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Opinion and Criticism

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. Edward 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 Ssolodovnikoff, 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 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, wife 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 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 augmentation 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 maidenhood 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 will 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 has had 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 develop-

A JESUIT'S PLEA FOR JESUITS.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX"

In the "Gazette" of Wednesday, August 14th, appears 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-religionist 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 opened at 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 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 have their 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 renounce 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

editorial writer of the "Gazette," takes upon himself to thus introduce his subject:—

"Whatever the Company of Jesus may have been or done in other lands, it has enjoyed a reputation in Canada that is, on the whole, an enviable possession."

This might pass muster considering the source; but here is an extraordinary sentence that would admit of unlimited analysis. He is speaking of a Canadian who takes up the "Monthly Review," and finds therein an elaborate defence of the Jesuits against their assailants in Europe, and who "knows from the pages of history that the harmless, useful, sometimes learned, sometimes pious, and once self-devoted, martyr-minded Jesuit of Canada has a colleague in Europe, who, if all that is said of him be true, is of quite another sort."

"Harmless" and "useful" may be very indifferent terms; the Jesuit, in the writer's mind, may be harmless, in the same sense that a child, or an innocent creature is, and he may be "useful," as is a domestic animal, or a piece of furniture. There is not much harm in, nor much use for such comments; but the "sometimes learned, sometimes pious, and once self-devoted, martyr-minded," simply means that more frequently the Jesuit is ignorant, and unpoetic, that he is no longer self-devoted, nor martyr-minded. By the way, if I read history aright, especially the history of Canada, he was not merely "martyr-minded," but the martyr in good earnest. Considering these very peculiar terms, as applied in the manner intended by the "Gazette," and the additional assertion—repeated—"of the two-fold significance of the name they bear"—that is to say the name "Society of Jesus"—I am led to believe that the severe handling which just such writers received at the hands of the famous "Father Prout" was not unmerited.

The editorial writer of the "Gazette" must be familiar with the works of the Rev. Francis Mahony—whose "nom de plume," "Father Prout," has won such a wonderful and unique place in the domain of classic erudition. I would gladly have him peruse this learned and peculiar as well as characteristic article entitled "Literature and the Jesuits." It is the sixth in the Routledge edition of Prout's works, and may be found in "Fraser's Magazine," September, 1894. The essay would occupy several pages of the "Gazette," so I cannot be expected to do more than indicate where it is to be found and to beg of the editorial writer of our morning daily to peruse it before again attempting an appreciation of the Jesuits. Above all I would call attention to Prout's remarks addressed to Professor Robertson, who, in his "History of Charles V.," made an attempt to characterize the Jesuit and his works, to tell the world all about

the "Janissaries 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 condescension to the 'monita secretorum?' Had he ever crossed the threshold of a Jesuit sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the 'ratio studiorum?' Had his ear ever drunk the mystic warnings of the 'monita secretorum?' 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 derisives of 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 maximum 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 boldness 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 penal variations 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 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 the intoxicated person surety "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 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 for the treatment of drunkenness" designated by a committee appointed by the Governor. The victim must express a desire to undergo treatment and must be inebriated 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 indorsed 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 advisement 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 pertinence that the imposition of a fine or a jail sentence does not operate as a deterrent, and that a reformatory agency and does not tend to divert him from his anti-social tendencies. The most hopeful experiments, they think, he 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 appetites 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 has been 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.

THE ENIGMA.

We all know the story of the Egyptian sphinx and the famous enigma it was wont to propound. There are enigmas equally as difficult of solution, yet equally as important in the affairs of this world-to-day. One of these is the contradictory attitude of the Government of France in regard to the acknowledged benefactors of both the French nation and the whole human race. On this important subject Rev. A. Belanger, S.J., has contributed an excellent article to the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Father Belanger supposes himself in Egypt, seated at the foot of the Sphinx and holding converse with that fabled monster of remote antiquity. So very novel is the form and so pertinent to the issues of the hour, as well as explanatory of them, that we cannot refrain from taking a few extracts from the article. It is thus the Jesuit Father begins:—

The Sphinx fixed upon me his great, mocking eyes, and in their cruel, stony gaze seemed concentrated all the irony that forty centuries of contemplated human comedy can produce in the heart of a sphinx. "You like psychological enigmas," he said; "therefore, listen to this one, and solve it if you dare." And, while I sat between his enormous stone paws and felt the hot wind of the desert sweep across my brow, a story beautiful as heaven and horrible as hell, fell from the heavy lips of the implacable poser of problems. "There was once a society all dried up with egotism, like the gray sands of the Sahara, which are parched by the sun, when, in its midst there appeared, as the green oases in the desert, groups of men and women attacked by a strange, sublime madness. "Where did they find followers? Where a mysterious breath called the passion for sacrifice made itself felt; wherever a heavenly zephyr murmured gently, yet distinctly: 'Love God, love thy brethren and sacrifice thyself for them.' In the family circle of the rich and at the hearthside of the laborer; in great universities and in primary schools; in the open field, in the city, in the army. In the counting-house—in fact, wherever there were those so smitten with the spirit of immolation that they dreamed only of self-denial, of tears to dry and sufferings to mitigate. "Among these were young girls, radiant with health and youth, who could have been proudly led to the altar amid the delicate fragrance of orange blossoms and to the inspiring strains of the organ. Instead, they turned toward the sick—in the groaning, coughing, whining sick—who sometimes swooned and even dared to strike; washed their ulcers and dressed their wounds, wearing an angelic smile while cheerfully doing the work of the most menial attendant. Moreover, from out the abundance of their compassionate hearts, they gave most helpful consolation, addressing the sick man as 'brother,' and eliciting from him in return, the well-earned title of 'sister.' "Others there were who devoted themselves to youth and, though virgins through their purity, proved themselves mothers by their love. Into their infant asylums and primary schools they received innocent little children whom they taught to abhor falsehood, respect their parents, obey their masters, and to hate theft, blasphemy and lewdness. In addition to that smattering of human science, now so indispensable, they provided them with the most far more precious equipments for life's journey, by revealing to these little ones, so beloved by Christ, the 'beatitudes,' the nobility of poverty, and by disclosing to them that heavenly bliss which consists in the key to the human problem and the pacifying solution of its cruel enigmas. "Some gathered in the orphans, and them, clothed them and taught them to trade. Others turned their attention to a less attractive child-hood—that which comes with graceless, whimsical old age. Endowed with superhuman cheerfulness which stunned the lookers-on, they cared for the aged poor with a tenderness therefore unknown to these old people, begging bread for them and even sleeping on the hard floor in order to provide them with beds, till at length these old warriors in life's battle became so happy as to believe themselves at the very threshold of heaven. "Some there were who sought to uplift the fallen; others hastened to the missions, braving the dangers of burning fever and of contact with barbarous blacks; while others still, to the mystification of the world at large, shut themselves up in the cloister and prayed for sinners with the fervor of a mother praying for the soul of her child. "And, side by side with this multitude of virgins, was another army, brusque and masculine, hurrying with great strides toward that strange career of absolute sacrifice wherein the love of others overweighs the love of self. "These men were of all ages and from all parts. Already they were epaulettes and commanded troops, or were doctors, lawyers, engineers or architects. One was business manager, another a tradesman. Some had early retired from the world, others had craved it over and contracted more than one stain, had, perhaps, been persecutors and combatants some day, like Saul on the road to Damascus. However, all had united themselves to love God and their neighbor. "These men, saved for the sick, were the future, and the kindly at-

our readers, has been appointed a professor at the St. Louis College. In order to accept the offer, Mr. Cuddihy was obliged to resign from the Catholic School Commissioners of this city. In the art of teaching—a science we should call it—Mr. Cuddihy has had ample experience, and has achieved remarkable success. During eleven years, in Ontario, and three years in this Province, he has taught "the young idea how to shoot." At the last general examinations, held this summer, he succeeded in obtaining with distinction a model school diploma. For two years he has been a professor in St. Mary's School, and was a member of the St. Anthony's, St. Francis and the Franciscan Churches. His absence will be felt in all those organizations, and especially in St. Mary's parish, where he had gained for himself an enviable place in the hearts of all the people. But none will rejoice more in his promotion and advancement than the friends with whom, for some years back, he has been in close association.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA.

On Wednesday, August 7, in the city of Hartford, Conn., the thirty-first annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was opened in Foot Guard Hall. The convention was called to order by the second vice-president of the union, J. Washington Logan, of Philadelphia. Prayer was offered by the Rev. A. P. Doyle, of New York, the secretary. Vice-President Logue made the announcement that the members of the committee on credentials would meet for the purpose of examining the credentials, while the rest of the delegates would attend Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral. With this announcement a recess was taken. The High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Tierney, assisted by Dr. F. McGillicuddy, of Worcester, Mass., president of the National Union, was assistant priest. The deacons of honor were the Rev. R. P. Haran, president of the Philadelphia Union, and the Rev. J. J. Curran, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was the deacon and the Rev. J. T. Mullen, D.C.L., of Boston, the sub-deacon of the Mass. The Rev. Christopher McCall, and E. M. Hayes, of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, were masters of ceremonies. There were a number of priests in the sanctuary and in the church, and the sub-deacon, Walter J. Shanley, rector of the Cathedral, who is president of the State Union. Joseph P. Kennedy, and ex-Alderman Bernard Burns, the president of the Cathedral Temperance Society, acted as ushers.

We, of the "True Witness" will always have reason to gratefully remember Mr. Cuddihy and his numerous excellent and generous contributions to our columns; and we hope that our readers will yet have the advantage of future literary effusions from his facile pen. We have reason to believe that the grand ambition of Mr. Cuddihy's life is to reach the priesthood. God grant him the grace, health, perseverance, and opportunity of eventually securing his heart's noble ambition.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA.

On Wednesday evening a demonstration was held in Parson's Theatre, which was crowded. Bishop Tierney presided. The Rev. W. J. Shanley, of Hartford, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut, made a speech of greeting. Bishop Tierney then spoke, after which Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., delivered an eloquent address. He said: "For purely industrial reasons, the Catholic men of America should espouse the cause of temperance. Employers do not want help that cannot be relied upon. The railroads are bound for self-protection to shut out the victims of strong drink. They want men of clear minds and strong arms. Success depends upon one's ability to do his best and to make the most intelligent use of the gifts which God has entrusted to him. The Archbishop would have the Catholics of America successful, and as an infallible means to this end he would keep them all sober. "America is the greatest country on earth. It holds out the best opportunities for its working men. It pays more money for labor and requires less hours than any other nation. The oceans are dotted with vessels carrying away our products. Europe is in a state of famine, and we will do next. Intemperance is the only thing which threatens to keep our people from sharing in the utmost in the marvelous prosperity which America has bound to enjoy. Put away this one possibility of failure, and the men of our race and religion are bound to become leaders. "Among the resolutions adopted by the convention were these: Resolved, That we work hand in hand, wherever practicable, with the anti-temperance associations, in attacking our common enemy, the drink evil. "Whereas, it is estimated by knowing ones that fully seven-eighths of the drinking is done under the auspices of the pernicious custom of 'treating,' we condemn the practice, and emphasize again the cause of our pledge, which exists that we discountenance the drinking habits of society. We recommend that our associates do all in their power to render this custom of treating as obnoxious as possible. "We give our hearty approbation to the excellent work lately inaugurated in our Catholic colleges and seminaries. "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 local 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 good in the temperance work has resulted from the organization of children in societies, 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 next convention in Dubuque, Ia., on August 6, 1902.

BISHOP ROWLEY AND THE MARONITES.

It is quite possible that many of our readers, on account of the more opportunities afforded them of meeting with Oriental Catholics, are not acquainted with the history of these people nor familiar with their rites. A recent issue of the "Evening Telegram," of St. John's, Newfoundland, contains an account of a Mass, chanted on Sunday, 21st July last, at the Cathedral, by Rev. A. K. Yazbek, Maronite missionary of the Church of Our Lady of the Cedars of Lebanon, Boston, The Mass was celebrated with all the imposing liturgy of the Maronite rite. Prior to the Mass, His Lordship Bishop Rowley delivered a very interesting and instructive sermon, in the course of which he explained the Maronite "Mass," and gave a historic sketch of that church. So clear and precise is that sermon and so much does it explain that it may be obscure to many of our readers, that we will reproduce the entire report. His Lordship spoke as follows:— "The Maronites, a Syrian people, who take their name from St. Maron, the founder of their principal monasteries. They own a large territory in the northwest portion of Palestine, and while they pay allegiance to the Sultan they are a striking example of the blessings of 'Home Rule' among an industrious, moral and religious people. It is their proud boast, though it is stated to be contrary by some writers, that they have never fallen away, like the rest of the Oriental peoples, into heresy or schism, but have always retained the full and true beliefs in the doctrine which the Catholic Church, and have remained in firm and loyal adhesion to the Pope and the Roman See. In fact they boast, and with truth, that their Patriarch is the successor of St. Peter in his 'see of Antioch, as Leo XIII. is in that of Rome. They have, however, retained the peculiar ceremonies and uses of the very ancient liturgy known as the Jacobite, and supposed to 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 that of language. When St. Peter came to Rome he abandoned many of the more ancient Oriental customs and took up the more advanced Roman or Western style particularly adopting the Latin language, which was then the common tongue of Europe and the western countries. Changes were also made in the cut and fashion of the vestments to suit them to the tastes of the surroundings. It is these minor 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 priesthood, the sacrifice of the Mass, the mystery of Transubstantiation, etc., are identically the same, and indeed, even the Oriental sects who have separated from the Pope and refused 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, separated from Rome. Not only by rejecting the vestments and language of the Latin Rite; not only by rejecting the authority of the Pope and the infallibility of the Mass, the real presence, etc. Of this we have a confirmation at the present moment, when the King of England is made to take the Coronation Oath, and swear that these doctrines are no part of the Protestant religion. This, of course, is true, and though we Catholics may regret that there should be any need of such a declaration at all, yet we must be

thankful that the opprobrious terms of "idolaters and superstitions" have been eliminated from the Oath. As an example of the universality of the Catholic Church, His Lordship instanced the fact that in his recent tour in Palestine he had the happiness of passing a night at the palace of the Maronite Patriarch at Bekoriki, Mount Lebanon, and of recognizing in him a former fellow-student who had sat beside him in the classrooms of the University of Propaganda in Rome in the sixties. The Bishop finished with a glowing tribute to the noble and upright, moral and industrious character of the Maronite people, and he hoped our people would respect those inoffensive strangers who have come to live and do an honest business amongst us. He regretted to hear that some of our young street idlers are in the habit of molesting and annoying the Maronites, and hoped he would not hear any more such complaints. The Mass, which owing to the novelty of the ceremonies and the peculiar intonation 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 or forty, who all received the Holy Communion from the hands of the celebrant, Father Yazbek, who had been among his flock for the past few days, hearing their confessions and preparing them for the reception of the Sacrament, for the graces of the Jubilee, etc. He addressed a few words to them in Arabic, their common language, encouraging them in their religious duties and attendance at church. The Syrian or Syro-Chaldaic language in which the Mass was sung (the Epistle and Gospel 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, as appears from the few words given in the Gospels in the original, as for example, "Golgotha, Gabbatha, etc." "Hail, Mary, and the striking words uttered by the Saviour when dying on the cross "Eloi, Lama Sabachthani." The whole function was most edifying. There are 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.

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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Missing Friends. INFORMATION wanted of Marion Daly, daughter of Michael Daly, late of Montreal. Last heard from in Inverness Terrace, London, England. Any information will be gratefully received by her mother, Mrs. Daly, 88 Jacques Cartier street, St. John's, P. Q., Canada. W. GEO. KENNEDY ...Dentist... No. 758 PALACE STREET Two Doors West of Beaver Hall 1911. CHURCH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Pells. Best Quality. Made from the MOHAWK BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md. WINDMILL BELL COMPANY TROY, N. Y., and 117 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

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MR. CUDDIHY'S NEW APPOINTMENT. We have always taken great pleasure whenever the occasion arose to indicate to our readers the different examples of young Catholics whose progress in life or whose useful careers deserve to be recorded. From time to time we have an opportunity of saying a kindly word of some one of our fellow-countrymen. The other day we learned the pleasant fact that Mr. R. J. L. Cuddihy, whose name through his various articles in this paper, is familiar to

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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. This 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; therefore, 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 "non servium" 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 exercise that conflicts 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 signs of general spiritual declension are but means to 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 its 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 annual misfortunes have been the means of undeniable progress."

He says "we must act," and speaks of "our annals." 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 Papienauville, has made a pilgrimage on foot to the bonnet Ste. 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 Ste. 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 for 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 evidence 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 Raubien, 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, and the real nature of the scheme became apparent. 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 small-pox, 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 well-to-do contractor, 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.

DEATH OF VOCATIONS. — 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, in this material world. Riches, ease, comforts, liberty of action, are the aim; the deep, earnest Christian sentiment 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 surgeons decided to see 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 their cuticle. The surgeons decided that the two boys were placed under anæsthetics, 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 Amalgamated 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. His legal counsel 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 on fact upon which to ground them. "This corporation could not coax me, could not buy me, could not bluff, nor can they ruin me."

A Catholic contemporary asks: — "What is to be done in this case? Is the Amalgamated Copper Company to be allowed to go scot free and to be unwrapped 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 has 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 exist articles of the code, or as to the value of evidence, when the contending parties were a corporation and an individual, the benefit of such doubt should go to the feeble of the litigants—that is to the individual. True, it is in the human faculty of the one least able to undergo the expense of litigation should be preferred to the party possessed of 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 wealth.

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 Providence of Notre Dame, all the necessary facilities for such an assembly were afforded.

What it would be a lengthy task to review all the lectures delivered during the week, and 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 and concise 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 young ladies 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 treat of the 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. He pointed out the programme and explained 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 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 beneficial 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 poets, 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 unqualified success, will create a precedent, and other parts of the province will follow as the lady teachers will have all the benefits of a Normal School training afforded them.

OUR CURB

This week I took down a few observations, St. stone, at St. (and in the events that are going to notice, I them; his mind with his business has no time. Frequently the rones in our bring out much ant than even attention is drawn the circumstances ment that we take three ver them and add comment I ma.

The other n warm. I took the uptown str joying the cool meditation upon life. I was suc my reverie by noise, the gal changing of a heavy wheels a running of peo what it was the peace of that an unusual hot to look around the identity of the fr past me, follow then an engl finally a single men in it. T fire alarm. No event, you will was one that n of the year, an every night of forded me ampu tion. Where was in property was in human lives dep ivity of the fr scene of the w were there of the ed that night? them he carried task to which t questions that, but which subs could answer. He self one questi much true hero rush of these m dangers that the to face, as the cas? of the sarr front of bat emy, in time of heroic conduct r recognition, pr performs his act then ask myself, ing and sympath tion. These men are cheered on by of patriotic de buoyed up by n awaits them, th simply spring the couches in the unseen by the g ed by the thous and lives they a at the risk of the live. Thus they ing waggon's lit send one of them hurry to a confa of which they ar dangers of which prepared to face stand myself, the ordinary li man an eluent serves much high tangible apprecia

AN EXTRAORDINARY TO give joy to the "Christ. But a few universal Father of Sovereign Pontiff King under divine With year of a Pome rithan glorious ages. To increase the which will natural in the manifestation millions of heart the charity of He only, "the Work-gresses, the Primate of Catholic Intermittee for Homage er," have been for union, into one "tee" under the pro Eminence the Card Holiness. This con all other Catholic lend their aid, now to the brethren of and of the whole, and recommending venance the f marks of honor at towards the au Christ's Vicar on- sion of his Pontific The first set of Great Goodness was the Sovereign Pontif wate, but also by

TWENTY-FIFT

A very important come to hand from used by the comm- bration of the 25th tificate of Our H Leo XIII. It is a Catholic world, a to the hierarchy v tendom. On acco and explanations all of which will y ment to every Ca to join in the celeb markable annivers a full translation The original is in English version re Brothers in Jesus

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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 by 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 haughty little features and a stately carriage. These had often made the sympathetic stranger curious over the post-mistress of Corlafin; 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 was the first lady who had come low in the world, and she had 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 hankering after fine society. The only resident gentry within miles were Sir John Moffat and his lady, a properly 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 content 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 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 child, she would look at 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 Corlafin 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 gate that the field pastured a goat who gave Honora milk for her tea, and afforded a deal of nourishment as well to the children of Corlafin.

The tragic moments of Honora's life were when a careless visitor would leave her in the state that divided the goat's pasture from Honora's little flower and vegetable garden. Then Honora would desert her post of duty and fly to the rescue of her sweet peas and pinks, and since Nannie 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 acornets outside the post-office window. Honora dropped her sewing wax 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 she 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 sadly enough to his tongue it was plain 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 air.

"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 held 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 while the high North light shone 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, 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 glanced 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 in 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 china, and 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 Poverly 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 Corlafin, 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 eyes 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 commended myself to St. James's 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-singer 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 with 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, his said gloomily. "You are a Fitzmaurice of Desmond."

"I had to do it to live," she said. His eyes leaped at her. "I have 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 the lid. There was the wife, a handsome, smooth-skinned 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 children, but her eyes traveled on to the child and her 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 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 might 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 family. 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, John Moffat, but he has 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 crag, and Time deals gently with them. Make 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 mild young woman from Dublin arrived to take Honora's place and learn the duties of the position.

Corlafin 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 Corlafin, seemed likely to leave it without sharing her thoughts with it any more than she had done during 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. "Grand 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 Corlafin all your days, an' the post-office is a terrible strain on you, 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 commiserated.

A little later the news came to Corlafin 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' 'tis a grand Fitzmaurice Castle above that he bought for a weddin' present to her. Yet they say 'twas the thought of havin' the childer 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 for the rent of his house. In England that the rents were higher than in America, but that usually the American workmen spent more on rent because he wanted a more commodious and better home. It is not an uncommon thing in England to see a workman's comfortable 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 every little if any cheaper. The diet of the workmen as nearly as one could observe in a hasty survey seemed far less varied than that of the American workman. The Scotch oatmeal they have, and it is usually cooked to a salve, and occasionally the cereals that we use are almost unknown. But a very 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, February and March, 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 pastry. Strong, bitter tea and thin coffee 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 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 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 pastry. Strong, bitter tea and thin coffee 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 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.

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After washing and drying, one-half pound of rice for 30 minutes, draining and rinsing with cold water, the rice was put into a double boiler with two cups 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 being half-way to the top, placed in a medium hot oven, covered with buttered paper and baked ten minutes. Just before serving the mixture was turned from the form to a hot dish and filled with salted butter.

For the salspion, 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 finely chopped celery. 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 peppers, 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 parts 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 baked 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 gelatine 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 gelatine and stir until the gelatine 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 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, parsley or other sweet herbs as desired. Add half a pound of sausage meat or finely chopped salt pork and salt and pepper to taste.

To sun 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 interest in his labor and has an easier time at it 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 at each place. His clothing has less shoddy, 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 way ahead of ours.—Elwood Pomeroy, in Boston Transcript.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 8th, 1854, incorporated 1863, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday

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 shafts 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 increased, or 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—

| Province | 1891 | 1901 |
|---|-----------|-----------|
| Ontario | 58,657 | 61,249 |
| Quebec | 1,182,489 | 1,182,489 |
| Territories | 78,201 | 78,201 |
| Unorganized Territory | 42,832 | 42,832 |
| Prince Edward Island | 5,820 | 5,820 |
| ELECTORAL DIVISIONS.—The enumeration was made by electoral divisions, and the result is thus given— | | |
| British Columbia. | | |
| Durrard, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, Yale and Cariboo | 98,173 | 190,000 |
| Manitoba. | | |
| Brandon | 25,575 | 38,742 |
| 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 | 21,616 |
| Charlotte | 23,572 | 22,421 |
| Gloucester | 24,897 | 27,935 |
| Kent | 23,845 | 25,954 |
| Kings | 23,087 | 21,655 |
| Northumberland | 25,713 | 28,543 |
| Restigouche and St. John City | 8,908 | 10,586 |
| 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 |
| Richmond | 19,897 | 20,322 |
| Halifax and Halifax City | 17,195 | 18,320 |
| 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 |
| Pictou | 34,541 | 33,450 |
| Richmond | 14,399 | 13,510 |
| Shelburne | 25,566 | 24,420 |
| Queens | 12,432 | 10,576 |
| Victoria | 22,216 | 22,860 |
| Ontario. | | |
| Addington | 24,151 | 24,495 |
| Algonia | 37,570 | 56,590 |
| Bothwell | 25,593 | 25,232 |
| Brant | 23,859 | 25,232 |
| Brantford | 15,853 | 15,902 |
| Bruce, E. | 21,655 | 19,310 |
| Bruce, N. | 20,871 | 20,802 |
| Bruce, W. O. | 22,377 | 17,025 |
| Carleton | 15,882 | 13,063 |
| Carleton Place | 16,534 | 19,375 |
| Cornwall and Stormont | 27,152 | 26,804 |
| Dundas | 20,132 | 19,757 |
| Durham, E. | 17,053 | 14,464 |
| Durham, W. O. | 15,374 | 13,109 |
| Elgin | 21,857 | 17,258 |
| Elgin, W. O. | 33,925 | 22,865 |
| Essex | 31,523 | 33,435 |
| Essex, S. | 24,022 | 25,327 |
| Frontenac | 13,345 | 12,598 |
| Glengarry | 22,447 | 22,131 |
| Grenville | 12,929 | 12,832 |
| Grey, E. | 26,225 | 25,095 |
| Grey, S. | 26,341 | 27,073 |
| Grey, S. E. | 23,672 | 22,125 |
| Haldimand and Monck | 21,463 | 20,053 |
| Halton | 21,982 | 19,573 |
| York, W. O. | 20,284 | 18,787 |
| York, W. O. E. | 41,857 | 53,744 |
| Hamilton | 48,980 | 52,550 |
| Hastings, E. | 18,050 | 16,472 |
| Hastings, N. | 22,070 | 24,077 |
| Hastings, W. O. | 18,964 | 17,771 |
| 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 | 19,233 | 18,043 |
| Lambton, E. | 24,268 | 23,048 |
| Lambton, W. O. | 23,444 | 22,019 |
| Lanark, N. | 19,260 | 18,174 |
| Lanark, S. | 19,862 | 19,507 |
| Leeds and Grenville | 13,521 | 13,644 |
| Leeds | 22,449 | 21,185 |
| Lennox | 14,900 | 14,422 |
| Lincoln and Niagara | 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, S. | 20,723 | 20,716 |
| Ontario, S. E. | 18,033 | 16,794 |
| Ontario, W. O. | 18,792 | 16,895 |
| Ottawa | 42,481 | 57,614 |
| Oxford | 26,131 | 25,368 |
| Oxford, S. | 22,421 | 21,797 |
| Oxford, S. E. | 15,466 | 18,686 |
| Perth | 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 | 23,484 | 23,201 |
| Russell | 23,972 | 22,677 |
| Simcoe, E. | 31,645 | 35,206 |
| Simcoe, S. | 35,801 | 33,257 |
| Simcoe, S. E. | 23,205 | 26,943 |
| Simcoe, S. W. | 20,824 | 19,272 |
| Toronto, C. | 26,832 | 28,746 |
| Toronto, W. | 48,564 | 45,707 |
| Toronto, E. | 73,827 | 81,676 |
| Toronto, W. E. | 36,849 | 40,557 |
| Victoria, N. | 26,455 | 26,276 |
| Victoria, S. | 25,325 | 27,160 |
| Waterloo | 25,139 | 25,480 |
| Welland | 25,132 | 16,091 |
| Wellington, C. | 23,387 | 20,868 |
| Wellington, N. | 24,956 | 23,800 |
| Wellington, S. | 24,373 | 24,767 |
| Wellington, S. E. | 21,629 | 18,710 |
| Brant | 21,629 | 18,710 |

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 very old, and 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 columns, 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 the roof of the dome. The use of window glass was unknown in Norway at the time of its erection, and the light probably consisted solely of the Mass, chanted by candlelight, while the congregation knelt devoutly in the dark nave.

The foundations of all the ancient Norwegian buildings are of heavy stone, some of them five or six feet thick. The timbers of both the barns and the houses are of the full size of the tree squared off. The roofs are of slate, trimmed by hand, half or three-quarters of an inch thick, and there are sometimes tiles of baked clay resembling those of Spain and Italy. The roofs are of a peculiar shape, those that cling to the mountain sides, are thatched with straw or have dirt roofs—a covering of boards and then a layer of earth and sod a foot or eighteen inches thick. At this time of year they are nicely covered with beautiful mosses. It is really not good to have it so exceedingly picturesque to have a flower garden on top of your house, and it adds so much to the attractiveness of the Norwegian landscape.

You find the same flowers over here in the States, but the northern part of the United States, where they seem larger, fuller and more brilliant in color. Botanists tell me that this is actually true, and account for it by the long days. The flower season is short but luxuriant, and when the sun is shining for eight or twenty hours of sunshine, they ought to grow larger as well as lovelier. The daisies, harebells, dandelions, forget-me-nots, coxcombs, golden rod, bachelor's buttons and ragged robins, hollyhocks and other old-fashioned garden flowers that you find in New England, can be seen here in their greatest glory. The roses seem to have thicker leaves and richer tints, the violets are of all colors, the lilacs are of a deeper pink, the tint they call old rose, and what the boys call "blue" are not over known. Snowdrops, syringas and other large shrubs make the best of the short summer, but there is nothing in all the flora that compares to the buttercup. That humble but beautiful denizen of the field and forest grows double here, with a dozen or twenty petals, and the petals are as full as a peony. The meadows are crimson with clover and the air is loaded with its fragrance. Wild roses climb nimbly over the great stone fences, and bluebells nestle in the shadows. Either side of the road is lined with truant flowers and wild strawberries.

Horticulture does not play a prominent part among the agricultural industries of Norway, but in every farm and garden you find apples, pears, cherries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries and other large and small fruits which, like the flowers, have a more pronounced and stronger aroma than the same species cultivated in milder climates. The cherries, currants and gooseberries are particularly good and strawberries are served upon the tables of the hotels. In every meal we have no less than three or four kinds of preserved fruits offered us, and the wild strawberries and cream are worth coming all the way to Norway for. The water does not bring a stinky little jug with five teaspoonfuls of cream, but a great pitcher that will hold a couple of quarts and lets you help yourself. They serve the strawberries in soup plates, so that those who like that sort of thing—and I have no respect for a man who doesn't—can just wallow in the greatest of luxuries. Dean Swift must have been in Norway when he said: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did."

Comparatively little modern machinery is used by the farmers. Here and there upon the larger farms you find an American mower or reaper or thrashing machine, but the greater part of the work upon the small farms is done by women, and they use heavy and awkward home-made tools. On account of the necessity of a persisting economy, the low price of labor and their isolated situation, to do anything that is necessary about the place, and the Norwegian farmer is a jack-of-all-trades. He grinds his own rye, and barley, shoes his own horse, makes his own handles during the long winter evenings, and is usually able to replace or repair both household and outdoor utensils. In this respect the country is a hundred years behind the age.

It is common, too, for shoemakers, tailors, cabinet-makers, chimney sweepers, tinkers and other mechanics to travel on the frontier. These itinerants have a regular circuit and carry stocks of goods as well as tools.

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 to be sure that his examples can do no hurt.—Lord Clarendon.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

The Big Store Closes at One o'clock Saturday, July and August

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

SATURDAY, August 24, 1901.

THE GREAT SALE OF Summer * Dress * Goods.

Thousands upon thousands of yards of stylish Colored Summer Dress Goods all reduced from 33 1-3 per cent. off to less than half price. Between the old season and the new are bargains in plenty. Dress Goods Bargains in particular. It's a way we have of keeping everything moving at a lively pace, hence these specials.

61 pieces Fancy Dress Plaids in beautiful range of colorings, medium weight, suitable for ladies' and children's wear, regular value 27c to 35c. Special Sale 18c.

38 pieces Summer Dress Goods, 40 inches wide, English Fabrics, all selected shades and designs, regular 55c. Special Sale 19c.

21 pieces Fancy Dress Grenadines, black grounds, colored stripes, lace insertion 2 1/2 inches apart, regular 55c. Special Sale 38c.

73 pieces Fancy Dress Materials, 40 inches wide, French weave, worth 67c to 95c. Special Sale 38c.

A SUCCESSFUL SALE OF FANCY * Summer * SILKS.

50000 Yards of Fancy Silks.

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OFFICE FURNITURE

The Big Store is showing a special line of Office Furniture including Desks, Tables, Chairs, etc., etc. Prices are specially low during August.

9 only Office Desks in Oak finish, fitted with four drawers, regular value \$10.00. Special \$7.75.

5 only Roll Top Office Desks in Solid Oak, golden finish with pigeon holes and drawers, highly polished, worth \$21.00. Special \$17.30.

7 only Flat Top Office Desks in Solid Oak, golden finish, fitted with drawers and book cupboards, worth \$15.00. Special \$10.00.

10 only Tilting Office Chairs, well made and strong, the regular value of this line is \$7.75. August. Special price \$5.20.

NEW LACE CURTAINS.

A beautiful range of new white Lace Curtains in dainty floral and other designs.

3 1/2 yards long, worth \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.65. Special prices, \$1.15, \$1.30, \$1.45 pair.

4 yards long, worth \$2.25, \$2.60, \$3.00. Special prices, \$1.95, \$2.20, \$2.60.

EXTRA SPECIALTY—75 pair good quality white Lace Curtains in pretty floral designs, taped borders, 3 yards long. Regular \$1.00. Special 72c pair.

Butterick's Patterns and Publications on Sale at THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

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pair tools on their backs. They go from house to house, and, being expected once in so often, work is kept for them. If a pair of boots needs mending they are laid aside until the shoemaker comes, if there is anything the matter with the clock, if the tinware in the kitchen leaks, if any of the china is broken or any other article of household use cannot be mended by the folks at home, it is laid one side until the peddler comes around. He is a journeyman in fact as well as in theory, and receives his board and lodging at whatever house he happens to be at bedtime or when the dinner bell rings.

Notwithstanding the emigration from Norway, the farms in this part of the country and in fact throughout the interior of the kingdom have been increasing in value, although husbandry has been depressed by low prices, high wages, high taxes and other causes of complaint. This is not true in any other part of Europe. The total valuation of real estate throughout the entire kingdom of Norway is probably between 15 and 20 per cent. greater than it was twenty-five years ago.

For this reason new farms are being opened all the time on the slopes of the mountains which have been stripped of timber. When a Norwegian farmer takes up a new piece of land, he cuts down the timber, roots up the stumps and then digs up the stones and stacks them in piles at different intervals, not only to hold down the farm and keep it from blowing away during the windy winters, but in order to give him a chance to plough and cultivate the soil. The stones are also used for fences.

They have the thickest and the highest stone fences you ever saw. There is really no necessity for them, but it is a good way to get rid of the stones. In almost every

field at certain intervals are piles of stone which have been gathered up to escape the plow, and the patient farmer has to keep digging them out and raking them off all the rest of his life. That is also the most unsatisfactory job that can be given to small boys. They would rather do anything than pick up the stones, but fate has decreed that those who have the honor of being born and bred in the land of the Vikings shall begin their careers in that way.

The firmest friendships have been formed in most adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the heat of the furnace.

To be effectively honest a man must be honest at heart. Honesty that comes through a bell punch is full of holes.

CARPETS.

Preparatory to Royal visit to this metropolitan city, we may draw attention of householders to our Royal Stock of Carpets, Curtains and Eggs for home comforts and decorations. Get your homes in order for this great event. Our workshop is well managed for prompt and efficient work.

Making over relating and beating carpets attended to. Phone Up 957.

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1674-1676 St. Catherine Street

Vol. LI POSITION

A few weeks section of a Mahaffy, of T. put to the "Nineteenth C. week an admin. contribution I. John F. Tay. the August n. view Mr. Tay.

It is a pri. law that the c. can only be in. assessed himse. calling witness. tending to sho. Catholics have. pined this prin. ant follow-co. very influent. General are all. ry have been. a subject was.

Now, howeve. has bewailed t. testants, reser. kept, and Mr. remarks may b. of Ireland. an. looked at from. religious differ. The census ju. taken as showi. of Ireland are. Ireland consid. to one; more i. It is interest. country so peop. judged.

The Governme. ried on by wha. Dublin Castle. of the Westmin. The Dublin Ca. Englishmen and. are Protestants. ant, the Lord C. Secretary, the. Attorney-Gener. General are all. men. But room. could not be fou. By law the Lo. cal a Protestant. ical encourage. Protestants.

The Command. the Chief Secreta. testants, but no. filled either of. the exalted offic. The Castle Cab. judges.

There are eigh. High Court. Of. Protestants and. There are twenty. judges. Of these. ants and six Cat. seventy-two stip. Fifty-six are Prot. ten Catholics.

The Royal Irish. force in which th. the Protestants b. of their officers th. The Inspector-ge. ant, thirty-two. county inspectors. while of the two. spectors about t. Catholics. The h. departments are. including Viscount. are Catholics, and. Board, both of wh. cal popular admin. points, and these. practically Prim. tants.

Every public offic. ments are made by. crammed with Pro. Only in the offic. tion like the Cust. the Post Office, and. to which Cl. II. clerks by com. are appointed. certain number. of the higher p. filled by Protestan. tion only ensures. the first step. letter and affection. the extent commo. nomination obtain. Of the one hund. three Irish peers. are Catholics, and. say that the whole. sentative Irish pe. in number) is free. cal taint.

An Irish Cathol. much chance of t. Lama of Tibet—s. post within the gift. population of Belfa. rounding country. ever, for Irish prie. olic doctors for att. olic patients in Com. ster. "Prima facie" entitled to all post. trespassers must ju. sence in the sacred. Mr. Mahaffy point. and cathedrals whic. the affront to bui. own money for th. In their own way. In no need of build. the old Catholic cat. lin. Armagh, Tuan. places, and no dou. thinks that the old. the eighteenth cen. serve very well. I remember a ce. minded Protestant. to the funds for buil. Church, telling me. shame he felt as he