

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

3

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The head of a pony.
A black paint.
To dry.
A fierce animal.
A bird.
Calm.
A tree.
Found in a bird's nest.
The tall of an ape.

6. GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.

- One of the oceans.
- A town in Lancashire.
- Islands on the coast of Asia.
- A city in Holland.
- An island in the Atlantic ocean.
- A town in Cumberland.
- A city in Holland.

7. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in loaf, but not in bread.
My second is in brain, but not in head.

My third is in cat, but not in dog.
My fourth is in branch, but not in log.

My fifth is in song, but not in hymn.

My sixth is in edge, but not in rim.
And my whole is a well-known fruit.

8. BURIED PROVERBS.

Please teach me to make a dress.
Look at the hay in the field.
I will work while you read.
Hark, how the dog barks.
Do not go out in the sun.
How that gold shines and glitters.

9. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

Txe xpxedxuxfxfixa xn xaxtxe xaxlx
Axz xnxwx sxxnixs xlix sxyo:

Xhx lnxk xgxt xhxkxs xcoxs xhs
lxkxs

Axd xhx wxlx cxtxxcx lxaxs xn
xixrx.

Bxox, bxgxse, xlwx, xex txe xixd
xcxos xixig,

Lxw, xuxl; axxex, exhxex, dxixg,
xyxnx, dxixg.

A very simple and very amusing game that requires but little preparation is, "Who am I?" After the guests are all assembled the hostess or person in charge pins securely on the back of each person a slip of paper telling the name of the character which he or she represents. The only knowledge of the players is gained by the comment of the other persons present. As opinions are expressed in a rather different direction, the guessing is often a difficult matter. These slips of paper are generally names of well known authors, actors, characters in literature or local celebrities. If preferred, a prize may be awarded to the person who first guesses his own character, as well as a booby prize to the one who fails to guess his.

8. BEHEADED AND CURTAILED WORDS.

1. A am bird; behead me, and I am pale; behead me again, and I am an article.
2. I am a vehicle; behead me, and I am an animal; behead me again, and I am part of the verb to be.
3. I am a jug; curtail me, and I am a sheep; behead me, and I am a pronoun.
4. I am a rabbie; curtail me, and I am a bird; behead me, and I am a great noise.
5. I am a rubish; behead me, and I am daring; behead me again and I am a tree; curtail me and I am a conjunction.
6. I am to talk; behead me, and I am a head covering; behead me again, and I am a proposition.

4. RIDDLE.

What is the largest revolver known?

5. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals give the names of two celebrated naval commanders.

- An aquatic bird.
- To raise up.
- Egg-shaped.
- Ships.
- Reflection of sound.
- King of beasts.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We had a heavy snow storm here on Thursday, but it did not remain; it was all gone by night. We are having lovely weather now. I think it must be Indian summer. The men are busy ploughing now, as the threshing is nearly over and the potato digging is done. I think my little brother will write to the corner next week. My papa has our new woodshed and kitchen up, and nearly finished. My sister and brother and I go to school nearly every day. I am in the third grade and expect to get in the fourth grade at Christmas. I have a lot of home work to do every night after I come home from school. Well, dear Aunty, as my letter is getting long I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Love to the cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece.

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, Ont.

MILICENT MAY.

Millicent May was very fair,
With violet eyes and golden hair,
And she was gowned with greatest care.

Was Millicent May, my dearie.

She sat in her carriage, nor even bowed.

Her lovely head to the passing crowd,

For she was fair and she was proud.

Was Millicent May, my dearie.

But pride oft endeth in disgrace,

For she fell, she fell and broke her face,

And in oblivion took her place,

Did Millicent May, my dearie.

So by this tale you will agree

That the fate is sad of such as she,

Though but a doll she chanced to be,

Did Millicent May, my dearie.

BERCITA'S HOUSECLEANING.

As I have just finished my home work and have a few spare moments I thought I would write to the corner. We have had a very heavy rain for twenty-four hours, but the rain is over now and it is very cold. There will be lots of apples to pick up now. Autumn is a very busy time for the farmers picking apples and digging potatoes. I wish Lillie T. could come to Lonsdale and visit Agnes McC. and I. How I would love to have her come. I think she must be a nice little girl. I was sorry to hear that Joseph had a sore foot, but I hope it is already better. Well, dear Aunty, as my letter is getting rather long I guess I will close. Hoping to see my letter in print.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, Oct. 9.

enjoyable period if we undertake housecleaning in the practical way suggested by Miss Milburn in our domestic science class."

"Tut! tut! Bercita," chimed in Judge Hepburn from his chair. "Your mother's way of doing things is all right, and beats the new-fangled ways."

"Do you know, papa, my one desire matrimonially is that I may get a husband as loyal to me as you are to mamma?" Bercita laughed. The dimples showed themselves daringly in her cheeks, and she looked so winsome and mischievous that the judge and his wife might be pardoned for the indulgent look each flashed upon her.

"What's the matter with your mother's way?" the judge asked severely, albeit with tender look.

Bercita considered. "Miss Milburn says it is not wise to attempt cleaning more than one room at a time," she began.

"Neither do I, as a rule," Mrs. Hepburn answered smilingly. "But one cannot arrange things exactly as one pleases, when the convenience of outside workers has to be considered."

"Miss Milburn says it can be done," Bercita asserted calmly. "And, anyway, I don't think that house-cleaning should be allowed to interfere with the everyday comforts of the family, particularly the serving of regular meals. So many people, Miss Milburn says, live in a catch-as-you-go way at house-cleaning time."

The judge looked at his wife, a twinkle in his eye. "Polly," he said, "perhaps it is fortunate for Bercita that the summons came for you to go to grandmother. Bercita doubtless will be glad to undertake the cleaning during your absence."

"Why, Nathan! The child is too inexperienced!"

"Oh, mamma, dearest, do let me!" Bercita pleaded. "What's the use of having a fine education if one never has a chance to put it into practice?"

Mrs. Hepburn looked undecided. The judge urged:

"Come, mother, let the fledgling try its wings."

It was finally agreed that Bercita should undertake the cleaning of the house during her mother's absence, with the assistance of Nora, the maid, paper-hangers, painters, and so forth.

Two days after Mrs. Hepburn's departure, the judge called his daughter over the telephone.

"Bercita, I'd like you to come down town and take dinner with me, and go to the orchestra concert afterward," he said.

"Oh, papa, I'm so sorry I can't accept," Bercita answered regretfully. "The fact is, I had to let the paper-hangers begin to-day or wait for them until next week. Ask Cousin Loretta in my place. And don't come home to dinner, papa. Nora and I haven't a minute for cooking. Good-by, dear."

It was well for Bercita's pride that she did not see the twinkle in her father's eye as he hung up the receiver. When the judge let himself indoors with the latch-key that night it was well again for Bercita that she did not see her father's face as he groped his way through the piled-up furniture in the hall.

Early the next morning, the judge was routed out of a sound sleep by unwonted sounds in the next room. He arose hurriedly, slipped into his bathrobe, and stepping into the hall, encountered his daughter enveloped in a sweeping cap and huge checked apron.

"Good morning, papa, dear. Hurry and get dressed, won't you? I'm having the calminers come early because—" Bercita's voice died away as she dived into a closet, from which she emerged presently her arms laden with clothes. The

floor he got down on his hands and knees and helped me. He found it first. He is a very nice man, papa, don't you think so?"—South Bend Times.

He was asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message.

"This is my message to you, boys," said Sir Frederick:

"Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance and determination. The best motto for a long march is 'Don't grumble. Plug on.' You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger."

The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap jack crying his own paltry wafres.

It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness.

Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open downs. Keep clean body and mind."

sight of his dress-suit trailing on the floor induced the judge to make a hasty movement to rescue it. But his daughter whisked it out of his reach, tossing it over her shoulder as she disappeared in the next room.

"Thank you, I don't need any help. Do hurry, papa. Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes—just coffee and toast this morning."

The judge gasped. When had his absent housekeeper ever suffered him to depart on a breakfast of merely coffee and toast, even in the thickness of house-cleaning time? The judge dressed and went down to the mockery of breakfast and then beat a hasty retreat.

For two days, when at home, the judge lived, breathed and had his being in house-cleaning activities.

Delayed meals, "pick-ups" at that,

disturbed papers, mislaid books, appeals for assistance with refractory nails and hoots that his daughter's fingers could not conquer, were only a few of the minor discomforts he had to endure. But the third day the enemy was routed. The judge came home to find his daughter lying on the lounge, her head tied up,

two of her fingers swathed in cotton, and her right foot bandaged.

"Don't be alarmed, papa," said a voice that vainly strove to be cheery.

"I've only sprained my ankle, hammered two fingers and worked up a headache. You've been very patient and—"

"The voice trembled and broke. Bercita pushed the bandage higher. "Papa, who don't you pronounce judgment, and tell me I've made a fool of myself, going at things hammer-and-tongs fashion? You must, when you think of mamma's gentle—"

"Poor little girl!" the judge said, in his least judicial tones.

And then Bercita broke down entirely. Presently she said:

"It all comes of my setting up to know more than mamma. And what hurts most is to think I can't set foot on the floor, and she'll be so disappointed when she comes home and finds such a house."

"She sha'n't, dear," the judge said. "She'll get Mrs. Moloney to come and help Nora put things straight. I shouldn't wonder if we could get Latham's man to lend a helping hand, too, with the rugs and windows."

"Papa, I've had my lesson," Bercita said solemnly. Then she added the next minute, the old mischievous look in her eyes as she reached up and patted her father's cheek. "And I'm more resolved than ever that he'll have to be a man exactly like you."

A MESSAGE.

Perhaps some boys remember hearing about the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who operated on King Edward some time ago when he was ill.

He was asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message.

"This is my message to you, boys," said Sir Frederick:

"Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance and determination. The best motto for a long march is 'Don't grumble. Plug on.'

You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger."

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As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open downs. Keep clean body and mind."

FOUND POPE NICE PLAYMATE.

The 5-year-old daughter of "Dan" V. Hanna, of Cleveland, son of the late Senator Hanna, came from Europe with her mother the other day, declaring Pope Pius X. is a fine playmate. During her stay in Rome Mrs. Hanna had a special audience with the Pope and took her little daughter along. At the termination of the audience Mrs. Hanna withdrew. In the ante-chamber she missed her daughter. Retracing her steps she was amazed to find the head of the Catholic Church on his hands and knees with the child in a similar position, both searching for something.

"Why, papa," she said, in describing her experience at the Gotham home on her return. "I lost my medal and went back after it. I told the nice old gentleman about it. He shook his head like he understood,

and when I began to look on the

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CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

LABOUCHERE'S VIEWS ON IRISH SITUATION.

Labouchere, the distinguished and lively journalist of London, is just now saying that it is only a matter of time when Ireland will have its own parliament in Dublin. He is also of opinion that were the question voted on to-morrow by the people of the two kingdoms, Home Rule would be granted easily. The work of Gladstone has had this result. It has educated the people up to the point of common sense. They have been saying for a long time in English fashion: If the Irish want a parliament for local affairs, why let them have it. It may indeed be taken for granted that they would vote the institution to-morrow cheerfully. The question of greater import which would then arise would be: What will a parliament do for Ireland?

There can be no question of its usefulness. It would do a great deal for the country. It would pave the way and find the means for better things. But would it solve the real difficulties in the path of Ireland's progress? We put so much faith nowadays in representative government that most people are ready to say at once that a parliament in Dublin would settle all Irish grievances. The power to make the laws is certainly a noble one in opportunity. Unfortunately there are other laws, not made in parliaments, which go on working in spite of the laws of parliaments. It is a serious question if they would not go on doing mischief for a century after Home Rule enlivened Dublin with a parliament.

Far more important at this moment to the Irish nation than any other matter whatever is the retention of the people on their own soil. The political agitation and the great reforms of the past fifty years do not seem to have affected one iota that disastrous outpouring of the race. It is only a question of time when Ireland will be actually depopulated if the drain continues. Will a Dublin Parliament find the means to stop it? Take a look at Canada before you answer. Here is one of the noblest regions of the globe, finely governed, happily administered, with a form of government modeled on this republic, a general parliament and provincial parliaments; yet every year it loses its surplus population to the United States.

Why? Because the centers of industry, the best wages and salaries, the greater opportunities are to be found in the United States and it is also very easy to reach them. No number of parliaments, no laws can hinder that condition. The Irish are leaving Ireland because Ireland is no longer endurable. Political, social, financial, educational conditions are better there than ever before; yet the people go to Scotland and Australia and America and Canada just the same. Evidently the cause

is economic, aided, too, by sentiment. The prizes for energy are thought to lie in America, where also the majority of the Irish race is settled. The Irish leaders will have to change the sentiment and shift the economic center of gravity before they can keep the people at home.

No parliament will do that or can do it. The National party can help to do it, national movements of any kind will help, the opening of factories and mines will help, but it will take a tremendous effort on the part of the race to heal the breach. It is sad to think that at the moment Home Rule is arriving in Dublin the great panacea should be only a minor factor in the great problem. Still, Irishmen can hope that it will aid greatly to save the race from extinction in Ireland.

FRENCH BISHOPS WILL NOT SUBMIT.

The text of the letter drawn up by the French hierarchy at their recent plenary meeting in Paris and read on September 28 in all the churches of France has been translated into English and shows that the French Bishops are as emphatic as the Holy Father in their absolute rejection of the "worship associations" and their determination to suffer any hardship rather than submit to the conditions imposed on the Church by the government.

The constitution of the Church, the Bishops point out in their very clear and trenchant pronouncement, has as its essential basis the authority of the hierarchy, divinely instituted by Jesus Christ. The Church is a society governed by its pastors, of whom the Pope is the chief, and to whom alone belongs the right of regulating everything that touches the exercise of religion. Now, the law of separation seeks to impose on the Church in our country, by the sole authority of the civil power, a new organization. It declares that it will recognize, for the exercise of divine worship, only associations of citizens forming and governing themselves at their own discretion according to statutes of their own choice, which they will always be legally entitled to modify. If the necessary principle of the Catholic hierarchy seems to be implicitly contained in one of the articles of this law, it is only indicated in vague and obscure terms, while it is too clearly disregarded in another article, which in cases of conflict leaves the final decision to the Council of State—that is to say, to the civil power. This would be to give the Church what would be equivalent to a lay constitution. Pius X. has condemned it, and was bound to do so. He has decreed that the Associations Cultuelles, as the law establishes them, cannot possibly be formed without violating the sacred rights which pertain to the very life of the Church.

PRINCE-PRIEST TOOK UP COLLECTION.

What but the Catholic religion could show such a spectacle as this: a prince of a reigning German house preaching and collecting in a French church in the French capital for the faithful of Alsace-Lorraine?

Such was the scene witnessed recently in the Church of St. Lawrence Paris, when H.R.H. Prince Max, of Saxony, once a tireless worker for the poor in the Far East of London, the brother of the present King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, spoke in favor of the missions of St. Joseph to help the needy in Alsace-Lorraine, and to assure them the aids of religion. The five aisles of the church were filled, and the prince-priest himself made the collection, a very good one.

The same writer was afterwards received in audience by the Secretary of State, His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val. Speaking of the divisions in the French camp, he said:

"We find ourselves in presence of two parties of absolute 'intransigence'—the Monarchists would desire that the Holy See should condemn the Republicans; these do not pardon the Pope for not putting down the Monarchists. Now the Holy See cannot do this, because it should not mix itself up with internal politics; Monarchists and Republicans count in their ranks eminent Catholics full of merit, and who have rendered great service to the Church. All have a right to the same solicitude and benevolence."

Speaking of the law of Separation the Cardinal added:

"We have several times declared that it is necessary to distinguish the Government from the French nation; if to the Government the Holy See has given proof of the greatest longanimity, what pledge of affection has it not given to the French nation? Look, for example, at the question of the protectorate; every day the religious complain of being no longer protected; we have said to all of them, and we have repeated it, that our thought is for the French. It has been said that even I do not love the French. Why should I not love them? Before being called by the will of the Holy Father to this office I was not in diplomacy, as has been asserted; I exercised a purely Apostolic ministry. Nothing, then, could detach me from your country, where I count many friends. In the present circumstances the Holy See is constrained to act in the way you know. Some have dared to say that the Pope would yield at the end, constrained to that by the financial question: that is an infamy. The Head of the Church may let a finger be cut off, a hand, an arm even; he may allow himself to be completely despoiled, and live in absolute poverty, but he cannot ever allow his head to be cut off: he could not ever traffic on the principles of the ecclesiastical hierarchy; he absolutely has not the right to do that."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Gaulois printed an interview which its correspondent at Rome had with Pope Pius X. on the Church and State separation law, which quotes the Pontiff as saying:

"It is not I who condemn the law, but Christ, of whom the Pope is simply the Vicar. The Saviour granted the Church a Constitution and a Doctrine against which no human law can prevail. The Separation law is contrary to Catholic doctrine and opposed to Divine rulings, is an unjust law and therefore carries no obligation to obey it."

The Pontiff said that he had only done his duty as commanded by the moral well-being of the Church, which exacted respect for the doctrines of the Church confided to his care.

"Providence," the Pope continued, "will decide the future and fix the mundane consequences. My resolution was taken in pursuance to the will of God. I await Providence to make His designs manifest."

The Pontiff further declared with great firmness that his veto would remain absolute while the French Chamber refused to modify the law in accordance with the Catholic dogma, and concluded:

"It is not necessary for the government to surrender. Surrender

victorious enemy, and the Pope applies the name of 'enemy' to no one in France. If the legislators committed an error in good faith and will acknowledge it, they will find nowhere a more conciliatory spirit than at Rome. If they deliberately seek war they will find themselves confronted by the defender of Christ, animated by supreme energies."

It is pleasant to record in the midst of so much that is distressing in Church affairs in France, that according to Parisian papers every Sunday at about 10 o'clock, a handsome closed brougham sets down at doors of St. Sulpice the wife of the President of the French Republic and Mme. Fallières, who attend Mass with the utmost piety. This being the case, why does President Fallières punish poor postmen because they allow their wives and children to go to Mass and sometimes go to church themselves? M Fallières was particularly odd in his declarations on religious matters when at Marseilles. He congratulated the government on its vigorous action and assured his colonial guests that he intended "that the ancient faiths of the aborigines should be respected and that nothing should be said or done to diminish the faith of the natives in their ancient beliefs." So here is President Fallières sending his own wife and child to Mass, preventing soldiers, sailors and others functionaries from going to Church, and affirming that the "ancient beliefs of savages would be respected!"

It appears from a calculation just published that the new General of the Society of Jesus, Father Francis Xavier Wernz, is the 25th occupant of that very important office, and the third who belonged to Germany. Amongst his 24 predecessors there were 5 Spaniards, 3 Belgians, 2 Germans, 1 Hollander, 1 Swiss, 1 Pole, and 11 Italians, two of whom were Romans. No Frenchman nor Englishman nor Irishman has yet been raised to that great office.

The fact that the new General is a German created some annoyance in France among those who are engaged in persecuting the Church in that country. A writer in the "Figaro" interviewed Father Brucker, a French Jesuit, who, in response to his questions, said:

"Our Fathers have for their only rule that of fixing their choice on the Father professed of the Society—whatever his native country may be—who seems to them to possess in the highest degree the qualities required for the supreme and heavy charge in question, according to the constitutions of St. Ignatius—prudence, wisdom, firmness without harshness: in one word, the qualities of government and, what is understood, profound virtue."

Several other religious orders have Germans as Generals, such as the Carmelites of the Observance, the Friars Minor, the Conventuals, and one may add, the Capuchins, whose General belongs to German-speaking Switzerland.

President Suspenders. Style, com-

fort, service: 50c everywhere.

A Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection... 8s 6d.

No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader.

Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings.

There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened.

I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mis-

sion, opened by the Bishop of North-

ampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, ne-

cessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the

OLIBENTES of ST. ANTHONY OF

PADUA readily come to the assis-

tance of poor, struggling Friends.

May I not hope that they will, too,

be sympathetic and pitying eyes upon

me in my struggle to establish an

outpost of the Catholic Faith in this

—so far as the Catholic Faith is con-

cerned—in the region?

May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your

good-will, will supply me with

the means to carry out my pur-

pose?

With thanks, I remain,

Yours truly,

John J. O'Connor.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

RETREAT AT FRIARY CHURCH.

On Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, the opening exercises of the retreat for gentlemen at the Friary Church will take place.

REQUIEM FOR FATHER STRUBBE

To-morrow at 8 o'clock there will be a requiem at St. Ann's Church for the late regretted Father Strubbe, offered by the League of the Sacred Heart.

MGR. BEGIN.

A despatch from Rome says that His Grace Archbishop Begin will be raised to the Cardinalate at the next consistory, which will be held in November or December.

L.C.B.A. WILL HOLD FIRST EUCHRE.

The first euchre of the Ladies' Catholic Benefit Association will be held next Monday evening, the 22nd, inst., at 8 o'clock, in St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street.

FRANCISCAN FATHERS WILL OFFICIATE.

At Cote des Neiges cemetery on Sunday next, the 20th inst., the Franciscan Fathers will preach the Way of the Cross at 8 o'clock, at which all who can are invited to assist.

EMPEROR OF IRELAND.

The prominent Irishmen of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto propose presenting a large handsome marine clock to the Empress of Ireland, as a testimonial to Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy. The clock is, we understand, now being made and will be presented on the steamer's next trip, toward the end of this month.

SILLERY CELEBRATES 50TH ANNIVERSARY.

The parish of St. Columba de Sillery, near Quebec, celebrated the 50th anniversary of its foundation on Saturday and Sunday. The present church was completed and opened in 1856, under the pastorate of the late Father Harkin. Father A. E. Maguire, the present parish priest, was appointed 15 years ago, and during his charge of the parish, he has reduced the debt of \$13,000, which he found on the church, to \$6000, besides having installed a new peal of bells costing \$2,000.

The golden jubilee of the parish was inaugurated on Saturday night by a reunion of old and present parishioners, and their friends, in the school hall. Among others occupying seats were Sir Louis Jetté, His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Begin, Father Maguire, Messrs. W. M. Dobell, Wm. Power, M.P., Hon. John Sharples, M.L.C., occupied the chair.

The event of the evening was the address delivered by the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and a son of the parish. His address was largely an account of the earliest history of Sillery under the French regime, and a tribute to the zeal of its Jesuit and other early settlers. As an instance of the good feeling between the Protestants and Catholics of the parish he referred to the generosity of the late Hon. R. R. Dobell, a Protestant, in erecting the monument at Sillery to the Jesuit missionary, Father Massé.

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University of Ottawa.

The following letter appeared in Ottawa Evening Journal:

Editor Journal:—I have read the recently published brochure with reference to Ottawa University, which by the way, I knew absolutely nothing of until after it was distributed through the mail. I have read Mr. Vincent's letter in the Journal in answer to it and I have talked over the question of the alleged "Frenchification" of the University with officials of the university of both parties. As a result it has occurred to me that something might be done to settle the question forever in a manner agreeable to both sides.

As a former student of the university and one deeply interested in the education of the children of my Catholic fellow-countrymen, whether they be English-speaking or French-speaking, I consider this most desirable. The best interests of the university have been seriously prejudiced by the strife which has arisen out of this question during the past few years, and the sooner the matter is settled the better for all. I therefore take the liberty in the interests of peace and harmony among my co-religionists and of the betterment of Catholic higher education in this province, of suggesting a compromise of the university question which I venture to think should be acceptable to all fair-minded men, English-speaking or French-speaking. Let the University of Ottawa be an examining and degree granting body only, without any lecturing staff whatever, and let there be two separate colleges affiliated with it, one for the English and one for the French. Call them, if you like, St. Joseph's College, and the College du Sacré Coeur, and let the priests of each college have charge of the church bearing the name of his college. Each college would prepare students for the University examinations as is done by the numerous colleges affiliated with Toronto University. This scheme is also followed by a number of colleges affiliated with Laval. There are several besides the institutions at Montreal and Quebec, for instance the English-speaking St. Dunstan's College in Prince Edward Island. In England, too, the London University was for many years until quite recently an examining and degree-granting body only, without any course of studies or lecturing staff whatever. The well-known Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, which is many miles from London, prepares its students for the examinations of London University. In Ireland the Royal University is an examining and degree-granting body only and students of several colleges are prepared for the examinations. Doubtless other similar instances could be cited.

"I recommend to your prayers a native of Dublin, a member of St. Patrick's parish for seventy years, a sterling Christian, a loyal Catholic, woman of great personal merit and a mother that exercised no inconsiderable influence over children who reflect lustre upon our country, our race and creed. May her soul rest in peace."

The body was received by Rev. Dr. Callaghan. The celebrant of the Mass was Father Martin Callaghan, assisted by Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R., pastor of St. Ann's, as deacon, and Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., as sub-deacon. The last ceremonies at the cemetery and grave were performed by Rev. Dr. Callaghan. Priests present at the service were: Very Rev. Canon Dauth, Vice-Rector Laval University; Very Rev. Father O'Bryan, S.J., Rector Loyola College; Rev. Fathers Garneau, S.J., O'Reilly, chaplain Hotel Dieu; McDonald, St. Mary's; Callahan, St. Agnes; Killoran and Hernan, St. Patrick's.

SILLERY CELEBRATES 50TH ANNIVERSARY.

The parish of St. Columba de Sillery, near Quebec, celebrated the 50th anniversary of its foundation on Saturday and Sunday. The present church was completed and opened in 1856, under the pastorate of the late Father Harkin. Father A. E. Maguire, the present parish priest, was appointed 15 years ago, and during his charge of the parish, he has reduced the debt of \$13,000, which he found on the church, to \$6000, besides having installed a new peal of bells costing \$2,000.

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Father Barnard Vaughan Concludes his Exposure of the so-called Smart Set.

(London Catholic Times.)

Father Bernard Vaughan delivered the fifth of his series of sermons on the "Sins of Society" to a large congregation at the Jesuit Church, Farm street, on Sunday last, taking as his special subject "The Magdalen in Mayfair." The reverend gentleman said he could not hope to answer the thousand and one letters that people had been kind enough to write to him, and his denunciation of the sins of the fast smart set was not meant to include all people who were smart. No one was more proud than he of the real old aristocracy of England. It formed a class unsurpassed by none in England for its grand traditions, its high standard of morality and its blameless social life.

Father Vaughan asked his congregation to consider the circumstances of a girl brought up in the smart set. What chance had girl born of worldly parents of living a virtuous life worthy of her sex? A child's first school-room ought to be its mother's arms, wherein she should imbibe all that was needed for the sustenance and development not of her body only, but of her soul also. But a girl of the class to which he referred was not taught to know our Divine Lord, while her only idea of sin was that of doing something for which she would be slapped. When on stated occasions she did come downstairs, it was most probably to display her fine limbs, her fine curls or her finer clothes. The spiritual side of her character was untilled soil. She might take up some of the natural ornaments of life, and might know enough of German and French to create a vicious taste for its romantic literature, but what most of all she had grown had been a love of admiration, and so of dress, perhaps of dress disgustingly decolleté.

He would not find fault with smart women for wearing smart gowns, nor for making use of artificial aids to beauty. "Once you cross the threshold of society," said Father Vaughan, "you know, with the poet, 'things are not what they seem,' nor persons either."

Returning to the Magdalen, whose parents he would suppose were as yet merely in the vestibule of the enchanted castle wherein dwelt the fast smart set, he went on to show how simply superhuman efforts were made by the parents to cross the threshold. He could remember the old-fashioned days when chairs were hired for guests. To-day we hired guests for the chairs. It was an age of hirelings. How sad it was that men and women who would not even dream of humbling themselves to enter the kingdom of heaven would lick the very dust of the floor to have their names, and their names only, associated with hired guests who did not want to know them.

"Many times," continued the preacher, "I have had handsome sums offered me on the condition of my introducing certain persons to a certain set. On one occasion the applicant was a vulgarian whom I could only introduce to the door. She told me that if I would not take her money others would. I see from the papers that she was right. Nothing, perhaps, has done more to bring down—not to say to vulgarize—the grand but simple traditions, habits and tastes of our English nobility and aristocracy than this vulgar influx of vulgar people, whose only merit is their wealth, which, from all accounts, is not always meritiously theirs."

"Meanwhile," he continued, "our Magdalen, wearied with an incessant round of frivolities, becomes engaged. She knows that she has been flung at her fiance, and that he has closed with the bribe because he wanted not her love, but her money." Her downfall and death were then described, and Father Vaughan went on to emphasize how different

this poor woman's career might have been had her rich and worldly parents started her in life with principles and practices of religion. Then she would have had an interpretation ready to hand of the sufferings and sorrows that had crushed in upon her life, making it a misery. She would have known, too, how to respond to the voice of God pleading with her to come back to Him, in whom alone is refreshment and rest. When the soul was sick unto death it could be revived and strengthened by religion only. The great lesson was that life was not a garden party, but a drill ground; not a drawing-room, but a schoolroom, where the true character was to be developed under the discipline of suffering and sorrow.

This, for the present, said Father Vaughan, was his concluding discourse on the sins of society, and he would direct his congregation's attention to a few points. In the first place he found fault with the up-to-date parents, who gave their daughters liberty to go where and with whom they chose. Was it prudent or right or even fair for parents, after an elaborate dinner and an adjournment to a somewhat questionable play, and a supper at some restaurant, to allow their daughters to be driven home by young men who had been paying them attention during the evening?

"Human nature," he said, "being constituted as it is, these tremendous liberties between young people that are now countenanced by the smart set are fraught with consequences that are only too often as shocking as they are inevitable. It is no easy thing to keep sweet and clean and good when shielded from harm. What then, must happen to the bloom and beauty of our country when they are tossed into the arms of men whose passions are raging like a mob?"

"Not only in London, but in country houses also, parents are to blame. Ought not young ladies to return to their rooms when their mothers bid the company good-night? Surely the horse-play and bear fighting between men and girls at bed-time has sprung up of late years in some fast country houses and end only in the same disastrous way as the home drivings after supper to which I have referred. I venture to hope and pray that this coarse romping and these illicit intimacies between the sexes may be stamped out of existence and denounced unmercifully by both host and hostess in every Christian home in England. Thank God, nothing that I have here condemned have I ever seen in the typical homes of the best people in this dear, dear land."

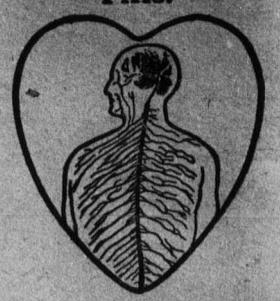
Father Vaughan concluded with the remark that he was gratified to notice that the energetic and enterprising Bishop of London was making use of his great and responsible position to denounce the life of irreligion, luxury and frivolity that characterized section of the great Protestant community of England. He hoped that from every Christian pulpit in the land a crusade might be preached against the self-centered materialism of the day. Let them not forget that the return must be like the return of the prodigal to his own true self—"Know thyself, fight thyself, conquer thyself" for God, King and country."

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots and herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney complaints and in giving tone to the system whether enfeebled by overwork or deranged through excesses in living. They require no testimonial. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend themselves to dyspeptics and those subject to biliousness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

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MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.

Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes as follows:— "I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON EMIGRATION

The following views of Cardinal Gibbons upon the subject of emigration have just been published here.

"The great curse to the Irish people in this country is the fact that they have been dumped upon our towns and cities and have remained there. A small proportion of the Irish people, especially those of the more comfortable sort, had the good fortune to escape from New York and the other great cities of the coast, and to pursue their way to Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and other western States, where they engaged in agricultural pursuits; and now they are steady and comfortable, and an honor to the land of their fathers. There is a very large percentage of the descendants of Irish emigrants settled in Iowa especially, and also in Illinois.

"If some organization could be established in Ireland to effect the purchase of tracts of land in our Western country, and even in our Eastern—Maryland, for example—and bring thrifty Irish emigrants to settle there, it would be the greatest blessing that could accrue to the children of Ireland. But it should be done systematically. Purchase the land—make a great purchase of land—have discreet and honest agents for the purpose, and the settlers would become useful and honorable citizens of this country. They might not attain colossal wealth, but they would achieve a competency.

Of course, I would prefer to see them remain where they are, but if they are to come to this country, let them come in this manner.

The towns are to be avoided. Politics and drink are great temptations to our people in the towns."

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land for each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his home, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY.
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

EVEN THE HEBREWS DO THIS

James R. Randall, writing in the Catholic Columbian of Cleveland, contrasts the apathy of Catholics generally towards the Catholic press with the generous support given by the Jews in New Orleans and elsewhere to their organs. Says Mr. Randall:

"The Rich Jews uphold their paper, whether they read it or not, whether they are orthodox or agnostic, and they advertise in it freely. Do Catholics support their papers with the same zeal as subscribers or advertisers? The best Catholic paper I know at one time was owned by a Protestant who let Catholics run it to suit themselves. He never interfered with them, but furnished the sinews of war like a prince."

I understand that the Jews are engaged in the manufacture and sale of Catholic articles. Possibly they may some day finance some poor Catholic papers, just as the Pope is said to have entrusted his finances to a Hebrew banker, and a priest once told me that the children of Israel held mortgages on some of the most magnificent churches of the Eternal City. It would seem that some of the shrewdest, best and most practical Catholics in commerce, trade and the professions imagine that a Catholic paper is run on the business side by supernatural agency instead of the ordinary rules of finance."

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NO MATTER WHERE LOCATED

Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly

for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't waste time today describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

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any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere,

at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

DAVID P. TAFF.

THE LAND MAN.

416 Kansas Avenue,

TOPEKA, KANSAS

POPE LEO'S BODY

The details of the solemn translation of the remains of the late Pope from the Church of St. Peter's to the Basilica of St. John at the Lateran have been arranged by the Vatican authorities with the Italian officials. All the Catholic societies of Rome and all the colleges, seminaries and religious orders will send representatives to the ceremony.

The procession will start at night from the Vatican and march four miles to the Church of St. John. Everyone taking part in the ceremony will carry a lighted torch, and a hearse, drawn by four white horses will carry the coffin containing the remains of Leo XIII. to their permanent resting place. Cardinal Rampolla, as Archpriest of the Vatican Basilica, will make the formal transfer of the remains to Cardinal Satolli, Archpriest of the Lateran, and the parish priest of St. Peter's will join in the last rites with the parish priest of St. John's.

The route of the procession will be entirely lined with troops and police to prevent a repetition of the outrage on the occasion when the body of Pope Pius IX. was transferred to the Church of St. Lorenzo some years ago. The transfer is to take place before the end of October. On the night appointed for the ceremony all the canons of St. Peter's and St. John's will assemble in the Vatican basilica, where the dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Oreglia, will have the coffin removed from its temporary tomb and will make a formal identification of the remains, which will be witnessed by the Papal notaries.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

NY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting the line—

not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

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EVEN THE HEBREWS DO THIS

James R. Randall, writing in the Catholic Columbian of Cleveland, contrasts the apathy of Catholics generally towards the Catholic press with the generous support given by the Jews in New Orleans and elsewhere to their organs. Says Mr. Randall:

"The Rich Jews uphold their paper, whether they read it or not, whether they are orthodox or agnostic, and they advertise in it freely. Do Catholics support their papers with the same zeal as subscribers or advertisers? The best Catholic paper I know at one time was owned by a Protestant who let Catholics run it to suit themselves. He never interfered with them, but furnished the sinews of war like a prince."

I understand that the Jews are engaged in the manufacture and sale of Catholic articles. Possibly they may some day finance some poor Catholic papers, just as the Pope is said to have entrusted his finances to a Hebrew banker, and a priest once told me that the children of Israel held mortgages on some of the most magnificent churches of the Eternal City. It would seem that some of the shrewdest, best and most practical Catholics in commerce, trade and the professions imagine that a Catholic paper is run on the business side by supernatural agency instead of the ordinary rules of finance."

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THE CHOICE

A Story of the Royal Academy

From the little window one could see the gray mystery of the river. Lights like muffled stars showed on its bosom. Below—for the flat lay under the roof with a climb of five flights of stairs up—below and a little to the left the placid length of Cheyne Walk was dotted with lamps.

At the upright grand sat Estelle Trevor. A fire blazed in the grate, now illuminating the silver set out on the black oak table, now lighting up the blue china on the quaint old dresser, now bringing into sudden prominence the old prints on the walls, but oftentimes caressing the red-gold of the singer's hair. The artist sat, clasping his knees, staring out at the twilight.

"Beautiful," he murmured, as Estelle finished. "Brahma—I love him," she answered. "He makes the heart sing. You are tired, Paul?"

Paul Warden smiled into the fire-light. "Luxuriously tired. I have worked hard the last fortnight, and now the picture is finished—think of it, Estelle, finished! It was a grind—finished to-day by superhuman energy, and to-morrow is sending-in day. A race against time, eh? But I am satisfied. I shall never do better work. It is really good. I have no conceit—you know that, Estelle—but a man must be conscious of the worth of his work, so why not declare it? This was an inspiration."

"And you will not let me see it?" "No." "You shall see it in Burlington House or not at all. . . . If it's on the line—I really don't see why it shouldn't be if I have fair play—if it's on the line and a success it will mean so much to me." He turned and looked at her. He had never spoken plainly—he had little money, and she had none beyond what she earned as a fairly successful singer—but had hinted so markedly that she was fully aware of his admiration. "It is sure to be a success," she said.

"The Burlington gang encourage mediocrity—it is their safeguard," he answered. "But I have hopes. I want it to be a success, a big, unmistakable success, because—he did not finish his sentence. As a matter of fact there was no need for it. Estelle could easily supply the unspoken words.

In the pause that followed the door opened and a man was ushered in by a servant. Estelle welcomed him warmly. Paul rose stiffly.

Hugh McWhinnie was the youngest academician. Rather a sound painter than a brilliant one, his indomitable perseverance had been early rewarded. He was now only a little over forty years of age, a big, strong-faced man, growing a little gray at the temples. A year or so before Warden, as a student, had painted in his studio, but now both men were conscious of something approaching rivalry. McWhinnie had been a friend of Estelle's father, and when Estelle, flushed with the possession of a certificate of merit from the Royal Academy of Music, commenced her career as a contralto, his friendship and energetic aid smothered many difficulties.

"Ah, Warden," McWhinnie, R.A., said. "Resting after your labors? You are sending in, of course?"

"One canvas. I cannot expect to have more than one accepted. I am unknown and you academicians and associates monopolize so much space."

"Much better occupied by others, eh? We do not all exercise our prerogative, though. I am sending in one only."

"Only one?" Estelle asked, in some surprise.

"I have sent three to Germany, and two sitters—portraits—objected to exhibition. I gave in. They are unlikely, and such common sense in women was to be encouraged."

Warden drifted away quickly. He invariably did when McWhinnie was present. He was a little intolerant of the older man's material prosperity, and viewed his intimacy with Estelle unfavorably. Paul Warden was as common to youth—Sultanic in his attitude toward women. That his wife should earn money for herself and not be entirely dependent upon him was an intolerable thought. It was that attitude which made him refrain from speaking to Estelle. In the meantime the presence of a wealthy man—McWhinnie made an excellent income from portrait-painting—was disconcerting.

It was almost inconceivable that youth and beauty should choose mediocrity and middle age, but Paul acknowledged the power of money with the frank cynicism of youth. Even might it weigh against him and his genius in the eyes of Estelle?

McWhinnie smiled rather sadly as Warden left. Of late, Estelle remembered with wonderment, some ghost of sorrow lay hid in his whimsical smile.

"Ambition holds our friend in thrall," he said. "A colossal ambition! When he sets it forth in such palaces in Spain, why envy me my little Burlington House? But rave and roar at us for mere foot-rules of art as they will, sending-day sees all the revolutionaries represented. Paul Warden has talent, though."

"More than that, Guardy," she said, enthusiastically. He winced a little at her affectionate name. Two years ago, when he first buttonholed acquaintances and insisted upon their helping Estelle for the sake of his dead friend, her father, the playful adoption of him as guardian was pleasant. Now it measured a chasm of years between them.

"Yes, more than that," he acknowledged. "He is full of imagination," she continued eagerly. "He has the immortal fire of genius! He is untrammelled by tradition!"

"It is really remarkable how heroically he discards all rules."

The spirit of the classical school shone in the acid tones.

"You will not see," she complained. "I think your judgment is unduly harsh towards him. Are not rules made merely for the guidance of mediocrities?"

"The informing spirit of the Academy?" He smiled again with that ghost of sorrow lurking in it. "You are an ardent disciple. That sentence smacks of Warden. Young spirits would plunge us into chaos—surely above all others painting should not be formless? Besides, when you are master of all rules you may venture to break them—not before." He was horribly conscious that he was dogmatizing in a thoroughly middle aged way.

"He has youth and the eagerness of youth," she insisted.

"Yes." The fire flicker played on her hair, her eyes shone luminously, in the twilight, her eager face was now illuminated, now in the shadow, a state of sweet tantalization. And all its eagerness was for Paul Warden.

"I am so anxious for Paul to succeed. It means so much to him, so very much."

"Yes. But to no one else?" The sentence was almost interrogatory.

"I don't know," she answered. It was truthful enough. She was not sure herself. Her small triumph, her serious worship, could not continue if—These shadowy thoughts framed her answer, although she saw in McWhinnie's sentence only a reference to Paul's lack of relatives.

"I am on the hanging committee," McWhinnie said abruptly.

"Then—Oh, Guardy, if Paul could realize his dreams? No, no, I am not trying to suborn you. You are adamant, I know. So are you all, all adamant men." But—she will cry out upon me again for discipleship—but he is so fearful of not getting fair play. He is quite sure of the merit of his picture."

"He would be," McWhinnie said grimly.

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R." he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast, and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs—the roots of the disease.

"It is not," he said. "I have known it for a long time."

"I have no fear of him. You will have fair play. Hugh is an honest man—there is no room in his soul for any meanness."

"But you don't know—" He broke off abruptly.

"What is your picture called?" she asked, more to break an intolerable silence than in any hope of hearing what he had before scrupulously refrained from telling her. "You have not told me—purposely so, I think."

"Yes, purposely so." His voice

was dejected. "You may know now. It is called 'The Choice'."

"The Choice!" she whispered. There was a world of suggestion in the title. She caught at it quickly—it was curious that she had been so fully aware of Paul's devotion and yet blind to McWhinnie's love. Now there was to be a choice. Was there? Paul's handsome face, glowing with feeling, with life, with passion, blotted out the stronger, plainer features of the elder man.

"Paul Warden's picture, 'The Choice,' was hung on the line, to the astonishment of many. It is not often that a young artist is so distinguished. A hundred reasons were assigned, all wrong. Influence was hinted at darkly. Success let loose a flood of jealousies. But Paul needed nothing, treading on air. All was right for him in the best of all possible worlds.

Going home to his studio—it was a large one now, built out from a handsome house in quite a fashionable quarter of Kensington—he musted somewhat bitterly on the selfishness of the picture.

"I want you to see it alone. Why? A whim—you will understand when you see it. I shall go away now—I must walk. I'm in a fever. And this afternoon I will come to the little black and silver room and have tea with you. This afternoon, Estelle! It is my day—it must be crowned."

"Your day?" "Yes, yes. There are days when everything goes right. To-day is my day. I am invulnerable to Fate to-day. The secretary tells me of a tentative offer from Lord Ferrall—too previous, too impossible—but even a whisper of it is good. It is my day—and I want you to crown it. I may come?" There was no eagerness in his question, he spoke assured of his answer.

"You may come," she said in a level voice, and left him, to search for "The Choice."

It was a large canvas. A young girl with red-gold hair stood looking out of the frame. Before her knelt two men holding up gifts to her upon velvet cushions. One was a young man, the other was middle-aged. On the white cushion of the young man lay a single rose, blood red. The elder man offered a casket of jewels, and his cushion was imperially purple. But that which held her as in a trance was the personal meaning in forming it. The

spirit of the classical school shone in the acid tones.

"It may not be hung," he suggested suddenly. The idea had not crossed his mind before. It came now as a cold douche. She saw with a pang that his fears were quick enough over his picture.

"It will be hung," she said quietly.

"You don't understand, Estelle," he answered. "More pictures are accepted than they can hang. Some must come back, mine may. It is a large canvas. I—I am almost afraid to hope. It means—shall I say that I think you know what it means to me?" She held her head lower. "It means freedom to me to choose my own way. It means life, and ease—and I dare not say—not yet. If it should come back! The hanging committee!" He stopped and stared at her with frightened eyes. "I forgot—McWhinnie is on the hanging committee!"

"Yes," Estelle smiled. "It will not be hung," he said, in rather a hushed voice.

"You were his pupil—he is kind," she protested.

"It will not be hung," he repeated, dire conviction in his voice. "He is kind—to you."

"You are wronging him, Paul."

"Don't you know?" He looked at her wonderingly. "Estelle, you are not so blind that you do not see that he loves you?"

"He? Guardy? Paul, you—you have no right to say—"

"Oh, there is no question of right now. We are beyond conventionalities. I have been a fool. I forgot that he was on that committee. He is in love with you. Do you see the position? If I am hung and make a success—I shall if I get fair play—it means—Oh, Estelle, what does it not mean to me—to us? He is to judge my work—and he loves you!"

"It is preposterous!" she said, holding up her shamed face. Even as she spoke she knew it was not preposterous. She had been unconscious before, now she was in possession of the secret which explained his awkwardness, his care of her, his tongue-tied tenderness.

"It is not," he said. "I have known it for a long time."

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Estelle stood before the picture at the Private View, jostled by the well-dressed crowd, who were busily employed in taking an acute interest in each other's frocks and a perfunctory one in the exhibits. Paul would not go with her.

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Catholics in Scotland.

(Correspondence Catholic Universe)

Edinburgh schools open the first week of September. Scotch Catholics, without having separate schools, enjoy a liberal school system. Voluntary schools, which include Catholic and English Church, receive an annual grant from the imperial fund in proportion to the percentage of attendance. This grant is the same as the board, or public, schools are paid. Voluntary schools then make up the necessary balance and at the same time are taxed to assist in paying the board school's deficit.

Voluntary schools have the same inspectors, text-books, grades, examination papers and board of examiners as the board schools. Catholics have two representatives in the Department of Education. These two, one of whom is always a priest, are elected by the taxpayers. Many Protestants aid in electing the priest, so high is the esteem in which the Catholic Church is held in Edinburgh, and much more is it the case in the Highlands. "If you are not a Presbyterian, be a Catholic," was an Auld Kirkman's remark, giving as his explanation that Catholics were of the ancient faith of Scotland, Presbyterians of the Reformed, but other sects had no place north of the border.

Four thousand children attend the Catholic voluntary schools. They go to no other. There are eight Catholic churches and two or three being built. A friendly spirit bridges the past—the lovely chapel of Roslin Palace, the last Catholic Church to be erected before the Reformation, and to-day's Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary. Canon Stuart, the rector of the Cathedral, is a member of every educational, charitable and civic association of Edinburgh. In the hall of the See House is a statue of Mary, Queen of Scots. "My patron saint," said the genial priest of the Stuart clan. "I am from the Highlands, from a part of Scotland where 90 per cent of the people are Catholics. The country of pure faith and pure spirits," he laughingly added.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princess street were closed. Even old Canongate made an attempt at celebrating, and fewer washings hung from the windows of houses that once were the homes of the first families of Scotland. This ancient street, called after the Canons-Regular of St. Augustine, is now one of the poorest districts, though Scott has immortalized many a nook and alley—"close" as they call the narrow walk between houses. The street leads direct from Holyrood up to the Castle, past John Knox's house and The Tolbooth. A clock now hangs from the tower of The Tolbooth where formerly hung the heads of martyrs, or traitors, as their turn came.

At the entrance to Canongate and at the foot of a great treeless hill, called Arthur's seat, is the Palace of Holyrood. No building in Scotland holds memories more sad and gay than this grey, grand old pile with its two massive square towers. Yet only the apartment of Queen Mary and the ruins of the Royal Chapel pre-date the sixteenth century. In the rooms of the luckless, lovely Queen of Scots are shown her bed, the coverlet mouldering into decay, and the tapestry worked by her and the four Maries. The supper-room, where Mary sat dining with a few friends when Riccio's murderers rushed upon them, is very tiny, as is also her dressing room. The ruins of the Royal Chapel, roofless and windowless, are all that remain of the great Monastery of Holyrood, established by the son of St. Margaret. To everyone, whatever his nationality, who loves the memory of Mary Stuart, Holyrood holds a sad interest, and her much tried spirit seems to haunt the place. Time has wrought changes in the Scotch feeling towards Queen Mary. Not a word is spoken but is a kindly expression of faith in her innocence and sympathy for her suffering.

In the grim, many-turreted castle of Edinburgh is another room called Queen Mary's chamber. It was here King James VI. was born, and through the window of the small wainscotted room the royal infant was lowered in a basket to a faithful retainer standing at the foot of the rock. The castle is magnificently situated. From its battlements we see Nelson's monument crowning Carlton Hill. A ball at the tip of the monument rises five minutes before 1 p.m., and when the castle gun booms the hour drops. Gun and ball are connected by wire with

Greenwich and serves as a daily regulator of the watches and clocks of Edinburgh. In attractive Princess street gardens is a floral clock built in a grassy slope. Its hands and face are decked with flowers. The works are continued in a nearby statue of Allan Ramsay, the Gentle Shepherd. The clock has kept excellent time since its building, but this is the first summer it was made to strike the hour.

The castle commands a view for a radius of several miles, the city, gray and smoky. "Auld Reekie," as the country folk call it, encircles the citadel. The old city streets are gradually giving way to improvements and the new section is superb with its extremely broad thoroughfares, straight and having pavements that would seem to last until the "crack of doom." Its beautiful parks are now on the side of a wooded hill and again in a valley, while around Arthur's Seat is a five-mile drive, every mile a charming view. In the heart of the city is Waverley Station, the largest in the United Kingdom. It covers 23 acres, half of which is under cover. It is built in a ravine, and its convenience of location casts no disfiguring blur upon handsome Princess street, adorned with the city's monument to her gifted son, Walter Scott.

Some sixteen miles from Edinburgh is Dunfermline, an ancient royal burgh. To reach it you cross the Firth of Forth's new bridge. It is over a mile in length and measures 450 feet from base to the highest point, and is considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. It is built on the cantilever, or double bracket, principle. In the Abbey of Dunfermline are buried all the Scottish sovereigns but two. Robert Bruce has a handsome bronze slab above his tomb. But it is the nave of the ruin of the old abbey, which is most interesting and its strong, age-blackened walls seem a more fitting setting for the dust of the warrior-king. Only two of the original stained-glass windows remain. Andrew Carnegie placed one of the modern windows at a cost of several thousand dollars. The multi-millionaire's home stands about a block away from the abbey, small and humble. The Carnegie family occupied only two of the attic rooms and the floor of one shows where the spinning-wheel stood. The millionaire's father supported his wife and two sons by weaving linen. Today Dunfermline has many factories, linen-making being its chief industry.

It is only a short ride by the electric car to Newhaven, the famous fish market. The fishwives of Newhaven are an early morning feature, and a picturesque one, in the streets of Edinburgh, as they peddle fish from door to door. They wear a blue cloak over a costume consisting of a loose bodice with short sleeves; a very short skirt, black stockings, and low shoes. The older women wear a white cotton cap with high peak, and the girls a lightweight, small Paisley shawl. A double basket, one merely as a support to that containing the fish, is carried on the back. A broad band attached to the lower basket is slipped around the head and as the fishwife walks she balances her burden with her hands.

A staff specially qualified in each branch of the college work has been engaged for the session, and it is intended to have their work supplemented by occasional lectures on Irish subjects by leading Gaelic scholars. No fees are charged for the teaching, and at the end of the course, a certificate for proficiency is given to all qualifying students.

At Mount Party a small fee is charged, but the cost of board and tuition does not exceed that spent by the average national teacher or farmer at some third class summer resort for like period. Ten shillings a week is the average cost.

For this the pupil is not only instructed in Gaelic, but gets the benefit of the picturesque scenery where most of the Gaelic cottages are located, and the companionship of the neighboring farmers, who are only too willing to assist in anything that will revive and spread their beautiful, but much neglected mother tongue.

Free scholarships are granted by the Ulster Training College. Those are open to native speakers and non-native speakers of Ulster between the ages of 17 and 35. The examination is competitive. Candidates must furnish a written guarantee, signed by themselves and countersigned by their local clergy, that in case they obtain a scholarship they will teach Irish after their course of training at Cloghaneely, either under the National Board or under the Gaelic League, as far as is practicable or necessary for them to do so.

Anemia is generally very difficult to overcome, but you can be certain that every dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing you at least some good, because of its blood-forming qualities, and that persistent treatment will be rewarded by thorough cure.

Science has discovered the elements of Nature which go directly to the formation of new, rich blood, and these are most happily combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which has in hundreds of thousands of cases proven its marvelous power to create new blood and build new, firm

flesh and tissue.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gaelic Colleges.

Reports received from Mount Party, Ballincarthy, Ring, Cloghaneely, Letterkenny, and other places in Ireland show that the Gaelic colleges are in splendid working order and meeting with great success.

The number of students at the Munster training colleges up to the present is far in excess of the number that attended during the July session last year and the year before, and there is a greater variety of students also.

There is, as usual, a good number of organizing teachers, and there is a great increase in the number of national teachers attending.

The other students include several professors in intermediate schools and colleges, and university graduates and undergraduates. The work of the college is not so exacting as it was last year, in order to give the students more time to spend among the people, take down songs and stories, and to improve their conversational knowledge of the language.

It is admitted on all sides that no great progress will ever be made with the Gaelic language until the people make it the conversational medium at the fireside, and until the priests use it in preaching, saying the rosary and other devotions after mass.

A good start has been made in this direction in Mayo and Donegal, and some of the County Councils have helped the movement along by giving the preference in all appointments to men who speak and write the Gaelic language.

Ulster, like Munster, has two Gaelic colleges this year in addition to the Ulster Training College at Cloghaneely. There is the Irish College of the Four Masters, the Irish Language Session in St. Eunan's College, Letterkenny, which opened recently.

The daily routine of this school extends over ten hours. Work begins at 10 o'clock. The first half hour is devoted to comments and questions in Irish on home lessons, the lessons being based on the direct method of teaching Irish. This is followed by exercises in reading, analysis, translation, grammar and pronunciation, after which there is dictation or composition in Irish.

A recess takes place at 12 o'clock. On resumption, classes are engaged at methods of teaching for an hour. From 4 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. classes are again engaged in method work, the reading of texts, translations, etc., and in study of a course of phonetics. At 5.30 there is another adjournment, and from 7 to 8 there is a sgoraidheach, at which story telling, traditional singing, dancing and conversation are the principal features.

Father Hartmann is a native of Salurn, in the Tyrol, and comes of a German family which was admitted to the nobility by King Leopold I, in 1649. If he were not a priest he would bear the title of Count to which he is entitled by virtue of his ancestry.

As a musician he is regarded as

among the most talented of European

composers, and his oratorios, "St.

Peter," dedicated to Cardinal Paro-

chi; "St. Francis of Assisi," dedi-

cated to the Emperor of Austria; "The

Last Supper," and "The Death of

Christ," dedicated to the German

Emperor, rank among standard mu-

sical productions. He was educated in the Conservatory of Music of Po-

son, under Busch, Zipperle, Deluggi

and Anzolelli.

For this the pupil is not only in-

structed in Gaelic, but gets the be-

nefit of the picturesque scenery where

most of the Gaelic cottages are lo-

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neighboring farmers, who are only

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