to sketching "a title page." We need not describe that design now, as it will appear on the cover of the second number, and on the title page of the finished volume.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AUXILIARY.

The Daughters of Isabella is a society of Catholic women in New York State which, while not officially affiliated with the Knights of Columbus, is a growing institution as a women's auxiliary to that organization.

DAVITT'S NEW MISSION.

Michael Davitt, the noted Irish Catholic leader, has been commissioned by the New York "Journal" to go to southern Russia and report the truth about the recent massacre of Jews in Bessarabia.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its bosom the record of time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb
Who heeds not experience, trust him not; tell him
The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve;

The weakest who draws from the mine will excel him
The wealth of mankind is the wisdom they leave.

For peace do not hope—to be just you must break it
Still work for the minute and not for the year;
When honor comes to you be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.

Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you;
Be true to your word and your work and your friend;
Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you,
Nor judge of a road till it draw to the end.

Stand erect in the vale, nor exult on the mountain;
Take gifts with a sigh—most men give to be paid;
"I had" is a heartache, "I have" is a fountain—
You're worth what you saved, not the million you made,
Trust toil not intent, or your plans will miscarry;
Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a tease;
Rule children by reason, not rod; and, mind marry
Your girl when you can—and your boy when you please.

Steer straight as the wind will allow; just be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass;
Each sees his own star—a stiff course is too steady
When this one to Meeting goes, that one to Mass.
Our stream's not so wide but two arches may span it—
Good neighbor and citizen; these for a code,
And this truth in sight,—every man on the planet
Has just as much right as yourself on the road.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

FAMILY PRAYERS

THE ROSARY.—Christian families, fathers, mothers, children regenerated by baptism, redeemed by the blood of the Son of God, you are only wayfarers on earth. Heaven is your home. To obtain the aim of your existence here below should be your greatest pre-occupation.

Unfortunately the road you have to travel is a difficult one and full of perils; foes beyond number seek to arrest your progress and, to add to your misfortunes, a thousand evils, diseases, accidents and woes weaken your courage.

How can so many dangers be avoided, how can so many enemies be overcome, how can so many ills be warded off?

Christian parents, take up the rosary; fathers, mothers, children, gather together in the evening and recite the rosary in common. Let the divine harmony of the Hail Marys that compose it ascend to heaven and you may rest assured that the enemy of mankind will be driven from your homes, the way of salvation will be made smooth for you, and every evening you will bring down upon you as many blessings as you recite Hail Marys.

A trial is sent you by Divine Providence, for God tries His best friends; the rosary will give you strength and keep him virtuously patient for the love of Him who sends it to you.

Yes, say your rosary and the malice of those who are dear to you; the rosary will dispel your fears and give you unflinching confidence.

The demon of discord has instilled his venom in your hearts; your rosary will restore peace and harmony. A child has to leave the paternal home and you fear the dangers of the world for him; your rosary will strengthen him and keep him virtuous.

A child or a relative who has died, is detained in the flames of purgatory; your rosary will relieve him and deliver him before long.

Yes, say your rosary and the maternal blessings of the best of mothers will be showered on you, Mary.

moved by the frequent repetition of the angel's salutation, will cast loving looks on her children gathered together in her name; your house will, as it were, become her sanctuary.

"I shall owe my salvation to my rosary," said Alphonsus de Liguori. "The rosary will save the world," said Pius IX.

"The rosary will save the Church," exclaims Leo XIII. We exhort, says the Sovereign Pontiff, and urge the faithful to take and preserve the pious habit of reciting the rosary daily.

When the Blessed Virgin appeared to young Bernadette at Lourdes, she had a rosary in her hand to induce us to recite it, Mary wishes to have all her children attached to that chain that she may draw them to her and lead them to heaven. Christian families, if you recite the rosary faithfully you will meet in heaven to form part of the great family of the elect of which Jesus is the head and Mary the mother.

The rosary will not only call down many spiritual blessings on you and save your souls, it will also be an abundant source of temporal favors. This is promised by the divine Master and we could give a host of proofs. We will merely recall two recent facts.

Some years ago a family residing at N... carried on business on a small scale. They recited the rosary in common every evening. Their business increased but their fervor decreased. They began by neglecting occasionally to recite the rosary and finally gave it up altogether. What happened? The mother fell ill and she was soon unconscious and in danger of death. A neighbor came in at the moment and found the husband kneeling at his wife's bedside and sobbing. He tried to console him and urged him to have confidence in the Blessed Virgin. "Let us recite the rosary together," he said. "Ah, the rosary," replied the husband, "formerly we used to recite it every day but we gave it up and now God punishes and abandons us. Blessed Virgin, he exclaimed, if you cure my wife, I promise you that we will never omit a single day, to recite the rosary," replied the husband, "this promise when the sick woman recovered consciousness and felt better, a few days afterwards she was quite cured.

In a recent catastrophe an entire train was hurled from a bridge into a river. When the rescuing party came they found, amidst the dead, two ladies quite safe and sound. As the train went over they were saying their beads.

Christian parents, adopt this beautiful custom; recite the rosary with your family in common every evening and the Blessed Virgin will protect you. She cannot do otherwise. Mary is so good; Mary, as St. Alphonsus tells us, loves us better than any mother in the world can love her children, and she cannot remain deaf to our supplications.

Fifty times we remind her of her glorious title of Mother of God; fifty times we address the angel's greeting to her: Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death; each time we say this it is a supplication, a cry of distress.

She cannot turn away her eyes from our wretchedness, close her ears to our cries or let her heart be obdurate.

Mary looks complacently on those who pray to her; she listens to their requests and grants them; her heart softens and sympathizes with our sorrows because she is our mother and we are her children.—Annals of St. Anne.

CAPUCHINS FINED.

The Marseilles Court sentenced six Capuchins to pay a fine of twenty-five francs for refusing to disperse. On leaving the court the friars were greeted with shouts of "Vive les Capuchins!" "Vive la liberte!" Two persons were arrested, but were subsequently released. Between two and three hundred persons proceeded to the Prefecture, where they protested against the attempt to interfere with the liberty of Catholics.

SALESIAN CONGRESS.

In the presence of two Cardinals, thirty-three Bishops, and thousands of priests and laymen, the Third Salesian Congress was opened at Turin recently, the 14th May. Cardinal Richelmy welcomed the visitors in the name of the city, and an address was delivered by Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna. A telegram conveying the Pope's blessing was received from the Vatican and also a letter from the Holy Father to Don Rua. A visit was paid by all present to the tomb of Don Bosco.

Topics Of The Day.

THE PAPAL POWER.—Scoffers may belittle, and atheists may ridicule, and opponents of Catholicity may laugh at, as a phantom, the power and influence of the Vicar of Christ—even outside the domain of dogmatic teaching. But facts are stubborn things, and they frequently confound and confuse those who build their expectations entirely upon imaginary foundations.

Recently we had an example of the extent to which even the most anti-Catholic and anti-Christian of powers is obliged, despite itself to count with Rome, in matters of vital importance. It will be remembered that some weeks ago it was carefully circulated, by the anti-clerical press of France, that the Pope would not receive a visit from President Loubet, as long as the Combes ministry remained in power; and that the President would purposely seek the interview in order to have it refused, so that an excuse could thus be had for the abrogation of the Concordat, and the entire separation of Church and State. It has since become known that President Loubet and Prime Minister Combes are not in accord in regard to the subject, and especially the question of Church and State separation. Then comes the next and still more significant development.

The Pope informed his Nuncio at Paris that in the Papal Bull to be issued in connection with the coming June Consistory, he would stigmatize the conduct of the French Government, especially in regard to the Law of Associations and the attempts to abolish the Concordat. At once a new face is apparent on the affairs in France. There is a dread created. Could the Combes Ministry or any other one face the alternative, could that ministry disregard such a threat and still hope to retain power? If the influence of Rome were of no account; if the word of Christ's Vicar were of no consequence; if the thunders of the Vatican were harmless as far as the direct enemies of the Church are concerned, there would be no need of any change in the programme as mapped out, and the menace would only produce a smile of scorn. But it is, entirely otherwise.

It is now learned that the President will go to Rome, and will visit the Vatican, and will solicit the Pope's influence in securing a normal and rational condition of affairs in France. And it is said that a result of this change of front on the part of France will be the modification of the terms that the Pope intended employing in the proposed Bull. In fact, it is even surmised that, if the President's explanations and promises prove satisfactory, the Pope may relinquish entirely his purpose and not make any allusion to the French Government, nor launch any condemnation of its attitude.

Does not all this prove to a demonstration that no power to-day can expect to successfully carry on any system of ostracism or injustice without having to measure its strength with the Vatican? And does it not show more clearly that there exists no power—no matter how anti-Catholic, or anti-clerical—that would stake its chances of the future upon a direct rupture with the Papal power?

When we refer to the Pope's proposed condemnation we were careful to mention the French Ministry, and not France, or the French Republic. In fact, France—that is to say the Republic—is heartily sick of the system adopted and carried with such brutality into execution, by the present ministry. In a word, the Combes Ministry has touched the rock bottom of political decadence, and the change is at hand. It can go no further, not can any succeeding ministry attempt to continue its work. It is now that the influence of Rome comes into play, and the turn of the Vatican is at hand.

GODLESS SCHOOLS.—In reply to the question, "are the Public Schools 'non-sectarian' and undenominational?" the "Freeman's Journal" has the following comment:

Their advocates and admirers say they are, but what of the Bible reading and the prayers with which, in most, if not all of them, every day's work begins? To be "undenominational" in reality there should be no religion in any shape or form, not even the mention of God in a textbook. A demand for "non-sectarianism" to this extent would be entirely

fair on the lines of the public school system, as its approvers proclaim it to be. They say it is "for all creeds" and therefore that creeds and religions are absolutely excluded from its scheme. But is this so? Do you not bring in a "creed" when you bring in the Bible? Does not a prayer or the name of God mean or imply a creed? There is good ground for suspecting it is one religion and one only that is objected to for the school by most of the "non-sectarians."

While this argument, or rather reply is perfectly in order and timely, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that this is exactly the line of reasoning which was adopted, and which we had occasion to urge, when the famous question of the Manitoba schools was on the tapis in Canada. It was presented in a forcibly manner from pulpit, platform and press, and yet, the so-called "Equal Righters" did not appear to want to understand it, or to see it in the light of Catholic consideration. The subject simply comes down to this—be it in England, the United States, Canada, or elsewhere—the school must be either "separate," that is to say denominational, or absolutely godless. There is no medium. If there is anything that savors of religious teaching, or of religious practice, no matter how remote or insignificant the non-sectarian, or undenominational character vanishes. And if there is to be no prayer, no Bible, no religious teaching, no catechism, no inculcation of duty to God, no mention of the spiritual aspect of life and its ultimate end—then the school becomes entirely godless.

This is the grave danger against which the Catholic Church had so long and so persistently struggled; this is the menace to the coming generation that she had sought to ward off. Yet this is exactly what the non-Catholic section of the community invites, in an insane desire to check the advance, the propagation, and the very subsistence of the Catholic faith in the hearts of the rising generation. Nothing could be clearer; and it is simply on a par with the entire and general tendency or Protestantism. That institution, or system, would seem to prefer to have the coming youth driven into the ranks of infidelity than to have them carried into the fold of Catholicity. It is the work of the author of all revolt and infidelity carried on through the instrumentality of the system called Protestantism. And the ultimate conclusion is easy to be seen: when Protestantism shall have sufficiently served the purposes of infidelity, it will go to pieces upon that same rock, and the Church of Christ will still go on as if no such convulsion had ever taken place.

GERMAN EMPEROR BESTOWS HONORS.

The German Emperor has bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle on Cardinal Kopp, Prince Bishop of Breslau, and the Second Class of the same Order, with the Star, on Dr. Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne, in connection with the unveiling of the new doorway of Metz Cathedral. His Majesty has caused bronze medals to be struck to commemorate the occasion. These medals, which were distributed after the dinner given on Thursday, the 14th inst., by the District President of Lorraine, Count Zeppelin-Aschhausen, show on the one side the Emperor's profile and on the other the new doorway. The Emperor and Empress spent Friday at Bitche, replying to a speech by the President of the Council of Lorraine, and addressing the clergy present. His Majesty said that it depended upon them to educate the coming generation in notions of order and obedience.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

ECHOES OF THE KING'S VISIT.

The King while in Rome having heard of the presence there of the Scottish Hierarchy and pilgrims doing honor to His Holiness, graciously sent from the British Embassy an invitation for the four prelates and Mgr. Fraser to meet him on Wednesday evening, the 29th April. At the Embassy, on the night in question, there were assembled a brilliant throng of the Roman nobility and the light and leading of the British colony resident in the Eternal City. As soon as Archbishops J. A. Smith and J. A. Maguire and the Bishop of Aberdeen arrived, accompanied by Mgr. Fraser, they were presented to the King individually, and with each of the prelates His Majesty conversed for some little time. The Right Rev. A. MacFarlane was unfortunately unable to attend the function.

Subscribe to the "True Witness"

Miraculous Cures At Shrine of St. Anne.

From the annals of Ste. Anne de Beaupre we take the following reports of cures at that famous shrine:

Some months ago we related to our readers the marvellous cure of young Theodore Cortlander of Grand Rapids, Michigan and later we told them of the no less wonderful cure of Sister St. Aurele of Sillery.

We now have a third one, equally miraculous to relate and we will give it in the words of the person herself who received the favor from Ste. Anne, and accompany it with the certificate of the pastor of the parish.

St. Donat, 19th July, 1902.

It is a duty as well as a happiness to me to proclaim aloud the great power of Ste. Anne, the protectress of the sick.

For eight years and a half I had a severe pain in the left side near the heart. Frequently the side would swell and my sufferings were so great that I often nearly lost consciousness, my limbs would stiffen, my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth and I would feel that I was going to die. I could obtain relief only after bleeding. I was unable to do any heavy work because I suffered too much, and could not lie on my side or on my back.

I relieved the last sacraments twice and the last time, fifteen months ago I had a relic of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant (the Jesuit martyrs of Canada) which relieved me very much for I could lie on my back; but I was not yet cured. It was necessary that I should go to Ste. Anne to be cured. I did so and I am cured. On my arrival there I was greatly fatigued. I washed in the miraculous water and drank some of it. Afterwards I knelt at the feet saint and begged her to cure me.

My prayer was granted for, the very same night I was able to lie on my sore side on which I had not lain for eight years and a half; I slept as well as ever and have continued to do so since.

Since I have come back from the pilgrimage I do all sorts of work and feel no pain.

I will never forget Ste. Anne and the martyred Fathers for the favor they obtained for me. Their names will ever be on my lips that will bless and praise them.

MRS. JOSEPH CHARBONNEAU.

Reverend Father,

I certify that all the facts set forth in Mrs. Charbonneau's letter are true in every respect. This letter was sent to me last July and, before communicating it to you, I waited to see whether she would continue in good health. I am happy to say that she is quite well after being at death's door.

Mrs. Charbonneau accompanied the pilgrimage from Ottawa which arrived in Ste. Anne on the 24th June. You may publish her letter if you wish.

Your most obedient servant,

FELIX LE GENDRE, priest, pastor of St. Donat de Montcalm.

KAMOURASKA.—One of my parishioners begs me to publish in the "Annals" the following fact which he considers miraculous.

Towards the end of March, Etienne Leveque, a farmer of Kamouraska, was returning home with a load of wood. He came to a place where the road was bad and tried to keep his sleigh from upsetting; unfortunately the weight was too great the sleigh upset and the poor man was buried under the heavy load of wood, weighing several hundred pounds.

After vainly trying to extricate himself and fearing that he would be suffocated he prayed to Ste. Anne and promised to publish the favor in the "Annals." Then he lost consciousness.

Some time afterwards he came to his senses and found himself lying on the snow and relieved of the heavy load of wood that had crushed him. Although weakened by loss of blood he succeeded with much difficulty in dragging himself to the nearest house where he was cared for.

The surgeon who was called in found one rib broken, three displaced

and many contusions, some of which were rather serious.

Mr. Lep-que cannot explain how he was extricated from his dangerous position, except that it was through the effective and manifest protection of the great saint in whom he has the greatest confidence.

He is now nearly well and hopes to be able to do his work as before.

Your obedient servant,

B. P. G., priest.

Mrs. Simeon Matte, of St. Raymond, is a great devotee of Ste. Anne, and she has reason to be so. Some twenty years ago, through her intercession, she recovered her sight when nearly blind. This was published at the time in the "Annals." Last year she came to the shrine of Beaupre, walking painfully with a stick, to pray her protectress to intercede for her once more. This was on the 20th May, 1901. For six months she had ulcers on her foot and could not put on her shoes. The physician had forbidden her to rest on that foot, and said that it would be a long time before she could be cured, if cured at all. After her devotions in the basilica she took her shoe, put it on without feeling any pain and left her stick with the others in the shrine. She then went home and resumed her household duties, feeling better and stronger than ever.

Westfield, Mass., February, 1903.—

Two years ago I suffered greatly from rheumatism. It is said that there is no cure for this disease. I prayed to Ste. Anne and made several promises. Last summer I had the happiness of making a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre where I received communion in the basilica and my rheumatism left me. Since then I have been quite well.

J. A. RAINEAULT.

Vulcan, Mich., 20th January, 1903

—Three months ago my son injured his eye while working. Four physicians thought it would be necessary to remove the injured eye. I at once prayed to Ste. Anne and promised to thank her publicly if he did not lose his eye. I made a novena in her honor with all my family. Ste. Anne heard our prayer. I am now happy to be able to publish my son's cure.

MRS. JOS. DEHAIE.

St. Isidore, Dorchester, P.Q., December, 1902.—

In December, 1901, I underwent an operation that was not successful. The two physicians who performed it told me to go to the Hotel-Dieu hospital as soon as I regained my strength. I had to submit to their decision while I prayed still more fervently to St. Joseph and Ste. Anne.

It was intended that I should leave my family at Christmas time and my physician was to accompany me to the city, for it was considered necessary to perform the operation without delay. Unforeseen circumstances compelled him to postpone the journey for a few days. When he came back at the end of the week, he found me so much better that he thought the operation could be put off. I therefore remained with my family to the great surprise of all who knew how ill I was. I recovered and have heard nothing more about the operation.

MRS. C. I.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

Our Boys And Girls.

CHARACTER CERTIFICATE.—

"We must hurry, or we won't get a chance at the nuts. The Ninth Grade boys are going over to the grove in a body, and if they get there first we might as well stay away." This from George Brandon, who was getting over the ground as fast as his short legs would carry him, while his cousin kept pace with him without any effort.

As they swung along the street in the outskirts of the village, talking of the day's promise of a good time, and wondering if the Ninth Grade boys had started yet, they came to a sudden halt. They were opposite a queer little house, old and weather-beaten; windows placed irregularly for convenience rather than outside appearance; wooden eaves-trough; a lean-to and a scraggy grape vine clambering up towards the roof; a tangled mass of weeds and flowers that had escaped the early frost grew along the fence.

As the boys came opposite, a window was hastily thrown up, a man's head and shoulders were pushed out, and a voice called out:

"Hallo! Say, you young fellows, are you going to the village?"

"No!" replied George, moving forward. But Jack said:

"Hold on; let's see what's wanted."

"We haven't time!" persisted George.

"We'll take time!" Turning to the man, he said: "Can we do anything for you, sir?"

"Well, I'm that stiff with rheumatism that I couldn't hobble to the village and back in half a day. Miss Green wants her shoes for Sunday, and I've run out of thread and can't finish them no how 'thout I get some. I thought maybe you'd just as soon get me some; boys like to run about. My! I wish I was a boy!"

George demurred, and explained that they were in haste, and were not going to the business street of the town, and, anyway, did not expect to return before 2 o'clock. "We could bring the thread then, if that would do," he said.

The old man shook his head. "There wouldn't be time to finish the work after that, and Miss Green, she don't like to be kept waiting. Besides, I promised her, and I never broke a promise yet," and the old voice faltered as the head drew back; he was about to shut the window, when Jack spoke up:

"I'll do the errand, sir, if you'll tell me just what you want and where to get it."

The old face brightened. "Bless you. You'll save an old man's reputation for keeping his word, and Miss Green won't be kept from church to-morrow."

In spite of his cousin's protest, Jack waited for his orders, and cheerfully undertook one or two additional commissions. It is true that he was late at the grove and the Ninth Grade had been before him, so that the nuts were scarce, and George, with his own bag full, said, tauntingly:

"If you hadn't been such a greeny as to turn an errand-boy for old Snitz, you might have had as many. You got nothing for it, and lost your chance here."

"You are mistaken; I did get something."

"You did! What?"

"Thanks, and a promise to do me a good turn," returned Jack, quietly.

"That was good pay! Likely you'll get into the President's Cabinet on the strength of his influence," exclaimed George ironically.

"Well, Snitzer, at it yet?"

"Yes, Judge; I'm allers at it!"

"Can you sew up a rip in my boot just now while I wait?"

"Reckon I can, sir. I ain't so very busy. The truth is, I kinder kalkulated to lay off this forenoon. I had other business on hand."

"Ah! how so?" asked the Judge with a show of interest.

"Well, I have been writing out a certificate of character for a boy. You know about John Brandon's boy. He lives up to his Uncle Fred Brandon's now, but he wants to get a chance to make something out of himself, and I just writ out a paper for him; maybe you'd like to look it over while I take the boot in hand?"

This is what Judge Cary read, written in a cramped hand, with some misspelled words:

"This certifies that Jack Brandon, son of the late John Brandon, is a polite, kind young fellow. He is kind to animals, helpful to the poor and helpless, honest, can reckon money

correct, and has good strong temperance principles. He can stand ridicule, and can sacrifice his own interests without wanting to be known as a martyr. Anybody that wants this sort of a boy had better get hold of Jack Brandon.

"(Signed)

Karl Snitzer."

"How do you know all this?" asked the Judge, when he had spelled out the scrawl.

"How do I know? Well, I'll tell you, Judge." While the rip in the boot was rapidly closing the old man told of his interview with the two Brandon boys. "Now, that Jack took off his hat while he talked with me, so I know he is a polite boy. He stopped to pat the cat when she rubbed up against him, so I know he is kind to animals. He gave up the nutting party to do me a kindness, and didn't seem to think it was any great thing to do. He did my errands all square, and brought back the change, more than I expected, because some of the things were cheaper than I thought. So, you see, I know."

"But what about the temperance principles? How do you know that?"

The old man hesitated, then answered slowly: "Well, Judge, I suppose I'll have to tell you. Being you are so stiff yourself on the question. I hated to own up. You see, I asked the boy to bring me a bottle of liquor, and he just stood up and said: 'Sir, I can't do that. Anything else you want I'll do, but I neither taste nor handle.' My! I am ashamed. Well, he got all I sent for. Wouldn't take pay, either. I tell you, Judge, if you want a boy, he's the one for you."

A few days ago Jack Brandon was admitted to the bar, taken into partnership with Judge Cary. Looking over some old papers, in view of the new arrangement, the Judge came across one over which he smiled, then handed it over to his new partner, saying:

"I think I never showed you this. Perhaps it may interest you."

Jack read it with a puzzled expression, then, as light broke, he said, with feeling:

"He did 'serve me a good turn.' It was Jack's 'Certificate of Character.'"

GOOD HEALTH.

How It Can Be Obtained and How It Can Be Preserved.

The health of the whole body depends upon the blood and nerves. The blood must be rich and strong. Therefore a medicine that makes new blood and strengthens the nerves reaches the root of many serious diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this, and this is the secret of their wonderful power to conquer disease. Thousands of cases—many of them in your own neighborhood—have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, nervous and bilious headache, heart trouble, indigestion, neuralgia and the ailments that render the lives of so many women a source of misery. Mr. Jas. Adams, Brandon, Man., says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully a year I rarely got a good night's sleep. I gave the pills a thorough trial and can now truthfully say I could not wish for better health."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will surely do for you, but you should be careful to get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper round each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CATHOLIC SANITARIUM.

Bishops O.Gorman, of Sioux Falls and Stariha, of Lead, in company with Father Heidegger, of Epiphany, S.D., were in Hot Springs, South Dakota, last week, looking over the Cascade Springs property with a view to establishing a Catholic school or sanitarium at that place.

THE SHRINE OF LOURDES.

The religious in charge of the Grotto of Lourdes, France, have left their post and been replaced by secular clergy. This concession has been granted by Premier Combes for fear the townsfolk and the people of the neighborhood if the grotto were closed.

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE

Household Notes.

THE ODOROUS ONION, says Margaret Hoagland Warner, in "Table Talk," among the earliest spring vegetables which appear at our tables is the scallion or green onion. It comes at a time when the system craves and appreciates the mineral salts found in fresh vegetables, and those who are fond of onions will welcome the new-comer whether served au naturel or cooked in some way.

The name scallion is derived from Ascalon, where "Soldiers of the Cross"—our crusading ancestors—found the toothsome bulb and brought it back for cultivation in their own home acres. Shalot or eschalot is a diminutive of this same Ascalon, and is now applied to a particular variety of onion small in size, flat-topped and of mild and delicate flavor.

Of the onion proper there are two varieties—the red and white-skinned—seedmen dividing these again into many sub-varieties. The former are rather dark in flesh and strong in flavor, the latter pure white and not so rank. The Spanish onion is white, very large and of mild flavor, hence its suitability for salads and for stuffing. It is now raised in California and many of the Southern States.

The odor of the onion is due to the volatile oil which it contains and which is rich in sulphur. As a food it acts in a mild form as a stimulant and nerve tonic. It is considered a good dish for children, and many physicians suggest that stewed or creamed onions should appear on the children's menus at least from a piping-hot, roasted onion held an important place in the family medicine chest. The heart taken from a piping-hot, roasted onion was and still is considered to be a remedy for the carache of childhood.

In the kitchen the onion is in constant requisition. There are many who declare they never eat onions. They may not as a separate dish, yet many a concoction which they relish would taste flat if the few drops of onion juice which it contains were omitted.

CLOSED WINDOWS.—Ernest Wentworth, M.D., in referring to this unexplainable action on the part of housekeepers, relates the following incident:—

It was an afternoon in early spring, but a southerly wind had made the air warm and balmy. The sun shone brightly. Nature was in a pleasant mood, and to me she proved irresistible; I wished for the exhilaration of a long brisk walk.

"Ah, there will be no one at home this beautiful afternoon!" I thought, but decided to ring the bell just to show my good intentions. The ring was answered by my friend, to my satisfaction even if it had spoiled my prophecy.

"Oh, I am so glad you called!" she exclaimed. "I am having one of those awful colds that seem to be going around. I dare not go out for fear I may have pneumonia. I have got to take good care of myself. Last night I thought sure I was going to have the croup, you know I do sometimes, so I put turpentine and lard on my throat and chest, and took croup pills and medicine to reduce fever. I escaped having the croup, but am feeling miserable."

"By the way!" she exclaimed as she ushered me into the sitting room. "Can you smell boiled dinner? We had one yesterday, and to-day made the remainder into hash."

As the smell of said dinner was so very pronounced, I must acknowledge that I did or that I also had a severe cold, so I frankly remarked—"Well, I should say I did."

But my thoughts on the subject, and the agony I endured out of courtesy during that short call, I kept to myself.

room, and not a window in the house opened as much as a quarter of an inch, and had not been since some of the warm days of summer.

The other callers and my friend related their afflictions and those of others—how this friend had been taken to the hospital and there died of an operation, how the next-door neighbor lay dead of heart disease, and one just around the corner of typhoid fever.

As I came out into the pure air I thought how much better I should have felt if I had kept to my walk.

Oh, how many on this beautiful earth need to be taught a few simple laws of health! If more pure air were allowed in the home, cupboard and medicine-chests would not show with arrays of bottles, and colds would not "be going around" so much.

Catholic Orphans Of New York.

The following item may contain words of encouragement, or hints, to those who have the charge of orphans or who are associated with the administration of orphanages.

The Catholic orphans of New York will soon enjoy that new asylum at Kingsbridge.

The institution was formerly situated in Fifth Avenue, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral. Already seven hundred children—four hundred boys and three hundred girls—have been received into the new home, and there is accommodation for a much larger number.

The two buildings are extremely handsome. They are of brick, with granite trimmings, and cost \$1,200,000. There are two main buildings, one for the boys and one for the girls.

They are situated on a beautiful tract of twenty-eight acres, which is given up to lawns and wooded dells, in which the children are permitted to play at will. Buildings and grounds are so altogether attractive and seem to promise such a large store of wholesome living to the little orphans that the mere sight of them brings a thrill of pleasure to those who have seen only city orphanages.

Of necessity everything in the home is on the wholesale plan. There is a great "shower room," where fifty boys may be shut in at once. Whole classes may bathe at one time, and when they come out, each child has a private dressing room, next to the shower bath. There is also a shoe room, where seven hundred pairs of restless feet may be supplied from the shelves, which reach from the ceiling to the floor all round the room.

The chapel in each house is situated on the second floor. One thousand children may be seated in each chapel.

Up at the top of the house are the infirmary, the quarantine ward, where children with contagious diseases are placed, and a complete and perfect drug store, presided over by one of the Sisters.

Every opportunity for healthful play is afforded to the children. Besides the extensive grounds they have a large paved play court and an indoor playground.

The children do not dress in uniform, and one of the prettiest features of the home is that each little girl has a pretty and becoming dress made for her by the Sisters, entirely different from the dresses of the other little ones.

The asylum is under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Sister Mary Martha is the superior of the boys' house, and Sister Clothilde of the girls'.

HEALTH OF THE POPE.

His Holiness Leo XIII. continues to enjoy good health. He has with-in the last week been receiving pilgrims in large numbers.

THE COI

CHAPTER XXII.—

"Why so, mother?"

"Ah, that's a safe and think I may trust you quiring a pledge. Anne met with the usual fat ladies at her age; she love."

"Hedress felt the gather upon his breath heard these words. "Yo mother," he said at length a forced smile.

"It is a sad jest for however," said Mrs. C much seriousness. "S! pletely caught, indeed. a girl so much in love I

"He is a happy fellow. res, after a pause, and a voice; "he is either a v a very happy fellow w

Chute distinguishes with And happy he must be, lover could never pres upon the remembrance o He is a very happy fell

"And yet, tq lool would suppose he said one nor the other," wa

"What is his name?" "Can you not guess?" The name of Kyrle D the lips of Hedress, b undefinable cause he w pronounce it. "Guess?"

"Not I. Captain Gibso "Pooh! what an opini formed of Anne, if you to be one of those succ to whom the proximity, coat, in country quart fair of fatal consequen

"Kyrle Daly, then?" "Poor Kyrle—no. But she has already chos could wish it were he, But you do not seem in your cousin a complim ing. Do you not think little below her worth?"

Not in Kyrle Daly. F for a queen; he is my t "That," said his moth phasis, "might be some ation."

Hedress gazed on her gether at a loss. "Well, have you alr a stand?" said Mrs. C I believe I shall not in exposing your own d longer. Come hither, H sit near me."

The young gentleman at his mother's side, a ber further speech wit interest.

"Hedress," she said, claim, independent of right, to your obedience insist, in this oq instan on its not being contes to me. I have now an view, to the accompl which I look forward v sionate interest, for I h aim than the comple happiness—a concern, boy, which has always to my heart, even from hood. I have no child t other little babes are

Maker. I have none lef and I think I feel my towards you with all th if those angels had not me, would have been onst them."

She paused, affecte, res lowered his face in grateful emotion.

"It is, I think, but therefore," Mrs. Grege "To desire your concurre ject which has your o only for its object. Ar so dull of perception as aware of the impressio made on the affection

Chute?" "That I—I have mad Hedress, with a confus wildness in his manne like a compound of joy

"That I—did you say, r "That you have ma his mother. "It is t Hedress. She loves y cinating girl loves yo deeply. This incompara woman, with whose pra not trust your tongue, your love in the silen chamber. This beautif creature, who is the w who see and the lov know her, is ready to her spirit at your feet of expiring fondness. I Anne Chute is long, de votedly your own."

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Why so, mother?"

"Ah, that's a safe answer. Well, I think I may trust you without requiring a pledge. Anne Chute has met with the usual fate of young ladies at her age; she is deep in love."

"Hardress felt the hot blood gather upon his forehead when he heard these words. 'You are jesting mother,' he said at length, and with a forced smile.

"It is a sad jest for poor Anne, however," said Mrs. Cregan, with much seriousness. "She is completely caught, indeed. I never saw a girl so much in love in my life."

"He is a happy fellow," said Hardress, after a pause, and in a deep voice; "he is either a very stupid or a very happy fellow whom Anne Chute distinguishes with her regard. And happy he must be, for a stupid lover could never press so wearily upon the remembrance of such a girl. He is a very happy fellow."

"And yet, to look at him, you would suppose he was neither the one nor the other," said his mother.

"What is his name?"

"Can you not guess?"

The name of Kyrie Daly rose to the lips of Hardress, but from some undefinable cause he was unable to pronounce it. "Guess?" he repeated; "not I, Captain Gibson?"

"Pooh! what an opinion you have formed of Anne, if you suppose her to be one of those susceptible misses to whom the proximity of a red coat, in country quarters, is an affair of fatal consequences."

"Kyrie Daly, then?"

"Poor Kyrie—no. But that I think she has already chosen better. I could wish it were he, poor fellow! But you do not seem inclined to pay your cousin a compliment this morning. Do you not think you guess a little below her worth?"

Not in Kyrie Daly. He is a lover for a queen; he is my true friend.

"That," said his mother with emphasis, "might be some recommendation."

Hardress gazed on her, as if altogether at a loss.

"Well, have you already come to a stand?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Then I believe I shall not insist on you exposing your own dulness any longer. Come hither, Hardress, and sit near me."

The young gentleman took a chair at his mother's side, and awaited her further speech with increasing interest.

"Hardress," she said, "I have a claim, independent of my natural right, to your obedience, and I must insist, in this one instance at least, on its not being contested. Listen to me. I have now an object in view, to the accomplishment of which I look forward with a passionate interest, for it has not other aim than the completion of your happiness—a concern, my beloved boy, which has always sat closest to my heart, even from your childhood. I have no child but you. My other little babes are with their Maker. I have none left but you, and I think I feel my heart yearn towards you with all the love which, if those angels had not flown from me, would have been divided amongst them."

She paused, affected, and Hardress lowered his face in deep and grateful emotion.

"It is, I think, but reasonable, therefore," Mrs. Cregan continued, "to desire your concurrence in a project which has your own happiness only for its object. Are you really so dull of perception as not to be aware of the impression you have made on the affections of Anne Chute?"

"That I—I have made?" exclaimed Hardress, with a confusion and even wildness in his manner which looked like a compound of joy and terror.

"That I—did you say, mother?"

"That you have made," repeated his mother. "It is true, indeed, Hardress. She loves you. This fascinating girl loves you long and deeply. This incomparable young woman, with whose praises you dare not trust your tongue, is pining for your love in the silence of her chamber. This beautiful and gifted creature, who is the wonder of all who see and the love of all who know her, is ready to pour forth her spirit at your feet in a murmur of expiring fondness. I say again, Anne Chute is long, deeply and devotedly your own."

Hardress drank in every accent of this poisonous speech with that fatal relish which is felt by the infatuated Eastern for his draught of stilling tincture. While he lay back in his chair, however, to enjoy the full and swelling rapture of his triumph, a horrid remembrance suddenly darted through his brain, and made him start from his chair as if he had received a blow.

"Mother," said he, "you are deceived in this. It is not, it cannot be, the fact. I see the object of which you speak, and I am sure your own anxiety for its accomplishment has led you to miscalculate. My own surmises are not in unison with yours."

"My dear child," replied his mother, "I have a far better authority than surmise for what I say. Do you think, my love, that I would run the hazard of disturbing your peace, without an absolute assurance of the truth of my statement? I have an authority that ought to satisfy the most distrustful lover; and I will be guilty of a breach of confidence, in order to set your mind at rest, for I am certain of your honor. It is the confession, the reluctant and hardly-won confession of my darling Anne herself."

Again a revulsion of frightful rapture rushed through the frame of the listener, and made him resume his chair in silence.

"When we came here first," continued Mrs. Cregan, "I would perceive that there was a secret, although I was far from suspecting its nature. The first glimpse of light that broke upon the mystery was produced by accident. You remember poor Dalton, our old huntsman? I happened to speak to Anne of his attachment to you, and could at once observe that her interest for the man was ardently awakened."

"I remember, I remember like a dream," said Hardress, raising his finger in the manner of one endeavoring to strengthen an indistinct recollection. "Poor Dalton told me Anne had been kind to him. Anne! No, no," he added, with much confusion, "he named no one. He said a person in this house had been kind to him. I was prevented from inquiring farther."

"That person," said Mrs. Cregan, "was Anne Chute. From the moment of that conversation my eyes were opened, and I felt like one who has suddenly discovered the principle of an intricate and complicated system. I saw it in her silence while your arrival was delayed—I saw it on the morning of your meeting—I saw it throughout that day—I saw it in her dissimulated grief, in her dissimulated joy. Poor dear girl! I saw it in the almost childlike happiness that sparkled in her eyes when you came near us, and in the sudden gloom that followed your departure. For shame, my child! Why are you so dull of perception? Have you eyes? Have you ears? Have you a brain to comprehend, or a heart to estimate your good fortune? It should have been your part, not mine, to draw that dear acknowledgment from the lips of Anne last night."

"To this observation, Hardress replied only by a low moan, which had in it an expression of deep pain. "How, mother," he at length asked in a hoarse tone, "by what management did you draw this secret from her?"

"By a simple process. By making it worth her while to give me her confidence. By telling her what I have long since perceived though it may possibly have escaped your own observation, that her passion was not unrequited—that you were as deeply in love with her as she with you."

"Me! me in love! You could not, you would not, surely, mother, speak with so much rashness," exclaimed Hardress, in evident alarm.

"Why do you not love her, then?"

"Love her, mother?"

"I see you have not done with the echoes."

"I love her as a cousin should love a cousin—nothing more."

"Ay; but she is no cousin of yours. Come! it must be either more or less. What shall I say?"

"Neither. It is in that light I have always looked upon Anne. I could not love her less, I would not, dare not, love her more."

"Dare not! You have got a strange vocabulary for a lover. What do you mean by 'dare not'? What mighty daring is requisite to enable a young

man to fall in love with a young lady, of whose affection he is already certain? The daring that is necessary for wedlock is an old bachelor's sneer, which would never be heard on lips that are ruddy with the blood of less than forty summers. Why dare you not love Anne Chute?"

"Because, by doing so, I should break my faith to another."

Mrs. Cregan fixed her eyes on him, as if somewhat stunned. "What do you say, Hardress?" she murmured, just above her breath.

"I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and that I must not break my engagement."

"Do you speak seriously?"

"I could not jest on this subject, if I were so inclined."

"And dare you tell me this?" Mrs. Cregan exclaimed, starting up from her seat, with a sudden fierceness of manner. "You have no daring! You dare not love the love that I have chosen for you, and you dare tell me to my face of such a boldness as this! But dare me not too far, I warn you, Hardress. You will not find it safe."

"I dare tell the truth when I am called on," replied Hardress, who never respected his mother so little, as in her moments of passion and authority, "in all places, and at all hazards, even including that of incurring my mother's displeasure."

"Listen to me, Hardress," said his mother, returning to her seat, and endeavoring to suppress her anger—"It is better we should fully understand each other."

"It is, mother; and I cannot choose a time to be explicit than the present. I was wrong, very wrong, in not taking an earlier opportunity of explaining to you the circumstances in which I stand. But it is better even now than later."

"Mother," he continued, moving near to her, and taking her hand between his, with a depreciating tenderness of manner, "forgive your own hardness! I have already fixed my affections, and pledged myself to another."

Mrs. Cregan pressed her handkerchief against her face, and leaned forward on the table, which position she maintained during the dialogue which followed.

"And who is that other?" she asked, with a calmness that astonished her son. "Is she superior to Anne Chute in rank or fortune?"

"Far otherwise, mother."

"In talent then, or manner?"

"Still far beneath my cousin."

"In what, then, consists the motive of preference, for I am at a loss?"

"In everything that relates to acquirement," said Hardress, "she is not even to be compared to Anne Chute. It is in virtue alone, and in gentleness of disposition, that she can pretend to an equality. I once believed her lover, but I was prejudiced."

Mrs. Cregan now raised her head, and showed by the change in her appearance, what passionate struggles she had been endeavoring to overcome. The veins had started out upon her forehead, a dull fire shone in her eyes, and one dark tress of hair, uncurled by dampness and agitation, was swept across her temples. "Poor low-born, silly and vulgar!" she repeated, with an air of perplexity and suppressed anger. Then, assuming an attitude of easy dignity, and forcing a smile, she said: "Oh, my dear Hardress, you must be jesting, for I am sure you could not make such a choice as you describe."

"If it is a misfortune," replied Hardress, "I must only summon up all my philosophy, mother, for there is no escaping it."

Mrs. Cregan again pressed her hand upon her brow for some moments, and then said: "Well, Hardress, let us conduct this discussion calmly. I have got a violent shooting in my head, and cannot say so much as I desire. But listen to me as I have done to you. My honor is pledged to your cousin for the truth of what I have told her. I have made her certain that her wishes shall be accomplished, and I will not have my child's heart broken. If you are serious, Hardress, you have acted a most dishonorable part. Your conduct to Anne Chute would have deceived—it has deceived—the most unbiassed amongst your acquaintances. You have paid her attentions which no honorable man could offer, while he entertained only a feeling of in-

difference towards their object."

"Mother! Mother! how can you make such a charge as that? Was it not entirely, and reluctantly, in compliance with your own injunctions that I did so?"

"Ay," replied Mrs. Cregan, a little struck, but I was not then aware of your position. Why did you not then inform me of all this? Let the consequences, sir, of your duplicity fall on your own head, not on my poor girl's, nor mine. I could not have believed you capable of such a meanness. Had you then discovered all, it would have been in time for the safety of your cousin's happiness and for my own honor—for that, too, is staked in this issue. What, sir, is your vanity so egregious that, for its gratification merely, you would interfere with a young girl's prospects in life, by filling up the place at her side to which other, equal in merit and more sincere in their intentions, might have aspired? Is not that consideration alone (putting aside the keener disappointment to which you have subjected her) enough to make your conduct appear hideous?"

The truth and justice of this speech left Hardress without a word.

"You are already contracted at every fireside in Kerry and Limerick also," continued his mother; "and I am determined that there shall be no whisper about my own sweet Anne. You must perform the promise that your conduct has given."

"And my engagement?"

"Break it off!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan, with a burst of anger, scarcely modified by her feeling of decorum. "If you have been base enough to make a double pledge, and if there must be a victim, I am resolved it shall not be Anne Chute. I must not have to reproach myself with having bound her for the sacrifice. Now take your choice. I tell you, I had rather die—nay, I had rather see you in your coffin, than matched below your rank. You are yet unable to cater for your own happiness, and you would assuredly lay up a fund of misery for all your coming years. Not take your choice. If you wed as I desire, you shall have all the happiness that rank, and wealth, and honor, and domestic affection can secure you. If against my wish, if you resist me, enjoy your vulgar taste, and add to it all the wretchedness that extreme poverty can furnish, for, whether I live or die (as indeed I shall be careless on that subject henceforward) you never shall possess a guinea of your inheritance. So take your choice."

"It is already made," said Hardress, rising with a mournful dignity, and moving towards the door. "My fortunes are already decided, whatever way my inclinations move. Farewell then, mother. I am grateful to you for all your former kindness, but it is impossible that I can please you in this. As to the poverty with which you intend to punish me, I can face that consequence without much anxiety, after I have ventured to incur the hazard of your anger."

He was already at the door, when his mother recalled him with a softened voice. "Hardress," she said, with tears in her eyes, "mistake my heart entirely. It cannot afford to lose a son so easily. Come hither and sit by me, my own beloved son. You know not, Hardress, how I have loved and love you. Why will you anger me, my child? I never angered you, even when you were an infant, at my bosom. I never denied you anything in all my life. I never gave you a hard word or look since you were a child in my arms. What have I done to you, Hardress? Even supposing that I have acted with any rashness in this why will you insist on my suffering for it?"

"My dear mother—"

"If you know how I have loved you, Hardress; but you can never know it, for it was shown most frequently and fondly when you were incapable of acknowledging or appreciating it. If you knew how disinterestedly I have watched and labored for your happiness, even from your boyhood, you would not so calmly resign your mind to the idea of a separation. Come, Hardress, we must yet be friends. I do not press you for an immediate answer; but tell me you will think of it, and think more kindly. Bid me but smile on Anne when I meet her next. Nay, don't look troubled; I shall not speak to her until I have your answer; I will only smile upon her. That's my darling Hardress."

"But, mother—"

"Not one word more. At least, Hardress, my wishes are worth a little consideration. Look there!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on the arm of her son, and pointing through the open window; "is that not worth a little consideration?"

Hardress looked in that direction, and beheld a sight which might have proved dangerous to the resolution of a more self-regulated spirit. It was the figure of his cousin standing under the shade of a lofty arbutus (a

tree which acknowledges Killarney alone, of all our northern possessions for its natal region). A few streaks of golden sunshine streamed in upon her figure through the boughs, and quivered over the involutions of her drapery. She was without a bonnet, and her short black ringlets, blown loose about her rather pale and careful countenance, gave it somewhat of the character of an Aridne or a Pentesilea. She walked towards the house and every motion of her frame seemed instinct with a natural intelligence. Hardress could not (without a nobler effort than he would use) remove his eyes from this beautiful vision, until a turn in the gravel walk concealed it from the view, and it disappeared among the foliage, as a lustrous star is lost in a mass of autumnal clouds.

"Mother," said Hardress, "I will think on what you have said. May Heaven defend and guide me! I am a miserable wretch, but I will think of it. Oh, mother, my dear mother, if I had confided in you, or you in me! Why have we been thus secret to each other? But pardon me! It is I alone that am deserving of that reproach, for you were contriving for my happiness only. Happiness! What a vain word that is! I never shall be happy more. Never, indeed! I have destroyed my fortunes."

"Hush, boy, I hear Anne's foot upon the lobby. I told her you would walk with her to-day."

"Me walk with her—!" said Hardress, with a shudder. "No, no, I cannot, mother; it would be wrong—I dare not, indeed."

"Dare not, again," said Mrs. Cregan, smiling. "Come, come, forget this conversation for the present, and consider it again at your leisure."

"I will think of it," repeated the young man, with some wildness of manner. "May Heaven defend and guide me! I am a wretch already."

"Hush! hush!" said his mother, who did not attach too much importance to these exclamations of mental distress; "you must not let your mistress hear you praying in that way, or she will suppose she has frightened you."

"My mistress, mother!"

"Pooh, pooh! your cousin, then. Don't look so terrified. Well, Hardress, I am obliged to you."

"Ay, mother, but don't be misled by—"

"Oh, he is in no pain for that. I understand you perfectly. Remain here, and I will send your cousin to you in a few minutes."

It would have at once put an end to a discussion on this subject if Hardress had informed his mother that he was in fact already married. He was aware of this, and yet he could not tell her that it was so. It was not that he feared her anger, for that he had already dared. He knew that he was called on in honor, in justice, and in conscience, to make his parents aware of the full extent of his position, and yet he shunned the avowal as he would have done the sentence of despair.

(To be continued.)

THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says: "My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nuns Eulogized By a General.

The Bazaar at Newcastle-under-Lyme, England, for the Convent of Mercy in that town, which was opened by General Sir W. Butler, K. C. B., was patronized on the second day by Lieutenant-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, K. C. B. In the course of his speech, General Kelly-Kenny said that Father Brabazon had suggested to him that he should come to the bazaar in uniform; and he believed he also suggested a drawn sword. (Laughter). Perhaps that was in order that he might force them all to do their best in aid of that charitable undertaking. (Laughter). He did not assent to the suggestion because he felt a warlike attire would be unsuited to that peaceful atmosphere. He was not there as a prisoner of war—(laughter)—neither was he there as adjutant-general or as a general or an officer. He was there as a recruit for the day in the service of the Sisters of Mercy. (Applause). He was extremely proud to be honored, to be permitted, if only for a day, to fall into the ranks. There was also another reason why he was glad to be there—he was an Irishman.

Anyone who knew Ireland would admit that throughout the length and breadth of that country the name of the Sisters of Mercy was a household word. In no class of the community in Ireland was the question of policy, or of religion, or of social procedure, allowed to step in to prevent the name of the Sisters of Mercy being honored and revered. The reason was not far to seek. The work of the Sisters of Mercy, and of other kindred communities, was founded upon and was stimulated by all the best instincts of the human heart. This appealed to them all, but more especially to the hearts of sympathetic Irishmen. In a long and various military career the work of the sisters had been frequently brought to his notice, all over the empire, and he might say, all over the world, and very recently in a very marked degree. He referred to the work of the sisters during the late war in South Africa. The large army which was sent there experienced, wither individually or through their friends, the care and the tender mercies of the sisters at Ladysmith, Mafeking, Kimberley and Johannesburg. It was very forcibly brought before himself, because when they advanced into the Orange River Colony up to Paardeberg they were able to send their wounded back on the lines, but afterwards they had either to bring them with them or let them follow. On February 10, 1900, he fought a very severe action at Driefontein, and after the battle he had 400 or 500 wounded, which he had to carry with him or they had to follow after him to Bloemfontein. At that place he found a home of rest and comfort and comparative luxury for his sick and wounded in the Convent of the Holy Family.

On the declaration of the war the nuns had broken up the school and sent the children home, so that when the soldiers arrived at Bloemfontein they had the convent placed completely at their disposal. The nuns gave up even their small hospital for the officers. For months and months the convent was crowded with sick and wounded. After a short time Bloemfontein became the depot for the sick and wounded of 80,000 men operating in the neighborhood, so that they could well imagine the wonderful, the extraordinary work that was done not only by the army hospital, but by the sisters who cooperated to the best of their ability. There were 4,000 enteric patients crowded in a small space, and that would give them some idea of the work that was done. Two of the nuns lost their lives in nursing and tending the sick. All the men were not of their own religion, they were mostly of another religion, but that made no difference. The men of his own division, men from Kent, the Ridings of Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Essex, and other parts of the country, looked back, he was sure, with gratitude upon the time they spent in the hospital of the sisters at Bloemfontein.

IN MEMORY OF A PASTOR.

Remembrance of the dead is one of the pleasing characteristics of the parishioners of St. Matthias, Muscatine, Iowa. They now contemplate erecting a monument to the memory of the Rev. Philip Laurent, the late lamented pastor, whose remains repose in the family vault at Dijon, France, where he passed away after going abroad in the vain quest for restored health.

A MASS FOR TROLLEYMEN.

A "trolleyman's Mass" is now celebrated at 6 a.m. on Sundays at St. Francis' Church, Fair Haven, Conn., at the request of the local trolley men, who sent a petition to the pastor, the Rev. F. M. Kennedy. St. Francis' Church is nearest the car barns where the men assemble before going to work.

SURPRISE

ORPHANS

Of New York.

...ing item may contain...
...charge of orphans...
...tion of orphanages...
...orphans of New York...
...that new asylum at...
...on was formerly situ...
...venue, opposite St...
...ed. Already seven...
...four hundred boys...
...d girls—have been...
...new home, and there...
...for a much larger...
...ldings are extremely...
...y are of brick, with...
...ngs, and cost \$1,200...
...two main buildings...
...ys and one for the...
...uated on a beautiful...
...twenty-eight acres...
...up to lawns and wood...
...ch the children are...
...ay at will. Buildings...
...e so altogether at...
...to promise such a...
...wholesome living to...
...ans that the mere...
...rings a thrill of pleas...
...o have seen only city...
...everything in the home...
...sale plan. There is a...
...room," where fifty...
...ut in at once. Whole...
...at the one time, and...
...out, each child has...
...ing room, next to the...
...There is also a shoe...
...ven hundred pairs of...
...y be supplied from...
...which reach from the...
...floor all round the...
...each house is situ...
...ond floor. One thou...
...may be seated in each...
...p of the house are...
...the quarantine ward...
...with contagious dis...
...and a complete an...
...presided over by...
...tunity for healthful...
...to the children. Be...
...ive grounds they have...
...lay court and an in...
...do not dress in uni...
...of the prettiest fea...
...me is that each little...
...y and becoming dress...
...y the Sisters, entire...
...the dresses of the...
...s under the care of...
...charity of St. Vincent...
...Mary Martha is the...
...boys' house, and Sis...
...the girls."

OF THE POPE.

Leo XIII. continues health. He has with...
...k bow receiving pil...
...numbers.

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Why so, mother?"
"Ah, that's a safe answer. Well, I think I may trust you without requiring a pledge. Anne Chute has met with the usual fate of young ladies at her age; she is deep in love."

"Hardress felt the hot blood gather upon his forehead when he heard these words. 'You are jesting mother,' he said at length, and with a forced smile.

"It is a sad jest for poor Anne, however," said Mrs. Cregan, with much seriousness. "She is completely caught, indeed. I never saw a girl so much in love in my life."

"He is a happy fellow," said Hardress, after a pause, and in a deep voice; "he is either a very stupid or a very happy fellow whom Anne Chute distinguishes with her regard. And happy he must be, for a stupid lover could never press so wearily upon the remembrance of such a girl. He is a very happy fellow."

"And yet, tq looks at him, you would suppose he was neither the one nor the other," said his mother.

"What is his name?"

"Can you not guess?"

The name of Kyrle Daly rose to the lips of Hardress, but from some undefinable cause he was unable to pronounce it. "Guess?" he repeated; "not I. Captain Gibson?"

"Pooh! what an opinion you have formed of Anne, if you suppose her to be one of those susceptible misses to whom the proximity of a red coat, in country quarters, is an affair of fatal consequences."

"Kyrle Daly, then?"
"Poor Kyrle—no. But that I think she has already chosen better. I could wish it were he, poor fellow! But you do not seem inclined to pay your cousin a compliment this morning. Do you not think you guess a little below her worth?"

Not in Kyrle Daly. He is a lover for a queen; he is my true friend."

"That," said his mother with emphasis, "might be some recommendation."

Hardress gazed on her, as if altogether at a loss.

"Well, have you already come to a stand?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Then I shall not insist on you exposing your own dullness any longer. Come hither, Hardress, and sit near me."

The young gentleman took a chair at his mother's side, and awaited her further speech with increasing interest.

"Hardress," she said, "I have a claim, independent of my natural right, to your obedience, and I must insist, in this one instance at least, on its not being contested. Listen to me. I have now an object in view, to the accomplishment of which I look forward with a passionate interest, for it has not other aim than the completion of your happiness—a concern, my beloved boy, which has always sat closest to my heart, even from your childhood. I have no child but you. My other little babes are with their Maker. I have none left but you, and I think I feel my heart yearn towards you with all the love which, if those angels had not flown from me, would have been divided amongst them."

She paused, affected, and Hardress lowered his face in deep and grateful emotion.

"It is, I think, but reasonable, therefore," Mrs. Cregan continued, "to desire your concurrence in a project which has your own happiness only for its object. Are you really so dull of perception as not to be aware of the impression you have made on the affections of Anne Chute?"

"That I—I have made?" exclaimed Hardress, with a confusion and even wildness in his manner which looked like a compound of joy and terror.

"That I—did you say, mother?"

"That you have made," repeated his mother. "It is true, indeed, Hardress. She loves you. This fascinating girl loves you long and deeply. This incomparable young woman, with whose praises you dare not trust your tongue, is pining for your love in the silence of her chamber. This beautiful and gifted creature, who is the wonder of all who see and the love of all who know her, is ready to pour forth her spirit at your feet in a murmur of expiring fondness. I say again, Anne Chute is long, deeply and devotedly your own."

"Why so, mother?"

"Ah, that's a safe answer. Well, I think I may trust you without requiring a pledge. Anne Chute has met with the usual fate of young ladies at her age; she is deep in love."

"Hardress felt the hot blood gather upon his forehead when he heard these words. 'You are jesting mother,' he said at length, and with a forced smile.

"It is a sad jest for poor Anne, however," said Mrs. Cregan, with much seriousness. "She is completely caught, indeed. I never saw a girl so much in love in my life."

"He is a happy fellow," said Hardress, after a pause, and in a deep voice; "he is either a very stupid or a very happy fellow whom Anne Chute distinguishes with her regard. And happy he must be, for a stupid lover could never press so wearily upon the remembrance of such a girl. He is a very happy fellow."

"And yet, tq looks at him, you would suppose he was neither the one nor the other," said his mother.

"What is his name?"

"Can you not guess?"

The name of Kyrle Daly rose to the lips of Hardress, but from some undefinable cause he was unable to pronounce it. "Guess?" he repeated; "not I. Captain Gibson?"

"Pooh! what an opinion you have formed of Anne, if you suppose her to be one of those susceptible misses to whom the proximity of a red coat, in country quarters, is an affair of fatal consequences."

"Kyrle Daly, then?"

"Poor Kyrle—no. But that I think she has already chosen better. I could wish it were he, poor fellow! But you do not seem inclined to pay your cousin a compliment this morning. Do you not think you guess a little below her worth?"

Not in Kyrle Daly. He is a lover for a queen; he is my true friend."

"That," said his mother with emphasis, "might be some recommendation."

Hardress drank in every accent of this poisonous speech with that fatal relish which is felt by the infatuated Eastern for his draught of stilling tincture. While he lay back in his chair, however, to enjoy the full and swelling rapture of his triumph, a horrid remembrance suddenly darted through his brain, and made him start from his chair as if he had received a blow.

"Mother," said he, "you are deceived in this. It is not, it cannot be, the fact, I see the object of which you speak, and I am sure your own anxiety for its accomplishment has led you to miscalculate. My own surmises are not in unison with yours."

"My dear child," replied his mother, "I have a far better authority than surmise for what I say. Do you think, my love, that I would run the hazard of disturbing your peace, without an absolute assurance of the truth of my statement? I have an authority that ought to satisfy the most distrustful lover; and I will be guilty of a breach of confidence, in order to set your mind at rest, for I am certain of your honor. It is the confession, the reluctant and hardy-won confession of my darling Anne herself."

Again a revulsion of frightful rapture rushed through the frame of the listener, and made him resume his chair in silence.

"When we came here first," continued Mrs. Cregan, "I would perceive that there was a secret, although I was far from suspecting its nature. The first glimpse of light that broke upon the mystery was produced by accident. You remember poor Dalton, our old huntsman? I happened to speak to Anne of his attachment to you, and could at once observe that her interest for the man was ardently awakened."

"I remember, I remember like a dream," said Hardress, raising his finger in the manner of one endeavoring to strengthen an indistinct recollection. "Poor Dalton told me Anne had been kind to him. Anne! No, no," he added, with much confusion, "he named no one. He said a person in this house had been kind to him. I was prevented from inquiring farther."

"That person," said Mrs. Cregan, "was Anne Chute. From the moment of that conversation my eyes were opened, and I felt like one who has suddenly discovered the principle of an intricate and complicated system. I saw it in her silence while your arrival was delayed—I saw it on the morning of your meeting—I saw it throughout that day—I saw it in her dissembled grief, in her dissembled joy. Poor dear girl! I saw it in the almost childlike happiness that sparkled in her eyes when you came near us, and in the sudden gloom that followed your departure. For shame, my child! Why are you so dull of perception? Have you eyes? Have you ears? Have you a brain to comprehend, or a heart to estimate your good fortune? It should have been your part, not mine, to draw that dear acknowledgment from the lips of Anne last night."

"To this observation, Hardress replied only by a low moan, which had in it an expression of deep pain. "How, mother," he at length asked in a hoarse tone, "by what management did you draw this secret from her?"

"By a simple process. By making it worth her while to give me her confidence. By telling her what I have long since perceived though it may possibly have escaped your own observation, that her passion was not unrequited—that you were as deeply in love with her as she with you."

"Me! me in love! You could not, you would not, surely, mother, speak with so much rashness," exclaimed Hardress, in evident alarm.

"Why? do you not love her, then?"

"Love her, mother?"

"I see you have not done with the echoes."

"I love her as a cousin should love a cousin—nothing more."

"Ay; but she is no cousin of yours. Come! it must be either more or less. What shall I say?"

"Neither. It is in that light I have always looked upon Anne. I could not love her less. I would not, dare not, love her more."

"Dare not! You have got a strange vocabulary for a lover. What do you mean by 'dare not'? What mighty daring is requisite to enable a young

man to fall in love with a young lady, of whose affection he is already certain? The daring that is necessary for wedlock is an old bachelor's sneer, which would never be heard on lips that are ruddy with the blood of less than forty summers. Why dare you not love Anne Chute?"

"Because, by doing so, I should break my faith to another."

Mrs. Cregan fixed her eyes on him, as if somewhat stunned. "What do you say, Hardress?" she murmured, just above her breath.

"I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and that I must not break my engagement."

"Do you speak seriously?"

"I could not jest on this subject, if I were so inclined."

"And dare you tell me this?" Mrs. Cregan exclaimed, starting up from her seat, with a sudden fierceness of manner. "You have no daring! You dare not love the love that I have chosen for you, and you dare tell me to my face of such a boldness as this! But dare me not too far, I warn you, Hardress. You will not find it safe."

"I dare tell the truth when I am called on," replied Hardress, who never respected his mother so little, as in her moments of passion and authority, "in all places, and at all hazards, even including that of incurring my mother's displeasure."

"Listen to me, Hardress," said his mother, returning to her seat, and endeavoring to suppress her anger—"It is better we should fully understand each other."

"It is, mother; and I cannot choose a time to be explicit than the present. I was wrong, very wrong, in not taking an earlier opportunity of explaining to you the circumstances in which I stand. But it is better even now than later."

"Mother," he continued, moving near to her, and taking her hand between his, with a deprecating tenderness of manner, "forgive your own Hardress! I have already fixed my affections, and pledged myself to another."

Mrs. Cregan pressed her handkerchief against her face, and leaned forward on the table, which position she maintained during the dialogue which followed.

"And who is that other?" she asked, with a calmness that astonished her son. "Is she superior to Anne Chute in rank or fortune?"

"Far otherwise, mother."

"In talent then, or manner?"

"Still far beneath my cousin."

"In what, then, consists the motive of preference, for I am at a loss?"

"In everything that relates to acquirement," said Hardress, "she is not even to be compared to Anne Chute. It is in virtue alone, and in gentleness of disposition, that she can pretend to an equality. I once believed her teller, but I was prejudiced."

Mrs. Cregan now raised her head, and showed by the change in her appearance, what passionate struggles she had been endeavoring to overcome. The veins had started out upon her forehead, a dull fire shone in her eyes, and one dark tress of hair, uncurled by dampness and agitation, was swept across her temples. "Poor low-born, silly and vulgar!" she repeated, with an air of perplexity and suppressed anger. Then, assuming an attitude of easy dignity, and forcing a smile, she said: "Oh, my dear Hardress, you must be jesting, for I am sure you could not make such a choice as you describe."

"If it is a misfortune," replied Hardress, "I must only summon up all my philosophy, mother, for there is no escaping it."

Mrs. Cregan again pressed her hand upon her brow for some moments, and then said: "Well, Hardress, let us conduct this discussion calmly. I have got a violent shooting in my head, and cannot say so much as I desire. But listen to me as I have done to you. My honor is pledged to your cousin for the truth of what I have told her. I have made her certain that her wishes shall be accomplished, and I will not have my child's heart broken. If you are serious, Hardress, you have acted a most dishonorable part. Your conduct to Anne Chute would have deceived—it has deceived—the most unbiassed amongst your acquaintances. You have paid her attentions which no honorable man could offer, while he entertained only a feeling of in-

difference towards their object."
"Mother! Mother! how can you make such a charge as that? Was it not entirely, and reluctantly, in compliance with your own injunctions that I did so?"

"Ay," replied Mrs. Cregan, a little struck, but I was not then aware of your position. Why did you not then inform me of all this? Let the consequences, sir, of your duplicity fall on your own head, not on my poor girl's, nor mine. I could not have believed you capable of such a meanness. Had you then discovered all, it would have been in time for the safety of your cousin's happiness and for my own honor—for that, too, is staked in this issue. What, sir, is your vanity so egregious that, for its gratification merely, you would interfere with a young girl's prospects in life, by filling up the place at her side to which other, equal in merit and more sincere in their intentions, might have aspired? Is not that consideration alone (putting aside the keener disappointment to which you have subjected her) enough to make your conduct appear hideous?"

The truth and justice of this speech left Hardress without a word.

"You are already contracted at every fireside in Kerry and Limerick also," continued his mother; "and I am determined that there shall be no whisper about my own sweet Anne. You must perform the promise that your conduct has given."

"And my engagement?"

"Break it off!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan, with a burst of anger, scarcely modified by her feeling of decorum. "If you have been base enough to make a double pledge, and if there must be a victim, I am resolved it shall not be Anne Chute. I must not have to reproach myself with having bound her for the sacrifice. Now take your choice. I tell you, I had rather die—nay, I had rather see you in your coffin, than matched below your rank. You are yet unable to cater for your own happiness, and you would assuredly lay up a fund of misery for all your coming years. Not take your choice. If you wed as I desire, you shall have all the happiness that rank, and wealth, and honor, and domestic affection can secure you. If against my wish, if you resist me, enjoy your vulgar taste, and add to it all the wretchedness that extreme poverty can furnish, for, whether I live or die (as indeed I shall be careless on that subject henceforward) you never shall possess a guinea of your inheritance. So take your choice."

"It is already made," said Hardress, rising with a mournful dignity, and moving towards the door. "My fortunes are already decided, whatever way my inclinations move. Farewell then, mother. I am grateful to you for all your former kindness; but it is impossible that I can please you in this. As to the poverty with which you intend to punish me, I can face that consequence without much anxiety, after I have ventured to incur the hazard of your anger."

He was already at the door, when his mother recalled him with a softened voice. "Hardress," she said, with tears in her eyes, "mistake my heart entirely. It cannot afford to lose a son so easily. Come hither and sit by me, my own beloved son. You know not, Hardress, how I have loved and love you. Why will you anger me, my child? I never angered you, even when you were an infant, at my bosom. I never denied you anything in all my life. I never gave you a hard word or look since you were a child in my arms. What have I done to you, Hardress? Even supposing that I have acted with any rashness in this why will you insist on my suffering for it?"

"My dear mother—"

"If you know how I have loved you, Hardress; but you can never know it, for it was shown most frequently and fondly when you were incapable of acknowledging or appreciating it. If you knew how distantly I have watched and labored for your happiness, even from your boyhood, you would not so calmly resign your mind to the idea of a separation. Come, Hardress, we must yet be friends. I do not press you for an immediate answer; but tell me you will think of it, and think more kindly. Bid me but smile on Anne when I meet her next. Nay, don't look troubled; I shall not speak to her until I have your answer; I will only smile upon her. That's my darling Hardress."

"But, mother—"

"Not one word more. At least, Hardress, my wishes are worth a little consideration. Look there!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on the arm of her son, and pointing through the open window; "is that not worth a little consideration?"

Hardress looked in that direction, and beheld a sight which might have proved dangerous to the resolution of a more self-regulated spirit. It was the figure of his cousin standing under the shade of a lofty arbutus (a

tree which acknowledges Killarney alone, of all our northern possessions for its natal region). A few streaks of golden sunshine streamed in upon her figure through the boughs, and quivered over the involutions of her drapery. She was without a bonnet, and her short black ringlets, blown loose about her rather pale and careful countenance, gave it somewhat of the character of an Aridre or a Penthesilea. She walked towards the house and every motion of her frame seemed instinct with a natural intelligence. Hardress could not (without a nobler effort than he would use) remove his eyes from this beautiful vision, until a turn in the gravel walk concealed it from the view, and it disappeared among the foliage, as a lustrous star is lost in a mass of autumnal clouds.

"Mother," said Hardress, "I will think on what you have said. May Heaven defend and guide me! I am a miserable wretch, but I will think of it. Oh, mother, my dear mother, if I had confided in you, or you in me! Why have we been thus secret to each other? But pardon me! It is I alone that am deserving of that reproach, for you were contriving for my happiness only. Happiness! What a vain word that is! I never shall be happy more. Never, indeed! I have destroyed my fortunes."

"Hush, boy, I hear Anne's foot upon the lobby. I told her you would walk with her to-day."

"Me walk with her!" said Hardress, with a shudder. "No, no, I cannot, mother; it would be wrong—I dare not, indeed."

"Dare not, again," said Mrs. Cregan, smiling. "Come, come, forget this conversation for the present, and consider it again at your leisure."

"I will think of it," repeated the young man, with some wildness of manner. "May Heaven defend and guide me! I am a wretch already."

"Hush! hush!" said his mother, who did not attach too much importance to these exclamations of mental distress; "you must not let your mistress hear you praying in that way, or she will suppose she has frightened you."

"My mistress, mother!"

"Pooh, pooh! your cousin, then. Don't look so terrified. Well, Hardress, I am obliged to you."

"Ay, mother, but don't be misled by—"

"Oh, be in no pain for that. I understand you perfectly. Remain here, and I will send your cousin to you in a few minutes."

It would have at once put an end to all discussion on this subject if Hardress had informed his mother that he was in fact already married. He was aware of this, and yet he could not tell her that it was so. It was not that he feared her anger, for that he had already dared. He knew that he was called on in honor, in justice, and in conscience, to make his parents aware of the full extent of his position, and yet he shunned the avowal as he would have done the sentence of despair.

(To be continued.)

THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says: "My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IN MEMORY OF A PASTOR.

Remembrance of the dead is one of the pleasing characteristics of the parishioners of St. Matthias, Muscatine, Iowa. They now contemplate erecting a monument to the memory of the Rev. Philip Laurent, the late lamented pastor, whose remains repose in the family vault at Dijon, France, where he passed away after going abroad in the vain quest for restored health.

A MASS FOR TROLLEYMEN.

A "trolleyman's Mass" is now celebrated at 6 a.m. on Sundays at St. Francis' Church, Fair Haven, Conn., at the request of the local trolley men, who sent a petition to the pastor, the Rev. P. M. Kennedy, St. Francis' Church is nearest the car barns where the men assemble before going to work.

Nuns Eulogized By a General.

The bazaar at Newcastle-under-Lyme, England, for the Convent of Mercy in that town, which was opened by General Sir W. Butler, K. C. B., was patronized on the second day by Lieutenant-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, K.C.B. In the course of his speech, General Kelly-Kenny said that Father Brabazon had suggested to him that he should come to the bazaar in uniform; and he believed he also suggested a drawn sword. (Laughter.) Perhaps that was in order that he might force them all to do their best in aid of that charitable undertaking. (Laughter.) He did not assent to the suggestion because he felt a warlike attire would be unsuited to that peaceful atmosphere. He was not there as a prisoner of war—(laughter)—neither was he there as adjutant-general or as a general or an officer. He was there as a recruit for the day in the service of the Sisters of Mercy. (Applause.) He was extremely proud to be honored, to be permitted, if only for a day, to fall into the ranks. There was also another reason why he was glad to be there—he was an Irishman.

Anyone who knew Ireland would admit that throughout the length and breadth of that country the name of the Sisters of Mercy was a household word. In no class of the community in Ireland was the question of policy, or of religion, or of social procedure, allowed to step in to prevent the name of the Sisters of Mercy being honored and revered. The reason was not far to seek. The work of the Sisters of Mercy, and of other kindred communities, was founded upon and was stimulated by all the best instincts of the human heart. This appealed to them all, but more especially to the hearts of sympathetic Irishmen. In a long and various military career the work of the sisters had been frequently brought to his notice, all over the empire, and he might say, all over the world, and very recently in a very marked degree. He referred to the work of the sisters during the late war in South Africa. The large army which was sent there experienced, wither individually or through their friends, the care and the tender mercies of the sisters at Lady-smith, Mafeking, Kimberley and Johannesburg. It was very forcibly brought before himself, because when they advanced into the Orange River Colony up to Paardeberg they were able to send their wounded back on the lines, but afterwards they had either to bring them with them or let them follow. On February 10, 1900, he fought a very severe action at Driefontein, and after the battle he had 400 or 500 wounded, which he had to carry with him or they had to follow after him to Bloemfontein. At that place he found a home of rest and comfort and comparative luxury for his sick and wounded in the Convent of the Holy Family.

On the declaration of the war the nuns had broken up the school and sent the children home, so that when the soldiers arrived at Bloemfontein they had the convent placed completely at their disposal. The nuns gave up even their small hospital for the officers. For months and months the convent was crowded with sick and wounded. After a short time Bloemfontein became the depot for the sick and wounded of 80,000 men operating in the neighborhood, so that they could well imagine the wonderful, the extraordinary work that was done not only by the army hospital, but by the sisters who cooperated to the best of their ability. There were 4,000 enteric patients crowded in a small space, and that would give them some idea of the work that was done. Two of the nuns lost their lives in nursing and tending the sick. All the men were not of their own religion, they were mostly of another religion, but that made no difference. The men of his own division, men from Kent, the Ridings of Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Essex, and other parts of the country, looked back, he was sure, with gratitude upon the time they spent in the hospital of the sisters at Bloemfontein.

Jessie's Offering, AND ITS RESULTS.

Jessie had not been very recollected during the first weeks of preparation for First Communion, and Sister Margaret had once gone so far as to say that perhaps she would better wait another year. This had the effect of making the child more thoughtful, although by nature she was very lively, and not much given to piety. Sister Margaret, seeing this, had kept her after the others, in order to encourage her good disposition by pious conversation and stories of the saints. Jessie fully appreciated all that was being done in her behalf and surprised her teacher by numerous questions and thoughtful remarks, which gave her a better insight into the character of the child than all the previous years of acquaintance and guidance had accomplished.

One day she said to her, "Jessie, my child, what is your favorite devotion?"

The child smiled shyly as she answered, "I like to pray to the souls in Purgatory."

"To them or for them?"

"To them," said Jessie. "Of course I always pray for them—I think 'Out of the Depths' is the loveliest prayer. But when I want anything very badly I just say, 'Please get me so and so, dear holy souls,' and they nearly always do."

Sister Margaret smiled. "Now I never thought you were such a pious little thing," she said. "Indeed, I fancied—"

"Oh, but I am not pious at all," interrupted Jessie, hurriedly. "If I had been, you would not have had almost to put me away from my First Communion. But I do love the holy souls, and Sister"—she hesitated, blushed and again smiled in her peculiar shy little way.

"Do not be timid about saying any of your thoughts to old Sister Margaret," said the gentle religious, observing her confusion.

"I was only going to say, Sister," she continued, "that I wondered if it would be nice to offer up my First Communion for the release of a suffering soul?"

"Nice?" echoed the Sister. "Nothing could be more lovely. Is there some relative, perhaps, for whom you should wish to make the offering?"

"No, Sister. Papa and mamma are always praying and having Masses said for the grandpapa and grandmamma who are dead. And I don't know of any other friends."

"Well, then, what would be your wish?"

"I thought it might be a good thing to offer it for some neglected soul."

"Indeed it would," said Sister Margaret, much edified.

"Then I will do that," said Jessie, simply, and the matter was spoken of no more.

On the morning of First Communion day the children marched in procession from the convent to the church, with that look upon their young faces which no human being ever wears except on that memorable occasion. Jessie and her companion were the last to run the gauntlet of admiring criticism from the crowds that lined the sidewalks and surged up to the steps. A lady richly attired was passing in a carriage, driven by a liveried coachman. The horses began to kick, and Jessie swerved aside with her companion, for the first time raising her eyes, which had been bent upon the ground. They met those of the lady, large, dark and sorrowful, with a haughty expression that repelled the child even in that brief moment. But something in that innocent gaze caught the attention of the occupant of the carriage. She hesitated, leaned forward, and ordering her coachman to stop, alighted from her vehicle and slowly entered the church into which the crowd had already disappeared. Once inside she edged her way forward, and soon found herself, in the pew just behind Jessie, who was seated in the last row of first Communicants.

The Mass proceeded, and the lady sat during the greater part of it, half kneeling at the Elevation. Her face was pale and outwardly calm, but the occasional twitching of her lips betrayed the existence of strong hidden emotion. After a few words from the officiating priest before the Communion, the children advanced to the rail. As Jessie once more re-entered the pew, her hands clasped together, her young face radiant and glorified by the sublime act she had just performed, the lady bent forward in a vain effort to catch her eye. But the child had no thought

for anything but the holy tenderness that filled her soul, knew only that she had received her Lord within her heart, in which He was still reposing. Dropping her head in her hands she remained wrapped in an ecstasy of prayer and thanksgiving. The lady also knelt, tears falling from her eyes. After a time she touched Jessie on the shoulder. The child turned around.

"My child," said the lady. "Will you pray for me?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," replied the little girl.

"And for a soul in purgatory who is very dear to me?"

The child again answered in the affirmative, and returned to her devotions.

Early that afternoon Sister Margaret came to the priest's parlor to confer with him about something relative to the Confirmation of the children, which was to take place at 4 o'clock. He was talking to a lady, to whom he excused himself while he left the room to fetch what Sister Margaret wanted. As the Sister stood looking into the yard where the children were already assembled, the lady came forward and addressed her:

"There was a little girl this morning, Sister," she said, "if I see her I will point her out. I should like to know her name. She was so very sweet and innocent, with such a wrapt look in her eyes that she impressed me very much. Indeed, it may seem a very strange thing, but it really drew me into the church, where I had no thought of going, for I had not been in a Catholic Church for many years."

Sister Margaret glanced at her quickly, and then withdrew her gaze. It was a face that bore traces of suffering, a proud face, with lines of care and unhappiness upon the forehead, and there were traces of recent weeping.

"Do you know where she sat in the church?" asked the Sister.

"In the last row, I was just behind her. A little thing, with great, dark, pleading eyes. A future nun I should say, if appearances are not deceitful."

"It must have been Jessie," was the reply.

"Ah, there she is," said the lady, as a child ran across the walk toward the school room.

"Yes, that is Jessie," replied Sister Margaret, and moved by an impulse for which she could not account, she added:

"She is a dear good child. Would you believe it, madame, she offered her first holy Communion this morning for some neglected soul in purgatory."

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands, "it is like a miracle. Oh! Sister, I must see you again when you have leisure. I must tell you the story of my life. I have just been asking the priest when I might come to Confession. When can I see you?"

"To-morrow we will have a holiday on account of the First Communicants," was the reply. "Will you come to the convent at three?"

The next afternoon, Sister Margaret found herself listening to the following story:

"I was born in New Orleans," said Mrs. Malot, "of mixed French and Irish descent. My father, once a Catholic, had become an infidel; my mother was a pious Catholic Christian. But from the first I was careless in religious matters, and when I married, after the death of my mother, I gave up my faith entirely. My husband was a Protestant, and did not know that I had ever been a Catholic. In earlier days it was a mark of odium in some portions of this country to attend the Catholic Church, and when we removed to a new town composed almost entirely of Methodists. Nothing could be farther from my inclinations than the Methodist religion, but I joined the church for the sake of society, and it was only after I had really identified myself with that form of worship that I began to realize my perfidy, and have regrets for my own, which I endeavored to stifle.

"Some missionaries came to the town; my husband went to hear them through curiosity, with the result that he obtained works on Catholicity, and was received into the Church. He not only lost prestige, but clients and money by it, and while I did not reproach him for what he had done, I made no sign. Our only child died, after having been baptized by the priest, and I felt it to be a judgment of God. My

husband solicited me to join the Catholic Church, where I would find true comfort and consolation; but I had now gone so far that I was ashamed to tell him I was already a Catholic, fearing his displeasure and lasting contempt, for he was an upright man. He wished to remove to some town where there was a Catholic Church; the priest coming to C— but once a month, his congregation consisting of laborers on the railroad, miners and servant girls. I protested against this, and we remained in C—.

"My husband entered into politics, neglected his business, lost the nomination for judge, and took to drinking. His health was not robust, and in a couple of years dissipation reduced him to a dying condition. He did not ask for a priest and I did not inquire whether he wished to see one, fearing to alarm him. The end came suddenly. His last words were: 'Oh! Mary, pray for me and have prayers said for me when I shall be in purgatory.' His mind was wandering, but it betrayed his most cherished wish. At the moment I meant to do as he requested, but later neglected it. My heart seemed to have become hardened. God permitted it, no doubt, to punish me. I lost all desire to reconcile myself with Him. Some Western mines in which my husband had been interested proved valuable, and I was a rich woman. I came East, joined the Episcopal Church as being the most fashionable, and I was on my way to early service when I encountered the first Communicants on their way to Mass. Something in the eyes of that little girl seemed to summon me. After I went in, and found her kneeling in front of me I tried to pray. It was only after she had returned to the pew from the Communion table that I felt a flood of shame and repentance sweeping through my soul. I wanted her dear prayers for myself and for him, for whom I had wept and mourned through all these years, but whom I had left to suffer in the fires of purgatory."

"For I firmly believe that his was the soul whom God had chosen her to deliver, or at least assist by her pure, sweet offering. It is more than a coincidence, it is a special Providence, a miracle. I needed one to bring me back to the fold."

"Yesterday I was tempted to despair; I felt that I could never face my God, never meet my poor husband whose last prayer I had permitted to go unheeded. But last night I went to Confession, and today I begin to experience what it is to be Catholic, even though a most unworthy penitent."

Society was agast when the rich and fashionable Mrs. Malot returned to the Catholic Church, of which she took pains to inform her friends she had once been a member. Jessie wondered at the affection she ever afterward showed towards her, and why she seemed so pleased to meet her on the way to and from Mass, their roads lying in the same direction. But she did not know the secret of it; wiser heads than hers believing it better not to endanger the simplicity of her pure young heart, by telling her how it seemed that her beautiful offering had been pleasing to God and accepted by Him.

Nor does she know it yet, though one of the holiest and happiest among the Helpers of the Holy Souls.—The Indian Advocate.

of knowledge that prompted it, there was strong religious conviction. Yes, Catholic priest that I am, I will stand here and say that I would far sooner see every Protestant church crowded to the doors than this indifference that now confronts us. And why do we find this emptying of such churches? Is it not because they lack the great fundamental principle which should underlie all true worship of God—namely, a sacrifice? They go to hear their minister speak, and sometimes they hear a discourse on politics while often some reference is made to current affairs. But they soon tire of the eloquence of the man; they soon tire of the music, and then they stay away. There is nothing to hold them, and hence the forty or fifty million people in our country to-day who belong to no church.

I appeal to you Catholics for the love of your country, to be faithful to your religious duties, for the day will come when men of religious conviction, men with a faith in God, will be needed, if our political institutions are to be preserved. Look at ravages made in other countries by anarchism and socialism, and the inroads these forces are making here. 'No God and no master,' is what they have on their banner. The time is coming when we shall find in this country that those who know no God will know no master, and will rise against our democratic institutions. Is it not inevitable that those who will not acknowledge the law of God will also refuse to acknowledge the law of man? See what has happened in other countries where churches have emptied, Asia Minor, where the Christian religion was born, we find under the hoof of the atrocious and infamous Mohammedan.

Then to come to that country which perhaps you are thinking about. I refer to France. No country on the globe has a more magnificent history, but behold her to-day. She is closing the institutions which were once her pride, and is driving in the streets to mingle with thieves, pickpockets and abandoned women, hundreds of pious men and women who have dedicated their lives to God. The boast is made that within a few years there won't be a Mass said in all France. Now the only reason I can ascribe for this—and I know France and I love her—is religious indifference. Her men and women have not gone to church as they should have, and now, when the crisis is reached, it is seen that they have lost their old patriotism and chivalry."

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR
Is the Original and the Best.
A PREMIUM given to the empty bag returned to our Office.
10 BLEURY ST., Montreal

SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
District of Montreal.
No. 1703.
Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle, of the same place, livery stable keeper, Plaintiff.

vs.
The said George H. Hogle, Defendant.
Public notice is hereby given that an action for separation as to property has been this day instituted between the above parties.
SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY.
Montreal, 13th May, 1903.

Father Campbell on Religious Indifference.
Rev. Thomas A. Campbell, S. J., in the course of a sermon, preached at Stamford, Conn., recently gave expression to his convictions regarding the indifference to religion in the American Republic. He said in part:

"I urge you to be present at this sacrifice of the Mass, and to partake of the Blessed Sacrament, not only because I love my Church, but because I love my country. Let us look for a moment at the conditions prevailing in this glorious country of ours. Statistics show us, and I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the figures, that between forty and fifty million people attend no church. In looking about us we find our churches emptying, their congregations are withering. It was not so long ago that you and I were subjected to ridicule and to scorn owing to our belief. We were not considered as worthy of the consideration that was given to others. Now all this is changed. A Catholic stands on the same base with everybody else, and we hear no more of bigotry. But, for my part, I would say I would rather a thousand times have the old days with all their bitter bigotry and bitter prejudice than the indifference that we find to-day, because back of all that bigotry, back of all the narrowness and lack

of knowledge that prompted it, there was strong religious conviction.

Yes, Catholic priest that I am, I will stand here and say that I would far sooner see every Protestant church crowded to the doors than this indifference that now confronts us. And why do we find this emptying of such churches? Is it not because they lack the great fundamental principle which should underlie all true worship of God—namely, a sacrifice? They go to hear their minister speak, and sometimes they hear a discourse on politics while often some reference is made to current affairs. But they soon tire of the eloquence of the man; they soon tire of the music, and then they stay away. There is nothing to hold them, and hence the forty or fifty million people in our country to-day who belong to no church.

I appeal to you Catholics for the love of your country, to be faithful to your religious duties, for the day will come when men of religious conviction, men with a faith in God, will be needed, if our political institutions are to be preserved. Look at ravages made in other countries by anarchism and socialism, and the inroads these forces are making here. 'No God and no master,' is what they have on their banner. The time is coming when we shall find in this country that those who know no God will know no master, and will rise against our democratic institutions. Is it not inevitable that those who will not acknowledge the law of God will also refuse to acknowledge the law of man? See what has happened in other countries where churches have emptied, Asia Minor, where the Christian religion was born, we find under the hoof of the atrocious and infamous Mohammedan.

Then to come to that country which perhaps you are thinking about. I refer to France. No country on the globe has a more magnificent history, but behold her to-day. She is closing the institutions which were once her pride, and is driving in the streets to mingle with thieves, pickpockets and abandoned women, hundreds of pious men and women who have dedicated their lives to God. The boast is made that within a few years there won't be a Mass said in all France. Now the only reason I can ascribe for this—and I know France and I love her—is religious indifference. Her men and women have not gone to church as they should have, and now, when the crisis is reached, it is seen that they have lost their old patriotism and chivalry."

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR
Is the Original and the Best.
A PREMIUM given to the empty bag returned to our Office.
10 BLEURY ST., Montreal

SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
District of Montreal.
No. 1703.
Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle, of the same place, livery stable keeper, Plaintiff.

vs.
The said George H. Hogle, Defendant.
Public notice is hereby given that an action for separation as to property has been this day instituted between the above parties.
SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY.
Montreal, 13th May, 1903.

of knowledge that prompted it, there was strong religious conviction.

Yes, Catholic priest that I am, I will stand here and say that I would far sooner see every Protestant church crowded to the doors than this indifference that now confronts us. And why do we find this emptying of such churches? Is it not because they lack the great fundamental principle which should underlie all true worship of God—namely, a sacrifice? They go to hear their minister speak, and sometimes they hear a discourse on politics while often some reference is made to current affairs. But they soon tire of the eloquence of the man; they soon tire of the music, and then they stay away. There is nothing to hold them, and hence the forty or fifty million people in our country to-day who belong to no church.

I appeal to you Catholics for the love of your country, to be faithful to your religious duties, for the day will come when men of religious conviction, men with a faith in God, will be needed, if our political institutions are to be preserved. Look at ravages made in other countries by anarchism and socialism, and the inroads these forces are making here. 'No God and no master,' is what they have on their banner. The time is coming when we shall find in this country that those who know no God will know no master, and will rise against our democratic institutions. Is it not inevitable that those who will not acknowledge the law of God will also refuse to acknowledge the law of man? See what has happened in other countries where churches have emptied, Asia Minor, where the Christian religion was born, we find under the hoof of the atrocious and infamous Mohammedan.

Then to come to that country which perhaps you are thinking about. I refer to France. No country on the globe has a more magnificent history, but behold her to-day. She is closing the institutions which were once her pride, and is driving in the streets to mingle with thieves, pickpockets and abandoned women, hundreds of pious men and women who have dedicated their lives to God. The boast is made that within a few years there won't be a Mass said in all France. Now the only reason I can ascribe for this—and I know France and I love her—is religious indifference. Her men and women have not gone to church as they should have, and now, when the crisis is reached, it is seen that they have lost their old patriotism and chivalry."

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR
Is the Original and the Best.
A PREMIUM given to the empty bag returned to our Office.
10 BLEURY ST., Montreal

SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
District of Montreal.
No. 1703.
Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle, of the same place, livery stable keeper, Plaintiff.

vs.
The said George H. Hogle, Defendant.
Public notice is hereby given that an action for separation as to property has been this day instituted between the above parties.
SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY.
Montreal, 13th May, 1903.

of knowledge that prompted it, there was strong religious conviction.

Yes, Catholic priest that I am, I will stand here and say that I would far sooner see every Protestant church crowded to the doors than this indifference that now confronts us. And why do we find this emptying of such churches? Is it not because they lack the great fundamental principle which should underlie all true worship of God—namely, a sacrifice? They go to hear their minister speak, and sometimes they hear a discourse on politics while often some reference is made to current affairs. But they soon tire of the eloquence of the man; they soon tire of the music, and then they stay away. There is nothing to hold them, and hence the forty or fifty million people in our country to-day who belong to no church.

I appeal to you Catholics for the love of your country, to be faithful to your religious duties, for the day will come when men of religious conviction, men with a faith in God, will be needed, if our political institutions are to be preserved. Look at ravages made in other countries by anarchism and socialism, and the inroads these forces are making here. 'No God and no master,' is what they have on their banner. The time is coming when we shall find in this country that those who know no God will know no master, and will rise against our democratic institutions. Is it not inevitable that those who will not acknowledge the law of God will also refuse to acknowledge the law of man? See what has happened in other countries where churches have emptied, Asia Minor, where the Christian religion was born, we find under the hoof of the atrocious and infamous Mohammedan.

Business Cards.
M. SHARKEY.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent
1240 and 1723 NOTRE DAME ST.,
Montreal.
Valuations made of Real Estate. Personal supervision given to all business.
Telephone Main 771

CONROY BROS..
228 Centre Street.
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters
ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL
BELLS, etc.
Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Services
TELEPHONE 3833

THOMAS O'CONNELL
Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints, Oils, and a fine line of Wall Papers.
Cor. Murray and Ottawa STREETS.
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTING
RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE CHEAP.
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
G. O'BRIEN,
House Sign and Decorative Painter
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER.
Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris Street, Point St C.

LAWRENCE RILEY.
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris Street, Point St C.

The Plain Truth Tells

In roofing as in everything else, if your roof needs only a repair we will candidly tell you so, if a new roof is required we give a guarantee for 10, 7 or 5 years, according to price. Our experts are at your disposal, without extra cost. Can we do anything for you?

GEORGE W. REED & CO.,
Roofers, Asphalters, &c.,
185 ORAIG STREET.

CHURCH BELLS.
McSHANE'S BELLS
are ringing evidences of sterling worth. Over 20,000 ringing round the world.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MENBELY BELL COMPANY
TROY, N. Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK City.
Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS

SUBSCRIBE NOW

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER
..... 190

The True Witness P. & P. Co.'y, Limited
P. O. BOX 1138, MONTREAL, P. Q.
I hereby authorize you to send me THE TRUE WITNESS for which I agree to pay to your order at the rate of One Dollar per year.

Signed.....

Address.....

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance
Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year
City and Foreign, \$1.50 per year.

Society Directory.
A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCull, Vice-President; Percy J. Quinn, Recording-Secretary; 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street, M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee: John O'Donnell, Marshal.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

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

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Selmaux and Notre Dame streets, H. C. McCallum, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. Its regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording-Secretary, J. J. Conigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Officers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. Its regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording-Secretary, J. J. Conigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Officers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. Its regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording-Secretary, J. J. Conigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Officers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER
..... 190

The True Witness P. & P. Co.'y, Limited
P. O. BOX 1138, MONTREAL, P. Q.
I hereby authorize you to send me THE TRUE WITNESS for which I agree to pay to your order at the rate of One Dollar per year.

Signed.....

Address.....

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance
Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year
City and Foreign, \$1.50 per year.

THE TRUE WITNESS
IS PRINTED AND
PUBLISHED BY
THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., LIMITED
P. O. BOX 1138, MONTREAL, P. Q.
Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance
Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year
City and Foreign, \$1.50 per year.

NOTES
DAILY DISASTERS
we publish an account of the disaster, the details of which will be given in our paper. It is a well known fact that the "Boston Post," in describing the subject of the forest fire in the New England States, says:—"This disaster is entirely of man's making. And it means more than any distant turbulence can mean. It is a destruction which man is not fully prepared to meet. In the natural cry that comes from each one as soon as calamity comes to him, with a kind of indifference or hear of the disaster lands. But when these multiply to an abnormal extent, when they grow so frequent, almost become accustomed, when we find them of most hourly occurrence, feel that the danger is closer and is gradually with its chain—and we moment that ours will fated region. In no part of the world to-day is there a free from such calamity as the ordinary daily told of the terrific cold and the hundred that were lost; in another we read of the scores of by cyclones in Texas as on the same page the elements are recorded have along the valley south and Mississippi; an account of the people conflagrations that have weeks in our own section; Turtle mountain and the remains of the tower Pelée is in active southern seas are swep canes that engulf whole hundreds of lives; rally are of hourly occurrence is moving down human rate of a thousand per day; and the forms of are made up with small murders, suicides and the spectacle that the world to-day.

There are some who idea of prayers being heaven for the protection of the country ally they who so scoff are the most miserable when the hour of danger comes. In this connection well quote another passage from the same article, as cited above, do so to furnish these lying, trembling creature idea of how a Protestant considers the matter. The "It is an exceptional offering to the fires). V await the rain and pray this is exactly what Catholic population of being doing. It was en Divine Lord, on one im sion, to "watch and pray to wait for God's provid to watch for the Provid but also to "pray," th needed might be accord has said plainly "Ask receive." But He insist asking. If we do our s contract, if we do the asking—the easier He will do the rest. B not hesitate in the asking necessary act upon our acknowledgment of our upon Him, and He ha exceedingly easy for us. I was the efficacy of pray undantly proven.