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# The Montreal Witness

Vol. LI, No. 7 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

**FINANCIAL AIDS.**—There is no doubt that a regular competition exists in every sphere of human activity to-day. In religious and educational matters the strongest and most continuous competitors are the Catholic Church, on the one side, and all the Christian denominations combined, on the other. While we know the strength and infallible invincibility of the Church, and are certain that she must eventually come out ahead in every grand competition of the class mentioned, still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that she has to hold her own against powers that, as far as this world goes, are supported by the most essential means—that is to say, the enormous wealth, and corresponding generosity of non-Catholic supporters of educational and religious establishments. Every day the press is full of reports informing the public of large sums left by will or donated, during life-time, by wealthy Protestants to various institutions. A few examples from last week's papers alone will suffice to accentuate what we advance. Take the following, for instance:—

Frederick N. Dubois, of Catskill, N.Y., has presented to Jeremiah Day, president of the Catskill branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, \$25,000, for the purpose of erecting an association building in the village. J. E. Mears, of Philadelphia, has presented to George W. Mears Memorial Medical Library of Indianapolis, with 4,000 volumes of medical works, some of them of rare value. The library was established as a memorial to his father, who was one of the pioneer doctors of the city. The millionaire Gavril Ssolodovnikov, who recently died at Moscow, left all his possessions, valued at 25,000,000 rubles, for the founding of high schools for girls, training schools for workmen, and cheap lodging-houses for workmen, and cheap lodging-houses for the poor. During his life he had already spent large sums for a music school and a hospital, yet he was not esteemed because in private life he was known as a miser and an inexorable creditor. The will of the late Elizabeth F. Harvey, of Boston, widow of Peter Harvey, who was a friend of Daniel Webster, contains public bequests amounting to more than \$40,000. The New Hampshire Historical Society gets the portraits of Daniel Webster and of her husband, Peter Harvey, by Ames, together with all the letters of Mr. Webster to her husband, and all the letters and papers given to the latter by Mr. Webster or by his son Fletcher. Lord Mount Stephen has made a munificent gift of \$40,000, the annual revenue of which is to be applied towards the enlargement of the stipends of over 20 ministers of the Church of Scotland in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire whose parishes are situated in the vicinity of Lord Mount Stephen's native district. Each minister will benefit to the extent of £100 annually. In the deed constituting the trust Lord Mount Stephen states that, in view of the reduction which has taken place in parish ministers' stipends during the last 50 years, he desires to restore the clergy to a position of greater independence.

We have cited a sufficient number of cases to confirm our statement. What we desire to impress upon our readers is the fact that this generosity on the part of friends and patrons of non-Catholic institutions is one of the powers with which the Church is obliged to compete. We do not pretend that these large gifts are in any way intended to be hostile to Catholicity, nor detrimental to its cause. But it is obvious that when our institutions are obliged to compete, in the world's battle, with others that are so significantly favored the struggle, from a material standpoint, becomes very one-sided. It needs all the superiority that the Church has ever held in matters pertaining to moral education and to intellectual advancement to enable her to compete successfully with such a weight of financial influence. It consequently behooves us the more to lend every assistance in our power to our religious and educational establishments; otherwise we shall have to long wrestle for success with the most powerful earthly auxiliary that a cause can possess.

**"DISHONORING BARTER."**—One of our American contemporaries characterizes as "dishonoring barter" the exchange, on the part of the wealthy American girl, of her millions, for a title, or a place, in the privileged society of the old world. All this is due to a London despatch dated August 1st, in which it is suggested:—

"That this practice is to be carried on to an extent that causes to be

Augustus St. Gaudens, the eminent Irish American sculptor, has received instructions to prepare a monument, at a cost of \$40,000. It will take him five years to complete the work. Meanwhile, the committee hopes to have time to gather together both the sum needed for the said monument, and that required for the purchase of the estate. The officers of the Fund Association are in strong hopes of being able, during the coming five years, to succeed in their two-fold generous and patriotic effort. It is to be hoped that their most sanguine expectations will be realized.

**FRANCE'S NAVAL POWER.**—The old rhyme so familiar to the Irish race, "The French are on the Seas," will, no doubt, be recalled to mind in reading the following somewhat startling prediction of a correspondent of the Chicago "Record Herald," who, in a recent communication to that journal, writes:—

When the right moment arrives France will astound and shock the world. Already the French have theoretically revolutionized naval warfare, and it needs only a struggle upon the seas to demonstrate their wonderful achievement. They have solved the problem of attack and defence under the water. To-day they have submarine craft which are thoroughly successful, eminently practical, and which await only opportunity to show their terrible destructiveness. Already the French have developed

## A JESUIT'S PLEA FOR JESUITS.

**A REVIEW BY "CRUX."**  
The editorial writer of the "Gazette," August 14th, appears in an editorial under the above heading, which I am inclined to suppose is a well-intentioned statement of the merits, and, incidentally, the supposed demerits of the much-abused Jesuit Order. From passages in the article I am convinced that the writer has no great ill-will against the Jesuits; but, like thousands of others who pretend to know something about the Order, he is evidently "bating the air with both hands." I must admit that the whole is a most unmitigated jumble. There seems to be in the writer's mind some ill-defined distinction between the Jesuit in Canada and his co-religionists in Europe. To come more directly at the meaning of the article, I will have to turn it upside-down and deal with the second part of it first.

The writer, after comments not very complimentary to the Jesuit organization, says:—

"This was not the experience of the author of 'A Jesuit Plea for Jesuits.' This clergyman, the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., sometime provincial of the Society of Jesus in England, has had his eyes open since an early age, and he knew well when he sought admission into the society that its fame with most of his countrymen was not desirable."

This may or may not be a compliment to Father Gerard, just according as it is read and through what colored glasses. Then, after telling us that Father Gerard has been fifty-five years a member of the Order, that with his knowledge of "its members, its principles of conduct, its rules of life, its work in various fields of endeavor—letters, science, missions, teaching—and being aware how entirely alien from the popular judgment are the characters, aims and actions of his colleagues, he is affected with wonder rather than annoyance that persons of intelligence, generation after generation, should believe what is so preposterous. For his own part, he solemnly asserts that neither he nor any Jesuit whom he ever met would remain in the society for half an hour if the order were really found to be what it is represented as being. Why men of ordinary discretion should pronounce all that is most attractive upon earth with no prospect but that of becoming sons of perdition, he does not attempt to explain."

Having quoted some remarks of Father Gerard concerning the fact that the rules of the Order are accessible to the whole world, the article closes thus:—

"Fifty years ago, a gentleman told a near relative of Father Gerard's that he had been reading Loyola's Constitution, and that one would suppose the man had no object but to serve and honor God, and 'you know,' he concluded, 'I can't quite believe that.'"

Now all this would look like an appreciation of Father Gerard's work; a somewhat vague one, if you will, but still an appreciation.

But prior to making these references to this particular work, the

the "Jannissaries of the Vatican." I will quote that passage from Father Prout's semi-humorous, but fundamentally serious essay upon an order with which he was intimately familiar. Let the "Gazette" take the hint.

He wrote thus: "What could have possessed the professor? Did he ever go through the course of 'spiritual exercises?' Did he ever eat a peck of salt with Loyola's intellect? Had he ever manifested his contempt for the Jesuits? Did he ever cross the threshold of a Jesuit sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the 'ratio studiorum?' Had his ear ever drunk the mystic warnings of the 'monta secreta?' No. Then, why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? the bouzes of Japan? or the brotherhood of Bohemian Gipsies? or the ancient Order of Druids? or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius a Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?"

"To talk about matters of which he must be necessarily ignorant, never occurs (except in this case) to his comprehensive habit of thought; and it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who, industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration. The more ignorance, the more audacity."

If my advice be taken, and the rest of the essay be read, the writer of the editorial in question will learn that nothing offensive is intended by the selection of the foregoing passage.

## TREATMENT OF DRUNKARDS

In the United States.

The legal treatment of the drunkard is a perplexing problem in administration in every populous centre. The fact that in the last fiscal year for which statistics are available, no fewer than 312,000 arrests for intoxication were recorded in the 129 largest cities of the United States indicates the economic and social magnitude of the question. The attitude of legislatures and police departments toward inebriety is a study in diversity.

The policy of the police toward drunken individuals varies so widely in different cities that no common ratio exists between the number of arrests for intoxication and the volume of drinking. In the prohibition city of Portland, Me., the year's arrests for drunkenness aggregated 423, or 8 to every 1,000 population. In Toledo, Ohio, where there were 647 licensed saloons and where, under Mayor Jones, the practice of official leniency toward drunkards obtains, there were only 367 arrests for drunkenness, or 3 to every 1,000 inhabitants.

Although Cleveland has less than three times the population of Toledo, the census of its arrested drunkards was nearly twenty-one times as great as that in Mayor Jones's municipality. In Hartford, Conn., with 214 saloons and with a somewhat rigorous police policy, the arrests of victims of inebriety numbered 2,585, or 32 to each 1,000 population. While in Bridgeport, in the same State, with 312 saloons, the arrests footed up only 784, or 11 to every 1,000 residents.

In wide open New York the arrests for intoxication were 13 to each 1,000 people; in decorous Philadelphia, 22 to each 1,000; in intellectual Boston, 34 to each 1,000; and in beer-drinking Milwaukee, with 1,747 licensed saloons, 6 to each 1,000. These figures, selective in character and capable of abundant expansion, display downright discrepancy, and their explanation lies largely in the varying local policies of police authorities in dealing with the votaries of grog.

American laws prescribing penalties for drunkenness range through wide extremes. The statement that fines for intoxication run from 50 cents in one State to \$100 in several other States, and that imprisonment for the offence varies from five days to five years shows with striking baldness the different angles of vision from which law-making assemblies view the subject. In the general statutes of eighteen States, all in the West and Southwest, no specific legislation bearing on drunkenness may be found, but punishment is provided for in local ordinances.

In the prohibition States of Maine and New Hampshire the misdemeanor is punished exclusively by imprisonment. In Maine common drunkards may be confined in the House of Correction until discharged by the overseers of the poor or by two Justices of the Peace. In New Hampshire the maximum period for which drunkards may be incarcerated is six months.

In Ohio, South Dakota and Virginia the statute books prescribe fines for intoxication, but make no reference to imprisonment. The penalty is inelastic, and in Ohio it is

fixed at \$5; in South Dakota at \$10, and in Virginia, except where a different punishment is established by local ordinance, at \$1.

In sixteen Commonwealths the alternative penalties of either fine or imprisonment are authorized. The lightest monetary punishment for intoxication is found in Delaware, where a uniform fine of 50 cents is exacted. On the other hand the fines in Illinois range from \$20 to \$100.

Alabama likewise authorizes a maximum fine of \$100 for a person who "manifests a drunken condition by boisterous or indecent conduct or loud and profane discourse," but the minimum exist in imprisonment penalties for intoxication. For instance, the maximum term for which a drunkard may be imprisoned in Wisconsin is five days, while in Rhode Island a habitual drunkard may be committed for three years, and in New York a habitual female drunkard may be kept in the House of Refuge at Hudson for five years. In several Commonwealths the penalties are graded and cumulative. For example, in Connecticut the first offence a common drunkard may be sentenced to hard labor for a maximum term of sixty days; for the second offence, to a maximum term of 240 days, and for the third offence, to a maximum term of 360 days. In Minnesota, which is also typical of the States in which the scheme of graded sentences prevails, for the first offence a drunkard may be fined from \$10 to \$40, or imprisoned from 10 to 40 days; for the second offence he may be fined from \$20 to \$40, or be imprisoned from 30 to 60 days, and for the third offence he may be imprisoned from 60 to 90 days.

In Arkansas, West Virginia and Indian Territory security for the good behavior of a convicted drunkard may be exacted in lieu of a fine or imprisonment. In Arkansas the presiding Magistrate may require of an intoxicated person security "for good behavior and for keeping the peace not exceeding one year," but in case the bond cannot be procured imprisonment for a maximum term of thirty days is authorized. In West Virginia the life of the security is limited to six months.

In eight States and Territories statutory provision is made for the institutional treatment of inebriates. North Dakota authorizes the commitment, at county expense, of habitual drunkards to "any reputable institution" designated by a committee appointed by the Governor. The victim must express a desire to undergo treatment and must be impenitent and he cannot be committed a second time at the public expense. In the Territory of Oklahoma, where the law is substantially similar, not more than four persons can be sent to the institution from one county in a year. In North Carolina the period of treatment cannot be less than three months nor more than a year, and a drunkard may commit himself, upon application endorsed by a respectable friend.

Legislation providing for the suspension of the execution of sentence and the conditional release of a convicted drunkard upon parole under the supervision of a probation officer has been enacted in Massachusetts, New Jersey and Rhode Island. The probation system was introduced into Massachusetts more than a dozen years ago, and it has become an important feature of the penal policy of that Commonwealth. Probation laws, establishing probation machinery based upon the Massachusetts practice have been under consideration in the Legislatures of various States this year.

The conventional treatment of convicted drunkards in the United States is retributive rather than reformative, and it is not justified by the logic of results, some students of the subject say. Experience, they declare, has proved with painful plainness that the imposition of a fine or a jail sentence does not operate as a deterrent, and a reformatory agency and does not tend to divert him from his anti-social tendencies. The most hopeful experiments they think, lie along the line of the application of the probation system to first offenders and the commitment of habitual drunkards to a special institution under an indeterminate sentence, where they may be confined at hard labor and under scientific treatment until their appetite for alcohol is deadened and motives for sustained good conduct are created.—New York Sun.

**REV. FATHER SPELLMAN**, who has been associated with St. Patrick's Church during the past two years, we are informed will return to the diocese of Springfield early in September. In a hour, of need he came to St. Patrick's. Many of our readers are familiar with the zealous and wholesome manner in which he has entered into every work which was calculated to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the parishioners of the parent Irish parish. We have reason to know that Father Spellman dislikes having his name appear in print; but we consider it a duty to place on record, in this brief manner, our appreciation of the enthusiasm and zeal evinced by him during his all-too-brief residence in our midst. The genial and warm-hearted priest will, we have no hesitation in saying, carry with him the best wishes of the Irish Catholics of Montreal and of the parishioners of St. Patrick's in particular, for his future success.



## Some Pointers For Our Young Men.

COMMENTING.—Each year a large number of our Catholic students finish their course in their respective classes, and start out in commercial life. They enter an office, they are given certain work to do. After a short time at the work, a spirit of discontent takes hold of them. They imagine they are too smart for such a place, the wages are too small, and they give up in disgust. On these two points—pretending to know too much, and small wages—cry, hundreds of our young men ruin the future. A young man who has not a little patience, and work his way gradually to the front will never be a success in any position of life. Ambition is a very good quality for our young men to possess, but when it is not regulated by prudence, and common sense, it becomes a tottering plank instead of a firm support. Young men just starting in an office, should carry with them a spirit of being willing to learn something every day, to bear a correction when necessary, not to strive too earnestly after many things, but little by little to move upwards and onwards, and by punctuality, honesty, politeness, and an interest in work, to be able to gain the confidence of their employers, and then their success is assured. But if arrogance, presumption of knowledge, not being willing to profit by advice, seem to be stumbling blocks to many of our young men starting in business life, there is another source from which a still larger number can trace their downfall—bad company. From this source springs drunkenness, fondness for late hours, neglect of the sacraments, loss of character, use of profane language, reading of immoral literature, a bravado spirit, and finally, loss of health, which generally brings them to an early grave. It is sad to think that so many of our bright and promising young men should wreck their future career and happiness by coming into contact with the devil's special friends and agents. Their nice manner of speaking and acting, their little attentions, and their apparent sincerity of true friendship, seem too often to be a net in order to catch their innocent victims. Little by little are they drawn by the tempter into sin's alluring ways, which generally start in a glass of liquor taken in a saloon. Oh! how many young men who can trace his downfall to this enemy of man's happiness and prospects here below, and which becomes his eternal perdition hereafter. A few words about how he began may not be out of place here.

**THE FIRST VISIT.**—Every drunkard will admit that when he began to indulge, or the first time that he ever entered a bar-room, he had no intention of ever becoming a drunkard, or of making a continual practice of visiting the gilded saloons, but pure and simple to become a moderate drinker. Has he realized his hopes? No, he was not aware that the passion for drink became stronger each time that he drank alone or in company, and now it has become a hideous monster which almost consumes him. He soon forgets his pains and troubles, and plunges anew into his draughts of poison. He sets at all advice and warnings on the subject. But let us see what is the matter. He started remembering to become "a moderate drinker." Then he did not know his strength, but now things have changed, and like a mad horse he plunges onward in his maddening career. Can he not cure himself? Evidently he can, if he would but "try." Here's where the point comes in. Has he never tried to halt in his mad and killing career, never taken issue with himself, Young man, be wise in time, and remember that although war has slain its thousands, liquor has slain its tens of thousands. Remember also, that the night of your career or life is rapidly drawing to a close for you, yourself are hastening it with quickening steps by your lotions of poison, and you may like too many others, fill a drunkard's grave. The chasm of destruction is around you, but you appear not to notice it, until the body worn out by dissipation, night marauding, etc., has laid you on a bed of pain, and in a few days all is over as regards this earthly career. Can you safely say, if you have sufficient consciousness left before you expire, that you "have fought the good fight?" The answer is, no.

A few days ago I was sitting down in a country place taking to a friend, when a respectable looking young man alighted from the car, and came over and took a seat near my friend. After being there a few moments, I perceived a smell of liquor. The young man who was not there fifteen minutes, said that he had a few cents left in his pocket, and invited my friend to the nearest saloon to have "a bowl," as the expression goes. My friend, by the way, who was at one time a hard drinker, but who for years has not touched it, excused himself, by saying that he had given it up completely. The young man then turned to me, and asked me to accompany him to have a drink. But I told him that I did not imbibe. I took occasion to ask him the reason he would not give up drinking. He said that he could not. I told him that he could if he only would try, but he had never tried hard enough. He then left us to take a sleep in a field near by. After he was gone my friend told me that he had a fine position in the city, was receiving a good salary, but for weeks he has

not been at work. The demon of drink was still guiding him on his downward career, though he still holds his position.

Young man, here is an example of one who only left his happy school days behind a couple of years ago, in order to enter into office work, and thus secure a livelihood. He was doing very well, until company sent him adrift. Habitual use of liquor degrades the will and without your will power joined with the grace of God, you cannot and will not overcome this great evil of intemperance. As an example of strength of character, read the following example.

At a gay party, the other night, claret punch was served. One young man declined it. Several of his neighbors rallied him on his abstinence. Still he refused to drink. Then the daughter of the house, in honor of whose birthday the entertainment was given, exclaimed: "I'll make him take it!"

So she filled a glass and presented it to him herself, saying: "Drink it for me!"

"No, thank you!" he replied. "Now don't," she urged him, "as a favor to me on my birthday."

"Please don't press me," he said, "as I have made a promise not to drink."

"Oh, do," came from some one on the right. "A little wine won't hurt you, will it?"

"This doesn't count," chimed in some one else.

Still he refused, embarrassed but politely and quietly firm.

The daughter of the house turned away from him in displeasure and among the others present murmured at his obstinacy, while the head of the house, who had become aware of the incident, joined the group and said:

"I admire your grit, Fred; you are made of the right metal."

After the party the head of the house said to the daughter:

"Why did you persist in asking Fred to take the punch? Don't you know that his father fills a drunkard's grave and that over the corpse the lad was made by his mother to taste a drop of intoxicating liquor?"

He is the most agreeable young man that I know, and he must have had a hard battle to keep him from to-night. Thank God that he remained the victor. I would not have had you to be the means to make him break his promise for all the world!"

There were tears in the eyes of the girl as she answered:

"If I had only known, I would not have asked him. O, I'm so sorry."

**FONDNESS FOR LATE HOURS.**—Another evil to which bad company leads the young man is, remaining out late at nights. The party and festivity for that cherished spot, that spot which should be uppermost in his thoughts, soon passes away.

What was once his delight, now becomes his torture. Even the few finds long. He is not aware that there are hundreds would be glad to have a home like his, and would appreciate it, but nothing for him except those who are leading him astray. He forgets the kind attentions of his good mother when in sickness, she sat up with him, and watched him lonely nights in order to soothe his suffering brow. And the other members of the family, who sacrifice they made for him. But now all is forgotten, gratitude is a thing almost unknown to him. He leaves happiness for misery, contentment for disturbance, joy for thoughts for wicked memories, in a word, peace and blessings for chaos and untold miseries. Love is the life blood of true happiness.

This delightful compound of sentiment and feeling enters into the best, highest, deepest, and purest joys of earth. Scott has well said that not only is heaven above the realm of love but that the very nature of God himself, as well as the very essence of all religion is comprehended in one magic word, which rests on so many human lips, and nestles so warmly in so many hearts. This heart-life is apparently dying out, and the cold passion of ambition, or intellectual pre-eminence are trying to usurp Love's throne.

Young man, let home stand first, before all other things. No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how your talents or influence may reach beyond its doors, before everything else, build up a true home. Be not its slave, be its minister. Let it not be envious that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman, who shall through rule and bless the land.

Often let your thoughts wander back to your boyhood days, the happiest of your life.

"It was the time of innocence and truth, Of blessed truth which never knew a fear, Of little troubles which did soon disappear, Of pleasures which increased with every year."

Life's blithesome hours were found in days of youth."

**PRAYER AND THE SACRAMENTS.**—The young man should not forget that the two great props on which he has to rest in his moments of trials and temptations are prayer and the sacraments. That part of the Lord's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, Amen," should often ring in his ears, knowing also that the spirit may be willing, but that the flesh is weak.

Which of us has not felt the need of prayer? Which of us has failed to

see its results? If not substantially in every-day life, at least can we fail to perceive the sweetness, penetrate the recesses of our souls? Do we feel that we are not struggling alone, but are helped onward by the prayers of a friend, stimulates the action in every instance, causing the vision of discouragement to fade away in the clear gleam of sunlight, which brings out with distinctness the picture of some loved one kneeling, his breast beating responsive to our request—"Pray for me." While he is thus fervently engaged—while perhaps heaven smiles upon him, let us go forward and meet the work which we are called upon to perform, burst asunder the chain of indolence, which sometimes for too long a period is bound in our happiness, leading us too often into selfish forgetfulness, where, in spite of ourselves, we lose sooner or later all susceptibility of every tender and social feeling.

A young man should approach the sacraments once a month. When I see a young man attentive to his Church, and partaking of those things which alone can give him strength in the hour of combat, I am assured that that young man carries with him earnestness, loyalty, faith, and a true and sincere love for God. When a young man neglects the sacraments, his descent is more rapid than a stone rolling over a precipice.

The incident which follows serves to point a moral. Human nature is so prone to depend too much upon itself as long as everything goes well. When trial, misfortune, loss, sickness or other adversity comes, then we remember that we are but dust.

Once an old Scotch woman was on board a steamship crossing the Atlantic. She was terribly afraid of storm and wreck. One day the wind and sea began to rise. Immediately she besieged the captain of the ship, and begged him to land her and her baggage as danger. At last the captain solemnly said: "Well, madam, I

think we shall have to trust in the Lord."

"Oh," cried the old lady, "has it come to that?"

Such is a by no means uncommon tendency to push away recognition of dependence upon God to the time of some great and squeezing crisis, and to refuse to remember that in that common calm of every day we are as much and as really dependent upon God.

That is not true faith that grasps at God only in a crisis. We get our faith ready for a crisis by habitual recognition of God in the usual things of the usual day.

**A BLIGHT OR A BLESSING.**—As it would take quite a lengthy article to deal with the other evils which attack our Catholic young men, I would like to ask the young man whether he intends to be a blight or a blessing?

The law of human helpfulness asks each man to carry himself so as to bless and not to blight men; to make and not mar them. Besides the great ends of attaining character here and immortality hereafter, we are bound to administer our talents as to the same right living easy and smooth for others. And this ambition to be universally helpful must not be a transient and occasional one; here and there an hour's friendship, a passing hint of sympathy, a transient gleam of kindness. Heart helpfulness is to enter into the fundamental of the human race. With vigilant care we are to expel every element that vexes or irritates or chafes, just as husbandsman expel nettles, serpents and poisoned ivy from fruitful gardens.

"In days of strife yet coming let us armor our bear."

Hordes of hell in vain attack the shield of fervent prayer.

In days of adversity let us, in doubt, in peril, lose.

Be ours that balmy solace, the sunshine on the Cross."

R. J. LOUIS CUDDEHY.

## PLAGUE AT THE YUKON MISSIONS.

Some idea of the dangers and hardships encountered by the devoted men and women missionaries of the Catholic Church who are spending their lives in the service of God and man in the frozen wilds of Alaska may be gleaned from a letter just received at the office of the "Catholic Standard and Times" from a member of the community at Holy Cross Mission, on the Yukon river, giving tidings of a recent epidemic of the plague.

The letter, written by a humble lay Brother of the Society of Jesus, unfolds a tale of horror the reading which cannot fail to awaken feelings of deepest sympathy for those whose sufferings are depicted therein and of admiration for the marvelous heroism and holy zeal of the priests and religious during the dreadful visitation.

Following is the letter of Brother J. V. O'Hare, S.J.:

Holy Cross Mission, Yukon River, Koreskoff P.O., Alaska, June 23, 1901.

A dreadful plague of la grippe, measles, typhus, a sort of cholera, and other diseases, combined with famine, swept over the whole country here last summer, extending, it appears from one end of the long coast line of Alaska to the other and across the straits of Siberia.

About the middle of July a solitary case from the infected district was landed here by a steamer, and before two days had passed all were sick or panic-stricken. The situation grew worse hourly. All occupations ceased at once. It was in the midst of a piteous run of salmon, but not a single canoe appeared on the river. Things remained exactly as they were when the plague struck the place. In a few days the condition was desperate and the deaths began; the superiors of the Sisters of St. Ann, heading the list. Our three boarding schools were as many hospitals, while the adjacent Indian village was an abode of misery and despair.

Priests, lay Brothers and Sisters could be seen hurrying here and there assisting the sick and preparing the dying. Too, too, were sick, but they could not, in the face of such misery and danger, even think of tiring. It was a most pitiful sight to see priests and Brothers bending under the sad loads they were carrying daily up the side of the mountain to the little graveyard, and the devoted Sisters, only four in number, working day and night at a hundred deaths.

On the 29th July I was sent on a hurried trip to St. Michael to call help from the army post, but found that the military had all it could do to handle the trouble along the coast. However, supplies of food and medicine were immediately dispatched to Holy Cross and other afflicted points.

On my return I found that the sickness had made alarming progress. The number of victims had reached twenty, six having succumbed on one day, four on another. We were now no longer able to keep up making coffins and digging separate graves, but were obliged to carry the poor, ill-clad bodies to the long trench that was prepared for a day ahead, covering them with canvas or boards and earth.

Many were the wretched sights to be seen as the plague progressed. We used to go slopping along in the mud under a downpour of rain that lasted over a month through the little village of tents and cabins hauling out the unfortunate victims with our rumbling dead-car while all around in the dark we heard the fatal cough and groans of sufferers soon to die. It was a dismal work indeed. The very dogs had ceased to howl, some forever. Overlooked in the general distress the poor things starved to death. The usual filth of an Indian village was increased unmentionably by the decomposed natives. The solid, vermin covered

rags of the dead were thrown in heaps outside the tents and the most indescribable disorder and confusion soon prevailed.

For a while the deaths occurred in such rapid succession that it became a habit for us in meeting any of the helpers to ask: "How many are dead now?" And so it went on for days and days. Then came another bad day for the girls, three of the largest, with their industrial teacher, being laid out for burial at the same time. So beautiful were their last hours that almost any one would have gladly taken their places.

A sweet girl of 12, the last to fall sick, was one of the four. Over three days before she had told the Sisters: "I won't get sick, for you would then have no one to help you." My largest and best pupil was the only school boy to succumb. A sad sight might envy his departure. He had a beautiful life and it is no wonder that his death was correspondingly consoling. The last faint sounds that crossed his lips were: "Jesus, Mary and body, I offer you my soul and body, my life and all, together, leaving the offering to be completed in eternity."

The fathers and Sisters caused most of the natives that succumbed to die in peace with God by their zealous and charitable words and attentions. To see them bending over those poor creatures with their face so close to their infected breath was an object lesson in true heroism.

Scenes of misery were so common and numerous that I cannot detail more than a very few, and these few I must modify, for you could scarcely bear in print what was before our eyes in frightful reality.

One evening in particular, in company with a priest, I went with the hands to carry away a body. It was that of the father of a motherless young girl, herself very sick, and of a boy of 3 years. The little had lain all day between them. The little child, who realized nothing of his great loss, was innocently playing about the corpse of his father, whose mangled remains were drawn up stiff and rigid, with the knees quite up to the throat, the eyes half open, while all around the dirt floor was covered with filth. We took out the body for burial, leaving the poor orphans to pass a dreary night alone. The next morning, as the girl grew worse, we carried her as gently as possible to an improvised stretcher to a vacant cabin, which we turned into a hospital. Her long black hair was white with vermin, which seemed possessed of devilish activity. A good Sister washed and nursed her, but she was too far gone to be saved. The little boy was cared for by the kindergarten department, where he still is.

Another day three children, orphaned by the plague, came from a neighboring village in the pouring rain. Reverend Father Superior brought to me one of them, a boy of 10 or 11, blind, barefooted, half clad, wet and cold, and shaking with the disease. Naming him Vincent, I gave him a hot bath, changed his wet clothes, got him to swallow some warm beef tea and put him to bed. For several days I feared he had suffered too much to recover, but he had been reduced to the extremity of eating green grass in the absence of food, but he pulled through.

A father, a lay brother and myself paddled up the Yukon in a three-hole musk skin canoe to a village to bury the sick and bury the dead. The village was deserted. The sick survivors having fled in terror. The only living thing there was a solitary dog, which on our approach retreated to a fallen tent and lay down on the feet of its deceased master. The scene here was one of dire misfortune that we had yet witnessed, so heartrending that I hesitate to relate even some of the details.

Here and there bodies wrapped in old garments and skins were found. We counted eight. One of them, the corpse of a girl of 10, very filthy and almost bare of clothing, had been dragged face downward, along the muddy ground by a rope about the neck and there left with the rope still on.

On lifting a tent we found the ghastly remains of a middle-aged Indian, the head on the ground, mouth wide open, limbs shockingly contorted, eyes fixed and staring, all just as his painful agony had left him. A great rent in his garments showed a discolored side. This and several other facts had to all appearances remained unburied for some time.

The decomposition of the bodies was so advanced that the work of identification and burial was a truly terrible one. Besides the whole village was reeking with filth and rotting fish, and all kinds of tools, weapons, tackle, etc., were abandoned in the light of the people. Lastly, the next task was to bury the poor creatures. Two graves large enough to hold four each were dug in the sand, and in these the corpses were laid side by side. A few mats, skins and boards and lastly the mottled earth hid from us this sad spectacle of human misery. Lastly, we placed a couple of rude crosses, to mark the spot of their interment.

We now had coffee and hard bread, which we ate in the pouring rain, got into our bidarkis, left that sad camp of the survivors. Here and there scenes were, if possible, even more distressing. A row of tents along the muddy shore, with the bark canoes still unloaded, first met our gaze.

But one, two or three occupants were in each tent, living pictures of black despair. Poor things! How I felt for them. There they crouched like hunted spirits in want of every thing, sick unto death. A man of iron must have melted at the sight. No word of hope, no kindly signs could raise their gloomy hearts. Latent in their number, the sad remnants crawled into their bark canoes and drifted down the Yukon to the mission, where they received much help and comfort until the plague passed away or they succumbed.

Besides attending to the sick at the mission various trips were made by the fathers and Brothers to the villages dependent on us. Everywhere it was the same story: broken firm, or extinct families, want, despair, death. At the last count we found that our district had lost about 50 per cent. of the inhabitants, some localities more, some less.

Returns brought in by our fathers during winter from the trips along the Yukon and Kuskokwim, and on the cost toll of the widespread desolation resulting from the plague. To the credit of the Government, officials of the Territory be it said that previous medicines and help were promptly and efficiently given wherever possible. What I have related of the plague and the work of those engaged in assisting the stricken is but a passing notice, for volumes would be necessary to give all the noteworthy details.

Peter Curran, the British delegate of last year to the American Federation of Labor, said an American laborer on his return: "There is more pressure a greater amount of hustling at work than here. The hours generally run to sixty per week, and at work there are sixty minutes to every hour. Everything is carried on at a high pressure, and I question whether districts as well off as he is at home. In some respects the standard of living is higher, but the man has it taken out of him in other ways."

I compared notes with a manufacturer with whose line of business I am familiar, and we found that the American workman, although paid half as much again as the English workman, was cheaper because he did so much more in the same time. In Rochdale, a great manufacturing centre, a workman said me: "We are it that when Englishmen go to America, they come back greatly improved." I could not give the right answer then, but now I see that the Englishmen coming to America get imbued with the American spirit, and it brings the real character of the surface and makes them alive and energetic. The English workman, because of the lethargic climate, his uncomfortable home, the undemocratic system and the generally devalued, let-well-enough-alone atmosphere, really has the spirit, vigor and vigor taken out of him. Of course he cannot accomplish much."

So much for the workman at work; how is he at home? How is he housed, fed, clad? What does he read? How talk and act?

There is hardly a wooden or frame house in England. Everything is stone or brick. There are some wire fences but hardly any wooden ones, but the main dividing lines are clumsy brick walls with a stone coping. In the country the peasant's detached cottage, with its thatched roof and ivy growing up the sides, is picturesque at a distance. Nearby you see that it is cramped, chilly and uncomfortable. In London and the manufacturing towns of the Midlands and North the workmen's quarters are cheerless almost beyond description. On the outside the houses are grim, black and monotonous. The prevailing sordidness smuts everything. On a nearer approach they seem cold and cheerless. The windows and door frames are not tight, and the means of heating are inadequate, so that in winter they are chilly. As a result, rheumatism is a prevailing disease and lung troubles the chief cause of death. In London seven shillings a week will pay for two rooms for a week, but rents are said to be high in London. In a Lancashire factory town I was pointed out a rooming cottage which could be rented for 4s. and 6s., or about 31.12 a week, and four-room cottages for 6s. and 7s., or about 31.12 a week, and at Cadbury's nice town near Birmingham, a cottage with six rooms can be rented for 10s. and 11s., or about 31.12 a week.

At Cadbury's cocoa works it was mentioned with great pride that the girls, and many of these were mature, even elderly, women, averaged sixteen shillings or under a week, and there was over 200 employed there. And it was said that in Birmingham at the pin works many women received only from seven to nine shillings a week, or about 17.12 to 22.12 a week.

Next, what is the quality of the labor? Is it as efficient as ours? We went through a large Lancashire cotton factory. It is an immense place. It had fine and elaborate machinery, and some of the latest and best score of girls sewing down, and a few men, and the date 1897, if not thousands, of employees, men, women, girls and boys. But both overseers and workers seemed stunted around and taking their work very easily. We must have seen several scores of girls sewing down, talking with their companions. Once I looked at my watch to see what had not struck the noon hour. But no, it was the accepted thing. Where a woman in one of our mills would tend to three or four winding or carding machines, in England she looks after one or two, and has a machine to attend to that kept them on a continual move, as being very hard worked, and they received a much higher wage.

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Thankful that the heinous terms of "idolatrous and superstitious" have been eliminated from the Mass. As an example of the universality of the Catholic Church, His Lordship toured in Palestine in his recent happiness of passing a night at the home of the Maronite Patriarch at Bekoki, Mount Lebanon, and of recognizing him a former fellow-student in the Jesuit schools. He presided in the classic halls of the Propaganda in Rome, in the sixties. The Bishop finished with a glowing tribute to the noble and upright, mobile, industrious character of the Maronite people he hoped our people would respect and to the less fortunate strangers who have come to live and do an honest business amongst us. He regretted to hear that many young street idlers are in the habit of molesting and annoying the Maronites, and he would not hear any more such complaints. The Mass, which, owing to the novelty of the ceremonies and the peculiar pronunciation of the music, was followed with rapt attention by the large congregation, was attended by the whole of the Maronite colony now in the city, some thirty of whom all received the Holy Communion in the hands of the celebrant, Father Yasski, who has been among his flock for the past few days, hearing their confessions and preparing them for the reception of the Jubilee sacrament, for the graces of the Jubilee. He pressed a few words to them in Arabic, their common language, encouraging them in their religious duties and attendance at church. The Syriac or Syriac-Chaldean language in which the Mass was sung, by Elder Elias (the Mass being read in the vernacular Arabic by the server) is a classical or dead language. It is the identical language spoken by Our Lord when on earth, and is the only one of the few words given in the Gospel. The original, as for example, "Golgotha, Galbatha, Hacceldama," and the striking words uttered by the Samaritan Sabaoth on the cross "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabaoth," the whole function was most edifying. The population was about 200,000 Maronite Catholics in Syria, about 1,000 priests and monks, and 15 bishops. In America there are about 20,000. Their spiritual wants are attended to by two priests who live in Boston and travel over the whole extent of the United States, Canada and Mexico."

The Maronites are Syrians, who take their name from St. Maron, the founder of their principal monasteries. They own a territory in the northwest portion of Syria, and while they pay suzerainty to the Sultan they are practically independent, and are a striking example among the "humble" peoples of the East of the influence of religion upon an industrious, moral and religious people. It is the proud boast (though it is stated to the contrary by some writers) that they have never fallen away, like the rest of the "humble" peoples, into heresy or schism, but have remained the full and true believers in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and have remained in firm and loyal adhesion to the Pope and the Roman See. Their liturgy, their sacred Scriptures, their sacred laws, and their sacred rites, that they have retained from the time of St. Peter in their "see of Antioch," as Leo XIII. is in that of Rome. They have, however, retained the peculiar ceremonies and uses of the "humble" liturgy known as the Jacobite, and the prophecies have been composed by St. James the Apostle, the first Bishop of Jerusalem. The principal feature of difference between this and the Roman rite is the language. When St. Peter came to Rome, he found

any of the more ancient Oriental customs and took up the more advanced Roman or Western style, paraded in adopting the Latin language, which was the common tongue of Europe and the common language of the Western countries. Changes were also made in the cut and fashion of the vestments to suit them to the tastes of the people of those regions. It is these minor changes and unimportant differences which constitute what are called the various rites; such as Coptic, Chaldean, Armenian, Greek, etc. But in all these the great fundamental truths of the Mass, the mystery of the Eucharist, etc., are identically the same; and indeed, even the Oriental sects who have separated from the Roman Church, and to own his supremacy, and are hence called "schismatics," all these have preserved the doctrine of the priesthood and the sacrifice of the Mass. In this they differ from the denominations of Western Europe, who, at the time of the Reformation, not only by rejecting the sacraments and language of the Latin Rite, but also by rejecting the authority of the Pope of Rome; but by the fundamental denial of the priesthood, and the sacrifice of the Mass, etc. Of this we have a confirmation in the present moment, when the King of England is made to take the Coronation Oath, and swear that these ceremonies are no part of the Protestant religion. Of course, it is true; but though we Catholics are not of that there should be any need of such declaration at all, yet we must be

Little May was showing the pictures in the album to the visitor, and on opening the page containing the portrait of her father's first wife, she said: "That's my eldest mother."

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Mrs. Fashion: John! I'm sure there's a burglar in the house! Mr. Calmly: I don't wonder at it. He's heard of the enormous price one gave for that last new bonnet, and he's come after it!

**Be Sure to Order**  
**ROWAN'S**  
elfast Ginger Ale, Soda Water,  
Apple Nectar, Kola, Cream Soda,  
etc. Note our Trade Mark, the "Sham-  
rock," on every bottle. Agents and  
retailers of the "Heaven Brand"  
Medonin Water.

**ROWAN BROS. & CO.,**  
Phone, Main 718. 221 Valley Street.

**PURE GOLD  
JELLY  
POWDER.**

Whereas, it is estimated by know-  
ing ones that fully seven-eighths of  
the drinking is done under the aus-  
pices of the pernicious custom of  
"treating," we condemn the prac-  
tice and emphasize again the clause  
in our pledge, which exacts that we  
recountenance the drinking habits  
of our society. We recommend that our  
associates do all in their power to  
under this custom of treating as ob-  
noxious as popular.

We give our hearty approbation to  
the excellent work lately inaugurate  
in our Catholic colleges and uni-

**JOYFULLY QUICK**  
**And Healthy too.**

Whereas, One of the great drawbacks to successful temperance work comes from a lack of individual interest of the members:

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend the adoption of such measures by the various societies as will bring about a greater personal interest in the work and fidelity in attendance at the meetings.

Whereas, We find that the greatest hindrance in the temperance work has resulted from the organization of divisions in cities;

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the practice of pledging our youth at the time of the First Holy Communion and Confirmation.

After the re-election of the old Board of Administration, it was decided to hold the general convention in Duque, Ia., on August 6, 1909.

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS**

Jo: I shall never marry until I get a woman who is my direct opposite. She encouragingly: Well, my dear, there are numbers of bright intelligent girls in this neighborhood.

**RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
**THE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED**

Leaves Montreal daily at 9 a.m., reaching Toronto at 4 p.m.; Hamilton 5.40 p.m.; London 7.40 p.m.; Detroit 9 p.m. (Central time), and 10.20 p.m. the following morning.

Café Râpido is attached to this train, serving luncheon à la carte at any hour during day convenient to passengers.

**FAST SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.**

Express trains leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 9.15 a.m. and 4.10 p.m., arriving at Ottawa at 3.30 a.m. and 9.30 p.m.

Local trains for all C. A. R. points to Ottawa leave Montreal at 4.40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, at 5.45 p.m. daily.

**Stetson Pan-American  
Route to Buffalo.**

**CITY TICKET OFFICES,**  
St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

**Catholic High School,**  
**BELMONT PARK.**

Classes will re-open on Tuesday, September 2nd.


Prospectus and full particulars apply to the School, to

**J. J. HALEY-SANDERS, PRINCIPAL.**

**W. GEO. KENNEDY**  
...Dentist...  
**No. 758 PALACE STREET**  
Two Doors West of Heaven  
**Hall Hill.**

**CHURCH BELLS.**

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 **CHURCH BELLS**  
Chimes and Peals,  
Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get our price.  
**MOSEMAN BELL FOUNDRY**  
Baltimore, Md.

**NEELY BELL COMPANY**  
TROY, N. Y., and  
BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.  
Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.



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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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### 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.

SATURDAY ..... AUGUST 24, 1901.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**AN HUMBLE APOLOGY.**—The London "Globe," some days ago, took upon itself to characterize the Nationalist members of the House of Commons as being corrupt; the result was that the editor and the manager of that paper were summoned before the Bar of the House to answer to the accusation of gross breach of the privileges of the House. After the Speaker, William Court Gully, notified them of the cause of the summons, both Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Madge expressed regret at the appearance of the article and apologized to the House. The Speaker then ordered the delinquents to withdraw while the House considered the matter. Both the editor and manager backed out, bowing low at each step, amidst the derisive cheers of the Nationalists. After a protest from John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, against the inadequacy of the apology, the offenders were recalled, and asked if they were prepared to withdraw the allegations. They did, in somewhat nervous tones. The Speaker then severely reprimanded the two newspaper men, who were permitted to depart, the members of the House jeeringly congratulating them on their escape from imprisonment in the Tower.

**A QUEER PRACTISE.**—Since the days of Voltaire nearly every French writer of mediocrity whose lack of originality is certain to consign his name to the ranks of the insignificant, has attempted to create a reputation for himself by means of sarcasm, or cynicism. Correspondents for foreign papers (foreign to France) are not always exceptions to this rule. Many of them have an ingenious way of casting ridicule upon every person of whom they feel called upon to write. But there are some who revel in dissecting the dead. Of this last category of writers we have a sample in the New York "Herald's" Paris correspondent. In his cable letter of last Saturday he makes an attempt at wit at the expense of three personages recently deceased. They are Prince Henri d'Orleans, the Empress Frederick and Crispi. We cannot claim to have had any special care for any of the three personages just mentioned. As to the Prince of Orleans we knew but very little about him; the Empress Frederick was so far removed, by the circumstances of her position in life, beyond the sphere of our attention, that we merely remembered her as a daughter of our late sovereign, and a sister of the present King. And, for Signor Crispi, his career, political, social and religious—or anti-religious—never inspired us with any sentiment, but one of antagonism. Still we do not care to laugh at the dead, it is, at best, a hyena-like proceeding that grates upon our nature. After firing a shaft at each of these noted characters in turn, the correspondent concludes his little array of sarcastic platitudes by saying: "When one is still alive and is not habituated to insults this is unpleasant; when one is dead the inconvenience is less." In other words, he means that when a person, unaccustomed to gratuitous insult is alive, he, or she, finds it unpleasant to be unnecessarily attacked; but once that person is dead there is no great inconvenience caused him, or her, by the scribe who wishes to practise such-like archery; wherefore, the fact of people being dead justifies the living in shooting sarcasm at them. Does not this savour very highly of that same "yellow journalism" so persistently denounced by the "Herald"?

**RELIGIOUS INFIDELITY.**—There is no doubting that the spirit of infidelity is abroad over the world to-day. It is an infidelity that springs, on the Catholic side, from a fatal indifference, and on the Protestant side, from confusion and doubt. The world is rapidly becoming the prey of Mammon; the "golden calf" is worshipped with a fervor and a slavish infatuation that surpassed the accidental and unique example of God's chosen people in the

desert. When we find the serious and thoughtful of all classes and creeds lamenting the inroads being made by this evil genius it is time to pause and ask ourselves to what degree we may not have been instrumental in such a propaganda?

Not only the pulpit but the press is even awakening the honest-minded to the storm that menaces. The other day we find the "Christian Intelligencer" making this remark: "There is no disputing the fact that we are passing through a period of serious religious declension. The signs are unmistakable both in this country and in Europe. Some of the signs of general spiritual declension were referred to last Sunday by Archbishop Ireland in a public address in Detroit, and by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, in his sermon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church of this city. The former said: 'Religion is rapidly losing ground. There are men especially who never breathe a sigh of prayer toward heaven, many of them in public places, where their influence and example are bad. Day by day science and philosophy are taking the place of religion. Papers and magazines reflect these ideas.' Mr. Morgan, commenting on small church attendance, remarked: 'The trouble is that there is a new atheism abroad, strange and subtle. Let it go no further, or it will work your destruction.'"

The difference between the two statements quoted by the "Intelligencer" seems to us to lie in the fact that one speaker suggests a remedy, while assigning a cause, and the other merely points out the danger, without giving evidence of much more than a hopeless powerlessness. Archbishop Ireland attributes the falling away from religion to a lack of prayer, and, therefore, inferentially suggests prayer and fervor in the performance of religious duties, as the only safe remedy. The Rev. Mr. Morgan equally perceives the danger, and holds up his hands in horror and dread, but he assumes the attitude of the man who beholds a storm approaching and cries aloud to others that there is danger, while being perfectly impotent to check its advance. These two quotations, made at hap-hazard by a Protestant religious organ, illustrate very faithfully the difference between the Catholic and all other churches, in as far as regards a Church Militant. The Catholic Church can trace every evil to its source and, at the same time, offer the remedy. That men do not hearken to her voice or accept her suggestions in no way takes from the value of either. On the other hand, Protestantism seems to co-operate, unwillingly, but nonetheless truly, with this cursed infidelity. The spirit of Christian humility has been banished by the very first and very fundamental principle of Protestantism. Individual interpretation is nothing more nor less than a revolt of the mind against constituted religious authority; it is a vast "non serviam" spoken by a whole class of men who imagine, when honestly convinced, that they are doing the work of God; it is the assertion of individual knowledge against the knowledge sent by God through His chosen channels. This very spirit leads direct to one of presumption, and presumption is akin to despair—both ending, if not checked by grace, in positive infidelity.

**WEEK-KNEED CATHOLICS.**—It is not absolutely necessary, nor is it generally advisable, that a Catholic should make a continuous parade of his sentiments, his practices, and his faith. The Protestant world does not require anything of the kind at the hands of a Catholic. It is a species of moral cowardice, however, which reigns in the breast of the Catholic who is always seeking to please his Protestant friends in matters of religion. He forgets that his conscience is not to be regulated by any Protestant standards, but by the precepts of his own church. It should little concern him what outsiders think of his actions, or what motives they may attribute to them; he will not be judged hereafter by what his neighbors' opinions, prejudices, or predilections may have been. He often wishes to be considered large-minded, of liberal views, unbigoted, and so forth. But, from the Catholic standpoint, there can be no such thing as that so-called

liberal spirit. The church teaches him the truth, and she prescribes for him a code of action. It is for him to accept the former, without questioning and to adhere to the latter regardless of consequences in the world.

Touching upon this same topic one of our Catholic exchanges very wisely says:—

"No intelligent Catholic worthy of the name need be told that the Church does not sanction any devotional exercises that conflict with the dictates of right, reason, and common sense. There are various extraordinary devotions not of necessity, but which are nevertheless useful in their way since they incite in certain natures increased ardor for the attainment of a higher spirituality. The Church does not forbid these, even where they lack obvious merit in their general application, unless they become occasions of abuse or seem likely to do so. It is always to be borne in mind that religious practices of every description are but means to an end, and that the acquisition of the necessary grace to achieve eternal beatitude. The Church, as the duly appointed channel of divine beneficence, is not abandoned by Almighty God to merely human guidance. Behold I am with you for all time, means as much to-day as it did two thousand years ago when the words were uttered by the sacred lips of the Church's Divine Founder."

**INNOMINATO.**—The learned and venturesome Roman correspondent "Innominato," of the New York "Sun," has thus far successfully concealed his identity. Some of his letters, all of which are most remarkable, would indicate that he was a clergyman; others would lead one to suspect that he was attached to some diplomatic body; in fine, the whole series of them would bewilder any person anxious to discover who or what "Innominato" really is. But in his letter, dated Rome, Aug. 2nd, in which he deals with the Papal policy in regard to France's Associations Law, he allows words to fall from his pen that fix his avocation, if they do not give his name. In one place he says:—

"The subordination to the authority of the Ordinary, demanded by the law, does not raise an unsurmountable canonical barrier. The Holy See is the court for such rules. If it orders action, we must act. This matter of jurisdiction and of obedience may, perhaps, open up an era of useful reforms in the Church. In all our annuals, many mistakes have been the means of undeniable progress."

He says "we must act," and speaks of "our annuals." Then, after beautifully defining the strength that comes from "the parish leaning on the convent," or, in other words, the secular priesthood co-operating with the regulars, and the orders assisting in the advancement of parochial work, he says:—

"Out of this persecution a third advance and ultimate good might arise—the action of the monks in the popular parishes and rural churches. If the law pursues them to-day it is because we have stuck too exclusively to the 'politics of the few.' Regulars and seculars, we have both jealously preserved the tradition of the absolute monarchy, and have perverted it. Since universal suffrage and democracy have come into play the 'politics of the majority' has inflicted on us repeated defects. Our behavior and persecution have created habits of isolation and of self-preservation."

In the case of the monks, he says, "if the law pursues them," and referring to the secular clergy, he says, "it is because we have stuck too exclusively etc." He is not a monk, therefore. But he is a priest and one of the seculars. "Regulars and seculars, we, etc.," "has inflicted on us," "our behavior, etc." We are now assured of one thing—"Innominato" is, what we long suspected, a Catholic priest.

**THE MODERN PILGRIM.**—Here is a small and interesting item clipped from the daily secular press:—"Mr. Justinian Tetreault, 29 years of age, of Papineauville, has made a pilgrimage on foot to the bones of St. Anne, and when he gets back home he will have walked over 500 miles."

The reading of this small note of news suggested a strange picture to our mind. It made us think of the many cases in which persons, possessing a certain reputation for wealth die. The announcement is made that Mr. A or Mr. B is dead. The first remark you hear is "how much did he leave?" or "What did he do with his estate?" Not for a moment does it flash upon the person speaking to inquire "what did he take with him?" or "how was he prepared?" The thoughts of the world rush to the world and its affairs, but do not rise spontaneously towards God and the affairs of the soul.

The young man, above mentioned, undertook, for reasons evidently of deep devotion to make a pilgrimage on foot to the shrine of St. Anne. That is exactly what a pilgrim should be: it is in accord with the grand and glorious examples set by saintly men in the Ages of Faith. But the world does not appreciate the motive nor the action; it calculates on the pilgrim's age, and it

announces the number of miles that he will have to walk, exactly in the same spirit as it would comment upon a bicycle race around the world, or a feat of wonderful pedestrianism. Pilgrimages such as this one are few, but if the world's press fails to appreciate them, the Recording Angel keeps strict account of their merits.

**ST. EDWARD CHURCH.**—Every week we have fresh evidences of the growth of our city. O Sunday last we had another instance in the laying of the corner-stone of the new "St. Edward's Church on Boulevard St. Denis, by His Grace the Archbishop. A report of the occurrence says:—

"After the last prayer had been heard His Grace, who was assisted by Rev. Canon Dubuc, and Rev. Father Paubien, addressed a few words of congratulation to the parishioners on their speedy prospect, as he hoped, of possessing a really beautiful temple to worship in. The church when completed will have a seating capacity of nearly 2,000. It is intended to have the basement ready for divine service by next Christmas. Though the parish is a new one, its growth has been marvelous, numbering now 700 families, and it gives promise of still greater development."

**PARNELL'S REPLY.**—We clip the following item from the "Daily Witness," and select that portion which affects a cause that we have always had at heart. It is the "Witness" that speaks:

The London "Spectator," some time ago gave as one of its principal reasons for distrusting Mr. Rhodes the fact that 'he had given ten thousand pounds to the Irish rebel party under Mr. Parnell when 'the defenders of the union were engaged in a death struggle with that party.' A correspondent who is in Mr. Rhodes's confidence answers that at that time

"Mr. Rhodes knew little enough of home politics and the Nationalist party, but he did know that he was in favor of Home Rule all round, or, as we say, of Imperial Federation. Now he had Mr. Parnell's assurance that his Home Rule was a first step to a general system of local self-government throughout the Empire, with one Federal Parliament. Later, when the real nature of the scheme became apparent, and Mr. Parnell was talking Separation and the non-retention of the Irish members, Mr. Rhodes, in letters which I myself have handled, demanded back his money."

"Mr. Parnell replied that if ever he uttered certain phrases about Separation which had frightened Mr. Rhodes, 'it was in a moment of temporary insanity,' and he binds himself to the retention of the Irish members at Westminster."

The same accusation is brought against Mr. Rhodes in the matter of the Liberal Government and the occupation of Egypt. To support its policy of withdrawing from Egypt at a given time, Mr. Rhodes is said to have largely subscribed; but subsequently demanded the return of his money, when the policy was not carried out. The leader of the Liberal party to-day characterizes the whole story as a pack of lies. The "Spectator," however, adds that Mr. Rhodes has sent to South Africa for his correspondence in order to prove the statements. This is a peculiar proceeding on the part of Mr. Rhodes in view of the fact that long before such alleged correspondence could reach England he will be back in South Africa. But the truth is that the whole affair is a miserable concoction. As far as Parnell's case is concerned there is not the slightest evidence of there being any truth in it. It is clearly another attempt to injure the Irish cause by striking at the head. If Parnell were alive he would soon lead the "Spectator" a dance similar to that which he afforded the "Times." They have been careful, however, in his case to have no correspondence; it is a verbal reply of Parnell that is fabricated. There is something very mean, indescribably mean, in attributing words, or statements, or actions to a man when he is dead, and when there exists no written evidence to support the assertions and no possibility of any proof to disprove them. It is a good thing for certain classes of writers that the grave closes forever over the men whom they seek to traduce. It is over and over again the old fable of the live ass kicking the dead lion—he can do so with impunity, provided there are no other lions in the vicinity.

**DYING WITHOUT A PRIEST.**—A story is told by the Philadelphia "North American," that carries with it a lesson. The better to understand the situation we will quote the statement of the case as made by that organ:—"Mary Britt, a twelve-year-old girl, of 3714 Pulaski avenue, is likely to die without receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church, because the police of the Twenty-second district refused to send for a priest. A few days ago her mother, Mrs. Thomas Britt, became ill from smallpox, which she contracted while nursing the girl, and was taken to the Municipal Hospital. The house was then quarantined, and for that reason the police said that no one

could enter it without remaining there, according to the rules of the Board of Health. The dying girl's father, Thomas Britt, who is a tricycle conductor, has been living with a neighbor during the quarantine. Hearing the child's moans last night he could bear the suspense no longer, and went in to her. Now he will have to stay there until the quarantine is raised. The child begged her father to send for Father Kane, of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, at Broad and Butler streets, as she thought she would not live through the night. With tears in his eyes her father asked the policeman who was on guard to grant her last request. The policeman telephoned to the station house, and was told that it would be against the rules to do as Britt wished."

It seems to us that this is carrying precaution to the extreme.

**DEARTH OF VOCATIONS.**—Too it is a frequent complaint that too few of the rising generation manifest any vocation for the priesthood. As a consequence, we find, in almost every diocese, a lack of priests, proportionate to the needs of the church. In fact one of the great drawbacks in the religious domain is the absence of subjects for ecclesiastical training. That there are as many vocations to the priesthood as ever were will deny; but the trouble is that too many, for one reason or another, lose their vocations. An exchange commenting upon this very unsatisfactory condition of things, makes us, amongst others, of these very pertinent remarks:—

"Our boys are educated, as a rule, for this material world. Riches, ease, comforts, liberty of action, are the aim; the deep, earnest Christian growth is not predominant in the great majority of families; and even in the average good-enough family, the thought of any one of the sons becoming a priest never enters their mind, is never spoken of. As to the poor, they hardly dare think of it on account of their poverty, and consequent inability to give their sons the necessary education. For the rich the attractions of this world are too powerful impediments. Another obstacle to the vocation is the vitiated atmosphere in which our boys grow up; even if the home education is no obstacle to the boy's choosing the better part, he is very apt to become worldly with the worldly and thus lose his vocation. In either case, parents are responsible for a vocation lost through their fault, the more so if they force their sons, who desire to become priests, into some career of worldly ambition."

**REAL SELF-SACRIFICE.**—No matter under what circumstances we are always glad to pay tribute to evidences of self-sacrifice. Especially when the parties are children it becomes a grand and inspiring spectacle to witness their deeds of perfect heroism. In this city, in July last, an instance took place, and the limited number of people who were made acquainted with the facts must have felt a thrill of admiration in their bosoms when they learned of what had taken place. The story is this:—

"On July 3 Arthur Mitchell, nine years old, son of Mr. F. Mitchell, of 595 Wellington street, was run over by a freight car. He had his left arm fearfully crushed, and a large piece of flesh torn out of his thigh. Nevertheless, he started to walk home as if nothing had happened. He was picked up by a train man and carried to the Railway Y. M. C. A., where he looked on with interest while his arm was amputated, after which he was taken to the General Hospital. The wound in his leg was seen to require some healthy skin to be grafted on if it was to heal properly. For this purpose his brother, Theodore, aged 12 years, and his sister, Matilda, aged 17, volunteered on Theodore, and yesterday, the two boys were placed under an anæsthetic, and forty square inches of skin were grafted from Theodore on to Arthur."

**BRIBING JUDGES.**—The American press tells of a very exceptional case of attempt to bribe a judge—and to ruin him if he would not take the bribe. The incident took place in Montana, and the would-be bribing party was the Almagamated Copper Company. Briefly the story is thus told by the judge:—

"We had a stormy session, lasting several hours. I was accused of having been influenced in my decision by Mrs. Brackett. 'I was threatened with arrest, and with impeachment if I did not accept their offer, which was this: They would give me \$250,000 if I would make an affidavit that Heinze had paid money for my decision or had offered to do so.'"

"I was advised that I might take my family to Europe and enjoy a good vacation and might then come back to New York and live where I pleased in ease and luxury. 'I replied that I did not want their money, that such money was a curse more than a blessing, and that I did not fear their threats for the reason that there was no evidence or fact upon which to ground them. 'This corporation could not coax me, could not buy me, could not bluff, nor can they ruin me.'"

"What is to be done in this case?" is the Almagamated Copper Company to be allowed to go scot free and to be unwiped by justice, even after the judge solemnly declares that it had attempted both to bribe and to ruin him?"

We do not know what will be done, or what can be done in the United States, in such a case; but, if it

were in Canada, it would go hard with the company. On our Superior Court Bench to-day sits a Judge who has been one of the most learned and instructive lecturers on Civil Law that any University in Canada ever possessed. For years he held the chair of Civil Law in Laval, and again professor in the same institution. In one of his lectures he laid down the broad and very rational principle that whenever there existed an article of the code, or as to the value of evidence, when the contending parties were a corporation and an individual, the benefit of that doubt should go to the feeble of the litigants—that is to the individual. Thus, it is in the human frailty of the judge, there was a lack of certainty, the one least able to undergo the expense of litigation should the expense to the party possessed be ample means and extensive power. This is equity, it is justice; and this principle seems to have formed the basis of Judge Harney's judgment. It is well for society that the law cannot be made subservient to

### THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

During all this week hundreds of lady teachers, from all sections of the district, have met in convention at Mount St. Mary Academy, in this city. Some time ago the Catholic Board of the Council of Public Instruction decided to afford the lady school teachers an opportunity of some practical instruction in the art of teaching. Through the kindness of Mgr. Bruchesi, and the ready cooperation of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, all the necessary facilities for such an assembly were afforded.

While it would be a lengthy task to review all the lectures delivered during the week, and all the different exercises accompanying each day's programme, still we cannot pass over the two important addresses delivered on the occasion of the opening of the convention. The first delivered was an inaugural address, by the superintendent of Public Instruction for this province, Mr. De la Bruere; the second, was that of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal.

Naturally the Superintendent's address was one of welcome, and contained a clear statement of the grand object of the convention. It was consequently a discourse that had to deal, more or less, with generalities, leaving all details to the learned lecturers who had been selected to instruct the assembly of lady-teachers during the week. Still the speaker drew, in large lines, a programme affecting especially those called upon to teach the primary, or elementary schools. He explained that the lectures of the week would be divided into two programmes, and the general principles of Methodology, of school discipline and its necessity in a general system of education. Lectures would be given upon the teaching of catechism, reading, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. After unfolding the programme and explaining the aim of the convention, Mr. De la Bruere gave expression to some very important principles.

He said: "Young ladies, you have to exercise an apostolate that consists in a three-fold teaching: love of God, love of home, love of country." Basing his arguments upon this broad, triple proposition, he pointed out that the child who learns in school, to properly understand his religion, to have the highest respect for his parents, and to love his country, is sure to become a useful, honorable and important member of society. Hence the necessity of having sound religious instruction go hand in hand with the ordinary matters of the ordinary matters of the class. He pointed out the paramount of the teacher's work in forming the coming generations; and he closed a most able address by saying: "May the echoes of this convention reverberate from the confines of Ontario to the Baie des Chaleurs, by indicating to all school commissioners the important role of the lady-teacher in the world, the respect with which she should be surrounded, and the influence she is called upon to exercise upon the future destinies of the country."

In his address of welcome, Mgr. Bruchesi was above all most practical. He showed that the teacher needs much more than a knowledge of the various branches to be taught; above all must she be taught how to teach. This is the mission of the Normal School as its name indicates. "For," said His Grace, "to teach others there is need of something more than instruction. It is not always the most intelligent and most highly instructed person who makes the best teacher, even as it does not suffice to sing well, and to have a beautiful voice, in order to teach singing. Method is also required, and that method is learned at the Normal School." In speaking of the Summer Schools in the United States, His Grace said that the instruction given in these schools is not of a sufficiently practical nature and does not fully correspond to the needs of young ladies who purpose devoting their lives to the work of teaching. They give more instruction than pedagogy—that is to say, they teach, but do not teach how to teach. These schools last about eight weeks, and possess, prose-writers, and renowned men of learning go there to entertain the lady teachers. But the object of this convention is not so much to impart knowledge to the teachers as it is to give them a system of teaching others.

On the whole, it is evident that a new departure has been taken, and one in the right and practical direction. This convention, which we can even now say has been an unequalled success, will create a precedent, and other large centres will follow, as the years go by, until eventually lady teachers will have all the benefits of a Normal School training afforded them.







## A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

Miss Honora Desmond was very proud of her arched foot, her little ears, and her long slender hand because those features of hers were especially patrician.

The people shook their heads over Honora's pride, calling her by her name behind her back as only the most vulgar had ever presumed to before her face. By and bye it would be "old Honora," but though Miss Desmond would never see thirty-eight again there was something of youth and grace about her that forbade the adjective which would have been so cruel as applied to her.

Honora was still a very pretty woman. Milky skin with a few golden freckles on it, dark blue eyes, bronze-colored hair with a ripple where it was drawn back from the temples. Fine high little features and a stately carriage. These had often made the sympathetic stranger curious over the post-mistress of Corlaigh, for Honora filled this not very magnificent position.

The peasants, to give them their due, admitted that Honora had a right to hold her head high. Sure everyone knew that she was descended in a straight line without a break from one of the great Munster Fitzgaldes who had lost everything in the Desmond rebellion. Only the ill-natured ventured to say that Honora's grand-mother had sung and sold ballads in the streets of Cork. What if she had then? She wasn't the first lady who had come low in the world, and she died in that terrible place, the poor-house, for the matter of that.

Yet for all her pride Honora was not one to swing uncomfortably between heaven and earth. She had no hangings after fine society. The only resident gentry within miles were Sir John Moffat and his lady, a pretty elderly couple without children. Lady Moffat was very fond of Honora and occasionally had her company to tea. Honora was very fond of her in return, she was the only one who ever called Honora "my dear," and was not distant always remembering that the first Moffat to take root in Irish soil was a Cromwellian trooper.

None had ever sought Honora's hand in marriage. Some had looked and longed no doubt, for Honora was an inviting morsel of humanity; but there, the people among whom she lived would as soon have thought of aspiring to Lady Moffat's daughter, if she had had one, and would have had about as much chance of an alliance in the one direction as in the other.

Yet Honora was not at all averse from visiting about at the houses of those who in the ordinary course of things would have been her social equals. She liked her tea, and a quiet game of cards at Miss Doran, the shopkeeper's, or Andrew Kerrigan, the farmer's, quite as well as she did her visits to Lady Moffat. But she carried her own atmosphere with her wherever she went, and it was very seldom that anyone was rough or violent in her presence.

"Stuck-up" she might be, but it was only those who had not the natural good-breeding who found her refinement irksome. To her poor neighbors she was very good, and especially in any case of sickness, and more especially in the case of a sick child. Honora's passion was for children. The cry of a child was like a sword in her heart. The laughter of children was the sweetest music in the world.

Many a time when she washed and dressed the little a poor neighbor, the mother, looking at her from the pillow with admiring helplessness, would murmur,—"Sure 'tis a thousand pities you haven't got a house full of them."

Perhaps it was a dispensation of Providence in favor of the children of Corlaigh that Honora did not have a house full of them. Still, as the women had dimly divined, it was one of the tragedies of life that a born mother like Honora should remain a spinster, while the unworthy and unloving entered into the Kingdom.

Honora's little house was outside the village, with a long narrow grass field sloping up to the door. The field pastured a goat who gave Honora milk for her tea, and afforded a deal of nourishment as well to the children of Corlaigh.

The tragic moments of Honora's life were when a careless visitor would leave the gate ajar, and the goat's little head and vegetable garden. Then Honora would desert her post of duty and fly to the rescue of her sweet peas and pinks, and since her tea had a most elusive way with her it was a task of some difficulty to get her within bounds again, especially if Honora had to do it unaided.

It was a soft summer day strayed into December, and Honora was very busy with her Christmas parcel-post, when Nannie was discovered cropping the wall-flowers and the little winter acornies outside the post-office window. Honora dropped her sewing and string and flew to the rescue.

As she rushed through the doorway she nearly collided with a stranger entering.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "Will you please wait a minute till I drive the goat out of the garden. She will not leave me a single wall-flower."

Allow me to assist you," said the stranger, turning with her.

He was a tall, lean, dark man and he seemed to move with such a dignified slowness that Honora had very little hope of his proving a useful ally. Indeed, Nannie was very aggravating that day, and it was quite a long time before they sub-

ceeded in chasing her out of the garden, and back to her own domain, where Honora secured her by a penitential stake and chain which Nannie had no difficulty in pulling out of the earth when it suited her.

"Oh dear," said Honora as they re-entered the house, "it is half-past three, and the mail car will be here in a second."

"Can I help?" asked the stranger. His voice had a rich sweetness, and though the English came readily enough to his tongue it was plainly to be seen that it was not his own language.

Honora looked at him and hesitated. The rattle of wheels coming up the hill-side was heard in the quiet street.

"If you would be so very good as to secure this bag for me. There seem so many of them. Dear, dear, who would ever believe there could be so much present-giving in a poor place like this!"

The stranger tied the neck of the bag securely while Honora held it. His long hands were not unlike her own, although they had the masculine strength and size. He watched her while she sealed it, bending over it in a mirror on her hair rippled like water. He was ready to tie the next bag for her. They were too busy for conversation, except for the moment when Honora lifted her eyes to his face, and he had a sense of looking into beds of violets. "Have you a letter to post, sir?" she asked. "No," he said, "I came here to obtain some information if I could."

The foot of the mail-car driver was heard crunching the gravel outside.

"Please step inside and wait till I can speak to you," said Honora, hastily indicating a door by her side. Perhaps she had a sudden thought that the presence of the stranger behind, and not in front of the little counter, might seem to need explanation.

He passed within the little parlor. A handful of fire burned in the grate. One little window looked down the hill and to a distance which the mild sun and diamond haze had turned to the gates of Heaven. The other looked on a flower and vegetable and fruit garden, which in summer had an undue prevalence of flowers, thought the neighbors.

Over the chimney-piece was a very old engraving of a gentleman, long faced, aquiline-featured, with a little pointed beard and serious gentle eyes. His hand on his sword-hilt gave him a warlike air despite his glances of his sensitive mouth. The stranger started when he saw it. He peered closely at the inscription beneath it, which set forth that it represented the Most Excellent Sir James Fitzmaurice.

"So they are not forgotten," he murmured to himself, and then he turned impatiently towards the door the other side of which Honora was still engaged in her official duties.

He looked around the room while one foot tapped the clay floor. A canary on whose cage the sun fell was singing shrill and sweet, stopping now and again between little love-calls as though he waited for an answer, then, none coming, he himself feigned the returning call. He had intuitions of the days before the captivity of his race.

The furniture in the room was very old, but every piece beautiful even while it crumbled. The corner cupboards, with its few ancient pieces of glass and china, the old piano with its red satin back to the ceiling, the Sheraton table, the tall old clock in the corner, all had a delightful air of austere beauty. Winter violets grew in a pot on the table, and penetrated the air with their subtle message of spring. On the mantelshelf were the quaintest ornaments, and a few old daguerotypes. My Lady Poverty here wore her very sweetest aspect.

But Honora came in at the doorway, colored like a flame, and the naked, beautiful room was all at once transformed. She was wearing a kind of sacque, bunched over a scarlet petticoat. It was a fashion of twenty years ago on the world outside Corlaigh, but it recalled a Fitzmaurice might have worn her state garments somewhat after the same fashion.

"Now, sir," said Honora, briskly. "How can I help you?"

The stranger bowed profoundly.

"I have come from Spain," he said. Why he had the very ears and beard of Don Quixote! "Three hundred years ago my people left this place. Spain has owned us for so long. Ah, yes, wherever the history of Spain is written there is always one of us on the page. But the race dwindles. There is only now myself, Miguel y Fitzmaurice, and my children, little ones. Something impelled me to come back and see if here in the cradle of my race I might discover some of my kin."

Honora went quite pale with excitement.

"Don Miguel," she said, by sheer accident she had given him his proper title, "Don Miguel I think we must be cousins. I am Honora Desmond, and I too am alone in the world."

"Ah," he said, "I commanded myself to St. James of Compostella before I started. How well he has guided me, dear Saint. Allow me to kiss your hands, my cousin."

He took the two work-worn, yet beautiful hands in his, and imprinted the most reverent of kisses upon them. Honora smiled and blushed. It did not occur to her to think that he had not noticed the poverty of her surroundings, the humility of her position.

"And you are alone, dear friend,"

he said, leading her to a chair as though he took her out in some stately dance. "Alone, as I am, except for the little ones. How does it come that you are alone?"

"My mother died ten years ago. I was the only child. She was the only child of the Lady Fitzmaurice of Desmond. This was the ballad-singing lady. Since we had become poor we gave up using the title. Ah!"

There was a tapping at the door, and with a murmur of apology Honora left him. Someone required a penny stamp, a very young lady apparently who having made the enormous purchase was inclined to give the post-mistress the history of all the family of nine, younger than herself.

While Honora was gently releasing herself her newly-found relation in the inner room was fretting and fuming, muttering rolling words between his teeth for which may St. James of Compostella obtain him forgiveness.

At last she came in, sparkling and smiling.

"It was a little child," she said. "She wanted to tell me about the others. I have nursed most of the through their little illnesses."

"But you should not have to obey when they come knocking, knocking," he said gloomily. "You are a Fitzmaurice of Desmond."

"I had to do it to live," she said. His eyes leaped at her. Then he averted them as though he had placed a strong control on himself.

"My wife," he said, "Donna Mercedes has been dead these three years. She prayed when she was dying that St. James might send me a good wife, a good mother to her children."

"Ah! You have children. What a comfort that must be!"

"Yes, they help. But even with them it is lonely. I have their picture, if you would wish to see them. He took from his pocket a little case and opened it. A little round Spaniard, ripe as a ripe peach, Honora glanced at her, and then touched the glass above the pictured face as though she caressed the living. Then she looked at the child, with close-cropped hair, two little round black eyes, and a baby in a white frock on the lap of a bearded Spanish nurse.

"Ah!" she sighed, "how hard for her to leave them!"

Again she touched the glass on the picture of the dead woman, tenderly, but her eyes traveled on to the children and were hungry.

"I have never seen anyone since, till I saw you, to whom I would give Mercedes' children in trust. You, alas, dear friend, if you were not so young and beautiful you might rule my house. As it is, the conventions forbid it."

"Young and beautiful!" Honora lifted her hand to the wave of her hair, and laughed, and blushed. "Where are your eyes, Don Miguel? I am nearly forty, and there are grey hairs in my head."

"I do not see them," said Don Miguel, looking at her seriously. "And if they were there they would not make you more beautiful. Ah, yes, you are beautiful, very beautiful to a Spaniard, who is not accustomed to golden beauty like yours."

Honora's hand still held the case with the portraits. Her eyes went back to the little Spaniard. Alas, the woman who had had to leave them! Was it because they were of her kin, that she yearned over them even more than she was used to do with children?

"I am commended to a gentleman here, Sir John Moffat, but have lodged myself in the inn in your town. I shall make a little stay, I think, now that I have found you, my cousin. There is so much to see, their castles, their abbey, the graves that hold their precious dust. I want to carry it all back to Spain in my heart."

"They are not likely to be forgotten," said Honora. "Their castles are on every ridge, and Time deals gently with them."

A day or two later Don Miguel y Fitzmaurice transferred his belongings from the Desmond Arms to Sir John Moffat's house.

Such a devout pilgrim never was to the shrines of his ancestors. His piety towards his race extended to the living as well as the dead, for it was plainly to be seen that from the very beginning he thought Honora Desmond peerless among women.

At first he had not so much of her society as he desired. Her official duties claimed her, to his deep indignation. Then there came a day when a palled young woman from Dublin arrived to take Honora's place and learn the duties of the position.

Corlaigh was rather perturbed by it. It was not accustomed to changes, but gradually it leaked out that Honora was to accompany the Spanish gentleman to Seville to look after his children.

"You'll like your new place, Miss Honora," said one of the gossips a little curiously. Miss Desmond, who had never confided in Corlaigh, seemed likely to leave it without sharing her thoughts with her reserved life there. "It's the grand wages they'll be giving you to make it worth your while to go from the post-office."

Honora dimpled delightfully.

"The grand wages, Mary Shea," she repeated. "Grander wages than I ever looked to get in all my life."

"Still it wouldn't be them that 'ud be takin' you out of it," Mary Shea's curiosity was yet unslaked. "Of course you're goin' to your own people in a manner o' speakin', yet 'tis a new place after all an' you've been in Corlaigh all your days, an' the post-office is a terrible stirrin' place, maybe 'tis the children in takin' you?"

"I thought at first it was Mary," replied Honora emphatically, "but after all it was the wages. The wages were something I couldn't do without."

"See that now, an' you a single woman too, with none but yourself!"

to support, Miss Honora," said the gossip, rather scandalized.

A little later the news came to Corlaigh that Miss Desmond had married Don Miguel. Mary Shea shook her head over her own dullness.

"Sure 'twas a different kind o' wages altogether was in our minds," she said. "I can see now 'twas the fondness the Don had for her who was thinkin' about. They say that he thinks there was never the like of her for beauty for all that she's but five years younger than my own mother. An' 'tis the grand lady she is with a castle in Spain, an' the would Fitzmaurice Castle above that he bought for a wedding present to her. Yet they say 'twas the thought of havin' the child to herself drew her first to say yes to him."

## THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

for seven shillings, or \$1.75 a week. These probably represent the range of houses which the average workman can get. In addition he must pay for water, gas, if he has it, and in some cases the rates. I should say that the rents were higher in England than with us for the same accommodation, but that usually the American workmen spent more on rent because he wanted a more commodious and better home. It is not so common a thing in England to see a workman's two-roomed cottage with a dirt floor. Only a very recently arrived American would put up with such a thing in his home.

Woolen clothing in England is much cheaper than in the United States, but cotton underwear and most of the necessities of life are as one could observe in a hasty survey seemed far less varied than that of the American workman.

Scotch oatmeal they have, and it is usually cooked to a salve, and occasionally the quantity of flowers are used as unknown. Meats are a little higher than with us, and flour almost the same. We went through a number of markets, and found for the time of the year, I should judge, many vegetables at moderate prices, and we were struck by the quantity of flowers displayed and their low price. Canned goods are becoming more known and used, but as yet their use is small as compared with ours. There are numbers of bakeries displaying quantities of unwholesome heavy pastries. Strong, bitter tea and thin cocoa are much drunk, and, of course, the heavy and bitter ale, porter and stout, are everywhere seen. I should not judge that food itself is as cheap as with us, but it is sold in small quantities at cheaper rates than with us. Hence it is easier for the man with a small income to spend it properly. But as the British workman has a smaller income than his American compeer, he has less to spend on his food, and, on the whole, I do not think he lives so well.

After a careful comparison all around, my wife and I came to the conclusion that with the important exception of woolen clothes and underwear, the necessities of life were little if any cheaper than with us, but that service and luxuries were a good deal cheaper. Thus the common price of shaving is "tuppence," or two cents, and it is not uncommon to see a sign, "Shaving 1 1/2 Penny," or three cents. This is a service far below our ordinary price of ten cents. Wines, which are distinctly a luxury, and rarely drunk by the workman, are less than half from one cent to eight cents, according to the distance, but they will average much less than our customary fare of five cents.

To sum up, the British workman is not so fine a man physically as his American fellow; he probably works a short time less in a week, receives about two-thirds or three-fourths the weekly wages, and has less interest in his labor and has an overtime at its does not turn out the quantity of work, so that his labor, though it is paid less per week, is more costly. His housing is ugly, cramped, and with discomforts that the American would not put up with, and costs him for less comfortable accommodations as much or more. His clothing has less shoddy in it than the American's and for the same quality costs him less. His food costs him as much or more and is less varied. His general expenses are probably much less, and certainly his co-operative methods of buying and insuring himself are away ahead of ours.—Eltwood Pomeroy, in Boston Transcript.

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## HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

RICE AS A FOOD.—"Rice is not only one of the most nutritious of foods, but is one of the most easily digested," said Miss Ella Whitney Gould, of New Orleans, in a recent demonstration on the exhibition grounds at Buffalo. "Although plain boiled rice is the foundation of all rice cooking, few people understand how to obtain the best results. Properly cooked, each kernel should remain separate and unbroken, and should swell to three times its original size. First wash the rice in two waters to remove the superfluous starch, allowing it to stand in the last water for four or five minutes. One-half cupful of rice will require two quarts of water and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Bring the salted water to a boil, and drop the rice into it gradually so as not to stop its boiling. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes, a colander, rinsed with cold water (through the colander), shake it free from the water, and return it to the saucepan, and let it stand uncovered on the back of the stove for five minutes. This is the basis of all rice cooking."

A rice border for a salmon was

made. After washing and parboiling one-half pound of rice for five minutes, draining and rinsing with cold water, the rice was put into a double boiler with two cupfuls of milk, one even teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of butter, and cooked until tender. Another tablespoonful of butter was then added in small pieces, a sprinkling of nutmeg, and the yolk of two eggs. The mixture was filled into a border form, set in a vessel of hot water, the water coming half way to the top, placed in a medium hot oven, covered with buttered paper and baked ten minutes. Just before serving the rice was turned from the form to a hot dish and filled with salmon.

For the salpicon, three chicken livers were sprinkled with salt and pepper, put into a saucepan, in which two tablespoonfuls of butter were bubbling, and cooked until done. Meanwhile, a dozen small mushrooms cooked for ten minutes in butter in another saucepan. The livers and mushrooms were next cut in dice and mixed with one cupful of diced and cooked chicken. One tablespoonful each of butter and flour was cooked together for three minutes, and one and one-half cupfuls of boiling milk were added with a small bouquet, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cupful of mushroom liquor, twelve whole peppercorns, one even teaspoonful of salt, and the whole was cooked for five minutes and strained. The meat and mushroom mixture was then turned in and cooked for five minutes longer.

For a rice potato salad, equal portions of rice, cold, boiled potato and finely chopped celery were used, and were placed in alternate layers in a salad dish with a generous spreading of mayonnaise over each. The salad was garnished with lettuce leaves.

Rice and tomatoes, Miss Gould said, are delicious, backed together. Alternate layers of each, covered with bits of butter, should fill the baking dish.

To make frozen rice cream, one cupful of boiled rice was put through a fruit press, and then added to one pint of milk and one pint of cream, two eggs and sugar to taste. Vanilla was used for flavoring and the mixture was frozen like the usual ice cream.

For rice chocolate pudding the following recipe was given: Let one-half ounce of gelatin soak for one hour in one cupful of cold milk. Melt three ounces of grated chocolate in two cupfuls of boiling milk. While the chocolate and milk are boiling, turn them on to the gelatin and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add one teaspoonful of sugar, the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and vanilla to taste. Let the mixture stand until nearly cold, whisk to a froth and pour over the cold boiled rice. Stand on the ice until ready to serve.

To make rice muffins like those for which the Southern cook is famous, dilute one cupful of boiled rice with one cupful of milk. Add one teaspoonful of melted butter, the yolks of two eggs, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and one good teaspoonful of baking powder. Fold in the beaten whites of the two eggs and bake in muffin tins in a quick oven.

Rice stuffing for roast chicken or turkey was recommended as preferable to the usual bread crumbs. To prepare it brown one chopped onion in a tablespoonful of butter and mix with it four cupfuls of cold, boiled rice and one cupful of bread crumbs that have been moistened in one cupful of milk. Season with sage, parsnip or other sweet herbs as desired. Add half a pound of sausage meat, or finely chopped salt pork and salt and pepper to taste.



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**LADIES' AUXILIARY** to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p.m. and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., and third month. President, Mrs. Sarah Alexander, Vice-President, Miss Annie Donovan, Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Nora Kavanagh, 155 Inspector street, Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

**A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.**—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Levee streets, on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239; Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street; to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer; Delegates: Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

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**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.** Organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 167 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strabbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

**C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH 25.**—Organized, 13th November, 1888.—Branch 25 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Rev. Father Curran, B.C.L., President; P. J. McDonnell, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

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## ABOUT PRAYER.

To cut off prayer from life is like cutting the roots from the tree; that connection, by means of which it drew its sustenance, is gone.—L. Whiting.

## TRUE WOMAN.

Woman, when she is true woman, is greater, worthier, than any man. Perhaps because she draws nearer Christ the Son through Mary the Mother.—S. R. Crockett.

## THE GROCER'S EXCUSE

A New York grocer, arrested last week for selling diluted milk, swore that the rain came into his can through a hole in the cover. He was much more plausible than if he had said that it rained into the cow.—Boston Pilot.

Success is not always to be measured by money, position, or reputation, although these visible marks of achievement are the usual spurs to ambition. In what the world calls failure God often stores the richest success. We judge by the finished building, the completed work, the rounded career. But it is to some given as he is put to rest, first, common occupations, daily that under conditions might have attained a magnificent development, but are now left to pass, although as

## Saturday, August 24, 1907

## Rando And

## ACCIDENTS.

Every evening the daily press contains a list of accidental deaths from drowning, locally more or other for the accidents, it is and if one class of our citizens it is that of twelve. On the day of the day is a day of various and consequently, remarkable as it is, children and grown to be to found home on Sunday would be considered other cause of the daily victims, in balconies and buildings for life. What is the fact? Lessons should be taught, but in instances we seem. At least, city like this should pose too much of the ones, forgetting only a child, or apparently or

## GOVERNMENT.

There is rage in Government supply Mr. Balfour commination, for carelessness in issues which he close of the session person must be must be rooted cover over the Government, w claims could be referred to the dries in convent institutions under her Sisters. tion of the Irish speeches such as had been brought about Irish members were exultant. It was them. Of course, of secondary policy did not necessarily convince voters is one of those which serve to in and weakness in which direction lie. It is a powerful line of conduct. Irish Nationalist would be and persistent "eternal vigilance" price of freedom

## DEMOCRACY'S

In our last issue, President L. the advantages of of France to-day, ing passage in the while foreign to treated, still des passing notice. In which the President strate the suprem What we feel that as any person, in the term, that is, the principle of Governm for the people, at perceive a latent thority and a cons self-education. In phrases of the em says:—

"In a democracy himself above the trymen, who is ca frage of his fellow higher office in something, coun intelligence, his l but in a larger section of the trad and the wills of presents. I will ton and Lincoln are quite many study the origin you will analyze h discover that he i people; that his h of the history of he has suffered, ploughed his daily produce, and un the are the virtue of soil, and thus d what there is best in it, in the person represents it wort and emperors can with their 'divine' quantity of their Magistrate of a R answer to them:—

"Majesties, you eiple; the people I For my part I am that unity which millions. My name nobility goes fur your patents of L come down through time, and is based and glories of men and fought well—

## ABOUT PROTES

It is now a matter of that the Protestan is far removed, in practice, and in th the so-called Eng properly would be been made a deler certain the "Cat sine" was the m and remains un with any that w







## CANADA'S POPULATION.

## First Return of the Census.

Never before, in the history of Canada, did the census returns cause so much commotion. Below we publish the report as it has been given out. So far the work is not completed; and until such time as the last touch is given to it we cannot fairly base a judgment upon it. But sufficient is now known to create general disappointment. The small increase in Quebec, and the still smaller increase in Ontario—the two largest provinces, as far as population goes, in the Dominion—have created no end of discussion and fault-finding. It is evident that both political parties are anxious to make all the capital they can out of the unpromising condition of affairs. They are not sparing in their shots at each other; each is trying to shift the blame upon the other's shoulders. The Liberals, now in power, feel keenly the unsatisfactory character of the results; and they say that the fault lies with their opponents who, for political reasons, caused the census returns of 1891 to be unduly augmented. On the other hand, the Conservatives, who were then in power and who have been in Opposition since 1896, claim that the present census has been badly taken, that the returns are erroneous, and that whatever real falling off there may be, is due to the policy of the present Government. With all these contradictory claims we have nothing to do, nor do they interest us to any appreciable extent.

But what does affect us is the plain fact that, during the past decade, Canada's population has not augmented as it should have, considering all the advantages offered by the country and all the efforts made to swell our numbers. Be the cause what it may this fact remains, and cannot be gainsaid. The aim, at present, should be to discover the real truth in regard to the increase of our population; and, when the source of the discouraging result is made known, to strain every nerve to remove that cause.

It will be seen by the returns that we have a general statement of the changes in population, as to numbers, effected in the various provinces, in the different cities, and in the divers sections of country. But, that which most concerns us at this moment, is the status of our own people in the Dominion. We are anxious to learn the percentage of increase in each religious section of the population.

As in the past, we suppose, we will have no means of knowing whether the Irish Catholic element has, on the whole, augmented or decreased; much less can we ascertain our standing in the various centres in which we have generally been the most numerous. Long since, away back in the years of the last decade we called, and repeatedly called the attention of our representatives to this question; but no attention seems to have been paid to the representations then made. The result is that, as far as we are concerned, the whole census return is a blank.

However, we repeat, that it is not an easy matter to yet get at the exact truth.

The taking of the census and the compiling of the returns demand the manipulation of an enormous amount of figures; in such a vast undertaking the calculations required are beyond our conception. In consequence, it is no easy matter to arrive at perfect returns immediately after the handing in of the various and multitudinous reports. To avoid errors is almost impossible. It would need more than one careful revision of all the figures before exactness could be assured. Therefore, we are not inclined to base any serious judgment of Canada's progress or condition upon the returns as they now exist. Time may yet change their aspect.

BY PROVINCES.—The count in the provinces as compared with 1891 shows as follows—

	1891.	1901.
British Columbia	98,175	190,000
Manitoba	152,506	246,464
New Brunswick	321,268	321,093
Nova Scotia	450,896	457,116
Ontario	2,144,326	2,167,078
P. E. Island	109,078	103,258
Quebec	1,488,535	1,620,974
The Territories	66,799	145,000
Unorganized Ter.		
Victoria	32,168	75,000

The gains thus indicated are as follows—

British Columbia	91,827
Manitoba	88,858
New Brunswick	9,880
Nova Scotia	8,720

Ontario	58,657
Quebec	132,489
Territories	78,201
Unorganized Territory	42,832
Prince Edward Island	5,820

ELECTORAL DIVISIONS.—The enumeration was made by electoral divisions, and the result is thus given—

British Columbia.

1891.	1901.
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Burrard, New West-	
minster, Vancouver,	
Victoria, Yale and Car-	
iboo	98,175 190,000

Manitoba.

Brandon	25,575 38,742
Lisgar	28,585 43,505
MacDonald	22,776 36,090
Marquette	13,123 31,458
Provencher	15,460 24,578
Selkirk	21,389 29,755
Winnipeg	25,639 42,336

New Brunswick.

Albert	10,971 10,925
Carleton	22,529 21,621
Charlotte	23,572 22,416
Gloucester	24,897 27,935
Kent	23,845 23,954
Kings	23,087 21,655
Northumberland	25,713 28,543
Restigouche	8,908 10,586

St. John City and

Digby	49,574 51,756
Sunbury & Queens	17,914 16,906
Victoria	18,277 21,136
Westmoreland	41,477 42,059
York	30,979 41,601

Nova Scotia.

Annapolis	19,350 18,842
Antigonish	16,114 18,617
Cape Breton	34,244 48,361
Colchester	27,160 24,899
Cumberland	34,529 38,169
Gloucester	19,897 20,322
Guysboro	17,195 18,320

Halifax City and

County	71,358 74,167
Hants	22,052 20,056
Inverness	25,779 24,746
Kings	22,489 21,930
Lunenburg	31,075 32,380
Richmond	34,541 33,450
Shelburne	14,399 13,510

Queens and

Victoria	25,566 24,420
Yarmouth	12,432 10,576
Yarmouth	22,216 22,860

Ontario.

Addington	24,151 24,495
Algoma	37,570 56,500
Bothwell	25,593 26,232
Brant	23,859 26,729
Brockville	15,853 15,902
Bruce, E.	21,655 19,310
Bruce, N.	20,871 20,802
Bruce, W. O.	22,377 17,025
Caldwell	15,882 13,063
Carleton	16,534 19,375

Cornwall and St.

Mont	27,152 26,804
Dundas	20,132 19,757
Durham, E.	17,053 14,464
Durham, W. O.	15,374 13,109
Elgin, E.	26,724 21,258
Elgin, W. O.	39,925 22,865
Essex	31,523 33,435
Essex, S.	24,022 22,327
Frontenac	13,345 12,598
Glengarry	22,447 22,131
Grenville, S.	12,929 12,832
Grey, E.	26,225 25,095
Grey, N.	26,341 27,073
Grey, S.	28,672 22,125

Haldimand and

Monck	21,463 20,053
Halton	21,982 19,573
York, W. O.	20,284 18,787
Hamilton	41,857 33,744
Hastings, E.	48,980 52,550
Hastings, N.	18,050 16,472
Hastings, W. O.	22,070 24,077
Huron, E.	18,968 17,269
Huron, S.	19,184 17,462
Huron, W. O.	20,021 18,778
Kent	31,434 31,873
Lambton	19,238 18,043
Lambton, W. O.	23,446 23,048
Lanark, N.	19,260 18,174
Lanark, S.	19,862 19,507

Leeds and Gren-

ville, N.	13,521 13,644
Leeds, S.	22,449 21,185
Leeds, W.	14,900 13,422
Lincoln and Niagara	
ara	27,043 27,589
London	22,281 24,417
Middlesex, E.	25,569 26,615
Middlesex, N.	19,090 17,455
Middlesex, S.	18,806 18,639
Nipissing	17,288 15,847

Muskoka and Parry

Sound	26,515 33,723
Nipissing	17,970 33,500
Norfolk, N.	19,400 18,658
Norfolk, S.	22,702 20,889
Northumberland, E.	21,965 20,500
Northumberland, W.	
O.	14,947 13,055
Ontario, N.	20,723 20,716
Ontario, S.	19,033 18,794
Ontario, W. O.	18,792 16,895
Ottawa	42,481 57,614
Oxford	26,181 25,368
Oxford, S.	22,421 21,797
Ped	15,466 13,686
Perth, N.	26,907 27,147
Perth, S.	19,400 17,877
Peterborough, E.	21,919 22,313
Peterborough, W.	15,808 16,840
Prescott	24,173 27,055
Prince Edward	18,889 17,864
Renfrew, N.	22,484 23,201
Russell	23,972 22,677
Simcoe, E.	31,645 35,206
Simcoe, N.	28,205 26,963
Simcoe, S.	20,824 19,272
Toronto, C.	26,832 28,746
Toronto, E.	48,564 45,707
Toronto, W.	73,827 81,676
Victoria, N.	16,849 16,276
Victoria, S.	26,455 20,557
Waterloo, N.	25,325 27,160
Waterloo, S.	25,139 25,480
Welland	25,132 16,091
Wellington, C.	23,387 20,563
Wellington, N.	24,956 23,800
Wellington, S.	24,373 24,707
Wellington and	
Brant	21,629 18,719

Wellington, S.	24,373 24,707
York, E.	25,148 40,842
Quebec.	
1891.	1901.

Argenteuil	15,158 15,963
Beauce	19,522 16,363
Beauharnois	17,222 22,942
Bellechasse	16,662 17,722
Berthier	18,368 18,702
Bonaventure	18,449 19,022
Brome	20,835 24,490
Champlain	14,709 13,397
Chateauguay	23,961 24,313
Chateauguay	29,267 34,951
Chateauguay	19,038 19,334
Chateauguay	15,800 15,093
Chicoutimi and Saguenay (?)	32,281 38,281
Compton	22,779 26,460
Doux Montagnes	15,022 13,996
Dorchester	19,017 21,013
Drummond and Arthabaska	48,823 44,712
Gaspé	26,875 27,680
Hochelaga	35,766 55,869
LaSalle	14,385 13,203
LaSalle	19,482 25,967
LaSalle	22,921 22,143
LaSalle	20,454 19,101
LaSalle	24,779 30,906
LaSalle	19,065 18,227
LaSalle	14,661 14,993
LaSalle	16,504 17,428
LaSalle	25,995 26,210
LaSalle	13,823 14,403
LaSalle	20,688 20,039
LaSalle	32,514 64,169
LaSalle	17,829 15,773
LaSalle	22,233 22,326
LaSalle	19,456 18,484
LaSalle	16,906 12,998
LaSalle	14,796 12,998
LaSalle	12,309 12,278
LaSalle	24,685 23,366
LaSalle	44,626 47,651
LaSalle	35,830 42,926
LaSalle	42,808 48,808
LaSalle	34,746 40,432
LaSalle	28,735 26,590
LaSalle	22,084 24,104
LaSalle	25,813 27,102
LaSalle	17,649 20,365
LaSalle	39,326 38,326
LaSalle	9,241 9,326
LaSalle	19,503 20,751
LaSalle	20,483 18,576
LaSalle	31,347 34,137
LaSalle	38,430 40,157
LaSalle	19,354 15,990
LaSalle	21,135 21,543
LaSalle	23,268 18,814
LaSalle	23,263 23,628
LaSalle	16,088 18,466
LaSalle	9,608 9,928
LaSalle	18,067 19,185
LaSalle	25,608 29,185
LaSalle	23,128 26,185
LaSalle	21,101 26,129
LaSalle	10,792 10,446
LaSalle	38,781 48,564
LaSalle	16,058 16,204

Prince Edward Island.

King's	21,696 19,827
Prince, E.	20,723 19,994
Prince, W.	20,987 20,075
Queen's	23,464 21,428
Queen's, W.	22,210 21,934

The Territories.

Alberta, Assiniboia,	
E., Assiniboia, W.	
Saskatchewan	66,799 148,000
Unorganized Ter-	
ritories	32,168 75,000

CITIES.—The population of the principal city municipalities is as follows—

1891.	1901.	Inc.
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Montreal	220,181	266,826	46,645
Toronto	151,220	207,971	56,751
Quebec	64,090	68,264	4,174
Ottawa	44,154	59,902	15,748
Hamilton	48,980	52,550	3,570
Winnipeg	25,439	42,336	16,897
Halifax	38,495	40,788	2,293
St. John	39,179	40,711	1,532
St. John	31,977	37,983	5,906
Victoria	18,421	20,821	2,400
Kingston	19,263	18,043	1,220
Vancouver	13,709	26,196	12,487
Brantford	12,753	16,631	3,878
Hull	11,264	13,988	2,724
Ch. a. Lotte-			
valley	11,373	12,080	607
Sherbrooke	5,515	11,055	5,540
Sydney	2,427	9,908	7,481
Moncton	5,165	9,026	3,861
Calgary	3,876	12,142	8,266
Brandon	3,778	5,738	1,960

DWELLINGS AND FAMILIES.—The population by families compared with 1891 is as follows—

1891.	1901.
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Canada	921,643 1,042,782
British Columbia	20,719 39,000
Manitoba	31,786 48,590
New Brunswick	58,462 62,700
Nova Scotia	58,462 62,700
Ontario	414,798 451,839
Prince E. Island	18,601 18,746
Quebec	27,991 303,301
Territories	14,415 29,500
Unorganized Ter.	32,168 75,000

The dwellings are as follows—

1891.	1901.
Canada	377,586 1,003,944
British Columbia	20,016 38,000
Manitoba	30,790 47,903
New Brunswick	54,713 58,227
Nova Scotia	79,102 85,092
Ontario	406,948 440,413
Prince E. Island	18,389 18,580
Quebec	246,644 287,533
Territories	14,129 28,300

SOME RECORDS INCOMPLETE.—

The bulletin says: In a few districts the records of the present year are incomplete, and the figures for them have been estimated in part. The returns for the extreme northern portions of Quebec and Ontario and for the unorganized territories of Athabasca, Franklin, Keewatin, Mackenzie, Ungava, and Yukon have not been received.

There was a very little boy wading up to the ankles in muddy water one afternoon. "Why aren't you at school, young man?" asked a passing gentleman. "Cos I've got the whooping cough," he explained.

No man is so insignificant as the man that his examples can do no hurt.—Lord Clarendon.

## NOTES FOR FARMERS.

## FARMING IN COLD NORWAY.

Many of the farms in this part of Norway have been cultivated for a thousand years. The buildings on some of them are seven and eight hundred years old. Anything built within a century or two is considered modern. The other day an Englishman who was looking at a house to rent for the fishing season complained that it was too old. The owner was astonished at such presumption, and assured him that every building on the place had been erected since 1815. But they are built to stay.

At Borgund, a few miles west of this place, is a church that was built in 1150 or earlier. The antiquarians cannot determine the exact date, and it is mentioned in the official records of the diocese as far back as 1360. They are carefully preserved for all the intervening years. It is a singular piece of architecture, but there are twenty or more in Norway like it, although I believe this is the best preserved. It is built of logs, thickly covered with tar both on the inside and the outside, which accounts for its preservation. The interior consists of a nave and aisles, with twelve pinnacles, a choir and a semi-circular apse. When the doors are shut the interior is almost in total darkness, as light is admitted only through tiny openings pierced through