

The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League. Dublin, September 6th, 1902.

DUBLIN'S ANSWER.—On the 5th September a great public meeting of the citizens was held in the Supper Room, Mansion House, to protest against the recent proclamation of the city of Dublin under the Coercion Act. The meeting was convened by the Lord Mayor for the twofold purpose of protesting and to make arrangements for the mass meeting of the citizens which is being called for Sunday week. A considerable time before the hour fixed for commencing the spacious hall was well filled, and as time went on the gathering so largely increased that numbers were unable to obtain sitting accommodation. In Dawson street people collected to watch the entry of the members of Parliament and the delegates. A remarkable feature of the gathering was the presence of a number of clergymen and ladies. No less than 15 aldermen and 40 councillors, members of the Corporation; both North and South Dublin Unions were fully represented. The entry of Mr. John Redmond and the other members of the Irish Party was the signal for prolonged cheering by those in the hall. The Lord Mayor took the chair exactly at twenty minutes past four o'clock, and on the platform with him were Messrs. John E. Redmond, M. P.; John Dillon, M.P.; James M'Cann, M.P.; Wm. Field, M.P.; J. J. Clancy, M.P.; J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P.; P. White, M.P.; J. P. Nannetti, M.P.; and Andrew Kettle. When the meeting was opened there was scarce standing room in any part of the hall, and the proceedings throughout were not marred by a single discordant note.

The chair was taken by the Lord Mayor at twenty minutes past four o'clock.

THE LORD MAYOR, who on rising was received with loud cheers, said:—Fellow-citizens, I have thought it my duty, in face of the extraordinary circumstance that has arisen during the past few days, to call you here to-day to consult as to the attack which has been made upon the character of our city. We are not unaccustomed in Ireland to proclamations and Coercion Acts. But I doubt if the memory of even the oldest amongst us goes back to a time at which there was so unjustifiable and so inexplicable an attack upon the character and the liberty of the city in which we live. I think it is incumbent upon every class of the citizens, upon those who are in agreement with the political views of the Government, as well as those who are opposed to the Government to demand some explanation for the extraordinary attack upon our city and upon our citizens. We would be worse than the slaves the English Government try to make us if we did not stand up in indignant protest against that insult, and it is to consider the situation and to devise the best means by which you will give effect to that protest that I have invited you here to-day. I will now ask Mr. Field, the member of Parliament for St. Patrick's Division, to propose the first resolution.

THE RESOLUTIONS.—Mr. Field, M.P., who was received with cheers, then proposed the following resolution:—

"That this meeting of citizens of Dublin desires to place on record its most emphatic protest against the action of the Executive Government in proclaiming the city of Dublin under the Coercion Act, and thereby depriving all citizens politically opposed to the Government, of the most essential constitutional safeguards of their personal liberty."

It was his duty as one of the members of the city to propose this resolution. They all remembered the history of this Coercion Act. Well, it was an unconstitutional Act, passed in a panic—an Act that would not be tolerated by any people in a country governed on constitutional principles. The three safeguards of liberty under a Constitutional Government were the right of public meeting, the right of association, and the exercise of a free press. He held it was the duty of every man who loved liberty not only in Dublin, but in Ireland, to resist this Coercion Act by every means in their power, so that they might obtain that right of speech and action which belonged

to every free man in every free nation.

Mr. James M'Cann, M.P., who was loudly cheered, seconded the resolution.

MR. REDMOND'S SPEECH.—Mr. John Redmond, on coming forward to support the resolution, was received with a long-continued outburst of cheers. He said:—My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen—The outrage against which we have met here to-day to lift our voices must be met by protests of various kinds, but I think that the proper official protest of the city of Dublin is rightly being made here in this place, rightly presided over by the Chief Magistrate of the city. Ladies and gentlemen, in no other country in the civilized world could an outrage of this character be perpetrated upon the people. Why, I heard Mr. Wyndham himself, in the House of Commons, declaring that Ireland was freer from crime at this period than at any period of which there were any records. If this is true of Ireland as a whole, in a special manner it is true of the city of Dublin. I venture to say that in the whole civilized world there is not a city of the same population as free from crime as Dublin; and yet in face of these facts the public are solemnly told in a proclamation issued from Dublin Castle that the ordinary rights of freemen must be suspended in the city in order to prevent, detect, and punish crime. Fellow-citizens, that proclamation is a lie. It is known to be a lie by every citizen, whatever his religion or his political party may be. It is pertinent to ask upon whose advice has the proclamation been issued?

I want to know whether outside the narrow ring of paid officials in Dublin Castle whether any single citizen of the metropolis has been consulted. I want to know whether the Catholic or Protestant Archbishops of Dublin has been consulted? Have the ministers of religion of any creed been consulted? Have even the police magistrates who administer the law from day to day been consulted? I venture to assert without the slightest fear of contradiction that outside the narrow circle of paid officials in Dublin Castle, not one single citizen of Dublin has been consulted as to the issue of this proclamation which suspends the rights of the Constitution from the population of this city. It has been issued simply in obedience to the whim of a despotic ruler who, as far as we can judge, is animated in his Irish policy by the views of a little gang of anti-Irish absentee landlords who are able as they choose to move the machinery of Dublin Castle. In some respects the political situation in Ireland at this moment is absolutely laughable. Now, I seriously ask, outside the pages of "Gulliver's Travels," was there ever such an absurd travesty of government seen? But I recognize that laughable as the situation is from that point of view, we who are the sufferers in this matter cannot afford to laugh at the absurdity of it. This was a gross and wicked outrage. It abolishes all the rights of freemen in the city of Dublin, and therefore I say that it is right that the citizens of Dublin should instantly assemble to make a protest against what has happened; and, as I have said, I am glad the protest has commenced here in the official headquarters of the citizens of Dublin, with their Chief Magistrate in the chair. But, fellow-citizens, if this protest is to be effective the proceedings of this room to-day must be but the commencement of the protest. The protest must go on outside this room, and an opportunity must be given to the great mass of the citizens of Dublin to express their opinions upon what has happened. But I desire to say that the protest, to be effective, must not end even there. The real way to protest against this act is to make the political situation all through Ireland, and here in Dublin, too hot for those men, who are guilty of putting this outrage and insult upon the people. Fellow-citizens, the effect of this act of the Government, in my opinion should instantly be discernible. I therefore say that from that point of view the proclamation ought to be of considerable value to us. It ought to be an incentive to the men of Dublin to take up the challenge and to answer back the insult. I hope that the effect of it will be to make the U. I. L. in this city as strong, as powerful, and as menacing

ing to English misrule as the Land League of 20 years ago. If you want really to protest against this proclamation that is the way to do it. Let this proclamation be a signal to the Nationalists of Dublin to rise up as one man to join the United Irish League, and to create here a fierce agitation in this city, and if it acts as a signal in that way then it will be indeed of great service to us; and for my part I mistake the spirit of the citizens of this grand old city of Dublin if they do not instantly take up the challenge and fling back in the face of this English hireling the insult he has put upon their city.

MR. DILLON'S SPEECH.—Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who was received with loud cheers, said:—Mr. Lord Mayor and fellow-citizens, I most heartily support this resolution, and I will commence the few observations which I desire to address to this meeting of the citizens of Dublin to-day by putting a question which every man is asking himself:—"Why has the city of Dublin been proclaimed?" It is a very difficult question to answer. The city, as Mr. Redmond has pointed out, is distinguished for its freedom from crime, and if one compares the city of Dublin with certain other great cities within the borders of the so-called United Kingdom we shall be more than struck by the audacity of this act. Let us cross the water. Take Birmingham, where on a recent occasion the Town Hall was sacked by a mob, where 110 policemen were carried off the streets of Birmingham as the result of that riot. But the city of Birmingham is not proclaimed; and I say that the city of Dublin in this matter of peace, freedom from crime in the true acceptance of the word, and order can bear comparison with any city of its size in any part of the world, and I assert that in the whole history of civilized nations there never has been a spectacle similar to that which is witnessed in the city of Dublin to-day, namely, the suspension of the Constitution and the proclamation under the Coercion Act of a great city against the protest of its first magistrate, against the protest of the Parliamentary representatives of that city. Then, why is Dublin proclaimed? Now, I cannot answer the question out of my own intelligence. Our intelligence in Ireland is, I suppose, too dull for questions of that character. We have to look across the water to find it, to look to the Press of England, and here I will give you an extract from one of the great London daily organs, which are the supporters of the Government, and which professes to give the reason why Ireland is proclaimed. I will give you an extract from the "Daily Telegraph." It says:—"The County Borough of Dublin is included within the scope of the order, with the object it is surmised, of enabling the representatives of the Crown to DEAL SHARPLY WITH A CERTAIN NEWSPAPER which has distinguished itself lately by the virulence of its language and the outspokenness of its exhortations to its readers to break the law of the land. Fully half of Ireland, therefore, is now proclaimed as disturbed and disaffected. The patriots have got their wish. They have driven the Government in self-defence to grasp more firmly the weapon of Coercion—if Coercion it can be called—to enforce respect for the law. Having taken it up, we hope the Irish executive will take vigorous use of it, and not hesitate to fill the jails, but, if possible with the leaders of the agitation rather than with their dupes."

Now, that is their view in London of the best way to govern the Irish people. But I tell them all there that is my conviction, based upon my experience of Irish public life, that if they desired to make Ireland impossible of rule, they could not do so at it in a more effectual way. We, constitutional agitators, have often been criticised, and I, for my part, have never found fault with those who criticised us (some of the best and warmest friends that I have had in public life are men who have no faith in constitutional agitation). I am not surprised at that. We have been subjected to criticism from all sections of our countrymen here at home in Ireland, and still more across the Atlantic Ocean in America, for still adhering to the hope that some constitutional agitation may do something for Ireland. But I say this, that if there was one thing wanting to persuade those who are inclined to criticise us, to give us some help and give us at least a fair chance, it is this blow that is aimed at us by the Government, because the instinct of the Irish people here and in America will tell them that we—whatever the merits of the policy may be—who are for the moment struck at by the Castle, deserve the unanimous praise of all honest Irishmen. Well; we are told by this in-

telligent English newspaper that Dublin is proclaimed—and it is the only reason I have seen stated—for the purpose of dealing with one newspaper. A greater compliment was never paid to a newspaper. To deprive the capital of Ireland itself of its liberties, and the British Government by this act have proclaimed to the whole world their incapacity to govern the Irish people, because in the public opinion of the civilized world the nation which can only maintain its government by the suspension of the liberties of the people, and the denial of constitutional rights—that Government was condemned, and it was only a question of time until it was hastened unto its fall. He (Mr. Dillon) said he rejoiced, for his part that, gross and monstrous as was the insult which had been levelled by this proclamation against the city of Dublin, he rejoiced at this proclamation, because it had put down forever the miserable spirit of flunkeyism which they had in this city, the capital of Ireland; ay, and in the capital of the South. After that proclamation every man in Ireland would be compelled to take sides for or against it. That proclamation, he confidently hoped, had opened a new chapter in the history of their struggle, when the great tug-of-war would be fought out on a final and conclusive issue, and it would be settled for this generation and for their time whether in Ireland—in old, and holy Ireland—the stranger was to rule, or the ancient Celtic people of the land.

MASS MEETING.—Mr. J. P. Nannetti, M.P., moved:—"That, with a view of giving to the general body of the citizens of Dublin an opportunity of expressing their views of the outrage, which has been committed on the city of Dublin by Mr. Wyndham and the Castle Executive, we hereby invite the citizens to assemble in public meeting in the Phoenix Park on Sunday, 14th September; and that a committee be hereby appointed to make arrangements for the holding of the proposed meeting. In proposing the resolution, Mr. Nannetti said its terms formed a fitting corollary to the speeches to which they had just listened. He, as one of the members for the city, welcomed the proclamation, and hoped that they would have more of it, if only it would effect a stirring up of the manhood of Dublin and of Ireland generally.

The Lord Mayor, in putting the resolution, said he was aware that they had Conservative gentlemen at that meeting, and he was glad to say that he believed that everything that was politically good and worthy in the Conservative feeling of the commercial life of Dublin utterly repudiated the action of the Government in this proclamation. Adopted. A vote of thanks being passed to the Lord Mayor, the meeting concluded.

THE DE FREYNE ESTATE.—Last week several influential and representative men visited the De Freyne and other of the Associated Estates. Among those were:—Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, who visited the estates on Tuesday; Mr. Marshall, Councillor of Halifax, and the late private secretary to Sir George Trevelyan. Both gentlemen met Messrs. John Fitzgibbon, Webb, and Johnston. The latter accompanied Mr. Scott in his tour of the estates on Tuesday.

On Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Law, M.P., accompanied by Mr. Masterman, of Christ Church, Canbridge, and Mr. Toland, of the "Boston Pilot," visited the estates. They also saw Messrs. Fitzgibbon and Webb, and were shown over the district by Mr. Denis Johnston, to whom they handed large subscriptions for the trustees of the tenants' fund, to aid in the struggle. All the visitors were great impressed with the misery of the people, and the quality of the lands.

THE COURTHOUSES.—An adjourned quarterly meeting of the Swinford Rural District Council was held at the boardroom, Swinford, on 30th August, for the consideration of tenders for repair of roads, etc., Mr. M. C. Henry, J.P., Chairman, presiding. Other members present:—Messrs. J. Jennings, T. Costello, J. Devitt, P. Conlon, J. A. Mellett, M. Dunleavy, P. Keane, M. Murphy, M. F. Campbell, and P. Kelly.

The Council held this meeting in the boardroom for the consideration of business in connection with roads, etc., for the first time, instead of at the Courthouse, as a protest against the action of Dublin Castle and the High Sheriff, Lord Bingham, in refusing the use of the Council Chamber in Castlebar court-house to the Mayo County and Dis-

trict Councillors for the purpose of presenting addresses to Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.

At the quarterly meeting of the Ballina Rural District Council, on Sept. 1st, the chairman, Mr. M. J. Melvin, J.P., Co. C., presiding, Rural District Council, the chairman, Mr. M. J. Melvin, J.P., County Councillor, presiding, the members first met at the courthouse. A large crowd of the general public assembled. Mr. Millen, P.L.G., said that he had a resolution to propose, and he felt sure that he would be ventilating the sentiments of the councillors:—

Resolved:—"That we highly approve and endorse the action of the Co. Council in refusing to maintain these buildings, and trust they will be successful in testing this very important point. As the Council have to maintain these buildings out of the ratepayers' pockets, we cannot see why we should not use them to give expression to the wishes and desires of the people, and not be tortured by a non-descript of the Bingham class." (Cheers).

The resolution was carried amidst loud applause, and the Council, accompanied by the general public, proceeded to the boardroom, where they proceeded with the business.

The Law In Ireland.

(By an Occasional Correspondent.)

Commenting upon the recent and renewed application of coercive measures in Ireland, by the English Government, the "Gazette" makes the following remark:—"It is an unfortunate state of affairs, but it is also an unavoidable result of conditions as they are. Home Rule has been rejected, and the Government has to protect people who are loyal to it, at any cost to those who are not."

Here are two sentences that it is most difficult to characterize, and keep within the limits of calm journalistic expression. In fact, we feel so incapable of properly qualifying them in ordinary English that we prefer not to make use of any adjectives at all. In the first place the "unfortunate state of affairs" is not only "the unavoidable result of conditions as they are," but of the spirit and the maladministration that have combined to make them as they are. "Home Rule has been rejected," but not by Ireland, nor by the Irish people, nor by a majority of them, but by the bitter old irreconcilable enemies of the land, the people, and their cause. "The Government has to protect people who are loyal to it," that is to say the small minority, "at any cost"—to those who are not—that is to the vast majority of the people.

Be it remarked that the "Gazette" does not say "people who are loyal to the Crown," or "to the constitution," or "to the law," but "to the Government." Would such a principle be tolerated one hour in Canada? We venture to say that were a Canadian Government so unpatriotic, so impractical, so short-sighted as to proclaim its intention of protecting its adherents, its supporters, those who are loyal to its cause, against the rest of the population, no matter at what cost to its opponents, the "Gazette" would be the first to raise an outcry that would ring as far as its circulation—be that great or small—extends.

Coercion has been tried, and tried over and over again, as a method of governing Ireland, and, in every instance, it has failed in a most emphatic manner. We know that the present Premier has expressed himself as opposed to a coercive administration of the law in Ireland. But the new Premier must make some concession to Mr. Chamberlain, by way of compensation for having succeeded in winning from him the Premiership. And it is the hand of the Colonial Secretary that is most visible in this new and uncalculated departure. It was his deadly opposition to Ireland and to the principle of Home Rule that drove him out of the Liberal Party, that created that Unionist section of which he was the parent, that kept him in the councils of the Conservative party. It was that same detestation of the Irish cause that made him stultify himself, with contradictory policies, in the eyes of civilization. While loudly proclaiming the glories of self-government for the colonies, he was, at the same moment, condemning the idea of self-government in Ireland. And the mask has fallen.

The blank results of the long-anticipated conference of the Colonial Premiers has been the severest blow ever dealt to the scheming statesman of Birmingham. Like the spider that weaves his web to entangle his victims, Mr. Chamberlain simply pretended to favor colonial freedom in order to drag the colonies into the Imperialistic vortex, and to bind them faster to the Central Power, with shackles of their own forging. He failed in his project, and equally will he fail in the second part of his tyrannical programme—the reduction, by coercion, of the Irish people to a slavery still more abject than that which his fertile but perverted political sense had designed for the colonies.

The proclaiming unnecessarily of section of the country, the coercive methods resorted to by the Government, the doctrine of the crushing out, at any cost of the opponents of the powers that be, and the broad and false principle laid down by the "Gazette," all are so many elements that spell "brute force," or "might is right." The other day when a prelate of France ventured to remonstrate with Premier Combes and asked him why he enforced with so much harshness the law against the religious orders, the Premier made reply, "because I have a majority in the Chamber of Deputies at my back." This answer, if given by a Canadian Premier would evoke expressions of unbounded indignation from the "Gazette," yet, in the case of Ireland that organ lays down and advocates the exact same spirit and principle.

The only lesson to be drawn from the whole matter is that no English Government is capable of governing Ireland without having a cowardly recourse to coercion. Consequently, the only remedy lies in the principle of Home Rule. Coercion has been tried, times out of mind; it has proved a big mistake, a fearful failure. Home Rule, even on a most limited plan, has never yet been tried. Would not wise statesmanship suggest to any person, unblinded by passion and prejudice, that the only possible, or probable, chance of securing peace in Ireland and gaining over the country to the British Empire, is that of Home Rule? We repeat that Canada would not tolerate for twenty-four hours the maladministration of which Ireland is the victim. And Canada is loyal; Canada's loyalty is the boast of peer and peasant. But Canada is loyal, because she has Home Rule; and she has Home Rule because she had a period of '37 and '38—not because the Chamberlains of the past loved liberty or wished to leave the colony free. There are more lessons than one to be drawn from Canadian history; and it might serve the British Government, if the Chief Secretary for the Colonies were to read a little more closely and reflect a little more seriously upon that history.

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OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

The reader was inclined to jump subject to another transition—ing as my observer press me. The school opened their classes and led me to visit a couple of prominent houses of education first of the month. I noticed the large attendance, and to see so many commencing to acquire ledge which is so absolute in this age. It is a courageous sight to behold and to know that such the city's youth are being in a proper manner for of after-life. But I was struck with the grave do as far as numbers go, boys and pupils. So much pressed with the object fore me, that I could not temptation of occupying space this week with my reflections.

THE DISPROPORTION have it understood that finding fault with neither the teachers, or the or those whose duty it is tend our schools; but I dissatisfied with status. To be plain, there are teachers for the number. If any person will take to find out the number tending the different Cat of this city, and then the teachers engaged in the structing those boys, it ly shown that we need dred more teachers to d the rising generation. ers are not to be blame not multiply themselves, can fault be found with institutions; they can teachers. Yet somebod authority is in the wrong opinion—if that is wort is that there is not suffi agement by way of sala inducements extended to profession. Our Board Commissioners, the Coule instruction, the Proverment—with its edu partment—may all have do with the matter; I upon what shoulders the rests, but decidedly a poor future for the t few of our competent mduced to follow the cal the small number of compared with the large creasing number of pupi instance, I am unfortun position of one who can the evil, but cannot remedy. I am not suffi versant with the syste tains to state exactly w be done, or how, or t should be done. All I nothing could be mor than the actual situatio

AN EXPLANATION.—possibly nine people outen who have the opp visiting the classes of will imagine it to be grand success and of gr if the class-room is full, ing of the elementary cording as you go upw pils become less numer classes; some have left. ers have gone to other so on; but of a class o in the first year, you w find more than 5 who g graduating class. Ther room in the upper clas when a pupil has reach stage of advancement, h ed how to study, how himself, and he needs le and minute personal at teacher. But in the classes, the pupil requi stant guiding hand of and this he cannot get.

A LOSS OF TIME.—I

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OUR CURBSTONE
OBSERVER.

On Teachers and Classes.

As the readers well know I am inclined to jump from one subject to another, without any transition—just according as my observations impress me. The schools have all opened their classes and my business led me to visit a couple of our prominent houses of education since the first of the month. I was pleased to notice the large attendance of pupils, and to see so many young boys commencing to acquire that knowledge which is so absolutely necessary in this age. It is a very encouraging sight to behold full classes and to know that such numbers of the city's youth are being prepared in a proper manner for the duties of after-life. But I was forcibly struck with the grave disproportion, as far as numbers go, between teachers and pupils. So much was I impressed with the object lessons before me, that I could not resist the temptation of occupying a small space this week with my consequent reflections.

THE DISPROPORTION.—I would have it understood that I am not finding fault with nor blaming either the teachers, or the institutions or those whose duty it is to superintend our schools; but I am certainly dissatisfied with status of affairs. To be plain, there are far too few teachers for the number of pupils. If any person will take the trouble to find out the number of boys attending the different Catholic schools of this city, and then the number of teachers engaged in the duty of instructing those boys, it will be easily shown that we need half a hundred more teachers to do justice to the rising generation. The teachers are not to be blamed; they cannot multiply themselves. No more can fault be found with the different institutions; they cannot create teachers. Yet somebody, or some authority is in the wrong. My own opinion—if that is worth anything—is that there is not sufficient encouragement by way of salary and like inducements extended to the teaching profession. Our Board of School Commissioners, the Council of Public Instruction, the Provincial Government—with its educational department—may all have something to do with the matter; I cannot say upon what shoulders the responsibility rests, but decidedly there is such a poor future for the teacher that few of our competent men can be induced to follow the calling. Hence the small number of our teaching compared with the large and ever increasing number of pupils. In this instance, I am unfortunately in the position of one who can point out the evil, but cannot indicate the remedy. I am not sufficiently conversant with the system that obtains to state exactly what should be done, or how, or by whom it should be done. All I know is that nothing could be more deceptive than the actual situation.

AN EXPLANATION.—Eight, and possibly nine people out of every ten who have the opportunity of visiting the classes of our schools will imagine it to be an evidence of grand success and of great promise, if the class-room is full. I am speaking of the elementary classes. According as you go upwards the pupils become less numerous in the classes; some have left school, others have gone to other schools, and so on; but of a class of 25 pupils in the first year, you will scarcely find more than 5 who go on to the graduating class. There is lots of room in the upper classes. Besides, when a pupil has reached a certain stage of advancement, he has learned how to study, how to learn by himself, and he needs less the close and minute personal attention of the teacher. But in the elementary classes, the pupil requires the constant guiding hand of the teacher, and this he cannot get.

A LOSS OF TIME.—I have seen

classes of seventy, ninety, one hundred, and even over a hundred young pupils, all under the direction of one teacher. I will not mince matters; this is wrong, radically wrong; this is unjust to the teacher, who cannot work miracles, unjust to the pupils, who simply lose their time and learn nothing, and unjust to the parents who have to pay for their education. I will say nothing about the very numerous attended classes in a few of our institutions; but I will suppose a class of 60 boys. We will give that class four hours in the day; two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Each pupil can, during the entire day, have four minutes of the teacher's attention. That is to say, the teacher who wishes to do justice to all his pupils has it in his power to instruct each individual during the space of four minutes. The rest of the time that pupil is either sitting down like a poor prisoner trying to follow that which he cannot understand—for he is too young to grasp or profit by general lessons given out, as they would be to older boys—or else he is asleep, or shaming, or making a pretence to be listening while his mind is abroad in the street or play-ground. As a result any conscientious director will tell you that for the first four or five years a boy learns nothing. The school is merely a big nursery where men take care of children, keep them in the house, and relieve the parents of them and their annoyance. And how can it be otherwise. Some people imagine that a teacher should be able to devote all his attention to each child; but how can he? Let us suppose that there should be no consideration for the teacher—especially if he be a member of a religious body—and that he is obliged to sacrifice himself entirely for the pupils; even then we must remember that he is a human being and not a beast of burden. And were he to refrain from eating and sleeping, and to devote every one of the twenty-four hours in each day to his pupils, he still would be unable to do them all full justice. Again little boys are not sold into white slavery when sent to school. And it is worse than slavery for a lad to be forced to sit all day, locked up in a school-room, when he is always at a standstill and never stimulated by a knowledge that he is advancing.

A FIXED NUMBER.—I believe there should be some school law whereby the number of pupils under each teacher would be fixed. Let us say that 30, or even 40, were the limit; then there would be a chance for a teacher to do something in the way of helping the boys along. A young boy should be in touch and constant contact with the teacher, who should be enabled to study the requirements, capabilities, peculiarities, and disposition of each pupil. But how is any man going to perform that duty for half a hundred or more boys? I, therefore, repeat that we have not enough of teachers; and I will hazard the opinion that lack of adequate recognition, of proper encouragement, and of reasonable pay, may be considered as the main reasons why there are not more teachers for the vast number of our young pupils. We may argue as we choose, there is not getting over the cold facts. Yet, if each individual child does not make the same progress that he might were he under a private tutor, or under a master who could devote sufficient attention to him, we cry out against the teacher, or the institution, or the order, or the superiors. We have no right to expect the superhuman from men of flesh and blood, and we cannot demand of our schools more than men, with the greatest of devotedness to their work, can possibly accomplish. Wherefore I say, let us have more classes, less pupils in each class, and more teachers to serve such classes. If they cannot be had, then it is the business of some one or other to see that they are secured.

ons. When this limit is reached the number of lemons is progressively diminished. M. Desplats, of Lille, has recently adopted this treatment with some of his patients who suffered from articular rheumatism. In one case the patient was able to drop the treatment at three lemons. In another, he succeeded in effecting a cure at twenty-five lemons, so complete and so persistent that at the end of ten months the patient had not once had

an attack, whereas previously he had suffered periodically every month. The third case was one of ankylosis, so bad that the patient could not dress himself without help. To-day he has almost entirely recovered the use of his limbs, and is free from pain.

M. Desplats has also tried this mode of treatment on a patient suffering from attacks of rheumatism accompanied by disease of the heart, for which all means adopted had proved merely palliative. After a few days the patient experienced a manifest relief of the articular symptoms, but he also experienced pain in the upper right side of the thorax, the pain being extremely great and tenacious. In another case there was the same improvement, though in a less marked degree, and the pain in the thorax made its appearance at the end of the treatment. A third case gave the same results. Another patient suffering from rheumatism that had proved refractory to salicylate and to thyroid when treated with citric acid in doses of from two to ten grammes daily improved considerably.

Whatever interpretation may be placed on the action of lemons in general and citric acid in particular, these results are, beyond question, interesting to chronicle.—New York Herald.

Some Remedies for Grievances in Ireland

A proposition which, if carried into effect, will have most important results in the material and industrial development of Ireland, to say nothing of its possible political consequences, is contained in an article in the Irish Rosary, by Mr. Daniel MacLaughlin. Briefly put, he advocates the formation of a Catholic organization, the objects of which will be to preserve and develop a distinct and industrial existence for Ireland; to keep Ireland for the Irish; to dissuade Irishmen and Irishwomen from emigrating from their native land; to maintain the predominance of Irish Catholics in numbers—which is threatened by emigration—to win for this majority the rightful predominance to which it is entitled in wealth, education, official position and power. The obstacle which now stands in the way of the progress and prosperity of the majority of Irish men in their own country—apart from alien legislation—is the exclusive dealing and freemasonry which enables the small body of English Protestant colonists there to enjoy an unjust ascendancy.

As Mr. MacLaughlin truly says, "A revolt has come in Irishmen's minds against the inferior place they have hitherto content to take in their own country. We have awakened at last to a perception of the thoroughness of the English Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. The Catholic Emancipation Act opened all offices and professions to Catholics but how much of them has not Protestant organization and self-interest reserved for itself since? The foreign Government of the country, that proposes to rule us impartially and for our best interests, retains in all its departments a preponderating force of its imported servants. University education is withheld from us by the same agency which complains of our incapacity for the higher positions of administration. It is true the representatives of the crown are always anxious to get a Catholic figure head for a couple of prominent offices provided he is a safe loyalist, one who will be sufficiently subservient to Protestant and English superiority. In the various Educational Boards the principle adopted by the Government in its honest desire to do justice to Catholic interests while "protecting" its own clamorous minority is to appoint an equal number of Catholics and Protestants and both the Government and its garrison applauded their own liberality in thus giving one quarter of the population as much weight as the remaining three-quarters in directing the education of the idolaters and boast how they have admitted us to all the freedom and responsibility of the Empire."

Our shame is that that we have allowed the small foreign colony to assume a superiority of position and wealth where it was in our power to preserve it for ourselves, that we have allowed our own money to be used for our degradation and for their advancement, and in servile self-distrust and vulgar shoddy snobbery we make them our only models of fashion and respectability and dissociate ourselves from every national characteristic of taste and sentiment. In addition to the self-respect and self-confidence which makes this English class adhere to its own ways, its own ideals, its own society, although planted amid alien surroundings, and to the self-interest by which it supports the

members of its own body in business, in appointments to offices, and in social patronage, it has been confirmed in consciousness of our inferiority in character and attainments and status by our fawning subservience and "tolerance." In our disgust for bigotry and anxiety to show our toleration we hasten to them with our dealings, seek their companies' enterprises for our investments and insurances, thereby declaring our want of confidence in Irishmen's business enterprises, and allow their financial leaders to man the railways, the insurance offices, the banks and all departments of public business with striplings of their own creed.

The best trade of Dublin is still in the hands of the Ascendancy colony whose predecessors built it up a century or two ago when a native papist was hardly allowed to live within its walls. Most of the manufacturing, the wholesale stores, and the largest and most important shops are owned by the English class, and although in the majority of these businesses Catholic young men are freely admitted, there is a natural and reasonable preference for apprentices of the respectable employers' creed and openings are always to be found for the Protestant families to advance themselves.

"In this there is no one to blame, but a lesson may be learned from it. The reason why the native population during the past hundred years of freedom from restraint have absorbed so little of the city's wealth is because the Protestant merchants till comparatively lately excluded all Catholics from their counters and offices and thus effectually prevented their learning the trades. Up to twenty years ago many Protestant wholesale firms of liberal tendencies necessarily chose Protestant commercial travelers to sell their goods in the country, for they experienced that whilst Catholic shopkeepers would buy as willingly from a Protestant as from one of their own kin, the Protestant shop-keepers would have no dealings with a Catholic. And despite the general liberality of the Dublin houses at present there are still capitalists who keep their office and store staff exclusively Protestant without provoking any resentment from the Catholic public on whose dealings they thrive. Only once some years ago was a native spirit roused, when in their rage at the return of a Nationalist member of Parliament for the Maiden City of the apprentice boys, the Orange newspapers of Derry advocated the disemployment of Catholic factory hands. The county of Donegal received most of its supplies merchandise from the Derry warehouses and when the threat was made they answered it by a declaration that they would buy no more Derry merchandise. This was too serious a price to pay for their revenge, so the Derry traders and manufacturers were glad to keep their Catholic staff.

"The directors of most Irish public companies,—railways, banks, etc.,—are mainly Protestant. This is reasonable as they are individually the largest shareholders, few native Irishmen having been able enabled during the last century of moderate security but of doubtful prosperity to amass large savings. But a large proportion of the capital in all these Irish enterprises has been subscribed by the Catholics, and they have thereby both the right and the power to secure that their own race shall share proportionately in the appointments of these companies. Yet hitherto the ascendancy garrison directors and managers have given all the superior positions to their co-religionists and left their Catholic employees to wait promotion till all the hungrier maws were satisfied. A Catholic shareholders' committee has been called for to demand representation for the very large Catholic capital invested in the Great Southern Railway Company. At the half yearly meeting of shareholders, which took place last month, Mr. Sweetman, of Kells, read a list which showed that every important and lucrative place in the company's service—secretaryship, engineership, superintendentship—were with the exception of two, held by Protestants. The chairman denied that religion was ever considered at the Board in the appointment of officers, but he did not deny the facts or seek to explain them, or did he mention what measure the higher officials take to secure their own creed."

To counteract the deplorable results of a policy of too much "tolerance," it is proposed to form a national Catholic association, somewhat on the plan of the federated Catholic societies of Great Britain and of the United States the principles of which will be to give a united support to Catholics in all sorts of commercial and other enterprises, and to stand together in elevating the social and national life of Catholic Ireland.

Christian Unity.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

It is a well known fact that one of the principal notes of the Catholic Church is unity. From the very beginning, from the days of St. Peter, or down through the long ages, the unity in doctrine and in morals that has marked the history of the Catholic Church has been admitted by even her most steadfast opponents. Is it not strange that Protestantism should be eternally crying out for more unity, and that it is perpetually assailing the Catholic Church on account of that very requisite which she possesses and which the severed denominations vainly attempt to attain? Of late we find a case in point, when twenty-two leading ministers and laymen of the United Brethren Church address to their bishops an appeal requesting them to take steps in the direction of Christian unity. In the document they especially name the Methodist Protestants, Evangelical, United Evangelical, and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches. The New York "Independent," in referring to this appeal, says:—

"Four denominations are specified as those to be addressed. But why these four alone? Are there not others that should also receive the compliment of the invitation? Why, for example, should the Congregationalists be left out, or the Free Baptists, or the Christian Connection? We mention these three bodies as they are among those that have talked most about union. We do not suppose that the United Brethren would object to joining with other Christians who prefer baptism by immersion, but who do not hold to close communion. The Congregationalists have not only adopted a general proposition for union with other bodies, but they have had serious and more or less official correspondence on the subject with the Free Baptists, the Christian Connection, and the Methodist Protestant churches. Here is a fine basis for union; and we do not know how many other denominations there are that might with equal propriety be invited. We should desire that the field be enlarged. The scheme is too grand not to be grander."

What strikes us as very strange in all this is the absence of any definite basis of unity. Denominations may agree to fraternize, to respect each other's creeds, to close their eyes to differences and to meet in prayer and in Church organization. But still they agree to disagree upon the essential teachings of Christianity. Where can there be unity when there is no oneness of doctrine. Truth presupposes undivided dogma; aught that is contradictory or conflicting cannot be based on eternal Truth. What, then, is the use of talking about unity if the very elements of unity are freely discarded?

It seems to us that a statement made by Rev. Robert M. Raab, of Buffalo, in the "Homiletic Review" gives the key to the lack of unity in Protestantism. It could not be more clearly or honestly explained. This minister says:—

"The church's opposition to dogma has almost wrecked the ministry; for if there is one thing religionists of our time object to it is hard thinking on religion. And dogma calls for just that thing. The moment a church or a minister takes the attitude of apology, as the one appropriate to its message (or to his message), that moment marks the beginning of defeat. The widespread contempt for religion is due, in large measure, to the temporizing, apologetic attitude of Protestantism."

This is exactly what we have always contended, and for which contention our Protestant friends have found fault with us. It is the lack of dogma, of fixed principles, of infallible guidance, of immediate teachings that has been the bane of Protestantism and that must inevitably prove the source of its ultimate downfall. It is in vain that men cry out for unity, as long as they persist in treating Christianity as a species of political system in which each one has as good a right as his neighbor to an opinion. It is this that is bringing so many learned Protestants into the Church.

An Aged Irish-American Priest Dead.

On Monday last all that was mortal of a great priest who was widely esteemed by all who knew him, was laid to rest in Cambridge, Mass. He was called away a few days previously, full of years and hono-

fortified with the Last Sacraments. The Rev. Thomas Scully was pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Annunciation, Cambridge, and was chaplain of the Ninth Regiment of Civil War reconv. He was an earnest and eloquent champion of the Catholic total abstinence movement, and was a zealous and devoted priest. He was born in Ireland seventy years ago, and he finished his studies in England and in Italy. He was ordained in Boston by Bishop Fitzpatrick, and on the outbreak of the war of secession was appointed chaplain of the famous Ninth Massachusetts regiment. In this capacity he served for three years, and earned distinction for his conspicuous bravery. He was thrice captured as a prisoner of war. On one of these occasions his capture was due to his unwillingness to abandon the wounded; and he was taken prisoner with them.

Afterwards he was appointed pastor of a Church in Malden, from which he was subsequently transferred to Cambridge. He celebrated his first Mass in the Church of the Annunciation thirty-five years ago. When he went to the parish the parochial property amounted to 6,700 feet of land and the unfinished church, valued in all at \$25,000. Today the parish property consists of 81,355 feet of land. On this property stand the church, the parochial residence, convent, school building, a rectory which is a fine family one at Lourdes, Aquinas Hall, utilized for literary exercises and entertainments. The total valuation probably exceeds \$250,000.

With the growth of his parish Father Scully did not forget the sick. He donated a large portion of the Hovey estate on Cambridge street, Cambridge, for the site of a home for incurables. It is known as the Holy Ghost Hospital for Incurables. He experienced no little opposition in founding the St. Mary's Parochial School, but, notwithstanding, by his perseverance he succeeded, and witnessed the formal opening of that institution on Sept. 6, 1875. The average attendance has been about 1,300 yearly at the school. He later inaugurated a college department March 7, 1881, on the date of the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. No charge has ever been made to attend the schools, and books have been furnished where it was found the parents of the children were unable to do so. He and his assistants ministered to the spiritual welfare of 6,500 parishioners.

Besides being looked upon as a great and good priest and one beloved by all, he was honored for his high example of true citizenship. He took an active interest in all matters which had to do with the welfare of the city of Cambridge. He was well known as a temperance leader and advocate all over the country. To him was due in a large part the success of the no-license move in Cambridge. He was so enthusiastic upon hearing the count of the votes on the license question that each year he superintended the ringing of the bells in his school. He had in his parish two total abstinence societies, the Aquinas Cadets and the St. Mary's Society for adults.

The "Daily Post" of Boston pays this editorial tribute to the memory of Father Scully:—

"For more than a quarter of a century the Rev. Thomas Scully has been a powerful and active force for good in this community. As a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, his efforts have been directed along the lines of ecclesiastical work, and the results have been remarkable in that field. But so broad was his humanity, so liberal his purpose, so all-embracing his generosity, that what he did in the name of his church and his faith is recognized as a benefaction to all, of whatever creed, and an uplifting influence in the municipality and the State.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the work of education, of philanthropy, of healthful physical culture, of relief of misery, set on foot and carried to effective operation by Father Scully, has not been equalled by any other single individual in the history of this metropolitan district. More than any benefaction or endowment was the personal energy which he brought to the work. Schools, gymnasiums, libraries, he built up by his own indomitable effort. That marvellous and blessed institution, the Holy Ghost Hospital for Incurables, owes its existence to Father Scully.

"In his adopted country—for Thomas Scully was born in Ireland and educated in England and in Italy—he was an exemplar of loyalty and of good citizenship. He was chaplain of the famous Ninth Massachusetts in the Civil War. When peace came, he gave himself, with equal ardor to the duties of a citizen in private life. And his monument of good works will long endure in the community which now mourns his death.

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Lemon Juice For Rheumatism.

The idea of treating rheumatism with lemon juice appears to have had its rise in Germany. The method consists in swallowing the juice of one lemon on the first day, and so on progressively up to twenty-five lem-

The Power of the Catholic Press.

The power of the Catholic press, when it is united is well illustrated in the case of Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia, which was recently published in New York, and which contained grave errors and prejudiced misstatements regarding Catholic doctrines and practices in its articles dealing with matters connected with our Church.

"Dear Father Wynne: In reference to the Catholic articles complained of in Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas concerning which we have seen you here lately, we beg herewith to submit a statement concerning the criticisms made by you of that work, and the action already taken by this house in reference to them.

"One of the methods used in the conduct of our business is to hold weekly meetings of a literary committee the membership of which consists of the president of D. Appleton & Co., the vice-president, the literary adviser, the editor of the 'Cyclopaedia,' the art manager and the educational editor. Here are discussed all matters pertaining to new books and old ones, new editions, revisions, complaints and other matters affecting the text of any of our publications.

"On July 10 it was directed that a resolution should be prepared setting forth the decision of the committee that the Catholic articles should be submitted to Archbishop John J. Keane, who, under contract with this house, had had charge of their preparation, and that Archbishop Keane should be requested to make the revision himself, should it be found necessary to do so, or designate some person for that purpose.

"You will observe from the foregoing statements that a disposition to revise the Catholic articles was shown by this house at a regular official meeting of its officers and heads of departments almost immediately upon receiving complaints. The minutes of this committee also show that the complaints made by you have been constantly under consideration, and that the matter was referred to us by Archbishop Keane, a distinguished member of your own communion, under whose supervision the articles were first prepared.

"In reference to the contract with Archbishop Keane referred to above, you will please let us remind you that he had full authority to prepare and assign these articles, as seemed best to him, and that at any time, since the publication of the articles, had it been necessary, any corrections might have been made by him. It is not the policy of this house to ignore complaints that may be made to it affecting the accuracy of statements made in its works of reference. We regret that through no fault of yours or ours the representations you have made did not lead to an earlier meeting between yourself and D. Appleton & Co.

Very truly yours, D. Appleton & Co., Wm. W. Appleton, president."

The 'Messenger's' comment upon this letter is as follows:-

It has come to our knowledge that some of the superintendents and teachers of Catholic schools have ex-

cluded all text-books which bear the name of Appleton & Co. That no injustice may be done in this matter, it should be observed that although the text books were formerly issued by them and still bear their name, they are no longer theirs, and are issued by other houses. Thus the American Book Company issues readers, reading charts, geographies, copy books and school physics, which bear the name of Appleton, though in reality Appleton & Co. have at present nothing to do with them, as they have no share in the business or management of the American Book Company. These books, therefore, ought to be judged on their own merits. In view of the letter printed above, it would be unfair to discriminate in the choice of books against a company which is endeavoring honorably to make its cyclopaedia accurate and impartial in every way.

The letter speaks for itself, and does honor to the writer and his associates, who are sincere and earnest in their efforts to have Catholic topics in their cyclopaedia treated accurately.

A Catholic Daily.

The publication of 'The New World' as a daily during the week of the meeting of the Federated Catholic Societies has aroused considerable discussion in the columns of some of our Catholic contemporaries. The need of a Catholic daily is advocated by a few; but the greater number of the papers speak in a hesitating and undecided way; not so much because they doubt the expediency of such a paper as from the fear that it might either become the recognized official organ of the country, or that it might supplant the weekly. Now, to us a Catholic daily paper seems hardly necessary. It is true that if there was published in the large cities a Catholic daily much of the news that pertains to the Church would be given forth in its correct form; but it is not at all probable that anywhere near the same number of persons would read the correct Catholic account as would read the secular daily's version. Americans are different from Europeans. They will to a certain extent read a weekly, in fact the greater number of educated Americans do read a weekly of some kind or other; but it is safe to say that the number of those who would buy every morning or evening, a daily published in the interests of a religious denomination, would be exceedingly small. The idea of a great Catholic daily or a great religious daily of any denomination is a beautiful idea; but it is chimerical. Such a daily would not sell; and the paper that does not sell is useless. Anyway we have no particular need of a Catholic daily. We have the Catholic weeklies, and the office of a weekly, be it Catholic or anything else in the informing line, is to review and correct the news items furnished during the week by the newspapers. This is what the people expect and this is what should be given them. A weekly should be a review, not a newspaper. Moreover, a daily newspaper must be a political paper. A paper may of course give both sides of a political question, but it must have definite political leanings. Americans respect the politics of a man or a paper; they will not buy the paper that poses as a political mugwump. Now a Catholic paper from its very nature cannot indulge in politics; one of the most important features, therefore, from a layman's point of view, would be cut away; the result would be the loss of everyone interested in political questions, which means the loss of almost every man. The idea of a Catholic daily, then, must be abandoned for the present; the energies of the Catholic press should be expended in issuing representative Catholic weeklies—New World, Chicago.

BEQUEST FOR BEING KIND.

Mrs. Edith White has been notified officially that \$17,500 is deposited to her credit in a bank in St. Louis. The money was left her by a stranger whom she once befriended and who told her at the time that he would remember her in his will. She paid little attention to it then. Mrs. White will go to St. Louis, secure the money and then take up her residence in Troy with her mother. She has one daughter.

FATHER STRUBBE TO RETURN TO BELGIUM.

The announcement of the recall to Belgium of the Rev. Father Strubbe, the esteemed and beloved priest of St. Ann's parish, has caused a feeling of deep regret not only in the parish where he has so fruitfully labored for nearly twenty years, but throughout the whole city of Montreal, for Father Strubbe has at one time or another occupied the pulpits of nearly every church in the archdiocese and those of many other churches elsewhere in Canada. The Redemptorist Order, of which he is so distinguished a member, has long occupied a foremost place in the affections of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, their acquaintance with it dating from a time before the parish of St. Ann was entrusted to its members, and when St. Patrick's Church, in which they gave several successful missions, was the

continuous, and conspicuous success, not only from a spiritual, but from a temporal point of view. A record which would do ample justice to his efforts would fill a large volume. As we go to press he is being presented with an address in which these labors are gratefully recorded and deservedly appreciated, and with a gift which, in a more tangible way, expresses the esteem in which he is held. Although owing to the suddenness of the summons which calls him away to his native land, but little time was available to organize the farewell demonstration and presentations, the size and character testify to the widespread grief which his departure has caused, and to the affectionate remembrance in which his career in St. Ann's will be held by the congregation which is called upon to sever tender and hallowed ties that have so long bound them and him together.



REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.

only sacred edifice in which they worshipped in Montreal. Father Strubbe's departure from St. Ann's parish has brought unfeigned sorrow to the hearts of the parishioners, among whom and for whom he has so long worked with untiring energy and apostolic zeal, and has filled them with a deep sense of great personal loss. He is endowed with all the good and noble priestly qualities that go to make up the typical 'soggarth aroon,' for whom the Irish people, with their warm generous Celtic hearts, have always cherished an abiding affection.

Readers of the 'True Witness' do not need to be reminded of the great work which Father Strubbe has accomplished in St. Ann's parish. On many occasions its pages have borne glad testimony to the numerous improvements which he inaugurated. His career has been one long, con-

To leave, so loving, so devout, and so well organized a congregation, must bring a pang of bitter sorrow to Father Strubbe's heart. But he is a priest of God before all things. When he entered his Sacred ministry he had to part with parents, relatives and friends, in order to give his life wholly to the service of his Divine Master. His superior has now called him from Canada, and like the devoted, self-sacrificing and heroic priest which he is, he goes forth to obey that summons, painful, though the parting undoubtedly is.

In the departure of Father Strubbe from Montreal the 'True Witness' loses a tried and trusted, and warm-hearted friend. It is unnecessary to say that it cordially associates itself with the parishioners of St. Ann in wishing him long life and marked success in his new sphere of activity.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott On Situation in Ireland.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott, president of St. Patrick's Society, Ottawa, has returned from a visit to Ireland. As a sturdy champion of the rights of Irishmen to govern their own country, it was natural that during his visit he should have studied the present condition of Ireland and the national movement there. The result of his observations, therefore, possesses more than ordinary interest. In an interview with a representative of the Ottawa 'Citizen,' Mr. Scott said:—'The Irish people are of course very hospitable. I had the pleasure of stopping a few days with both Mr. John Redmond and Mr. William Redmond. They were both extremely kind to me, and took much interest in Canada and Canadian affairs. I met many prominent Irishmen, both home rulers and unionists. I also had the good fortune of hearing several important Irish debates in the House of Commons. As far as Home Rule is concerned I am perfectly satisfied that it is coming, and perhaps much sooner than some may expect. The Parliamentary party is strong and united. It has an experienced and able leader in Mr. John Redmond. He is not only one of the greatest Parli-

amentarians in the empire, but is acknowledged to have no superior, and perhaps no equal as an orator in the British House of Commons to-day. Mr. Redmond is respected by all parties in the House, and always gets a good hearing when he speaks.

'There have been unmistakable signs of the steadily increasing unpopularity of the present Government in England, while the Liberals seem to be making some successful effort to regain their lost power and influence with the English people. Of course, it must be admitted that the Rosebery wing of the Liberal party is likely to cause some trouble, but so far it is difficult to say just what strength they possess. I met Lord Rosebery and heard him and his lieutenants, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Gray, speak at the Liberal League banquet. They all touched lightly on the Irish question, but were vague and indefinite in what they said. I came to the conclusion that the Roseberites were waiting to see how the cat would jump, and that they were prepared to go whichever way would best suit their political ambitions. In his speech Lord Rosebery said he was not in favor of 'an independent Parliament at Dublin.' By making this statement he was avoiding the issue. There are doubtless many Home Rulers who don't favor an independent Parliament at Dublin, and while many think Ireland is entitled to it, and should have it, it is certainly

not what the Irish party is asking for. Mr. John Redmond, at the coronation meeting in Dublin on Aug. 9th, speaking as the leader of the party, made that point quite clear when he said that they were prepared to accept the same settlement which Gladstone and Parnell had agreed to in 1886. That, as everybody knows, was not 'an independent Parliament at Dublin,' but a responsible Legislature and a Government in Ireland subject to the Imperial Parliament to legislate for and govern Irish affairs.

'The present method of governing, or rather misgoverning, Ireland by coercion is a disgrace to the British empire. Ireland is as crimeless a country as there is in the world, yet in addition to the municipal police there is a standing army of 15,000 Irish constabulary costing the people millions of dollars annually who are kept by the Government to hound the people and prevent free speech and other recognized rights of a British subject. Under the Crimes Act, which is something like martial law, and which is now in force in many of the counties of Ireland, special magistrates called removable are appointed by the chief secretary to try political offences. These men are usually Government hangers-on, and are subject to be dismissed by the chief secretary at any time, so that if they don't make it unpleasant for the Government's political opponents they know what will happen to them.

'The position of affairs in the West shows the absolute necessity of remedial land laws. The people are all crowded together on the poor bog lands and the rich lands are reserved for the cattle, not the poor people's cattle, but cattle of the wealthy grazier or the absentee landlord who never visits Ireland or spends a sixpence there. What the people of Ireland want, not merely the Nationalists, but also the Unionists, the Catholics of the south and the Protestants of Ulster, in fact everyone except the landlords, is 'compulsory purchase,' that is, power to be given the congested districts Board to expropriate the landlords' interest in the land without the consent of the landlord, so that the Board may then sell to each tenant the freehold in a sufficient quantity of arable land to enable him to live on it, Parliament to supply the money to pay the landlord, and the tenant to repay the Government in annual instalments. This arrangement is now carried out when the landlord consents to sell, and is found to work very well. The Board some time ago bought the estate of Lord Dillon. I visited the former Dillon tenants, who are now freeholders, and found that they were perfectly happy and contented. Their land was being drained and new houses built and a general appearance of prosperity was coming over the district.

Adjoining the Dillon freeholders is the De Freyne estate, where Lord De Freyne is ejecting tenants for non-payment of rent. The people could not possibly live on the small holdings and pay rent from what the land produced. When the rents are paid they are paid out of money earned principally by servant girls in America, and harvest laborers in England. The rent that Lord De Freyne is asking is 33 per cent. more per annum than the instalment of purchase money that the Dillon freeholders are paying the Government each year, and which will in a stated number of years be paid off. Such a state of affairs cannot long exist, and it is the opinion of many on both sides of the political fence that 'compulsory purchase' will become law within the next year or two. After a visit to Ireland one can readily understand why the people don't gush much about the advantage of British rule. It seems to me that we in Canada would not be as proud of the British Empire as we very properly are if we were governed as Ireland is.'

Mr. Scott visited the Cork exhibition, and was proud of the splendid exhibit that Canada has there. One thing, however, which he says 'does not reflect much credit on the agricultural department' is the fact that while Canadians have been sent over there to look after our exhibits, and explain our resources and the advantages of our country to the people not a single Irish Catholic is employed in or about the Canadian building. 'It seems to me,' said Mr. Scott, 'that business methods if nothing else would make it appear necessary to the department to send some men who were in sympathy with at least ninety per cent. of those who visit the exhibition.'

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from 25c. GUARANTEED PURE.

NOTES FROM ROME.

The arrival in Rome of the great pilgrimage from Ireland is animated with keen interest. That zealous and venerable priest, the Very Rev. Father Ring, O.M.I., of Dublin, is the organizer; and a very large number will doubtless take part in this demonstration of Ireland's unwavering fidelity to the Holy See. The pilgrimage will be on so large a scale that it has been deemed advisable to divide it into two sections, one of which is expected to reach Rome towards the end of October, and the other about the first or second week in November. The first section will be under the patronage of St. Joachim, and the second under that of St. Leo.

Some good but misguided French Catholics are expressing surprise at the silence of His Holiness the Pope on the enforcement of the Law of Associations in regard to the teaching orders and congregations in French, and are even calling upon him to denounce the action of the French Government. They forget many things in their pardonable excitement. They seem to be oblivious of the fact that the Sovereign Pontiff has already done all in his power under the circumstances. His letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris gave proof of his sympathy with French Catholics in the persecution which they are experiencing at the hands of their atheistical government. As that letter pointed out, loyal Catholics should refrain from presuming to dictate to the Pope either the time or the manner in which he should intervene in crises of this kind. They should have long ago acted upon his advice to attach themselves frankly to the Republic instead of denouncing it and holding themselves aloof from it; and they should abandon their futile hopes of changing the political situation by bringing about the restoration of a monarchical system of government.

Bigotry in Business.

Says our esteemed contemporary, land, Ohio:—'The "Catholic Universe," of Cleveland "Business is business," but nobody likes to do business with those who insult their customers. * * * The Catholics of Cleveland number 125,000. They are as honest as their neighbors and their trade proportionately as profitable in the aggregate. A few of the business firms have as much as said that since Catholics are confined to the kitchen they are not seeking their trade. In this they show not only their ignorance, but their bigotry. We wish that we could publish the names of the firms that spoke in this way to our advertising solicitor. They then would find that a man's bigotry is often his own worst enemy. They would also discover that there is no walk of life and no class of society, no matter how exclusive, in Cleveland, that has not its Catholic representatives.'

But why not publish the names of such firms, esteemed contemporary? The "Pilot" has encountered business men like unto those whom the "Catholic Universe" describes, and whenever it has found them insensible to brotherly correction, it has cheerfully given them a free advertisement which has taught them more in a single week about the financial importance of the Catholic community than we could demonstrate in many editorials. It is a work of mercy to instruct the ignorant—even if it must be done at their own expense.—Boston Pilot.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

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

RELIGIOUS

"There are men who...ceded, but not repl...these words a writ...view of Reviews" (July...M. Combes, "Physician...Radical Leader." He...added Renegade, to con...scription. However, he...leave his reader long in...this point, for he not o...Combes' claim to the t...places him in a class w...and Gambetta—a deli...fattery. Despite his e...to do honor to the sub...sketch, M. Guericq appl...honored maxim with wh...not to M. Combes, but...cessor, Waldeck-Rousseau...even higher place in his...was to the support of t...that M. Waldeck-Rousseau...long continuance in pow...Guericq, "and it is th...just that his policies sh...tained by those who ha...and supported them."...appointment of M. Co...most fitting candidate a...Radical party, there ar...men whose past services...prestige marks them...able for the prime mini..."Journal Des Debats" a...a graceful word to say...the "personal prestige"...cal party in the Chamb...This incoherent majo...entirely through the sys...ploitation of one gross...ti-Clericalism. It is m...men of varied ideas an...terests. It comprises I...ies, Socialists, and a...number of the indifferen...uncertain who conceal...ance of all political que...the anonymous mask of...It remains to be seen if...cious sectaries will go o...Not that there can be...doubt of their audacity...the intrepidity of ignora...obstinacy of narrow-min...In enumerating the ne...many qualifications for...writer in the "Review o...unwittingly makes such...arrangement of the man...tives, that we may be...quoting freely from the...affairs. What could be...cant than the admission...never explained to the...meaning the reason for...apostasy. Few men wh...Church leave behind a v...will bear the light of d...doubt, the French minist...ception to the general r...the reader judge for him...information advanced by...making allowance of cou...gentleman's frequent in...of personal reflections a...endorsements: "M. Combes comes fro...of France. He is a son...bulent and fluent Midi...are born eloquent, and...heat of the sun seems to...their natures a double sl...liness and aggressiveness...Like many representativ...thought and antagonist...Church, he began his ca...those influences of whic...later to become the ir...adversary. He was edu...religious seminary, wher...trained in the principles...has, since detested. I...happened that the enem...Church have been of her...hold. Voltaire who utte...ous phrase, "Ecrasez l'In...a pulpit of the Jesuits, I...name in clerical circles...loathed as that of Volta...all his instruction from...leader of anti-clericalism...third Republic, Gam...said, 'Clericalism is the...like M. Combes, the pupi...seminary. But M. Co...religious instruction long...of them. Voltaire and...were under clerical guar...ly in their early youth...self parted with the Chu...age of twenty-two. M...mained within the Chur...his maturity; he took pr...and became what Renan...dreamed of becoming,—an...cal professor in a Cath...ary. "In 1895, when M. C...first made Minister of...struction in the Radical...M. Bourgeois, it occur...hunt up in the Library o...home, in Paris, the the...Combes had written in h...to obtain his degree of...Jettres. I found a great...several hundred pages...French thesis,—upon "

FROM ROME.

In Rome of the great interest. That zealous priest, the Very Rev. O.M.I., of Dublin, is and a very large number take part in this of Ireland's unwavering the Holy See. The pile on so large a scale deemed advisable to two sections, one of to reach Rome to of October, and the first or second week The first section will patronage of St. Joa second under that of

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RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN FRANCE

"There are men who can be succeeded, but not replaced." With these words a writer in the "Review of Reviews" (July), introduces M. Combes, "Physician, Scholar and Radical Leader." He should have added Renegade, to complete the description. However, he does not leave his reader long in ignorance on this point, for he not only proves M. Combes' claim to the title, but also places him in a class with Voltaire and Gambetta—a delicate bit of flattery. Despite his evident desire to do honor to the subject of his sketch, M. Guerlac applies the time-honored maxim with which he opens, not to M. Combes, but to his predecessor, Waldeck-Rousseau, who holds even higher place in his esteem. "It was to the support of the Radicals that M. Waldeck-Rousseau owed his long continuance in power," says M. Guerlac, "and it is therefore only just that his policies should be continued by those who had approved and supported them." Hence the appointment of M. Combes, — the most fitting candidate as "in the Radical party, there are not many men whose past services or personal prestige marks them out as available for the prime ministry." The "Journal Des Debats" (Paris), has a graceful word to say in regard to the "personal prestige" of the Radical party in the Chamber:

"This incoherent majority subsists entirely through the systematic exploitation of one gross passion—anti-Clericalism. It is made up of men of varied ideas and varied interests. It comprises Revolutionaries, Socialists, and a considerable number of the indifferent and the uncertain who conceal their ignorance of all political questions under the anonymous mask of Radicalism. It remains to be seen if these ferocious sectaries will go on to the end. Not that there can be a moment's doubt of their audacity. They have the intrepidity of ignorance and the obstinacy of narrow-mindedness."

In enumerating the new premier's many qualifications for office the writer in the "Review of Reviews" unwittingly makes such a striking arraignment of the man and his motives, that we may be pardoned for quoting freely from the evidence he affords. What could be more significant than the admission, "this he never explained to the public" — meaning the reason for M. Combes' apostasy. Few men who leave the Church leave behind a record that will bear the light of day, and, no doubt, the French minister is no exception to the general rule. But let the reader judge for himself from the information advanced by M. Guerlac, making allowance of course for that gentleman's frequent interpellations of personal reflections and friendly endorsements:

"M. Combes comes from the south of France. He is a son of that turbulent and fluent Midi where men are born eloquent, and where the heat of the sun seems to impart to their natures a double share of liveliness and aggressiveness and color. Like many representatives of free thought and antagonists of the Church, he began his career under those influences of which he was later to become the irreconcilable adversary. He was educated in a religious seminary, where he was trained in the principles which he has since detested. It has often happened that the enemies of the Church have been of her own household. Voltaire who uttered the famous phrase, "Ecrasez l'infame," was a pupil of the Jesuits, Renan, whose name in clerical circles is as much loathed as that of Voltaire, received all his instruction from priests. The leader of anti-clericalism under the third Republic, Gambetta, who said, "Clericalism is the enemy," was like M. Combes, the pupil of a little seminary. But M. Combes received religious instruction longer than any of them. Voltaire and Gambetta were under clerical guardianship only in their early youth. Renan himself parted with the Church at the age of twenty-two. M. Combes remained within the Church even in his maturity; he took priestly orders and became what Renan had once dreamed of becoming,—an ecclesiastical professor in a Catholic seminary."

"In 1895, when M. Combes was first made Minister of Public Instruction in the Radical Cabinet of M. Bourgeois, it occurred to me to hunt up in the Library of the Sorbonne, in Paris, the theses which M. Combes had written in his old days to obtain his degree of doctor-est-letres. I found a great volume of several hundred pages,—like all French theses,—upon "The Psychol-

ogy of St. Thomas Aquinas," and another thesis in Latin, likewise upon a question of scholastic metaphysics. I took the occasion to make these two metaphysical works known by analyzing them in a Paris newspaper. He began a campaign of ridicule and epigram in the Conservative press against the Radical who had begun life as a theologian. M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself, who was at that time the champion of the moderate party against the Radical ministry of M. Bourgeois, said, at Bordeaux, in 1897, in replying to those who accused the Republican party of reactionary tendencies: "It is certainly not in our ranks that you must look to find a magistrate who has learned how to distinguish real republicans by prosecuting them under the empire, or a learned theologian who has trained himself by the study of the fathers of the Church to spy out better the clericals in disguise." Again, the other day, when M. Combes first appeared before the Chamber, the old clerical and royalist Baudry d'Asson bitterly reproached him for his "apostasy." How did M. Combes come to forsake what he had previously followed, and to break with the political and religious system to which he had previously adhered? This he has never explained to the public. We only know that one fine day he abandoned scholastic theology for the study of medicine; left the department of the Tarn, where he had been known as l'abbé Combes, to establish himself in the Department of the Charente Interieure, where he was thereafter to pass as Dr Combes. Modest in his ambitions, he selected a little town of five thousand inhabitants, the town of Pons, where he practiced his new profession. With the zeal of a neophyte, he began to promulgate the new ideas to which he had just given his adhesion, and which, in these southwestern regions, find a soil at once favorable and hostile, inasmuch as one part of the population is of Huguenot stock, and the other, more numerous still, retains a strong Bonapartist feeling.

"The physician has a great influence upon the rural population in France. By his daily contact with the people he is enabled to gain the confidence of the simple-minded, and to spread his ideas. M. Combes, nevertheless, made but slow progress. In 1875, he was elected Mayor of Pons; in 1879, he was made member of the "Conseil General," and was not until January, 1886, that he succeeded in being elected to the Senate.

"The Senate which has only three hundred members, all at least forty years of age, is less turbulent, less sensational, and less frequented by the public than the Chamber of Deputies. It is for this reason that men of great ability and genuine talent may here long remain unknown to all except those who actually watch them at their work. It was thus that M. Combes was little known when in 1895, M. Bourgeois placed him in his Radical ministry, by the side of M. Berthelot and M. Cavaignac. He had not attracted the attention of his colleagues, except by his work upon committees, especially those relating to educational matters.

"In the Ministry of Public Instruction he was the author of certain bills which testified to the energy of his passion for reform, and to his vigorous hostility to clerical influence. Upon his return to the ranks he continued to make a specialty of those educational questions which, in France, have always engaged the attention of men zealous for the emancipation of the nation. In the discussions which ended, on May 29 of this year, in a complete reform of French secondary instruction, adapted from henceforth on to the needs of a modern democracy, M. Combes played a leading part as spokesman of the Committee of the Senate.

"To the measures which, during the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, had had for their object the disarmament of the clerical party, M. Combes has given ardent support. He was chairman of the committee on the Law of Associations, whose report was presented by M. Valle, the new Minister of Justice. When M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in advocacy of the bill, delivered before the Senate one of those great addresses for which he is noted, it was M. Combes who proposed to the Senate that it be posted on the walls of all the villages of France.

"M. Combes has given energetic

support to the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet. He has accepted power with a view to continuing this policy. Like his predecessor, he does not seek to carry out the entire programme of radicalism. He will limit himself to applying vigorously the Law of Associations already in force and to striking a new blow at clerical education by securing the repeal of the law of Falloux, of 1850, which confers upon ecclesiastical institutions privileges which are not enjoyed by the national schools. Like most men who have freed themselves from clerical influence, M. Combes, as a matter of fact, does not pride himself on being liberal. To an editor of "Le Figaro," M. Jules Huret, he said recently that he did not believe that the freedom of teaching is a natural right."

"L'Echo," (Lyons), with admirable brevity thus summarizes the salient points in the character of the premier and his policy:

"M. Combes is a secretary, a renegade seminarist given over to Freemasonry. His policy is the vigorous application of the anti-liberal law, the refusal of all authorizations asked by the congregations, and the abrogation of the Fallou law."

M. F. Veillot, writing in the "Univers," pays his respects to the minister in no measured terms, he says M. Combes is "devoid of talent, virtue, honor—a brute unable to conceive a generous thought, to realize a great work, to produce anything useful, to show any effort of a patient and beneficial kind. The brute, however, has formidable fists, and he strikes out blindly before him. The man is without a breath of intelligence, a single sentiment of delicacy. He is but a commonplace mediocrity personified, rancid with hatred and puffed up with pride. As he cannot leave anything to make him famous, he will be notorious to posterity for his brutality alone."

Intent on the dechristianizing of France, the Free Masons could not have chosen a more worthy instrument to execute their savage decrees, for the Premier is nothing more than their slave, brutally enforcing their orders leveled against the Church. History offers few sights more sad than those caused by the edicts of this apostate, whose acts degrade France in the eyes of all civilized people.

A manifesto from the committee of liberal action, posted up in Paris and several of the great provincial towns, and signed by M. Jacques Piou, as president, by Comte de Mun, who is vice-president, and by M. Amedee Reille, a deputy, who is secretary, thus boldly denounces the actions of the Premier:

"An unprecedented crime has just been committed. In eight days two thousand five hundred schools have been closed, one hundred and fifty thousand children turned into the street, and five thousand schoolmasters and mistresses expelled and left without resources. Never have liberty of conscience and the rights of the family been more outrageously violated."

Ladies who have devoted their lives in the most self-sacrificing way to the cause of education and the care of the young have been ruthlessly thrust into the streets. Thousands and thousands of children have been turned out of the schools in which they were trained by devoted teachers. Even helpless orphans and infants shared the fate of the other scholars. And the government made no effort to provide for them.

At Alencon, where some Christian Brothers taught in a school belonging to a company whose salaried servants they were, the police went to the institution a few minutes after six in the evening and gave them ten minutes to clear out. The Brothers remonstrated, but yielding to force, hurried out of the building and found shelter with a neighboring family. Meanwhile the police had been busy sealing the windows and doors.

At Plougonver, near Crehen, in the Cotes du Nord, where there was a school for boarders and day scholars, kept by nuns, the boarders and the Sisters were allowed three hours to leave the building. In vain the Sisters pleaded for time to send word to the parents of their little charges, some of whom came from a distance. The head of the police simply answered: "I have my orders and I shall carry them out." These are examples of what has been done in the name of Republican liberty in France during the last few days with the sanction of the President of the Republic on the recommendation of M. Combes.

The outrageous tyranny of the Government proceedings has stirred Catholic France as it has scarcely ever been stirred since before the great Revolution. The Holy Father has addressed a private protest to the French Government. Day after day the French bishops have been publishing Pastoralis, in which the injustice to which the nuns are sub-

jected is trenchantly exposed. The aged Cardinal Archbishop of Paris had an interview with the Premier, and begged him to be more equitable, but M. Combes is said to have replied insolently that his Parliamentary followers gave him a majority of one hundred and sixty. The Cardinal in his Pastoral has put the case for the Catholic schools on the ground of common rights.

The venerable prelate fearlessly assails the action of the Premier, taking up in turn the reasons for persecution, the legislation enacted towards this end, the legality of certain measures, the animus of the Free Masons, and ends with an avowal of his purpose to defend religious liberty and to demand that French citizens are entitled." The full text of this document is an admirable exposition of the Cardinal Archbishop's views. We quote the following passages:—

"What are the motives which have called for this sudden and violent measure? There has been no scandal, no disorder in these educational establishments, which are under the direction of teachers holding certificates, as the law requires. The only reason there can be advanced is that the instruction given in these schools is in keeping with the principles of the Catholic Faith, and that the teachers belong to religious congregations. An additional reason is that the Freemasons openly declare that every Christian idea shall be eliminated from the education of the young.

"This is a violent attack upon conscience directed against families. As a bishop, it is our duty and our right to protest in the name of these families against this sort of tyranny which is the most cruel of all tyrannies. It is to be noted that these attacks have been systematically planned by the anti-Christian sects. In 1886 a law dealing with schools eliminated religious instruction from the school curriculum. Four years later teachers who were members of religious congregations were excluded from the public schools on the grounds that these teachers, being Catholics, taught things the State could not permit teachers in its pay to refer to.

"Families, by way of reply to these laws, established schools at the cost of many sacrifices frequently renewed. Great crowds of children flocked into these schools. As a counter stroke to this continuous manifestation of the wishes of families, the Freemasons enacted the law of association, which aims at making the establishment of free schools impossible. The simultaneous closing of about three thousand schools has no other object in view than the doing away with religious instruction in the free schools after it had been excluded from the public schools.

"After the statement of these self-evident facts, we deem it useless to stop to discuss in detail the measures adopted for the closing of the schools. After the declaration made by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, a great number of the directors of these schools felt they were safe. Their sincerity cannot be called in question. The ministerial circular closing two thousand five hundred schools had not made its appearance, and, besides, a ministerial circular cannot order the closing of educational establishments. If the authorities desired to afford, we shall not say in a spirit of kindness, but in a spirit of equity, to the teachers who had not done so an opportunity of complying with legal formalities, they could have manifested this desire by granting reasonable delays. The granting of such delays was rendered more necessary by the fact that persons versed in knowledge of the laws and of administrative regulations question the necessity and the legality of the formalities required of the teachers. The measures adopted manifest an evident desire to close the schools after every means had been employed to bring this about.

"The Freemasons are unceasingly at work trying to create division by attacking Christian institutions. As for us, Mr. President, we will continue, with God's aid, to fulfil the duty of a bishop—of a French bishop. We will defend religious liberty; we will defend the liberty of the family in matters touching the education of children; we will defend all legitimate liberties to which, as citizens, we are entitled. We ask no privileges, but we demand that Catholics shall not be deprived of rights which they share in common with all French citizens."

Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, reminds the Government how the hopes of internal peace held out by the President of the Republic at Brest before setting out for Russia have been dashed by the policy of M. Combes. The feeling of French Catholics generally is heartily in sympathy with the nuns and against their persecutors. By twenty-three

votes out of twenty-nine, the General Council of Maine et Loire has passed a resolution condemning the expulsions. The municipality of St. Maurice (Clarente) and the Arrondissement Council of Nantes have expressed their opinion in like manner.

There is intense excitement in Brittany over the enforcement of the religious associations law. Commerce there is at a standstill, and the peasants openly avow their determination to resist the expulsion of the nuns.

The population of Landerneau, twelve miles from Brest, has formed relays to guard the school, and peasant women sit on benches opposite the gate, knitting, while awaiting the coming of the gendarmes. They are greatly excited and declare they prefer to be shot rather than abandon the sisters.

The lady superior of Landerneau convent said:

"Like true Britons, we will yield only to force. The women and other people who are guarding the school night and day have given us a courageous example."

In Paris and in all parts of the country demonstrations have been held in favor of the Sisters, and feeling has run high. Five ladies of distinction in Parisian society — Mmes. Reille, de Mun, Piou, Cbiel, and de Pomeyrol—called at the Elysee and, being unable to obtain an audience with the wife of the President, commissioned General Dubois to inform Mme. Loubet, that they were resolved not to suffer persecution in silence, and that if the Government did not alter its policy blood would be shed in the streets. The cry of "Vivent les Soeurs!" has been heard from multitudes in the principal quarters of the capital. For publicly advocating the cause of the expelled religious, M. Coppe, the Academician, M. Pugliesi Conti, a Nationalist deputy, and many others were for a time placed under arrest. At Brosses, in the Vosges, gendarmes, who went to close the local Sisters' school, had to retire before two thousand peasants armed with pitchforks. Peasants also drove off the police at Teule, in Finistere. Whilst expelled nuns were proceeding in coaches to the railway station at Saint Ambroix, unyoked the horses, and led the Sisters back to the school. The three thousand persons who assembled cried again, and again, "Hurrah for Liberty!" and "Down with the Tyrants!" M. Combes, who had been officiating as mayor at a "civil wedding" at Pons, was hastily summoned to Paris, and has endeavored to terrorize the heads of the religious bodies in France by telling them through the prefects, that they would be held responsible for the attitude of the establishments conducted by members of their Orders. But the threat will be of little avail.

That the Premier has already exceeded his power is generally admitted in press comment. Even the "Temps" (Paris) condemns the treatment of the religious as too severe, and the London "Standard" thus considers his right:—

"The doubt whether the ministerial action is strictly legal naturally tends to make the opposition more bitter. On that point, of course, we express no opinion, but it is significant that M. Jules Roche, who is not a Clerical, and who has much administrative experience as well as legal knowledge, has declared that M. Combes is acting beyond his powers. If so, means can, no doubt, be found to check him and his agents, though the power of the state is enormous in France, and where it is concerned French courts are somewhat apt to act less like independent judicial authorities than as the agents of the Government. We do not require to be learned in the law to understand the hardship inflicted on the nuns when they are called on to obtain an authorization before they may teach the poor, and are told at the same time that it is too late to make the application. Whatever technical justification M. Combes may have—and it is hardly credible that he is acting without the advice of lawyers—there would certainly seem to be something like a breach of an honorable understanding. When the associations law was passed we were told that it was not directed against local orders engaged in educational or in charitable work, but only against the great organizations, such as the Assumptionist Brothers, the Jesuits, Dominicans, and others which are not peculiarly French, and are directed by generals resident at Rome."

The movement against the Government is a popular one the leading part in it being taken by the parents of the children attending the Sisters' schools. However, the struggle against the expulsions may end, it is to be hoped that the revolt against persecution in France will inspire the Catholics with a consciousness of their power and induce them to engage with determin-

ation in the work of organizing their electoral forces and exerting their full voting power for self-defence. The necessity for such activity has been repeatedly demonstrated. — L. D'Entremont, in Donahoe's Magazine.

Boodling in Civic Affairs.

The municipality of St. Louis, Mo., is being held up to the execration of the American public on account of some flagrant cases of boodling. But there are other cities in Canada as well as in the United States, in which similar corruption has taken place. The difference is that in the majority of the cases the aldermen composing "the ring" have kept silent, and no attempt has been made by the citizens to bring the culprits to justice.

What makes the St. Louis revelations interesting is the oath which the corrupt members of the municipal assembly took to remain silent as to the boodling transactions. One of the combine of nineteen members in the city council has "feached," but he declares that such looting was so common that he had not thought it criminal until the new prosecuting attorney got after the boodlers in earnest. The oath, a copy of which has been handed to the grand jury who are investigating the case, was as follows:—

"I do solemnly swear before the Almighty God that in associating myself and in becoming a member of this combine I will vote and act with the combine whenever and wherever I may be so ordered to do. "And I further solemnly swear that I will not, at any place or time, reveal the fact that there is a combine, and that I will not communicate to any person or persons anything that may take place at any meeting of the combine.

"And I do solemnly agree that, in case I should reveal the fact that any person in this combine has received money, I hereby permit and authorize other members of this combine to take the forfeit of my life in such manner as they may deem proper, and that my throat may be cut, my tongue torn out and my body cast into the Mississippi River.

"And all of this I do solemnly swear, so help me God."

John K. Murrell's statement that the house combine of 1899-1900, of which he was a member, accepted bribes of \$2,500 each for their votes on the lighting bill of 1900 made the lighting scandal the chief topic of investigation by the grand jury Tuesday. This "business agent" for the boodle combine bared the details of the scheme before the grand jury. For one franchise he was the custodian of \$75,000 to be divided among the gang after the bill had received the mayor's signature.

"I held the key to the box in the Lincoln Trust Company containing the \$75,000 bribe money to go to the house of delegates upon the passage of the Suburban Bill," he testified.

"This money was put up as the purchase price for the votes of the combine, that price having been agreed upon.

"The combine of the house of delegates was composed of nineteen men. This combine held frequent meetings in the room adjoining the house of delegates' chamber. There most of the schemes to get money for votes were concocted. When the Suburban matter came before the combine I was selected to negotiate with Philip Stock, the representative of the suburban railroad, as to the best price we could get for our votes upon the passage of the bill.

"Shortly before the Suburban Bill the combine sold their votes on the lighting bills for \$47,500. Each member of the combine received \$2,500. I was present and saw that money paid to the various persons.

"These are only two instances, but there are others, evidence of which is in the possession of the circuit attorney. These two instances show, however, what has been going on in the municipal assembly.

"We did not look upon what we did as a serious crime, as it had gone on so long without interruption that it was not regarded by those who participated in it as morally wrong. Until the present circuit attorney took office no sincere effort, apparently, was ever made to punish what was being done as a crime."

The thorough investigation which is taking place will have a salutary effect in St. Louis and elsewhere.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By a Special Correspondent.)

Dan Hurley's wedding was never recorded—save in the parish register of Stockville, yet it was at one time the subject of general conversation in the environments of Ottawa.

Dan Hurley, in 1870, was a very bashful man, especially in the presence of the fair sex. He had been working for some years, at good wages, as foreman for a wealthy farmer and lumberman, five miles from Ottawa.

Dan had gone to market with a load of hay. After selling his load he met with James Walsh, a well-to-do farmer from Goulbourne. The latter invited Dan to "come and have something," and Dan went and "had something," and even two somethings, if the story is to be believed.

Experience of a Priest In an Hospital. The experience of the Rev. Father McKeever, rector of the Church of St. Rosa of Lima, Newark, N.J., in his labors as hospital chaplain is by no means isolated, for the cowardliness and bigotry on the part of the physicians of whom he complains are not confined to the Newark city hospital.

perhaps the first part" had not yet arrived he took possession of the parlor of the inn. Looking out the window he saw a horse and buggy coming to the door, and in the occupants he recognized his prospective wife and father-and-mother-in-law.

When Dan came in, his head down as if he were about to be taken to the scaffold, the father and mother went out of the room, leaving Dan and Mary to introduce themselves to each other. Mary was seated at one end of the parlor, and Dan sat down upon the edge of a chair at the other end of the room.

At this the father spoke from outside: "Come on Mary, we are going home." "In one minute," said Mary. Still there was no move made by Dan.

"Would you like to live in Stockville?" he asked. "No, I would not," said Mary. "Well, if you're going to be my wife, you'll have to," said Dan.

On the second Monday after, at 5 a.m. Dan left the farm to meet his bride at the Church. They were married at eight o'clock, and when the ceremony was over, she went back home with her parents, and before noon Dan was at work in the hay field of his master just as if nothing had happened.

A few days later his master called him and said: "Dan I thought you had got married?" "I believe I did," said Dan. "Where is your wife?" "At home with her parents."

four different occasions, while a Catholic priest was engaged in hearing the confessions of Catholic patients in the city hospital, he discovered a certain physician, a member of the house staff, concealed behind a screen or curtain, by which the beds of the patients were partly surrounded, with the apparent purpose of hearing what was passing between the confessor and the penitent.

balance under the care of a physician of that institution.

The priest does not utter a word derogatory to the management of the institution except to say that he submitted the case of Dr. Frank E. Baker, who had promised to investigate and inform him of the result of such investigation, but had failed to do so.

In discussing the causes of complaint, Father McKeever said: "On the morning of August 12 last I was summoned in haste to administer the last sacrament to a young woman named Margaret Coburn, a Catholic, who had been employed as a servant in the home of Samuel Lees, of 85 North Ninth street. She was 20 years old, and had been in this country only a few days, and left the gas jet open in her room. When found she was nearly dead. I responded to a call immediately, but when I reached the house I learned that the hospital physician had the patient in an ambulance.

"I climbed into the vehicle, and, while it was being driven along the street, I administered the sacrament of extreme unction. I was unable to complete the sacrament, however, because the hands and feet of the patient were covered. I spoke sharply to Dr. Pfeiffer, the ambulance physician, and told him I considered his action outrageous, unless he was ignorant of the grave importance of a Catholic receiving the last sacrament in such an emergency as that. He did not reply. I had the ambulance halted until I alighted.

"I watched the condition of Miss Coburn until the following Saturday, and then, learning that she could not recover, went to the hospital to complete the sacrament, which I did, the patient dying while I was at her bedside. When leaving the ward I met Dr. Pfeiffer, who introduced me to Dr. Sandy, who acknowledged the introduction with a stiff motion of his body. He then said to me, referring to my previous experience with Dr. Pfeiffer: "I consider your action in getting into the ambulance to have been an unwarrantable interference on your part."

"That remark incensed me, and I went at once and reported the occurrence to Dr. Baker. I requested him to call Dr. Sandy for an explanation. That he refused to do on the plea that he was in a hurry to catch a train, but he promised to take the case up later and make a report to me. That he has so far failed to do."

In reference to his charge of the physicians listening to the confessions of dying patients, Father McKeever said:—"My question as to the right of a physician to conceal himself behind a curtain to listen to what was being said in the confessional was the outcome of experiences on four different occasions in the city hospital of Father Corcoran, curate of St. Joseph's Church. It was based on Father Corcoran's positive declaration to me. He discovered the proximity of this person by being attracted by the agitation of the curtains.

"Father Corcoran had reasons for not exposing the eavesdropper, but if it had been me I would have thrown the fellow out of a window, or at least administered a rebuke that might have had a salutary effect upon him.

"I consider this practice to be nothing short of outrageous. At all times and in every civilized land the sacred nature of the confessional and the sanctity of the relationship of the priest with the penitent have been recognized. It has even been established by law that the priest is absolved from exposing the secrets of the confessional.

"I do not propose to let this matter drop. I intend to address my parishioners on it next Sunday, and will continue the agitation until the assurance is given that the rights of a clergyman to have protection in the administration of his sacred duties shall be maintained."

The medical superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Baker, was shown the charges made by Father McKeever. Regarding the ambulance case, he said:—"The physician took offence at what he considered to be interference with his duties on the part of the priest," said Dr. Baker, "and treated the latter in a manner that I considered called for censure. I took prompt action in that matter, and told the doctor he had no right to act as he did. I told him, further, when he sought to justify his conduct, that I would not stand for such things. I intended to visit the priest to-day and inform him as to the result of my investigation, but was too busy."

"Dr. Sandy admitted that he was wrong in addressing himself to the priest in the manner in which he did. He said that the priest was excited and spoke sharply to him

while he was administering oxygen to a patient in an effort to keep her alive.

"There is no doubt as to the rights of clergymen to be given every opportunity to perform their spiritual obligations to sick or dying patients of this institution. The rules are plain and emphatic in that regard, and I have always lived up to them as far as I have been able.

"I know absolutely nothing of the allegation that a doctor of this institution has been guilty of eavesdropping while a confession was being heard. Nobody has ever made such complaint to me. I would not countenance such an act for one moment."

"There is no question that the young physicians here occasionally do things they have no right to do, and they sometimes merit discipline. Some of them do not seem to be able to conceive that anything should interfere with their professional work, and do not think of the religious needs of a patient."

Wit and Humor.

"Did your husband leave a will?" asked the lawyer of the weeping widow-for-the-second-time. "I don't think he could. I know he never had any as long as I've been married to him."

Banks (flicking off the ashes with his little finger): Yes; I smoke a good deal. A cigar is company for a fellow when he's lonesome. Rivers (raising the window): You must have been hard up for companionship when you lit that one.

The builder of a church, on returning thanks for the toast of his health, which had been proposed, remarked: "I fancy I am more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A colonel now on the retired list had one of his fingers shot off during the Crimean War. One day, having a friend to tea, he was telling how it happened. His little three-year-old grandchild, sitting on his knee, looked up after he had finished, with a face full of pity, and breathlessly said: "Gran'pa, and did you have all the hair shot off the top of your head, too?"

Teacher: Who built the Suez Canal? Small Boy: Nobody, sir. Hit wuz'n't built. Hit wuz dug.

"I hear that you are in business for yourself now." "I thought I was; but from the little I get out of it it appears that I am in business for other people."

On the facade of the principal hotel in Vichy, France, is the announcement: "All languages spoken here." A recent tourist plied the host with English, Spanish, Russian, and Dutch. Seeing that the good fellow understood never a word, he inquired who it was that spoke every tongue. To that mine host responded with frigid dignity: "The travellers, sir."

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A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 8th Thursday, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Annie Donovan, president; Miss Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer, Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1850, incorporated 1863, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

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

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CASH

It would be well to follow in detail the Protestant Cashel. From 1611 that is from the time that Richard LL. D., there were these prelates who were Cashel, by authority of England. A Archbishop Laurence, place on the 28th Dec the metropolitan rank (Protestant) of the St were extinguished, an suffragan to the arch Dublin. We have simple existence of the Pro bishopric from the Magrath down to the tinction, in order to g account of Cashel; but archbishops were recog nor did their existence the unbroken series of bishops. In order to idea of Cashel's Catho copal history we will back to 1580—to Rev. ley—who succeeded Ma bon, who had been fo minions of Elizabeth t land, when the See wa by James Maccagwill, of Miller Magrath.

I will simply give a Catholic archbishops, of an index, in order have it before me, wh the details of each of hope to be able, in tw cles to bring the story archiepiscopal See dow day. Here are the d the dates of their resp crations and deaths.

Consecrated. Darby O'Hanley...1580 Thurlough O'Neill— (Never presided over Ca David Kearney...1604 Thos. Walsh...1626 Wm. Burgat...1629 John Brennan...1667 Edward Comerford 1697 Christopher Butler 1712 James Butler, I...1757 James Butler, II...1773 Gerard Teehan— (Appointed and declined Thomas Bray...1792 Patrick Everard...1820 Robert Laffan...1823 Michael Slattery...1834 Patrick Leahy...1857 T. Thomas Croke, Bishop of New Zealand appointed 1

It is now that we en really interesting story prelates. Beginning with romantic history of Da and ending with the m patriotic career of the bishop Croke, we have galaxy of great princ Church. We will, ther mence with Archbishop y ley.

This prelate was born village of Lycopod, from Limerick, about t His father was agent of Desmond, and his moth O'Brien, was descended house of Thomond. Af his studies at Louvain a became doctor and prof ology at Rheims, where noted for piety and lea thence to Rome, he was Archbishop of Cashel XIII. He prepared to flock confided to his c dangers for any Catho bishop in travelling to those days, were so gre was obliged to remain in Brittany.

Finally Dr. O'Hurley ship bound for Waterlo his bulls and papers to merchant, because he been searched either at left, or on sea, or when the merchant's ship fell ates, the papers were se strict search made for bishop himself, who, in time, had landed in Drogh proceeded to Waterfor met Walter Baal, a wre who watched him closely nounced him to the aut Dublin. The informer's happily made known to ley, and to the priest w panied him also to Johr ther of the Protestant C Waterford. John Dillon ed, cast into prison, an leached through the infu cancellor. Dr. O'Hurley Castle of Slane, where h ley received by Catherine, wife of Lord Slane. At

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CASHIEL OF THE KINGS

Continued. "By CRUX."

It would be useless for us to follow in detail the history of the Protestant archbishops of Cashiel. From 1629 to 1838—that is from Archibald Hamilton to Richard Laurence LL.D., there were fourteen of these prelates who held the See of Cashiel, by authority of the sovereign of England. At the death of Archbishop Laurence, which took place on the 28th December, 1838, the metropolitan rank and rights (Protestant) of the See of Cashiel were extinguished, and it became suffragan to the archbishopric of Dublin. We have simply told of the existence of the Protestant archbishopric from the days of Miller Magrath down to the date of its extinction, in order to give an exact account of Cashiel; but none of these archbishops were recognized by Rome nor did their existence interfere with the unbroken series of Catholic archbishops. In order to have a clear idea of Cashiel's Catholic Archiepiscopal history we will have to go back to 1580—to Rev. Darby O'Hurley—who succeeded Maurice Fitzgibbon, who had been forced by the minions of Elizabeth to fly from Ireland, when the See was seized upon by James Macgawill, the precursor of Miller Magrath. I will simply give a list of the Catholic archbishops, in the form of an index, in order that I may have it before me, when following the details of each of their lives. I hope to be able, in two more articles to bring the story of Cashiel's archiepiscopal See down to our own day. Here are the prelates, with the dates of their respective consecrations and deaths.

Table with 3 columns: Consecrated, Deceased, and Name. Lists archbishops from Darby O'Hurley to Thomas Croke.

It is now that we enter upon the really interesting story of Cashiel's prelates. Beginning with the wildly romantic history of Darby O'Hurley and ending with the magnificent and patriotic career of the late Archbishop Croke, we have before us a galaxy of great princes of the Church. We will, therefore, commence with Archbishop Darby O'Hurley. This prelate was born in the small village of Lycodoun, three miles from Limerick, about the year 1520. His father was agent of the Earl of Desmond, and his mother, Honora O'Brien, was descended of the noble house of Thomond. After pursuing his studies at Louvain and Paris, he became doctor and professor of theology at Rheims, where he was much noted for piety and learning; going thence to Rome, he was appointed Archbishop of Cashiel by Gregory XIII. He prepared to visit the flock confided to his care; but the dangers for any Catholic priest or bishop in travelling to Ireland, in those days, were so great, that he was obliged to remain a long time in Brittany. Finally Dr. O'Hurley sailed in a ship bound for Waterford, but gave his bulls and papers to a Wexford merchant, because he might have been searched either at the port he left, or on sea, or where he landed; the merchant's ship fell in with pirates, the papers were seized, and a strict search made for the Archbishop himself, who, in the meantime, had landed in Drogheda. Thence he proceeded to Waterford, where he met Walter Baal, a wretched spy, who watched him closely, and denounced him to the authorities in Dublin. The informer's designs were happily made known to Dr. O'Hurley, and to the priest who accompanied him also to John Dillon, brother of the Protestant Chancellor of Waterford. John Dillon was arrested, cast into prison, and only released through the influence of the Chancellor. Dr. O'Hurley fled to the Castle of Slane, where he was kindly received by Catherine Froston, the wife of Lord Slane. At first he dare

amount of material before me, but since, according to Tertullian "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity," I would show how the archdiocese of Cashiel has derived its glory from that source.

Reunion of Christians.

The Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton has contributed an "Essay Towards Reunion" to the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, from which the following extracts are taken:—

Cardinal Newman in 1864 wrote these words to Ambrose de Lisle: "The mixture of good and bad which makes up the Protestantism of England is a great mystery. He alone whose infinite intelligence can understand the union of the two can also dissolve it and set the truth and right free. But if any human agency is to be made His instrument in any part of the work surely it must begin by acknowledging, not denying, what Protestants have that is good and true, and honoring it in them as coming from the one Source of all right and holiness. Certainly, to my own mind, one of the most afflicting and discouraging elements in the action of Catholicism just now on English society is the scorn with which some of us treat proceedings and works among Protestants which it is but Christian charity to ascribe to the influences of divine grace." The Cardinal wrote nearly forty years ago. How far are his words justified to-day?

The workings of God's grace are free. He can "compel our rebel wills," as the Church says in one of her official prayers. Even the very weakness and self-seeking of human nature, going astray after the devices of its own heart, are not allowed ultimately to thwart the gracious designs of One Who arranges all things sweetly. The question of Reunion, that is of repairing the breaches in Zion, is surely one of His prompting. No one but the Spirit could have inspired the thought. The seed He has sown will surely keep its validity though the cold winds of doubt and the hard frosts of suspicion keep back the looked-for day of harvest. Our share in His work is to plant and to water. This is the Divine Law—that Heaven helps those who help themselves.

We may be careless in our planting and heedless in our watering. The only result is to put off the day of harvest and to make the Divine Husbandman seek for better and more faithful workmen. Woe to those idle toilers; they hinder but do not destroy that to which God has given life. This is true of all God's works, and it is especially so of that question now so much before the minds of all those who love the Lord Christ in truth and lowliness and who seek His Kingdom and not their own. Men are beginning to see that those who would do the Divine Will must accept it as a whole. In other words, that they must serve God as He wills to be served, not as they wish to serve Him. And now they are realizing that if they are united one to the other in the inward and invisible bond of the love of God they must tend to an outward and visible bond of unity, which is the mark Christ chose as the witness to an unbelieving world of His Divine mission and of the Father's love for mankind. "That they may be one, that the world may know that Thou has sent Me," was Our Lord's prayer. To pray and to work for reunion are objects which must recommend themselves to all who seek God's Will. To pray as though all depended on God, and to work as though all depended on ourselves, is the way in which that great light of the American Church—Archbishop's Ireland—surges up a Christian's duty. It is, therefore, with particular pleasure I hail any and every effort towards reunion.

We have had abundant declarations of the Anglican position, but I do not know whether they have received the attention from us that they merit. It is quite natural that those who were at one time members of the Anglican Church should be impatient with such declarations. I say it is natural; it is not the work of grace, and I am inclined to believe that Anglicans as a body meet with more patient hearing from those who, like myself, have received the Faith by heritage. I for one have always had an intense sympathy for those who are waiting for the moving of the waters, and I have watched and studied the signs of the times. And, perhaps, as one removed by reasons of health from the overpowering pressure of work, which is the daily lot

so cheerfully borne by the clergy on the mission, I have had time and opportunity of seeing more of the other side than many of my brethren. And the more I see the more I realize not only the joy of Faith, but the patience and sympathy needed to help others to accept God's grace in the hour of visitation.

What, then, can I say of the latest effort of the extreme section of the Anglican Church? The Rev. Spencer-Jones in his "England and the Holy See" has said what many, I know, are to-day feeling. He is a bold man, and does not hesitate to set forward plainly and directly what he and many others feel to be the truth. He shows us how the Holy See is regarded by the more advanced members of the Anglican Church. And when we remember how impossible such a book would have been forty or fifty years ago we can only confess with the Psalmist: "This is the charge of the right hand of God, and it is wonderful in our eyes." To show the drift of the book I will quote certain propositions extracted from it by Father Prior McNabb, O.P., as given in the "Ave Maria."

"That it was to the Church," regarded as one, that Our Lord vouchsafed the promise of His presence.—"That the enterprise of Reunion is therefore genuine, since its purpose is divine.—That a divine ideal must be capable of fulfilment,—that as a matter of history no other form or principle of government has been able to come near the Holy See in its power to keep together in the bond of a living fellowship so many thousands of Christians.—That the communion of Rome is conspicuous in the records of Scripture ('I thank God that your faith is spoken of throughout all the world,') and appears at once unique and conspicuous in the subsequent records of the Church.—That the See of Rome is the Apostolic See and is destined to become the visible centre of Christendom.—That Rome is, in fact, the Mother of English Christianity.—That Reunion for the English Church signifies Reunion with the Church of Rome.—That England cannot formally remain as she is, except so far as she is infallible.—That Rome cannot formally cease to be what she is, since she claims to be infallible."

As my intention in this article is to bespeak sympathy for this and all other attempts at Reunion, I do not propose to criticise the author. But I want to make as clear as I can the real difficulty under which he and his friends seem to labor. Much as they have gained in Light, and much as they have won in the way of Catholic faith and practice, they are still not quite clear as to the nature of the Church itself. I will take passage which seems to put their position in two lines: "If the Church of England," says Mr. Spencer-Jones, "be not a whole she must be a part; and if a part, what is her relation to the whole?" (p. 3.) That is to say, if the Anglican Church be not an organization wholly independent and self-sufficing, we must look to some other greater and wider body of which she is an integral part. Mind, not was a part, but actually is a part at this very moment. What have we here but the Branch Theory? Roman, Eastern, and Anglican Churches all parts of one whole whose unity has been shattered for the last thousand years.

But if this Branch Theory is to be accepted, how does it tally with Our Lord's prayer for unity, as given in St. John xvii? Mr. Spencer-Jones quotes the words and considers them at length under three principal divisions: the Divine Intention, the Divine Means, and the Divine End. And he points out that this last is "That the world may believe." But he has failed to see that Christ made the Unity of His Church to be the proof to an unbelieving world of His Divine Mission and of the Father's love: "that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them." A living and visible Unity is a witness that the world can understand and can reason about. What is the use of appealing to an invisible or to a shattered Unity as a witness? What will the world answer, what has it answered, to such an appeal? "If, as you say, Unity has been lost for a thousand years, the one witness to the truth of Christ's mission and of the stated love of God to man has failed you. You and your founder have chosen your argument, and your Branch Theory shows it failed hopelessly a thousand years ago. Don't tell me it was one and will be one again. I want a witness to-day; one that I can see and understand, and one that will convince me by the force of facts I have under my very eyes." It is this theory that the Church of England is "a part" and not a whole that keeps so many back until a day comes when, as they hope, the Church of England as a body will return to the Roman obedience. The attitude is an assertion that

Christ's prayer for Unity has failed and that the world has been felt without abiding witness to the truth of the Christian Revelation. It is this misapprehension that is in the way of individual reconciliation.

But, after all, the days are gone by when nations could be received en masse into the Church; and as far as I have read, I do not think the immediate results were altogether happy in such cases. Now, by education, we have reached a keen sense of individual responsibility, and realize that each man stands or falls according to his own conscience. So all reconciliation will have to be, if it is a real one, an individual act of submission to what conscience acknowledges as Divine Authority. On this individual acceptance alone can submission be justified, and I fear the author of Disunion is making use of the illusive idea of corporate reunion to hinder souls from seeing God's will: "That they may be one." It is a passing phase. Soon the Divine Healer will touch the eyes that now see men walking as trees; then they will see aright. The people of England were deliberately educated out of their Faith. The way back must retrace the steps. How vast has been the progress we all know and are deeply thankful for; and this is the surest ground for the future.

With the Naturalist

AN INTELLIGENT SEAL.—Some fishermen in the neighborhood of Los Angeles captured a baby seal, which proved to be an intelligent little fellow, and consequently a prime favorite with all who saw him. He was christened Dick by his captors. After being confined for three or four weeks, in order to get him acquainted with his new quarters, he was set free, and immediately made a dash for deep water, into which he disappeared in a twinkling. It was thought that this was the last of Dick, who, finding himself with the wild herd, would prefer their company to solitary confinement. Surprising to relate, however, in less than half an hour he came paddling up alongside the pier under the fishermen's poles, and poking his head above water, began to cry and beg piteously for fish, of which he was furnished a bountiful supply. From that time he has gambolled in the deep water from sunrise to sunset, appearing at intervals for his accustomed food. One day the fishermen coaxed him out with them about four or five miles off shore, and when the boat was anchored Dick climbed in and deposited himself on a seat in the stern. One of them threw a small live fish overboard, and his sealship immediately jumped in, and capturing it, again took his station in the boat. This little diversion was repeated several times during the day, and Dick seemed to enjoy it equally as well as his biped companions. A steam tug, anchored outside of the pier every night, was selected as a lodging place by this precocious animal, for at sundown of each day he swam out to it, and crawling upon the deck, comfortably disposed himself and slept until morning.

CAT HAS A GOLD TOOTH.

I know a handsome young Maltese cat which boasts of a gold tooth, says a writer in a contemporary. She is the pet and, although Dainty—that is the name to which she responds when summoned to the milk saucer—is only six or seven months old, she is probably the only kitten in America with a mouth so ornamented. Hence she is duly proud of her unique and distinguished position in aristocratic cat circles, and is proud of exposing her gold tooth for the admiration of human beholders. Several weeks ago Dainty's master noticed that one of her incisors was not as strong as it should be for the mastication of fish and other delicacies highly esteemed by feline epicures, so he resolved upon the gold tooth. Accordingly, Dainty was elevated to the throne of misery commonly known as the dentist's chair, carefully secured to prevent her good teeth and better claws from interfering with the work in hand or the dentist's cuticle, and within an hour or so, lo! there was Dainty with a sword-like incisor of the purest gold. Dainty took kindly to the new tooth immediately and purred her gratitude. Indeed, she was quite set up about it, and went among the doctor's assistants and servants, soliciting their attention. Now she is a regular show feature of the establishment. Every time a victim—beg pardon, patient—enters Dainty makes for him or her, yawns widely and ostentatiously, exhibiting her glittering tooth. Dainty is able for many other things. She is extraordinarily intelligent and has

been taught a score or more of tricks, which she performs readily when requested. She can make a standing jump of six feet ten inches and pass through a small hoop. She can also leap from the floor to her master's shoulder; but after the performance of this feat Dainty insists that the doctor shall brush her soft coat with a whisk broom. Every morning she is served with an egg, medium boiled. This she eats from an ordinary egg cup, using her paw to convey the contents to her mouth. Should the cook prove so remiss as to boil the egg a trifle hard, presto! away go cup, egg and all, angrily flung about by the indignant puss, who will then quarrel and scratch until an egg of the proper consistency is set before her.

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to the world and another to himself without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the most true.

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FOR THE Carpet Buyers.

In beauty, these new goods surpass anything we have yet shown. The designs are most artistic, so much so that our customers find no difficulty in getting just what they want. Another good thing is that we don't show too much of one design.

FOR FALL HOUSE CLEANING

Are you going to refresh your home this Autumn or Winter? If so you may require something special. Our Carpet Manager will be pleased to quote prices. Every care will be taken that your order is filled to your liking.

NEW FURNITURE COVERINGS

In Furniture Coverings we have a large and well assorted collection to choose from, in all the leading colorings and designs. Braids and Trimmings to match. A large assortment of Fancy Cords, suitable for Cushions, in nice colors.

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We might write a chapter on these New Rugs—the best collection we have ever shown—but it wouldn't tell you what the real seeing will. We invite anyone looking for a good, serviceable Rug to visit this Department before going elsewhere.

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Rubber! Rubber!!

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Soft Harness EUREKA Harness Oil. Advertisement for harness oil with an image of a harness.

Notes From Scotland.

ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW.—Last week Archbishop Maguire formally submitted to the chapter assembled in the pro-cathedral, Glasgow, the Papal bull appointing him successor to the late Archbishop Eyre. His Grace was then enthroned.

DONEGAL MEN.—His Eminence Cardinal Logue has graciously consented to preside this year at the annual reunions of the natives of Donegal in Glasgow and Greenock respectively. The Glasgow function takes place in the City Hall on the 5th of November.

A MEMORIAL.—Two lorry loads of pure white stone and marble arrived last week at Coatbridge as the material for the memorial altar to the late Canon O'Keefe which is forthwith to be erected in St. Patrick's Church, over which the late revered cleric ruled so long and worthily as a grand old "soggarth aroon."

A PRESENTATION.—The Rev. Father Dougan, of St. Mary's parish, Paisley, has been presented with a handsome Raleigh bicycle by the local Children of Mary as a token of gratitude and respect for the great interest the Rev. gentleman takes in their sodality, of which he is the zealous and devoted chaplain. The Rev. Father Walsh presided over the gathering, which took the form of a pleasant tea-party in the school-room, and Miss Margaret Monaghan, on behalf of her numerous fellow-members, made the presentation.

ABOUT WAKES.—Preaching at the last Mass, in St. Alphonsus' Church, the rector, Father T. P. O'Reilly, uttered some warning words about "wakes," which made a deep impression on the congregation. "Wakes, in many cases," remarked the Rev. gentleman, "meant an excuse for a drinking and smoking carousal over the remains of the departed, and, as such, he knew no language strong enough to denounce them. He did not deny the pious origin of wakes, which aimed at gathering the relatives and friends around the dead each evening to pray for the repose of the soul; but the Christian custom had in these days so changed from good to evil in the majority of cases that he had now no sympathy whatever for the habit of waking the dead."

FATHER DWYER DEAD.—After a long illness the Rev. John Dwyer, so well known a quarter of a century ago as the active and able pastor of St. Patrick's, Glasgow, peacefully breathed his last a few days ago at Dunoon, where he had lived in retirement at Rowanlea for more than a decade of years. His life as an active priest was one of great usefulness and full of honor. In 1877 he built the St. Patrick's Institute which, though costing about \$15,000, profitably fulfilled in its day the object for which it was erected. It was during his pastorate also that St. Bride's chapel-of-ease and school was acquired and opened. Though as a priest Father Dwyer was deeply and diligently devoted to duty, he did not leave "gaiety all to the laity," and was, therefore, like Father O'Flynn, overflowing at times with humor, and the best of fun which, no doubt, stood well by him in the long and weary years of illness which followed his retirement from active life. The funeral which was private took place last week at Dunoon.

PULPIT BLESSED.—The new pulpit in St. John's Church, Glasgow, was blessed last week by the newly-appointed Archbishop. As this was the first public appearance of His Grace since his appointment, there was a large congregation present, composed of Catholics from all parts of the city. Canons Chisholm and M'Brearty were the attendants at the throne. At the conclusion of the first Gospel His Grace, taking as his text, "We preach not ourselves but Christ our Lord" (II Cor. IV), congratulated the congregation on this the latest beautiful addition to their church. The church itself and all in it had been gathered together by their generosity and their pastor's zeal, and it must be a special pleasure to them to know that this particular pulpit and its design had been specially approved of by their late Archbishop. It was but natural that something should be said about the object of that pulpit. To some outside the Catholic Church it might appear only as an architectural ornament of little use or meaning. "The altar is there," they might say; "it occupies the room and the interest taken up by the pulpits in other churches. Catholics had elaborate ceremonies, attractive

music, lights and candles, and all the rest of it, but they pay little attention to the word of God." If that were so their meeting that day should be one of humiliation rather than of rejoicing. God should be worshipped with decorum and orderliness. His rites should not be marred by individual whims, but He should be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and for this the pulpit was required. If the worshippers were not instructed in the doctrines of Christ, then the worship would be an empty form. If those who attended church on Sundays were not instructed how to reverence God, on all days, their worship would be an insult to God, therefore the pulpit must have its true place.

Irish Character History

Bishop Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, responded to the toast "Irish Character History," at the banquet, held in Providence, R.I., to celebrate the great battle of Rhode Island, where General Sullivan won a victory which was fraught with important consequences for the American Republic. Referring to the anniversary which the guests were celebrating, he paid a pleasant compliment to the host of the evening, Dr. Sullivan, who, he said, adds honor to a name which brilliantly shines from many a page of Irish history and around which the sweetest memories of patriotism and devotion to liberty. "By the Battle of Rhode Island," he said, "won through the genius and energy of Gen. Sullivan, the path was made clear for liberty and the American Republic." Continuing, he said: "It is most interesting to study the influence of races upon national character—to notice how each contributes to the whole and how finally, there emerges an American character, a composite of all nations.

"The Irish character has been in close touch with American life from its early beginning, and has entered very fully into its national growth. Unlike many other nations the Irish were forced into exile by unjust and iniquitous laws. Their land was one sacred to all the traditions of civilization—their history was teeming with benefits in religion and scholarship to all European nations, yet centuries of persecution for faith and land had not broken their spirit, nor crushed their heart, their religion was proscribed, their schools closed, their lands forfeited, their industry taxed, their cabins levelled, illiteracy, improvidence were placed as brands upon them, but despite all that an alien rule could devise the Irish maintained traits which all the nations to which they went welcomed as strength and beauty.

"The Irish are Christians, as a race they are Catholics, and hold as a national characteristic a deep and religious sense a reverence of God, a devotion to church precepts. This makes them virtuous and gives them an honesty and an integrity of life which has always been acknowledged. Chastity of life makes homes in which the love of parents and children, the devotion of husbands and wives and all the domestic virtues are nourished. The deep and abiding faith in God and unflinching loyalty to mother church and her priesthood make the Irish synonymous in so many places with the Catholic. This religious sense is an element of strength and vitality to American national life. Other nations possess it and contribute it, but the Irish as a race are characteristically gifted with it.

Live Stock Market

London, September 15.—There was no market at Deptford, but according to prices which ruled for American and Canadian cattle on Saturday the market was stronger at an advance of fully 4c per lb., as compared with a week ago. Choice American cattle sold at 15c, and choice Canadian at 14c. Sheep show no change, choice selling at 12c.

Liverpool, September 15.—This market was stronger, and prices are 4c higher than a week ago for cattle, choice Canadians selling at 13c, but sheep were steady at 12c.

A private cable from London quoted choice Canadian cattle at 13c to 14c, and sheep at 13c.

A cable from Liverpool quoted choice Canadian cattle at 13c to 14c and sheep at 12c. Another cable from London quoted choice Canadian cattle at 14c and sheep at 12c, and one from Liverpool quoted choice Canadian cattle at 13c and sheep at 12c.

A cable from London quoted choice Canadian cattle at 14c.

A cable was received from Glasgow which reported sales of Canadian cattle at about the same prices as a week ago.

A fair active business continues to be done in local export live stock, says a local authority, but there is no special feature in the situation to note, except that the markets abroad, according to cable advices received recently, have taken a turn for the better after the recent dull and weak spell; in consequence a better feeling prevails among exporters here, and they show a better disposition to do business. There was an improved demand for ocean freight space recently, and the tone of the market was steady. Engagements to Liverpool were made at 37s 6d; to London at 30s; to Glasgow at 35s, and to Manchester at 35s. The rate to the latter port is 2s 6d lower than it was a week ago, but the rest are unchanged. The demand for export cattle in the western market has been good, but owing to the limited supply of really choice stock coming forward trade has been checked to some extent, as shippers could not secure sufficient suitable stock to fill their wants. The tone is firm and prices for choice heaves range from \$5.25 to \$6, and for medium \$4.50 to \$5 per 100 lbs.

At the East End Abattoir market on Monday the receipts of live stock were 850 cattle, 300 sheep, 700 lambs, and 100 calves. Although the offerings were heavier than they were on last Thursday, yet this fact seemed to have little influence on the market, as prices for cattle were practically the same, which was, no doubt, due to the good demand from butchers for all the best grades, and the canning concerns cleaned the market pretty well up of the common and inferior grades. There was some demand from shippers and a few small lots of picked stock were bought to complete shipments with at 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. The top prices realized for choice butchers' cattle were 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c, and some good lots were sold at 4c to 4 1/4c, while fair heaves brought 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c, and the common and inferior sold at 2c to 3c per lb. An active trade was done in sheep and lambs, there being a good demand from both butchers and exporters; in consequence prices were maintained. Sheep sold at 3c to 3 1/2c, and lambs at 3 1/2c to 4c per lb. Calves were scarce, and as the demand for them was fairly good prices ruled higher at from \$2.50 to \$12 each, as to quality.

The receipts of live hogs at the Grand Trunk Stock Yards were about 500 head. There was a good demand for them from packers and jobbers; in consequence the tone of the market was steady. Selected lots sold at 7c to 7 1/2c; straight lots at 6 1/2c to 7c, and heavy fat at 6 1/2c per lb.

The shipments of live stock from the port of Montreal for the week ending September 13th were:

Table with columns: Destination, Cat. Shp. Hors. To Liverpool—LaVe Ontario 328, Roman 702, 1,101. To London—Brazilian 163, 302; Montezuma 496, 2,261; Devona 559; Indiana 235, 130. To Glasgow—Ontario 286, 100; Marina 210, 3. To Bristol—Montfort 200, 159. To Manchester—City 391. Total 3,570, 4,053, 3.

A RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

A young lady who was formerly a resident of Montreal, made her religious profession as a member of the Order of Sisters of Mercy at Burlington, Vermont, last week. Miss Margaret Markham, sister of Mrs. John Gallagher, of Point St. Charles, and of Sister Margaret Mary of the same community, pronounced her final vows in presence of Bishop Michaud, several clergymen, and a large number of relatives and friends. Sister Mary Agnes, as she will henceforth be known, entered the novitiate three years ago.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Annual Western Excursions

Table of Annual Western Excursions: PORT HURON, Mich. \$12.50; DETROIT, " 12.50; BAY CITY, " 16.25; SAGINAW, " 16.25; GRAND RAPIDS, " 17.50; CLEVELAND, Ohio 15.00; COLUMBUS, " 17.50; CINCINNATI, " 20.00; CHICAGO, Ill. 18.00; ST. PAUL, Minn. 41.00; MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. 41.00.

Leave Bonaventure Station "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" daily at 9 a.m., or at Toronto at 4.40 p.m., Hamilton 5.50 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont. 7.45 p.m., Buffalo 8.20 p.m., London 7.45 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., Chicago 7.20 a.m. Elegant Car Service on above Train. FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CITY TICKET OFFICES, 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS

DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND POINTS WEST.

Table of Canadian Pacific excursions: September 25th, 26th and 27th, 1902, good to return leaving destination on or before October 13th, 1902. RETURN FARES MONTREAL TO DETROIT, MICH. \$12.50; Cleveland, Ohio \$15.00; Bay City, Mich. 16.25; Saginaw, Mich. 16.25; Columbus, Ohio 17.50; Grand Rapids, Mich. 17.50; CHICAGO, ILL. \$18.00; Cincinnati, Ohio \$20.00; St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn. 41.00.

IMPERIAL LIMITED SERVICE leaving Montreal 11.40 a.m. Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays, will be withdrawn after Friday, Sept. 19th. Daily Transcontinental train will continue to leave at 9:40 a.m.

QUEBEC SERVICE. (From Place Viger) 18.30 a.m., \$2.20 p.m., \$3.20 a.m., \$1 p.m. Daily \$ Sundays only, 1 Week days.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Through Coach and Sleeping Car. From Windsor St. Station 8:00 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office 120 ST JAMES STREET, next Post Office

FARM FOR SALE.

Consisting of one hundred and nine acres. No waste land. Within six acres of a village, having good stores, two blacksmith shops, wheel-right shop, creamery, Post Office, Catholic Church, a place of Protestant worship, two schools, about the same distance from R. R. Station, less than two hours ride from Montreal on C. V. R. R. The place is well watered, the buildings are large and in first-class repair. A large brick house arranged for two families. This would be a desirable place for summer boarders, or for a gentleman wishing a country home for his family in summer. There are also apple and sugar orchards; with a sufficient quantity of wood for a lifetime. With care the farm will carry from fifteen to twenty cows and team. For particulars apply to

PHILIP MELLADY, North Stanbridge, P.Q.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 3007. Dame Elisa Sigouin, wife common as to property of Philias Saulniers, shoemaker, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to "ester en justice," plaintiff, vs. the said Philias Saulniers, defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the twelfth day of September, nineteen hundred and two. Montreal, 12th September, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger & St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

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

SATURDAY, SEPT 20, 1902.

New Carpet Squares. This is to tell you about an immense shipment of New Carpet Squares just received from one of the largest Carpet Weavers in England. This lot has been specially designed for THE BIG STORE, and are in the newest and most approved styles. The prices tell their own story eloquently.

Table of Tapestry Squares: Quality No. 2 and Quality No. 1. Size 3 by 3 yards, Special \$6.50; Size 3 by 3 1/2 yards, Special \$7.70; Size 3 by 4 yards, Special \$8.90; Size 3 1/2 by 4 yards, Special \$10.85; Size 3 1/2 by 4 1/2 yards, Special \$11.85; Size 4 by 4 yards, Special \$12.45.

Best Quality Brussels Squares.

Table of Brussels Squares: Size 3 by 3 yards, Special \$12.40; Size 3 by 3 1/2 yards, Special \$14.30; Size 3 by 4 yards, Special \$16.80; Size 3 1/2 by 4 yards, Special \$23.65.

NEW FALL FURNITURE

BEDROOM SUITES. 7 only Bedroom Suites, 3 pieces; Bureau fitted with 16 x 20 bevelled mirror, full size bed, combination wash stand, nicely hand carved and well finished. Regularly sold at \$15.00. Selling price \$11.95.

DINING TABLES. 15 Dining Tables in Elm, golden finish fitted with 5 heavy fluted legs, extends to 7 feet, nicely finished and well made. Regular value \$7.00. Selling price \$5.50.

IRON BEDS. 35 Iron Beds in White Enamel finish, fitted with brass knobs and caps, in 4 widths, very strongly made. To-morrow's Special price \$3.50.

TOILET WARE. New Toilet Set just arrived from English Potteries, finest semi-porcelain, decorated in heavy burnished gold, a set well worth \$5. Price \$3.25.

HALL LAMPS. The latest line in Hall Lamps far exceeds all other, richly polished brass fittings, large fancy globe in Ruby, Rose, Amber or Blue, complete with oil chamber, burner and chimney. Price \$1.50.

Special Blanket Sale.

Excellent Blanket values of THE BIG STORE all this week. The kind that Housekeepers know to be good, because they are sold by the weight, the warm woolly, fluffy kind that look so well with their brilliant coloured borders. This Special Value Sale is well-timed, for each day brings us nearer the nights when warm bedclothing will be a necessity. Those who are on the threshold of Blanket buying should look at this splendid assortment.

Table of Blanket Sale: Size about 54 by 72 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders \$1.55; Size about 56 by 76 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders \$1.95; Size about 60 by 80 inches, White Wool Blankets, blue borders \$3.15; Size about 64 by 84 inches, White Wool Blankets, blue borders \$3.30; Size about 72 by 94 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders \$4.60; Size about 72 by 90 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders \$5.10; Size about 72 by 90 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders \$5.30; Size 72 by 90 inches, Wool Blankets, fancy borders \$6.30.

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Customs and

The boys and girls a mission were standing under the shadow of the north the waving bougainvillee grant blue gums, watch less birds flitting to beautiful orchard, where of trees from every corner broken out into blossom picture an artist would at sunset. The finches have with the rosy of the honeysuckers were juicy plants of the sweet the monks had hoped their busy bees. How seemed! The Catholic the African hill side, with forests of "sneezes" the "bush buck" roam down, and the scarlet tured its welcome to rising over valley white lilies fresh with was a beautiful sight, settlement in the "wild everything spoke to you and of work too, for the ceases to impress upon the black man the digni The river that was idle centuries, now works the grinds the meales and cuts the monarch of the plants of every size and far away, native boys and the African mahogany, dressing stones for building trees in the orchard ranging the wine vaults age, and yet you hear an It carries you away to world, to the "Home brings back the days of friends of yore, the church, and the gray he It echoes through the hills; the native rests work, whilst the monk bend in prayer, for it is from the tower, the An ringing out the Angel's sweet "Ave Maria." How is it that sorrow always so near us? The side of the sweetest flower lest poisons grow? Not the bride the mother's resting, and over there o hills within view of th where the everlasting sa up the rocks, looking li in the sunshine, where y heather kraals and the black men and women the sun; there are sin ar the darkest dye, and supe foul to name. In yo doomed men have begett mercy from the heartless (with doctor), who has out. And over that p most in sight of us, in were sent to death innoc supposed to be guilty craft. They were made t it blindfold, and their m its were left for the vultu on. The two great evils whi the missionary in South polygamy and witchcraft, with doctors of both se male with doctor led the the Galekas on the Ibeke was never found out who Many said she was a B She led the army up to and when the Galekas w back to the Fingoes, she some say by her own pe by the Fingoes. A great ropeans saw her. There are several kind There is the doctor who cases of illness, the "Aw herbalist; there is the "A sa," or doctor who dream visions; there is the "A or doctor who manipulate there is the "Izanuse," who smells out; the "Am regulates the conduct of the "Awenvala," or rain Old missionaries say that is more than a superstiti native, it is a kind of reli doctors are consulted on sion and there are chiefs go anywhere unless accom doctor. The people say ths tors have some connectio Fital things. These are called "Ukutwasa," or mo the doctors speak of pas one state to another, and low their hair to grow ve a while, they don't pain are ill for a long time, " become emaciated. Havi through some kind of they ultimately become doctors! During this peria the doctor is sal "Twasa," but when he ed through it he can pra the "Ukuvumisa," or co with the doctor, three or

Customs and Superstitions in South Africa

The boys and girls at the Trappist mission were standing in groups under the shadow of the cross, or beneath the waving boughs of the fragrant blue gums, watching the songless birds flitting to and fro; in the beautiful orchard, where thousands of trees from every country had just broken out into blossom, making a picture an artist would love to paint at sunset. The finches were playing havoc with the rosy cherries, whilst the honey suckers were robbing the juicy plants of the sweetness, which the monks had hoped to save for their busy bees. How peaceful it all seemed! The Catholic mission on the African hill side, surrounded with forests of "sneewood," where the "bush buck" roamed in freedom, and the scarlet "lory" chattered its welcome to the morning sun, rising over valleys of snow-white lilies fresh with dew. Yes! it was a beautiful sight, that Trappist settlement in the "wild land" where everything spoke to you of peace and of work too, for the monk never ceases to impress upon the mind of the black man the dignity of labor. The river that was idle for so many centuries, now works the busy mill, grinds the mealies and wheat, and cuts the monarch of the forest into planks of every size and shape. Not far away, native boys are preparing the African mahogany, others are dressing stones for buildings, pruning trees in the orchards or arranging the wine vaults for the vintage, and yet you hear another sound. It carries you away to the old world, to the "Home land." It brings back the days of youth, the friends of yore, the old parish church, and the gray haired priest. It echoes through the valleys and hills; the native rests from his work, whilst the monk and the nun bend in prayer, for it is the bell from the tower, the Angelus bell, ringing out the Angel's greeting, the sweet "Ave Maria."

How is it that sorrow and sin are always so near us? That side by side of the sweetest flowers the deadliest poisons grow? Not far from the bride the mother's only child is resting, and over there on the green hills within view of the mission, where the everlasting are creeping up the rocks, looking like fire flies in the sunshine, where you see the heathen kraals and the half naked black men and women basking in the sun; there are sin and shame of the darkest dye, and superstition too foul to name. In yonder kraal, doomed men have begged in vain for mercy from the heartless "Izanuse" (witch doctor), who has smelt them out. And over that precipice almost in sight of us, in Pondoland, were sent to death innocent persons supposed to be guilty of witchcraft. They were made to walk over it blindfold, and their mangled bodies were left for the vultures to feed on.

The two great evils which confront the missionary in South Africa, are polygamy and witchcraft. There are witch doctors of both sexes. A female witch doctor led the attack by the Galekas on the Ibeka, but it was never found out who she was. Many said she was a Basuto girl. She led the army up to the Ibeka, and when the Galekas were driven back to the Fingoes, she was shot, some say by her own people, others by the Fingoes. A great many Europeans saw her.

There are several kinds of doctors. There is the doctor who attends cases of illness, the "Awoluka," or herbalist; there is the "Awokuvumisa," or doctor who dreams and sees visions; there is the "Awokupata," or doctor who manipulates the body; there is the "Izanuse," or doctor, who smells out; the "Amatola," who regulates the conduct of war, and the "Awemvala," or rain doctor. Old missionaries say that witchcraft is more than a superstition with the native, it is a kind of religion. These doctors are consulted on every occasion and there are chiefs who never go anywhere unless accompanied by a doctor. The people say that the doctors have some connection with spiritual things. These are what are called "Ukutwasa," or moon changes the doctors speak of passing from one state to another, and they allow their hair to grow very long for a while, they don't paint and they are ill for a long time. They really become emaciated. Having passed through some kind of probation, they ultimately become full-blown doctors! During this period of probation, the doctor is said to be "Twasa," but when he has passed through it he can practice. At the "Ukuvumisa," or consultation with the doctor, three or four men

the children knew they would kill the first boy they met alone. It was the same at "Lourdes," the next Trappist mission. The Christians were coming in from the out-stations; they feared to be alone. At "Lourdes" some years ago, I think seventeen died from poison, which was put in the food during divine service.

In the summer I paid a visit to "Reichenau," on my way back from a sick call. A short time before, a little Kaffir girl had come to the mission under the following sad circumstances. She came at the close of evening, came like the sorrowful in the days of old to seek shelter and protection under the arms of the cross. She cast herself at the feet of the white-robed monk, poor hunted despised little lamb, with bleeding legs and throbbing heart, and a wild look in her eyes. There she stood before "the Shepherds" Shepherd, and looking into his face with her pleading eyes, cried out in a voice choked with fear, "Umfundisi uku-sisa ndi, priest save me. The 'white robe' calmed the little one. She was still a child, just blushing into womanhood, with a look on her face of the hunted fawn when it hears the baying of the approaching hounds. She clung to the monk, and with many a start and throb, and a wild gaze over the hill, she whispered her tale of sorrow! Her people wanted her body for medicine. They were going to poison an unpopular chief little by little, and put a young one in his place. They had already killed an "Indoda" (man) and had taken out his brains and mixed them with herbs and charms. But they were yet in want of part of the body of a young girl to complete the charm. She was the only one of the proper age in the "kraal," the others were too old, and that night she had overheard some old men and her own friends planning her murder. She was young; life was sweet. Umfundisi ukusisa ndi. "I left the kraal when the darkness came and crept out into the night." What a sight! The half naked heathen girl, poor innocent victim of the darkest superstition, rushing over the mountains and rivers, away from the friends who should have protected her! She had only a sheep-skin for a covering, and the knees that had never yet bent to her Maker, were naked and trembling.

In Pondoland, which is in my district, the victim of the "Izanuse" is tormented in many ways. Perhaps his hands and feet are bound with fine cords, perhaps he is scorched with fire. Or it may be that water is thrown over the person and swarms of black ants are shaken over the body, which they bite in a manner that causes great agony. The accused is generally killed outright.

Before concluding, I must give a short account of the customs observed at the burial of heathen natives. In doing so, I will quote from the minutes of evidence of Mr. W. R. D. Fynn, a well known authority on Kaffir customs. Whenever a chief of standing dies his death is immediately reported to the councillors, who send messengers to circulate the tidings throughout the tribe, with instructions to the people to assemble for the ceremony of burial. They march up in clans and take their respective positions around the kraal. Then one or two councillors of each tribe fall out and hold a meeting. Four or five men of good family are selected by them to carry the corpse from the hut. The body is wrapped up, or rolled in a mat lengthwise, together with the blankets used by the deceased in his last illness.

The corpse is then carried into the cattle kraal, in the centre of which a shallow grave, two or three feet in depth, has been prepared. In this grave the corpse is placed. The people then approach the grave, and take handfuls of sand which they throw into it. After this, the people groan with a kind of sound which varies with the tribe, for each tribe has its own peculiar groan of lamentation. Generally the groan is a prolonged sort of "he!" The grave is then closed, and the people falling back, sit in groups around the kraal. The grave is filled with furze bushes in order to prevent people or wild animals disturbing the body. The undertakers, aided by other men, pull away the poles of the hut which quickly collapses. The gates of the kraal, after the cattle have been removed a short distance, are closed with cross bars, and a man of good family is selected to remain with this stock, for a certain period, two or three years perhaps, or even longer. This watcher of the grave is a man of importance, and, in the event of any person getting into trouble with his chief for witchcraft, that person may run to this kraal as to a house of refuge. No grass is burned within a mile of such a place of burial.—F. H. Howlett, O. M. I., in the Missionary Record.

ST. VINCENT De PAUL SOCIETY IN UNITED STATES.

The annual report of the Superior Council of New York of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul to the Council-General in Paris has just been issued. Of the conferences in which the society in America is organized, 62 report through their Central Council of Boston; 98 are under the Central Council of Philadelphia, 26 under the Central Council of Chicago, and the remaining 188 conferences are included in the various other particular Councils and isolated conferences.

The comparative statements for the years 1900 and 1901 are as follows:

MEMBERS AND WORKS. Table with columns for 1900 and 1901. Rows include: Number of conferences reporting (359, 374), Number of active members (5,748, 6,113), Average attendance at weekly meeting (3,461, 3,590), Number of families relieved (19,552, 18,444), Number of visits made (145,877, 149,214), Number of situations procured (1,147, 1,176).

FINANCES. Table with columns for 1900 and 1901. Rows include: Receipts during the year (\$174,684, \$203,249), Collections at meetings (23,474, 23,644), Expenditures, relief of all kinds (178,437, 198,053).

For the New York Council alone, the active membership was 1,156, and the total receipts \$61,726. Families to the number of 7,035 representing 24,881 persons were relieved, 47,457 visits made, and 286 situations procured.

The report for the third year of the organization of the Catholic Home Bureau for dependent children is in part as follows:—

The number of children placed by us in the first year of our endeavors was 47; the number in 1900, the second year, was 112; and we have the pleasure of announcing a total of placements for the closing year reaching 175. But as our duty and care from the first has been to have quality to boast of, rather than quantity of work, we would not ask you now to think so highly of the results because they are expanding numerically—our great reliance is upon the permanently and truly good work done. Children of tender years happily taken to the hearts of good Catholics; boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen placed in home surroundings with work and promise of early self-support; these are the positive and personal results of our labor. A nice choosing from among the homes offered, a refusal to intrust a helpless child to the carelessly living couple or to taskmasters, a prompt and energetic action to correct a mistake if one has been made and might probably work injury to the child, these are the precautions that we have used to secure that the quality of homes is as it should be. Eternal vigilance is a watchword for any position of responsibility—it was never more appropriate than for our work. As the number of our wards increases we mean to increase correspondingly the scope of this vigilance. But three children of those placed have been unvisited in the twelve months and these are in correspondence with us.

During the past year the majority of our applications came through advertising in the various Catholic periodicals and in a few secular papers. The total number of applications received from families desiring to receive children was 349. The customary investigation was complied with in all cases, and all homes were passed upon by your Committee on Homes before the children were placed.

Of the 349 applications 191 were approved, 95 were disapproved; of the remainder, some were withdrawn by the applicants and some others failed to complete the references. Of the 175 children placed, 107 were sent to homes in New York State, and the remainder in adjoining States.

Up to the present time, the Catholic Home Bureau has placed 384 children in excellent Catholic family homes. After deducting the number of children returned to the institutions, there remains under our supervision a total number of 321. Towards the close of the present year (1901) a committee composed of our President, Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, representing your Bureau, Mr. Thomas W. Hynes, the city of New York, and the Rev. J. J. Dougherty, of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, visited that sec-

tion of the Middle West where the glass industry flourishes. The committee examined carefully the condition of the employees, and submitted, through the President, a very thorough and exhaustive report bearing on the subject. The result was that it was decided to send fifty boys to Indiana and Ohio, where they will at once become self-supporting, and have an opportunity to learn an excellent trade.

Twenty-five boys have already been sent to Gas City, Ind., and thirty to Tiffin, O. It was gratifying to witness the readiness with which the institutions responded to the call for boys to send to these places. In character and appearance the boys were very creditable, indeed, and the generous equipment given them by their institutions was something remarkable.

In speaking of the relation of the various conferences to public charities, the Committee on Dependent Children makes this suggestion: In many cases we learn, after weeks of waiting for a reply, that the conferences have not done anything for the families referred to them, and that the aid needed had been supplied by the Charity Organization Society or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. In other cases the conferences have helped but have volunteered no information as to what they were doing, and we were totally unable to give any opinion or advice as to the needs or final disposition of the cases.

We are sure that the officers of conferences would remedy this evil if they realized how much good might be done by the few minutes' labor necessary to write a brief letter informing us as to whether they consider it necessary to give or withhold relief, and whether they would give or were unable to give the necessary assistance. One thing is certain, your committee cannot, because of the large number of cases referred to it, do anything more than act as the intermediary between the Department of Charities and your conferences, and the lack of good results must be charged to non-participating conferences to the extent to which they neglect their duty.

The Committee of the Employment Bureau reports that the number of situations obtained was 670 for the twelve months, 1900 to 1901. "The majority of those obtaining places were recommended by the various conferences," it says; "we have frequently urged upon the members to give us their support by coming frequently to the office and looking over the work, and we especially ask this of members where there is any fault found by the men who have been recommended and have failed to obtain places. Our experience is, that often applicants have refused work, because of the wages or some other cause, and they do not state the fact to those who send them to the office."

The growth of Catholic boys' clubs in New York is in line with the development of Protestant or unsectarian organizations of the same kind. Up to the beginning of this year, nine clubs had been organized. The average nightly attendance was more than 600.

Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

For sick, weak, nervous, fretful children, there is nothing so good as Baby's Own Tablets. They promptly relieve and cure all the stomach and bowel troubles that afflict little ones. break up colds, reduce fever and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. The Tablets can be given with perfect safety to the youngest, feeblest baby, as they are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. For very small children crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. L. Axford, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "Before giving my little girl Baby's Own Tablets she suffered from a disordered stomach. She vomited a good deal, and was very constipated, and pale and delicate looking. She was always a nervous child and did not sleep well. After giving her the Tablets there was a great change. Her stomach got better, she retained her food, her bowels became regular, and she has grown much fatter and looks the picture of health. I also give the Tablets to my baby when his stomach is sour, or when he has colic, and they always do him good. I keep the Tablets in the house and would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The Fribourg Congress

The Congress at Fribourg, Switzerland, in honor of Our Lady was attended by some thirty bishops and several hundred priests. Altogether the attendance each day numbered about two thousand. Many come from different countries. The Right Rev. Dr. McSherry, Bishop of Justinianopolis, having come from his Vicariate in South Africa, had the distinction of having travelled farthest. Father Fletcher represented England. The visitors had a cordial greeting from the citizens of Fribourg.

The proceedings were inaugurated at the Salle de la Grenette by the reading of the Papal Brief approving and blessing the Congress. Then Mgr. Darnaz, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, addressed words of welcome to all present. "I greet," said he, "the large phalanx of representatives of France, distinguished for its devotion to Mary; the cohort sent by faithful Belgium; the Germans and the subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire who have come to the Congress; the Italians, whose devotion to the Mother of God is always so ardent; the sons of proud and valiant Spain; the representatives of England, a country which was once called the Dowry of Mary, and which owes, no doubt, to the prayers of the Queen of Heaven the consoling movement towards unity which manifests itself in 'the Island of the Saints.' I also welcome the faithful Poles, and in a word, the Catholics from every nation that has sent representatives. Those present then proceeded to the Church of Notre Dame, where the "Te Deum" was sung and Mgr. Jaquet, Bishop of Jassy, delivered a discourse.

During the three following days there were religious services, meetings, and processions. Interesting papers on devotion to Our Lady were read, and many practical discussions took place. In a paper by the Marquise d'Auray, of Paris, the authoress expressed the hope, formulated at the last Marial Congress in Lyons, that the world would one day consecrate itself to Mary, that the Pope would introduce into the liturgy a Proper Office in honor of the Queen of the Universe, and that he would add to the Litany of Our Lady "Queen of the Universe, pray for us." A grand procession was arranged for Wednesday, the 20th, but as the hour at which it was to start approached rain fell in cataracts. The committee of arrangements were in despair. Suddenly, however, when the hour was reached the rain ceased and the sun shone out brightly. The procession was a splendid spectacle. It numbered eighteen thousand people. The ecclesiastical dignitaries re-entered the city blessing a double row of people all kneeling.

There was a memorable scene on the evening of the last day, when the ceremony of crowning the statue of Our Lady took place at Notre Dame. An immense crowd assembled on the occasion. After a very eloquent discourse by the Abbe Courbe, the ceremony was performed by Bishop Darnaz as the representative of the Holy See. A crown was placed on the head of the statue and a sceptre in its hand. The "Te Deum" was then sung. The service was most impressive.

The following address was sent to the Holy Father:—

"Most Holy Father, we priests; bishops, and laymen assembled in this city in your name for the purpose of paying honor to the Blessed Virgin and promoting devotion to her cannot separate without expressing once again our sentiments of attachment, devotion, and unalterable love towards Your Holiness. The city of Fribourg, always faithful to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, by receiving us with real enthusiasm has shown that it fully understands the importance of the present hour. We trust that this Congress will give a fresh impetus to devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and that it will prove the dawn of a new period of true Catholic life and efficacious social action. We are your children, Holy Father, and such we desire always to remain. Be pleased to bless us, and bless with us all those who are united with us in thought and in heart to the Blessed Virgin and the Holy See."

Cardinal Rampolla sent the following telegram: "The Holy Father, so grateful for the action of such a large number of attendants at the Congress and pilgrims in meeting to acclaim the royalty of Mary, accepts the homage tendered to the Holy See and cordially grants the benediction asked for.—M. Card. Rampolla."

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GOING TO MASS; IMPRESSIVE SCENES.

AN interesting article entitled "Going to Mass," A. M. Faber, in the "Catholic World" magazine says:—

"A Sunday in Cologne is not an event to be easily forgotten. Before entering the magnificent cathedral we stood on the street for quite awhile, looking up at those massive towers, and all our eyes, our hearts, and our souls with the entrancing majesty and beauty of that wonderful temple. It almost seemed incredible that anything so absolutely marvellous as the Cologne Cathedral could be reared at mortal command; indeed, it is much more reasonable to conceive it as one of the magical occurrences of the "Arabian Nights." It is impossible to say how infinitesimal one feels beside those gray walls and thousands of niches peopled with statues of the saints, and enriched with the work of centuries. And what language can do justice to that noble interior? Its vastness is almost appalling; and its devotional atmosphere, the mellowness acquired by ages of prayer, as it were, fairly grasps one on entering the doors, and envelops one like the embrace of a loving mother.

The 10 o'clock High Mass was just beginning as we entered, and the vast building was crowded with worshippers—worshippers in the true sense of the word. No coming and going of the curious tourist here. A scarlet-clad verger, with his mace of office, stood rigidly at the foot of every aisle, and no one was allowed to pass those stern sentinels but those who had come to participate in the Holy Sacrifice; and it must be confessed that they were extremely strict in the performance of their duty. A great organ near the altar pealed forth, a choir of men's voices rang out above the multitude, and the incense arose in soft clouds to mingle with the bewildering array of sun-tinted colors that streamed from the jewelled windows over that never-to-be-forgotten scene.

At 11 o'clock there was a Low Mass, and we were fortunate in being able to procure seats nearer to the main altar, the while we breathed a deep sigh of relief that there were no annoying collectors for pew-rent—they would have been such a desecration in so exquisite an environment. The pews were quickly filled again, the organ pealed forth, and oh, delight of delights! that great congregation raised their voices simultaneously in a soul-stirring hymn of praise to God. In all directions they sang, those good, true, honest German voices—hundreds of stalwart soldiers in uniform, the men of fashion, the lowly peasant, the women, the smallest children, everybody—and they sang with a fervor and a delicacy of harmony that brought the tears to the eyes. We were not accustomed to such sounds. I am sure that two thousand people sang at that Mass, and the way that golden volume of praise soared to the Gothic roof, and swept back again, in and out the arches and pillars, and whispered, and appealed, and loved as one glorious voice, was a vocal prayer that no human hand could pretend to describe. I only know that we knelt, and sat, and stood in a perfect rapture of joy, and it is safe to say that never while we live shall we forget that morning in the Cologne Cathedral. In the evening, when we sailed away up the Rhine, the sun was setting behind a bank of misty red clouds, and the cathedral stood silhouetted in velvety black against the dazzling ball of light. One little star twinkled out audaciously above the lace-like turrets, and all too soon the beautiful structure faded from our sight in the deepening twilight.

The following Sunday found us in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, in England. We arose very early and started out, with plenty of time to spare, for the 8 o'clock Mass at the Church of St. Gregory. It was a long walk, quite a way beyond the famous Red Horse Hotel. Such a balmy, sunny, quiet morning in Shakspeare's old town, with a sky of vivid blue overhead! We walked past the historical Grammar School, and the contemporaneous cottages beside it, in front of which a delightful old man in a pot hat and a smock was sauntering back and forth puffing at his pipe—a picture within a picture. On past Marie Curie's comfortable-looking home,

where the flowers fairly grew out of the bricks in the walls, giving it the appearance of a house built in a bouquet of gorgeous yellow, red, and purple bloom. It was a wonderful sight, and, indeed, the abundance and luxuriance of the flowers in Stratford are one of its most impressive spectacles, and we found the early morning air sweet beyond compare with the beauty and the breath of them. I don't think we met more than five people in that charming twenty minutes' walk, and we certainly did not jostle many going into the church. The way lay through a little old graveyard, fit setting for the most romantic type of a Gothic structure imaginable. It was altogether a realization of the picturesque church so much favored in English literature. The roses nodded in at the windows—great big creamy fellows; and the ivy covered almost everything in sight. The priest came out to the sanctuary robed in rich white vestments, and after the Gospel gave us a scholarly short sermon in a voice so cultured and well trained that it was a rare pleasure to listen to him. It was quite a large church, yet there were but forty people in the pews, and of these only seven were men. We took seats at random, but later I found that we were in debt to the extent of "a'pence" apiece. Every pew "had its price," so to speak. A notice to that effect was printed in gilt letters on the post at each end of them. The prominent pews were six-pence, and the tax was modified in proportion, until towards the end of the church the value of a seat was but a penny, with "free sittings" for those who could not afford to pay at all.

The intense, sincere devotion that made itself felt in that little English church was extremely edifying. We willingly lingered when Mass was over, while some sweet bird-song thrilled in through the narrow windows, and the soft fire of the sanctuary lamp flushed the marble of the altar with a delicate pink radiance.

In returning we walked along the rippling Avon, which was all in a merry glitter and sparkle with the morning sun; then through Shakspeare's church-yard, where we lingered to read some of the odd inscriptions on the mossiest, most illegible tombstones. The town was beginning to be wide-awake by the time we reached the streets again, and hastened back to our flower-decked inn to a very welcome breakfast.

It was a decidedly gray Sunday that dawned for us in "dear old Ireland," in the ancient town of Lisburn, County Antrim. We started early for the 9 o'clock Mass, and had ample time to saunter along the quiet streets, past the deserted old mansions that were the pride of this once thriving town. They seem for all the world like gaunt, sad ghosts, begging the passer-by to give them back the days of prosperity and hospitality. We peered curiously through a few dusty windows in the vacant houses (alas! there are many of them), and their wide halls where the bright hearth fires had sent out their bright welcome, and the broad stairways, that had sounded to the touch of light footsteps, looked back at us so desolately through years of neglect and generations of dust—pathetic, lonely homes of Ireland,—homes so symbolical of their country's condition! The comparison impressed itself with extra force as we began to mingle with the crowd, all going in the same direction. A poor-looking, ill-clad company they were, the majority of them the hard-working mill-hands. Most of the women had shawls wrapped tightly around their heads in lieu of bonnets, many of them never having possessed such an article of luxury. It was impossible not to compare these humble, poverty-stricken creatures with the comfortably garbed Catholics we had met in the churches of other countries.

Before the Mass began, while we were scrutinizing the hooded, praying figures surrounding us, it was a strong temptation to picture to one's imagination the number of hearts there must have been in that assemblage that were lifted to God on behalf of their nearest and dearest whose homes were now in America. In that sense it was a different congregation from any among whom we had hitherto knelt. It would have been an odd man or woman kneeling with us whose interest and affection would not have instantly responded at mention of that glorious New Country—the New Ireland for many of them—to which they were bound by the strongest ties of kinship and love.

The parish Church was a new one, built on the site of its predecessor, which had witnessed many generations come and go. The children occupied half of the middle aisle, boys and girls on separate sides. The boys sang hymns during the Mass, with very good taste and feeling; and one young lad stepped into the aisle beside the harmonium, which was presided over by the school-

master, and sang alone, with an exquisite, fresh young voice. His solo was that ever-beautiful one, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," and every word was uttered with remarkable distinctness and devotion. Many were weeping when he had finished, and every head was bowed in rough, toil-marked hands.

The sun streamed in over the altar before the Mass was quite finished, so that when we came out the day was as golden as a primrose. We strolled back through the old Castle Gardens, and looked far across to the hills of County Down and Morne mountains, where the grass lay as green as an emerald beneath the blue sky. As that splendid landscape unrolled itself to the horizon I thought with an overwhelming sadness of the millions of loyal Irish hearts in America that were breaking for the sight of such a picture as this, and the millions of aching hearts in all parts of the world who knelt in their own Irish Church in spirit every Sunday, even as we had been privileged to do in reality, with the breath of the hawthorn stealing in at the windows, and God's sunshine streaming down over his faithful people."

PITTSBURG'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

THE new Catholic cathedral of Pittsburg, Pa., will be dedicated to the name and honor of St. Paul. When the ground occupied by the earlier quaint cathedral was purchased by Mr. Frick, the steel magnate of Pittsburg, for \$1,000,000, the bishop of the diocese, in conjunction with the rector of the cathedral, decided that the new edifice should far outshine the old, and be typical of the growth of the faith and the expansion of the coal town itself. A competition appealed to the committee in charge of the cathedral's erection as an efficacious method of reaching best results. The contest was limited to five prominent ecclesiastical States. All were eastern firms except one from Chicago, which captured the prize. The plans submitted by Egan and Prindiville were found satisfactory and the contract was awarded.

The exterior of St. Paul's shows a Gothic structure of sweeping lines capped by tall twin towers. The style of the architecture is what may be designated as a pure example of the traditional or scholastic Gothic of the fourteenth century, the full flower of the "decorated Gothic," as it is technically called.

The structure externally is of stone, from base course to the summit of each spire; even the numerous traceried windows which are to embellish the exterior and interior are intended to be wrought in stone. The front presents an imposing facade, extending on Fifth avenue for a width of 120 feet over both towers, the main front gable rising to 120 feet, and each tower spire to 250 feet. The doorway is in three parts, surmounted by moulded and carved arches and lofty pediments, adorned with statues, the central pediment over the main entrance being 40 feet high and surmounted by a colossal statue of St. Paul.

Flying buttresses fill the space in front between the towers and main gable, giving an airy and graceful treatment of the connection between the central and side masses. Corresponding gables and entrances of a less elaborate character adorn both transepts, and windows of almost the same magnitude and of equal architectural beauty.

Interiorly the arrangement is unique in this country, although being of a kind not unusual on the continent of Europe. The ground plan indicates five main divisions, formed by four rows of columns, into a central part or "nave," so-called, and four side aisles, this being almost identical with the plan thus far of the old cathedral building.

Above the arches of the nave arcade are designed a series of sculptured panels in high relief, intended to illustrate notable scenes in the history of the Church. The interior columns and wainscoting are to be finished in rare marbles. The plans provide for a fire-proof structure throughout, as it is the intention to so construct every part—the floor, the roof and even the richly-vaulted ceiling—that no wood-work shall be used. The cost of the structure will, it is thought, approximate \$700,000 when finished and ready for occupation.

TO PROMOTE CATHOLIC MARRIAGES.

THE hesitation of young Catholics to enter into the marriage state and the alarming growth of mixed marriages inspires the Catholic Press of Sydney to the following remarks:

No time should be lost in suggesting and carrying into effect the means for healing evils that must seriously affect our position in the State. No one can deny what the great apostle Tertullian even in the earliest days of Christianity demonstrated, that there is no more prolific source of infidelity than mixed marriages. And in the Catholic Church in this State we find that of all those who live in the state of matrimony 35 per cent. are those in which either husband or wife is a non-Catholic. How can we stop the tide and impede the evil consequences of such unions?

Many Catholic lads find themselves at that period when they might reasonably hope for a happy marriage and a comfortable home, in receipt of a wretched salary in an office or business establishment, while others who have learned a useful trade are receiving \$15 and \$20 a week. To parents then we must appeal to send their boys early in life to study trades and acquire a technical education so that they may have a profitable and reliable source of income rather than the shabby-genteel respectability of a clerkship.

Our girls also are somewhat at fault. They are often over-educated in the social instincts of life known as accomplishments, and have no tastes whatever for the more substantial duties of housekeeping and cooking. In Belgium, for example, all girls are bound to a regular course of domestic economy and culinary knowledge. Would it not be much more desirable to have a thorough knowledge and love for household and domestic economy than to devote too much time to the pleasant recreation of the higher and, no doubt, nobler arts of music, drawing and painting in which not one girl in 10,000 can ever hope to excel? The genteel girl will not be inclined to associate or marry her brother's equals. She aims much higher in the social scale and is ambitious for at least a well-shaved bookkeeper, if she does not aim at a professional man and "society." Hence she fails in most instances and prefers to remain in single blessedness than endeavor to make someone in the same sphere of life happy, whom her virtue and education would elevate and ennoble.

William Cobbett says in his "Advice to Young Men," that the true and sweetest music in a home is that of a mother singing her baby to sleep. That music cannot be found in the pianolo and the grand piano. It is not taught by the long-haired music teachers. And Cobbett preferred the needle to the novel. But he was old-fashioned; and yet strangely enough the tastes of the great democrat were also those of the old-fashioned gentleman to whom we owe any little grace that remains in modern society.

The dislike for housekeeping sends great numbers of girls to seek employment as saleswomen and at office work, which unfits them for the duties of wives to the industrious workmen, who would in other circumstances, give them a comfortable home which they could make happy.

Of course our remarks do not apply to a large number of sensible Catholic girls. We must, however, look at the evils honestly in the face, and seek the causes, even though we are forced to draw a scathing tooth or two in the process. By a greater attention on the part of parents and our girls to the realities of their surroundings, we believe these evils would be much abated and the Catholic community be made more flourishing and influential.

It is questionable, too, if it is not desirable to revive the old practice of match-making. In Ireland and other countries where the young people are not left entirely to their own giddy fancies and to chance circumstances, the marriages are happy. In Ireland divorce and domestic tragedies are unknown. In Australia parents make no efforts to settle their children in life. Too often the daughter of the house meets a stranger at a dance, the acquaintance

ripens into love on her part, he marries her perhaps to break her heart, or, maybe, he jilts her, and for years afterwards her thoughts do not turn to matrimony. In such cases the parents seldom inquire into the man's position, habits and family history. The young men also rely on chance to supply them with a partner for life and a mother for their children.

We have no sympathy with the cowardly cry of poverty. This country is richer than other countries in which the marriage rate is high. Among the rich there is even a stronger disinclination to marry than among the poor. A young fellow and a young woman with good characters can marry reckless of consequences. Our wealthiest men began life in the humblest circumstances. We could give scores of names of successful men who began married life with what would be regarded now as scanty worldly prospects. It is not poverty, but a bad character and an enemy of her religion that a Catholic young lady has to fear.

It is the first duty of parents to see that their children are married safely. It is of more importance than all the genteel accomplishments with which they are wont to arm them for the battle of life. With a bad husband or a bad wife, or in a lonely state, superficial accomplishments are of very little use. Good character is the basis upon which all happiness or love is built. Good men and women are all at heart alike, and there need be no fear that love will be a stranger in such a union. And we all know Catholic young men and women who would make ideal husbands and wives, and who would readily marry if encouraged to do so.

The present state of things is disgraceful and alarming, and unless serious and constant consideration is given to it the result cannot be other than disastrous for the future of our people and of the Church in the Commonwealth.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

LEISURE is just as possible to-day as ever it was, and one may have with it more comfort than was attainable a hundred years ago. The restless lives we live come by choice, and not by necessity. There is certainly much more rush and hurry and tension, competition and failure, than ever before; but the rush of life is along the great highways of travel and commerce. They cover but a small space of the vast country through which they pass. Five miles away from the railroad, one may live as retired, as peacefully, and in more comfort, than was possible a hundred years ago.

In a New England town, where many farms had been advertised for sale for less than the stone walls and the buildings cost, a farmer was recently asked why he could not live on a farm and thrive as his ancestors did. He said: "I can make more money than my grandfather did, and can live better than he did." "Then, why are men leaving their farms and going to the towns?" "Because," he said, "we are not content with the things that satisfied our fathers. We want our children to have the best advantages of education. I am not willing to have my wife work as my grandmother worked. She must have a domestic, and good domestics are hard to get in the country. If sickness comes, we want a good doctor. We are not willing to see our wives and children die for lack of medical service that we cannot afford to pay for. So we sell out and go into the town."

Many complain that they are driven by toil and society, so that they have no leisure for the quiet life. But, commonly, they are drawn, not driven. They are enticed by things they could do without if they really believed in the knowledge, the culture, the enjoyment, which comes to those who love nature, and seek first the real things which satisfy the mind and the heart. John Muir is not driven, he does not find the pace of modern civilization one that kills. He takes for his domain the Sierras, and the sky that overhangs the pine trees, and all the wild life of the mountains; and in them he finds

peace and quiet, and gains knowledge which millionaires of discretion end with. We are not driven; we are enticed by our desires. There are prizes and satisfactions in profusion which tempt us. But we are under no compulsion to seek them. He who complains, confesses that the common blessings, never so freely given as now, do not satisfy.

There are trusts and combinations, good, bad and indifferent, there is eager contention, rivalry in manufacture, in trade, in finance, which embitter life even when the prizes are won; but no one is under compulsion to enter the race or play the game. Aside from these things, most of the people upon this continent are really untouched by them in any vital interest. The unrest under the oppressions of the commercial world is for the majority unreal, and would be unfelt if no heed were given to rumors and the noise of those who, for pay, tell the people how miserable they are. He who is content to live to-day on the same income that his ancestor lived a hundred years ago can have for the same money better food, better clothing, better means of travel, and access to books, pictures and amusements which his grandfather could have enjoyed only by taking long journeys at great expense. For ten cents, a person living half a dozen miles out of Boston in any direction may go into the city and return, and, while there, have, at stated times, free of expense, pleasures of art and literature which a hundred years ago no man could have compassed. Of other cities the same thing is true.

Some things cost more than they did a few years ago, but those who produce them are getting better prices for them. The consumers who grumble at the enhanced cost of living are for the most part getting better prices for that which they produce, whether by labor of brain or by handwork. From wide observation of neighbors and friends and fellow-citizens, we are convinced that most of our forebodings are without cause, and the things we suffer are imaginary. It may be that the street railway companies make more money than they ought to; but, when the man who boards an electric car and pays five cents for a ten-mile ride says that his blood boils with indignation every time he does it because of the rapacity of the corporation which accommodates him, his wrath seems to us fictitious, and the amount he suffers because of the two cents he begrudges to the corporation is more than balanced by the enjoyment he gets in "kicking."

We are not defending trusts and corporations. We do not know enough about their nature and methods to pronounce judgment for or against them, and we know very few people who do. What we do say is that he who chooses to pay the price for a quiet life, and for the best things in life, which his fathers paid, can make a better bargain with nature and society than it was ever possible to make in any century or in any country. And, if we judged our disadvantages by that which we really suffer and not by what we are told "the people" are suffering, we should be almost unconscious of the heart-breaking scramble for wealth and fame and popularity which may go on out of earshot and beyond our observation if we will have it so.—Christian Register.

THE PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

THE international conference on tuberculosis in Berlin, October 22-26, is awaited with the keenest interest. It is hoped that discussion of the position of Governments in regard to the prevention of consumption may lead the way to more organized efforts. At the Sanitary Congress in Manchester recently, it was announced that through the poor rate alone England spends \$5,000,000 yearly on consumption. Moreover, of the 42,000 who die annually from the disease, the great majority are between twenty and forty-five years of age, and their deaths are a sheer economic loss to the community. The mere loss in wages to the English wage-earning classes from consumption is estimated at from fifty to fifty-five million dollars annually. It is urged as a national necessity, as also a measure of necessity, to increase the number of sanatoria, and also to prevent the erection of homes which breed disease.

Story of

Two hundred years light of an April morning old Haverhill, embosomed in primeval forests, near Merrimac. It was a hamlet consisting of about thirty cottages. In the centre of stood a meeting house the village. On the open land the plow he furrows among stumps of trees, and west it bordered an wilderness which stretched white mountains, and seemed a bulwark against the sea. In one of the best of only a few roads from church, lived Simeon wife, Rachel, and their son, a boy of 14 years. was very rude, for it was thrown up, and the it was built were green but a few months before there was no time to cracks between the logs with sticks and stiff clay also, and the floor logs split in half, rough with a broad-axe and with the flat sides up. The door was a wide split or hewn and hung nut hinges. The latch were of wood, too, and was raised from the out of a leathern string, under it and through the latch-string was a door was securely fastened by fastening gave hospitable saying: "M is always out."

Just as the Keyser family from their breakfast any spring morning a light door was heard.

"Come in," called Mr. the familiar fashion of The latch rose with a shy little miss of about ten.

"Mother said I might play with Eben awhile," said Hartshorn, the only minister of the parish. "Eben's got to pile s'boards that I drew fr yesterday," said Mr. K you can stay by and so only be careful and not ter that, if you want to nothing against it."

"Won't you have a b asked motherly Mrs. K "No, thank you, ma' just eaten breakfast at started for Amesbury, was so busy that I tho come over. Shall I be "Not a bit, Prudy," faced Eben, taking his l and rolling up his paratory to going out "that his father had laid in the back yard.

The Keyser were going more substantial cottag autumn, and the pile drawn for that purpose laid up in regular order." It was pretty ha a boy of Eben's age, l stout and accustomed to he worked very busily f Prudy amused herself n playing keeping house, and pies of mud and w bits of earthenware for "Well, I'm tired," gas the sat down and wiped tion from his forehead w handkerchief. "Seem's s hot."

"Shan't I pour you s Won't you have a piece bread?" asked Prudy, w cious air of a housewife "No, thank you, Miss rather have a drink of w and I'll run and get it w trying those doughnuts."

"Bring me some, too, tea with," piped the am keeper. In a few minutes Eben bearing a great wooden full of the cool liquid of the "northwest corner of as he expressed it. He round for Prudy, but di her.

"Prudy—Prudy Hart are you?" he shouted. "Whoop! Whoop!" can young voice, hidden away among the piles of logs "I'll find you in a mi Eben, as he stumbled ov ber. "Ah!" as he spied her white frock, "here y little mischief!" "I thought you could me," said Prudy, strugg

Story of Real Life in Colonial Days.

Two hundred years ago the sunlight of an April morning shown on old Haverhill, embosomed in the primeval forests, near the tranquil Merrimac. It was a compact little hamlet consisting, at this time, of about thirty cottages and log cabins...

The door was a wide, thick plank, split or hewn and hung on stout walnut hinges. The latch and catch were of wood, too, and the latch was raised from the outside by means of a leather string, which passed under it and through the door.

Just as the Keyser family were rising from their breakfast on this sunny spring morning a light knock on the door was heard. "Come in," called Mr. Keyser, in the familiar fashion of the time.

"Mother said I might come and play with Eben awhile," said Prudence Hartshorn, the only child of the minister of the parish. "Eben's got to pile some logs and boards that I drew from the mill yesterday," said Mr. Keyser, "but you can stay by and see him do it, only be careful and not get hurt."

"Well, I'm tired," gasped Eben, as he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a cotton handkerchief. "Seem's to me it's hot."

"Shan't I pour you some tea and won't you have a piece of gingerbread?" asked Prudy, with the solicitous air of a housewife. "No, thank you, Miss Prudy, I'd rather have a drink of cold water, and I'll run and get it while you are trying those doughnuts."

"Prudy - Prudy Hartshorn, where are you?" he shouted. "Whoop! Whoop!" came her clear, young voice, hidden away somewhere among the piles of logs and boards.

cape. "If I hadn't shouted I believe you never would."

"Yes, I should, though, for I should have seen your white frock. Besides, I would have known you were here."

"Well, you just shut your eyes and let me hide again," cried the child, darting away.

At that instant a shrill yell arose on the other side of the village, and in another moment a score of muskets rung out.

"Indians! Indians!" cried the voices of the panic-stricken settlers. Ebenezer Keyser's face grew suddenly pale and his heart almost seemed to stop beating.

"Will they kill us? Will the red men scalp us as they did poor Mrs. Hutchinson?" she asked innocently, for that cruel story of the frontier was familiar to all the young folks of that period.

"Kill us! Yes, if they find us," whispered Eben, "but I intend that they shall not find you. Here, Prudy, let me hide you behind this pile of boards, and I'll tuck you in so that your white frock shan't betray you this time."

Trembling, half with fear and half with excitement, the young girl let the brave boy lift her up and let her down into a crevice between two piles of boards.

"Aren't you coming, too?" she asked, as he hastened to place a board over her hiding place.

"No, I've got to hide elsewhere. But don't worry, Prudy. The Indians can't find you and I'll come for you as soon as they are gone. Be good and keep quiet."

"Yes, Eben, I'll be good, and quiet, too."

"Well, goodbye," and he hastened away with an anxious face, for the war-whoops of the savages were growing nearer and fiercer.

There were about two score in the attacking party. They had lain in wait during the morning hours until a suitable moment was offered for surprise, when they rushed forward in groups, simultaneously attacking nearly every one of the dwellings. Most of the men were shot down and scalped in their own dooryards or in the fields, where they were at labor. The cabins were ransacked, and the women and children either killed or taken prisoners.

One of the pioneers, William Duston, escaped on horseback with seven of his children; his wife and youngest child, a baby, were taken prisoners. The latter was subsequently tomahawked. Mrs. Duston succeeded in effecting her escape—an adventure that forms one of the most exciting narratives of the frontier.

Farmer Keyser was killed in his field, where he was sowing grain. His wife attempting to escape, was also murdered by one of the savages. The party then scattered, some going into the cellar to feast on the milk and provisions, the others going out through the garden, hunting after more victims.

Two of the warriors approached the place where Prudy lay concealed, stumbling over the very pile under which she lay, scarcely daring to breathe. One of them struck the board over her head with his hatchet, at the same time uttering a cry that startled the very echoes.

The girl came very near crying out in her agony of terror. She was sure they had discovered Eben; but she was trained to habits of obedience and endurance, and by a great effort restrained herself.

She heard them for a long time stepping about, and heard their deep, guttural voices in debate. It seemed as if they would never go away. All the prayers her mother had taught her came to her mind while she lay trembling there, and she repeated them over and over.

At last the red men retired, leaving ruin and desolation behind them. At daybreak the villagers had seemed secure; a few hours later in the morning, while the mist was hardly dry on the willows by the river-side, the smoke rose from smoldering ruins, and the sword was red with the blood of brave men, of women and of mangled babes. Such were the experiences of that generation.

Prudy, listening with all her might in her hiding place, after a time heard a smothered voice calling: "Prudy, are you safe? They have gone." And soon afterward she saw the face of her brave playmate looking down where she sat crouched between the boards.

"How did you escape?" she asked. Eben as she clung to his hands. "I

was afraid they would fine you."

The boy laughed. "They would not have done that so easy," he answered. "There is a pit dug just beyond that pile of logs, and it's right under some boards. I thought of it the last minute, and crawling in pulled the boards over it again. Two or three times they stood right over me and jabbered, but they never once thought of looking for any one under the timber. It was a regular game of hide and seek, and we beat them this time, sure. But, Prudy, it must be terrible over there. I am afraid no one escaped."

When Mr. Hartshorn returned the next day he found a sorry spectacle awaiting him. He took Eben, now an orphan, to his own home, and treated him as he would his own son. Eben lived to grow up and went into New Hampshire to live. Near one of the towns of that State there is a beautiful sheet of water, which bears the name of Keyser Lake, in honor of the boy that hid his playmate at the Haverhill massacre and thereby saved her life. —Fred. M. Colby, in the Catholic Columbian.

NEURALGIC PAINS.

ARE A CRY OF THE NERVES FOR BETTER BLOOD.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich Red Blood, and Drive These Pains from the System—Read the Proof.

A high medical authority has defined neuralgia as "a cry of the nerves for better blood," and to effectually drive it from the system the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is no other medicine so prompt and sure in result as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood with every dose, and impart new life and new vigor to the person using them.

When the nerves are unstrung, when the blood is poor or watery, or when the system is out of order, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine to take. They cure all troubles arising from these causes, and make weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Protect yourself against imitations by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box.

Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The man who thinks his sins will never find him out has deceived himself.

A certain Bishop was once asked: "What is the simplest way to Heaven?" He replied: "Turn at once to the right and go straight on."

A HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

THE Great Bird Rock lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is one of two bare rocks of red sandstone. As the name indicates, the Great Bird Rock is the home of countless sea birds—gannets, puffins, gulls and auks—and on the summit stands a lighthouse, its light being visible twenty-one miles away.

During the winter of 1896-97 the keeper in charge of the light was Angus Campbell, who kept vigil with his wife and two male assistants. The island itself is harborless, and its great frowning cliffs rise so precipitously from the sea that men and provisions have to be raised to the station, one hundred and forty feet high, by means of a steam-hoist and then only when it is calm enough for a small boat to approach the cliffs from the supply steamer anchored in the open.

On the 5th of May, 1897, the Canadian Government steamer Aberdeen reached the Bird Rock on its spring supply trip. For three long months at a time the inhabitants of the lonely lighthouse have no intercourse with the outside world, and therefore await the arrival of the steamer with the greatest eagerness. When the Aberdeen neared the inhospitable island, the captain scanned the edge of the cliff with his telescope, and was surprised to see a gray-haired woman alone where he had left a comparatively young wife and three men a few months before. In due time the officer reached the wind-swept summit and asked for the keeper.

"Angus is dead!" came the brief reply, in heart-broken tones. "So is Jim Duncan, and so is George Bryson, and I'm all alone."

That was all, and yet what depths of tragedy the few words held; what heights of heroism on the part of Maggie Campbell. This was her sad story:—

Two months before her husband and his two helpers started out on a seal-hunting expedition. It was a bitterly cold day, but the floating ice from the great Northland had surrounded the Bird Rock for a distance of five or six miles, and on the shining floes could be seen hundreds of the little animals whose fur the men sought. There was apparently no danger, unless the wind should suddenly change; yet that is what happened.

A few hours after the men had set forth on their journey, the dreaded south wind set in unexpectedly. Mrs. Campbell at once hoisted a danger signal, whereupon the hunters hurried toward their refuge. But it was too late. The ice cracked in every direction, and the unfortunate fellows found themselves drifting helplessly on a cake of ice toward the open sea and to a certain and cruel death. In an agony of suffering the wife watched the little group of doomed men as they were relentlessly swept farther and farther away. Husband and wife waved messages to each other—the last in this way; each knelt in prayer for deliverance, but no deliverance came, and when the sun had set on the dreary scene Mrs. Campbell returned to her home a widow.

But what of the light—a vitally necessary beacon to the sailor? "How did you manage to get along alone?" inquired the captain.

"I hardly know, myself," was her reply. "Sleep almost deserted me. I hardly slept two hours together for the two months, and I ate but one meal a day. For hours during the daytime I swept the face of the waters with my glass in the vain hope of seeing the lost party—but I took care of the light all the time." —Forward.

Seven Daughters and One Son.

The neighbors may sometimes be mistaken, as is shown by a little parable told by a contemporary:—"Once upon a time there was a household where girls were not wanted or welcomed, but they came and came with the most absurd persistence till the magic number seven could be counted over their unlucky heads. The neighbors had grown used to saying 'another burden' when anything happened over the way; but one morning the wonderful news went forth that a man-child had been born, and then they

nodded their heads in a satisfied way and remarked, complacently: "They had a long run of bad luck, poor things, but now they'll have some help in their old ages." Well, the years went by. The 'burdens' grew apace and proved to be industrious maidens. Two of them worked themselves up from going out sewing by the day into a firm of fashionable dressmakers, two more became teachers, one is a trained nurse, another is a bookkeeper and the youngest remains at home to take care of the old people. By their combined efforts the seven 'burdens' freed the farm from debt, bought a snug home for themselves in the city, and—most herculean task of all—they educated the 'help.' Nature had been rather niggardly with him in the way of brains, but the girls were ambitious and he was their only brother, so they paid his way through college, and by dint of scolding and much advice, to say nothing of the waste of money, they forced him through 'the law' till he came out a full-fledged lawyer. And then—before he had secured a brief in the 'help' brought home his bride. It was a little hard on the 'burdens.' They had counted so on being taken out and made much of on account of their distinguished brother. They had been cherished secret intentions of shifting a little of their responsibility to his broad shoulders; but after shedding a few bitter tears, they generously buried their own hopes and set up the family idol in a brand new office. There he may be found to-day, with nothing nobler in the vista of the future than the advancement of his own bumptious, selfish self."—Home Journal and News.

Montalembert's Letters

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The Paris correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," has a lengthy contribution in that organ upon the subject of Montalembert and his early advocacy in France of the liberty of teaching and the separation of Church and State. The entire argument is based upon some extracts of letters written by Montalembert to the Abbe Delor, in 1839, and upon the fact that Lacordaire and Lammenais, in 1830, helped Montalembert to found the subsequently condemned organ "Avenir." Out of this material, as far as we can see, it is sought to extract an argument in favor of the Law of Associations, or rather of the attitude of the present French Government in regard to teaching communities. Nothing could be more far-fetched and illogical. Conditions are vastly different to-day, and so are issues, and no comparison could be fairly instituted between the two periods. Montalembert was a monarchist prior to the Revolution of 1848; a Republican after the fall of the monarchy; and a Bonapartist, supporting Prince Louis Napoleon, when the latter aspired to Imperial power. He placed religion above politics, and he submitted to the condemnation of his organ by Pius IX. Veillot proved him to be misguided, if honest, in some of his cherished views. That he advocated the liberty of teaching in France is very true; but were he alive to-day he would be stung to the quick to think that his theory of liberty of education could find application in the methods of the Combes' administration. It is exactly that liberty, for which Montalembert and Lacordaire contended that is ignored, and trampled upon at this moment. So instead of his letters furnishing an argument in favor of the coercion of the Orders, they supply a powerful one against such a course.

As an evidence of how changed are conditions, we need but take one extract from the body of the correspondence above mentioned:—

In 1841, M. Villemain, who was then Minister of Public Instruction, presented to the Chambers an Education Bill. It authorized the opening of free schools, independent of the University, under certain guarantees of culture and morality. The masters were to have diplomas, conferred after examination. The law applied to the seminaries where the young priests were educated and were so far under the control solely of the bishops. This last clause provoked the opposition of the episcopate, and, after long discussions, the bill was withdrawn. Montalembert took a prominent part in the discussion, and his letters to the Abbe Delor bear traces of it. We also find allusions to an affair which made much noise in 1844. A certain Mademoiselle C— of Tulle had entered a Carmelite convent against the will of her parents. The municipal council asked the Government to close the convent, and the Prefect of the Correze was inclined to use violence and to disperse the Carmelites forcibly. The Bishop, M. de Montaigne, wrote to the Minister of the Interior, Martin du

Nord: "You have the power to do so; but the doors will not open themselves—you will have to break them in, and you will find me behind them in my sacerdotal robes."

There were educational difficulties sixty years ago in France, even as there are to-day. But the Villemain Bill of 1841 was withdrawn when it was found to meet with the disapproval of the Bishops; not so the "Law of Associations." In the case of the troubles concerning the Carmelite monastery in 1844, we see the attitude of Mgr. Bertheaud, and how it quelled the attempts at violence. Montalembert was ready to stand beside the Bishop in defense of the religious, and in the proper assertion of that liberty which seems to have become a phantom to-day in France. We repeat, there is absolutely no similarity in the situations and the conclusions are wrong.

Notes for Farmers.

POTATO ROT.—It is learned that in some localities farmers are suffering from potato rot. Dr. Fletcher says this loss may be avoided if taken in time. Most farmers believe there is no way of ascertaining whether the potatoes will be sound or not until the tuber is wholly formed and is past treatment. Dr. Fletcher points out that the potato rot is a fungus disease and may be successfully treated by Bordeaux mixture. The disease appears about the first of August, particularly in low-lying districts. It shows itself as rust on leaves and you can tell at once by the musty smell from the fields. The potato rust appears at that time, and the rust on the leaves is exactly the same disease in another form as that which later in the year develops into the potato rot of the tubers. It appears first on the leaves, and the odor of the disease is easily detected when passing a diseased crop, particularly early in the morning or late at night, in muggy damp weather; that is the time when this disease is developed quickest, and spreads. Its first appearance is as a downy mildew beneath the leaves. Here the spores, minute bodies analogous with seeds, are borne, and from these subsequent infestation comes; these are blown on to other plants located near the injured plant, where they produce more rust. At the same time many of these spores fall to the ground, and by the first rain are washed down into the ground, where they reach the tubers, and the rot sets in. Like many other fungus diseases, conditions favorable for its development may not be present; the spores may simply fall on the outside of the potato, and if we have clear dry weather, they may go into the root-house with the potatoes and never develop at all. In such cases we may have a good deal of rust, but no rot; but at the same time they may develop, and generally do. When you find rot developing, late in the autumn after the potatoes are put into the root-house, then it is simply because the conditions are favorable for the growth of the parasite. In a well ventilated root house there is less danger than in one where the ventilators are closed, and it becomes hot and muggy. There is no way in which you can prevent this loss better than by spraying the potato foliage about the first of August with Bordeaux mixture, which is a mixture of blue-stone, lime, and water, and is very destructive to all fungus growths. This destroys the rust or prevents its spread to other plants in the field. We have found at the Central Experimental Farm, where we have carried on experiments for many years, as object lessons, that where potatoes had been sprayed on a strip right through the middle of a field, potatoes which are sprayed will hold their leaves five or six weeks longer than those close to them, which were not sprayed. By the first of September many potato fields are brown, and all the leaves are dead. This is not because the leaves are ripened, but because they have been killed by the disease. The potatoes or sprayed plants in the same field are twice the size of those of the plants of which the leaves have been destroyed by the rust. This is because the leaves are preserved so much longer in a green condition, and continue all the time doing their work of manufacturing starch and storing it up in the tubers.

Even if the spores get on the potatoes does not rot it is perfectly sound and uninjured. The potato is alright until the disease works into it. As soon as the disease makes headway the potato turns into a liquid rotten mass. If potatoes, begin to rot in the root-house, they should be picked over and the sound ones used at once, because the rot is a very infectious disease.

A pure hard Soap.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Household Notes.

HINTS FOR HEALTH.—Don't eat fast. Time is money. Every minute saved at your meals is a dollar in the pocket of your physician later on in life.

Don't fast to cure indigestion. As the body gets weaker its functions also weaken, and digestion will not improve.

Don't drink too little water between meals. This is a very common fault among city folk. At least four to five pints of liquid, tea, coffee, water and milk should be taken during the day. Most of this should be taken several hours before and after meals, some on rising and going to bed.

Don't eat just after severe exercise especially if it is unusual. The blood is mainly out in the muscles and skin during muscular exercise. Before it can return to the stomach in proper amount to control digestion fermentative processes may be set up and consequent gastritis.

Don't eat a large meal when tired and hungry. Digestion is a chemical process that requires the expenditure of considerable energy. When the system is exhausted it cannot supply this energy. Eat moderately first, then some hours later a hearty meal.

Don't take other people's advice as to what you may or may not eat. Stomachs are at least as individual as their owners.

TO PEEL TOMATOES.—The easiest way to do this is to dip them into boiling water for a second before beginning. This loosens the skin, and it can easily be removed. An excellent plan is to put them into a frying basket and dip basket and all into the water, as then the water drains from them at once. If left to get sodden they are spoiled.

TO KEEP MEAT.—When there are many flies about it is a good plan, if you have not a very good place in which to keep meat, to wrap it up as soon as it arrives in a cloth lightly wrung out of vinegar and water, redamping it when it dries. Of course, you cannot keep it long, even in this way; but it is impossible for flies to touch it.

FRUIT STAINS ON LINEN.—One of the simplest methods of removing these is to strain the stained part over a bowl, and pour boiling water, in which a little borax has been dissolved, through till the stain disappears. For this treatment to be successful the stain should not be allowed to dry. For stains that have been allowed to dry, moisten with a little whiskey before sending to wash.

DIRTY WHITE KID GLOVES.—When these are so bad that even when cleaned they look a dirty white, put them on your hands and paint over two or three times with saffron water, letting them dry throughout between each application. Be careful to paint them over very lightly, as if made very wet they will be completely spoiled. To make the saffron water, boil a little saffron in water for about ten minutes and let it stand twelve hours before using.

TO KEEP AN OIL STOVE.—Thoroughly clean and refill every time after using. If you allow dirt and oil to accumulate on it it will smell unpleasantly when lighted. Instead of cutting the wick, end off the charred part with a piece of stiff paper. Always turn the wick down low before putting out, and leave it turned down till the stove is again needed. If the wick is turned up the oil will soak up it and spread over the outside of the stove.

NEGLECTED SINK PIPE.—If you notice an unpleasant odor emanating from one of your pipes, treat it in this way: Get plenty of boiling water ready, dissolve half a pound of soda in half a gallon. Now pour about a gallon of the remainder of the boiling water down the pipe. This is to heat it and soften the decomposing matter, whatever it may be, that causes the odor. Follow this at once, while the pipe is still hot, with the soda solution, and finally

give it another flushing with boiling water. Then pour in a little disinfectant. All sinks should be well flushed with hot water after water containing grease has been poured into the pipes, as it is from the particles of grease that have been left clinging to the pipe that the unhealthy gases generally come.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ADVANCED TOO RAPIDLY.—“How are you getting along, Tom?” asked Professor Marks of Thomas Green, on the occasion of the latter's vacation visit to his old home at Fairhaven.

“Pretty slow,” replied Tom.

“Why, are you not still working for the L. B. & C. Railway?”

“Oh, yes,” replied Tom, “but I guess I am stuck and will stay where I am for the next forty years.”

“Why, what do you mean? I heard you had advanced quite rapidly in the office.”

“Well, that is the trouble,” responded Tom. “When I went to work for the company, I thought I knew too much to remain a simple messenger in the office, so I was exceptionally accommodating and polite to the chief clerk, and when a vacancy occurred above me I used my friends and influence to get the better position. I did my work well, but still thought I should have better pay, and was able to fill a more responsible place in the office, so I spared no effort to get another promotion. A year after I had been with the company I had been promoted five times, and was getting an exceptionally good salary for one of my age and experience.”

“I had heard about that,” responded Professor Marks. “Are you not still occupying that position?”

“Yes, and have been for two years, and that's the trouble. When I had been there a year, owing to the death of one of the men and the illness of the chief clerk and two of the boys being off on their vacations, I was compelled to take charge of the office for a few days. It was there I failed. Matters of which I knew nothing came up for consideration, and my short railroad career had given me no experience to help me out. For three days I struggled with the situation, until everyone in the office knew I was unable to run things. The third day the assistant manager came in, desiring some information which I was unable to give. He was very much surprised, and after asking me several questions, and making some inquiries regarding the details of my work, walked out of the room, and in an hour I was relieved of that work and sent back to my old desk.

“The boys in the office had a good laugh on me, and while no one realized more than myself my inability, it took all the courage I had to remain in the office. Now, not only have my superiors lost confidence in my ability, but I find myself discouraged. Had I been content to go a little slower, and been as anxious to learn the details as I was to get more salary, I would now be better off.”

HARRY NOT A THIEF.—Thaddeus Tompkins, counselor-at-law, occupying rooms 99 and 100 Skyscraper building, New York city, was in a state of mind the reverse of calm and agreeable.

He sat down in his spring-back chair, slammed back the cover of his roll-top desk, and shouted forth the one word:

“Harry!”

“Yes, sir,” responded a frank, boyish face from the adjoining room, and Harry Wilson, a lad of 15, who held the position of office boy to Mr. Tompkins—pushed open the swinging glass door and presented himself before his employer.

“What time did you start for home last night?” demanded Mr. Tompkins, looking up sharply.

“At the usual time—6 o'clock,” was the untruffled reply.

“Did you remain in the office all the time after I left until six?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you have any callers after I went home?”

“Yes; I believe there were three.”

“Who were they?”

“A messenger boy came in with a letter for you, which I signed for and left in the usual place on top of your desk; then Mr. Edwards came in and he said he would like to see you in his office at 10 to-day; I made a memorandum of it and put it under the paper weight with the letter; and the last caller was a stranger who had a model of a new invention that he wanted to show you and see what you thought about getting a patent on it.”

“Did he say who he was or make any appointment to call again?”

“No, he took the model out of his satchel and said at first he would leave it and call to-day and see you after you had looked it over; then he changed his mind and said he was in a hurry to have it attended to and would hunt up some other lawyer.”

“And no one else called?”

“No, sir; those three were all.”

“Well, young man, I'll tell you why I have been asking all those questions. It was raining when I started from home yesterday, so I wore my old storm coat, leaving my best overcoat hanging up in the closet here, with my purse containing about \$15 in one of the pockets. I didn't miss the pocket-book until I reached the ferry, and then I remembered leaving it in my overcoat. Instead of coming back as I ought to have done I borrowed some change and went on home; and now I find I shall have to borrow some more and buy an overcoat; and this isn't the first thing that has disappeared from the closet either. You remember my gold-handled umbrella walked off in the same way about a month ago. Begins to look as if there was a thief somewhere in the building, doesn't it?”

Harry turned pale.

“Are you sure the—the coat is gone?” he stammered.

“Just as sure of it as I am that I am sitting here. And now I'd like to know how you account for it?”

“Perhaps someone has a key that fits the door and—”

“And comes in at night after we are both gone, eh? Not at all likely; and besides, if you remember, the umbrella disappeared while I was out at lunch one noon and you were here all alone.”

Harry colored up. “Yes, I remember that,” said he, “but I don't know how it could have happened. There were several callers in that noon, but I didn't notice any of them near the closet. I will keep a sharper lookout after this.”

“You'd better if you want to keep your job. There is something very mysterious, not to say suspicious, about the disappearance of that umbrella, and overcoat, and if anything of the kind happens again I shall have to let you go. I hate to do it on your mother's account, but—well, don't let it occur again if you value your situation; that's all!”

And having delivered himself of this piece of advice, Thaddeus Tompkins, counselor-at-law, turned to his desk, and began his day's work, leaving his youthful assistant in a decidedly unenviable frame of mind.

Harry Wilson was the only son of a widow in poor circumstances. She had formerly held a position as forewoman in a small cloak factory, but a year before our story opens she had been compelled to give up the place on account of falling health.

Then, though only 14 years of age, Harry had left school and stepped bravely into the breach as the wage-earner of the family.

The greatest calamity that could happen to him, he imagined, would be the loss of his job. He dreaded to even think of such a thing. And to lose it through suspicions of his honesty would make it 10 times worse. How could he ever carry

thing was certain; if he lost his such news home to his mother? One tuation it would be through no fault of his. He had no idea what had become of Mr. Tompkins' umbrella and overcoat, but he made up his mind that nothing more would disappear from that closet—while he was present, at least—without his knowing something about it.

Hereafter it would be part of his business, when his employer was absent, to keep an eye on the door of that closet. In other words, Harry proposed to play the part of detective, and capture the thief if he showed up again; or at least prevent him from stealing anything more and getting him into any further trouble.

That night when Harry was eating his supper, he suddenly asked:

“Mother, do you mind if I stay at the office nights for a week or 10 days? I have something to attend to there evenings for a while, and it will keep me so late I think I'd better do my sleeping there. There's a good leather couch that I can sleep on like a top, but of course I will be up and home in time for breakfast every morning.”

“I don't object to your sleeping there if it is really necessary for you to work so late, Harry,” answered his mother. “But I shouldn't think Mr. Tompkins would require you to work like that.”

“Oh, Mr. Tompkins doesn't require it, mother. I am doing it on my own account,” exclaimed Harry. “It's something special; but I'd rather not tell what it is unless you insist on it.”

“I will not insist; only don't be getting into mischief, Harry.”

As soon as he had eaten his supper Harry went back to the office, and for a number of nights thereafter he slept on the couch near the door, and “kept one eye and both ears open for sneak thieves,” as he expressed it afterward. But somewhat to Harry's disappointment none of these gentry called, and he was finally forced to the conclusion that he was on the wrong scent; that the rogue who had undermined his peace of mind and threatened his job was not a night prowler after all.

So he dropped his nightly vigils and resumed his regular routine of duties, but the warning words, “don't let it occur again, if you value your situation,” kept running in his mind.

More than a month had passed, and Harry was beginning to think that his detective abilities had been expended to little profit, when his vigilance was finally rewarded by having the fish walk right into his net, so to speak.

It happened one day during the noon hour. Mr. Tompkins had just stepped down to the restaurant in the basement, for his lunch, when a stranger opened the door and walked in. He carried his satchel, and Harry's heart jumped into his throat as he recognized him as the same man who had called with the model the day Mr. Tompkins' overcoat had vanished and a pocketbook containing \$15 along with it!

He was wearing an overcoat, which, to Harry's quick eyes, looked suspiciously like the one his employer had lost, though it was somewhat shorter than that, and the velvet collar was of a different shade from that of Mr. Tompkins'.

Harry kept at work copying documents at the letter press in the corner of the room, and although his back was partly turned to the caller, every sense was on the alert and he was keenly alive to all that was going on.

“Mr. Tompkins in?” inquired the stranger, glibly.

“No; he has just stepped out to lunch,” replied Harry.

“Sorry; got a work here I thought he might like to look over,” said

the caller, opening his satchel and taking out a small book.

It struck Harry that the size of the satchel was entirely disproportionate to the size of the book, but he kept at work and said nothing.

“Perhaps I'd better wait for him a few minutes,” went on the caller, helping himself to a chair and sitting down at the farther end of Mr. Tompkins' desk, next to the clothes closet. The desk was now between Harry and the door of the closet, and although the desk completely hid the movements of the stranger and the lower part of the closet door, the upper party was still plainly visible.

Harry kept rattling away at the letter press, apparently too busy to notice anything, but in reality he was watching that door with the vigilance of a cat lying in wait for a mouse.

Presently he saw the top of the door begin to move and swing slowly outward, until it stood half way open. Harry's heart thumped like a trip hammer as he dropped his work and noiselessly glided across the room. He reached the corner of the desk without being heard, and then with a quick spring he slammed the closet door and bolted it, with the enterprising caller snug and safe on the inside.

“What the dickens do you mean?” Let me out or I'll kick the door down!” howled an excited voice from the interior of the closet.

“Guess not,” chuckled Harry. “These doors were not made to be kicked down. Might as well take things easy, Mister. I've just rung the electric bell for the janitor, and if he comes and finds that door kicked down he'll be apt to make trouble for you. Besides you haven't seen Mr. Tompkins yet about that work you wanted him to look over.”

While he was talking, Harry had kept his foot pressed tightly against the door to offset the force of the blows on the other side, and seeing that his struggles were useless the imprisoned man ceased his kicking and tried another tack.

“Say, young fellow,” said he, coaxingly, “I see I'm in a box and I'm willing to pay well to get out of it. Let me out and keep mum and I'll give you five dollars, cash down. What do you say to that?”

“Not for five hundred!” responded Harry promptly. “I've got something at stake in this matter as well as you.”

“I thought you had some sporting blood, but I see you haven't,” growled the voice on the other side of the door.

“Thanks for the compliment,” said Harry, “and now I'd advise you to keep quiet for a minute; I hear someone at the door.”

The newcomer proved to be Harry's employer, returning from lunch.

“Well, Mr. Tompkins, I've found your lost overcoat!” was Harry's greeting as he entered the room.

“Where is it?” inquired Mr. Tompkins, looking around.

“In the closet—wieh a man inside of it!”

“What do you mean?”

“Just what I said. The overcoat is there, and the thief inside of it. He came back after some plunder and I captured him.”

When a policeman was found and the man in the closet brought out and placed under arrest, it was found that Harry's surmise was correct. The overcoat the visitor had on was the very garment stolen from Mr. Tompkins' office six weeks before. It had been fitted with a new collar and altered somewhat to suit the present wearer, but unfortunately for the thief, he had overlooked and omitted to remove the owner's name, which was plainly stamped on the inside of each pocket.

The prisoner, when arraigned, was recognized as a clever sneak thief who was “wanted” by the author-

ities for other jobs; and he is now doing more useful work than he ever did before, with every prospect of steady employment for some years to come. Harry also has before him the pleasing prospect of steady and lucrative employment for many years to come. He has grown greatly in his employer's estimation since the day he captured the sneak thief, and is still growing; and the best of it is, that his salary seems to grow as fast as he does.

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EPISCOPAL If the English-speaking best interests, they would so powerful Catholic papers in work.

NOTES

CONSCIENTIOUS

case of Colonel de St. French officer who was refusing to send the command to assist at the Sisters in charge school, has excited the "Daily Witness," in the punishment that meted out to him. I court martial has reduced credit. According to the respondent of the London he addressed the court "I knew the seriousness of my decision. Yes, should have to appear and undergo your judgment also knew that I should dergo a more serious judgment of God." These are not and it is not astonishing court acquitted him of disobeying his superior was, however, adjudged obeying the prefect who to employ his troops in the Government decree Sisters. His punishment ever, only nominal—a imprisonment, to count by of the trial. He was released at once. The however, animated by petty tyranny which had ed it since its formation ed the conscientious Co retired list. This is a to the prestige of the fession in France. Few any self-respect will be free to do the behests istic prefect who desire display of his brief vic When General Buller in Ireland many years authorities asked him of his soldiers to help carry out a decree of gainst a number of p fortunate tenants. He c to do so; but the Co dream of calling him his refusal. They me things worse in France

RENAN'S MONUMENT

a movement in Brittany erect a monument to t one of France's infidel author of some terrible Renan has left his own literary one, behind his enviable one it is I sought, even by Cana to justify the honoring memory on the ground a magnificent style. was a seductive and en no one is going to d very fact of possessing erary talents, and of r them to undermine spirit of his generation, his condemnation in the tery. He was not ev al writer; he was wors phemed from commence ish. Even Voltaire wr that might stand critic Christian point of view wrote nothing that a could read without fee ment of disgust or ru swelling in his breast. What is becoming of in Catholic Brittany c tters of religious com persecuted and forced b ands, called soldiers o lle, to abandon their h work, their industrious schools, their missions; face of these outrages government smiles upon raising a monument, in Province, to one whose dicated to the destruct ion and the effacing a God. Such a monu