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The Globe and Mail

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS

IMPORTANCE OF ORGANIZATION IN CATHOLIC RANKS.

Rev. James H. O'Donnell, of Watertown, recently delivered a spirited and eloquent address on the subject of Catholic Federation before the Knights of Columbus of Watertown, from the report of which we take the following extracts. He said:—

Organization is the watchword of the day. Men and women in every sphere of life are organizing for mutual protection and advancement, and such organizations have become a power in the land. They have accomplished for individuals what individuals could not accomplish for themselves. Now, it seems to me, that if the principle of organization is recognized as a potent factor in modern life; if it is good for the trades, the arts and the sciences to unite their respective forces; if all other classes may have their federation without an outcry being raised against them, should we, as Catholics, as members of the oldest organization in Christendom, be forbidden the privilege that is so freely accorded to others? I am free to admit that there are in every community individuals who are noise-makers, who cannot rise superior to the instincts of bigotry and to whom the clamors of opposition are as the strains of sweetest music; but this class locks apart by itself and merits no consideration whatever. They are not representatives of the advanced thought of the day. Moreover, we must bear in mind an important fact that many of those who oppose us are not sincere in their antagonism. Their conduct in private is often strikingly at variance with their utterances in public, and when asked to account for their inconsistency they take refuge under the thread-bare subterfuge, that the church is a political organization aiming at the control of our institutions, with the emphasis on the "our." But some of this class have to adopt this course; therefore, I have little sympathy with the bugbear conjured up by some timid souls that Catholic federation will result in organized effort against us. Should opposition be directed against us, it would be, as it has ever been in the past, the result of misrepresentation. It will spring from an intentional distortion of our aims and purposes. In a word, such opposition will have its birth in the brains only of men who are unscrupulous in the employment of means and whose antipathy to us can neither be increased nor diminished by any action we may choose to take. We have nothing to fear from the intellectual portion of the Protestant population of this country. No people recognize more clearly than they the benefits that accrue from organization; and none put their belief in practice with greater success than they. Convince the educated portion of the non-Catholic community of the rectitude of our motives and of the legitimacy of our aims; show them that our aspirations are directed by the exigencies of the times; teach them that we have no ulterior political purpose in desiring federation, and that federation means nothing else than the conservation of our political and educational rights—a perfectly legitimate object—I am certain that we shall not only have, not their antagonism, but cordial sympathy, if not their active support.

Catholic federation may be a dream, as some say, but that it will be a grand, living reality, vital with power and influence, is as certain as that the sun rises and sets. It is in beneficence of Catholic federation will be the Catholic laity. Educational rights and political privileges will then be more secure than at present and our power and influence in the great issues of the day will not be held in the superb contempt in which they are now held. There are fourteen million Catholics in the United States, according to high authority, and yet it is a question if a Catholic could be elected governor of a single state in the Union. Certainly, no member of the ancient church need ever aspire, under existing conditions, to the chief magistracy of Connecticut; and, as to the Presidency of the United States, I am of the conviction that it will take another half century of the most liberalizing education to make many of our non-Catholic brethren sufficiently broad-minded as to even

consider the possibility of a Catholic presidential candidate.

Let me give a few instances in which Catholic federation would redound to our religious and educational welfare. In his dealings with our West Indian possessions and with those in the Orient, all of whose inhabitants are Catholic, if anything, the Chief Executive has displayed an utter disregard of the fact that there are Catholic statesmen in the United States, who are as thoroughly competent to cope with the great questions that have arisen in those lands, and whose integrity, patriotism and honesty of purpose are every whit as pronounced, as the integrity and patriotism and honesty of the numerous gentlemen who have been honored by position on the many commissions, which the President has sent to those islands. But the administration is well aware it can as effectually ignore our claims with a benevolent smile as it can glibly talk of benevolent assimilation; that it can force its policy upon our distant colonies without fear of evil political consequences, as it knows that, whatever influence prominent individuals may possess, we have no organized influence and that, consequently, we are in no position to enforce our claims to just and reasonable recognition. Furthermore, if Catholic federation were an accomplished fact, the national government would not have broken faith with the Catholic Indian schools of the West. It would never have stained its escutcheon with this mark of dishonor. Our Indian schools that were built at great expense and at still greater sacrifices, could not now be languishing for want of the necessary support. And why not? Because political administrations, no matter of what party, fear nothing so much as the loss of votes, as that implies loss of prestige and condemnation by public opinion; and if Catholic federation were in existence the party in power, solicitous for its future, would not have broken faith with its wards, or if it did, merited punishment would have been meted out to it, as having brought dishonor to itself and to the nation.

Still further, Catholic federation would prevent the infamous evil of the farming out of Catholic children to homes whose owners have no sympathy with their religious beliefs, and whose chief duty, it seems, is to pervert the children and to make them apostates from the faith of their fathers, thus destroying their future usefulness as citizens, for it is a matter of experience that apostates from the Catholic faith do not make good citizens. This giant evil that finds its roots in some of our county homes and kindred institutions cries aloud for abolition; but as long as we sit supinely down and deplore our losses and depend upon individual efforts to eradicate the evil, our helpless children will be at the mercy of designing men and will be taken from their natural and legitimate protectors and consigned to homes where the light of Catholic faith and the ministrations of the Faith will be denied them.

Another word. The clergy have the right to expect the active co-operation in diocesan and parochial works of such organizations as the Knights of Columbus. There are churches and schools to be built and supported, diocesan institutions to be erected and maintained. Catholic journalism should receive their unwavering encouragement and Catholic literature should be patronized and spread should give way to zeal and activity. Is human respect for our backwardness? If so, eradicate it at once, as you would destroy a noxious weed in your garden. Human respect is not consistent with true manhood. They are antipodal. But no matter what the cause of our apathy, a change in present methods is imperatively demanded. The objection that your services are not wanted, or that, if proffered, might be rejected with thanks, is more fanciful than real. While I have no authority here to speak for the clergy, I feel perfectly safe in making the statement, that no one in ecclesiastical authority will reject the assistance proffered by the laity in diocesan or parochial enterprises. Our interests are mutual. What affects the one affects the other; therefore, the active co-operation of both would seem essential for success in those matters in which both are so vitally interested.

ABOUT CATHEDRALS.

It is evident to every Catholic that there must be some special distinction between a Church and a cathedral; but all are not aware of that difference is. The word cathedral is derived from "Cathedra," a seat, or the seat; that is the episcopal chair or throne is in the cathedral. Being the Episcopal Church it is necessarily of greater importance than any other church, even though in appearance, in size, and in situation, it be less attractive. Recently, at Kingsland, in England, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan delivered a very instructive sermon, in the course of which he had occasion to refer to the Westminster Cathedral, now in course of construction. What he said is very interesting to any person desirous to know all about cathedrals. Amongst other things, His Eminence said:—

"As to the cathedral to which we were about to contribute, he might say that all the other dioceses of the England, by the joint action of the bishops and the hierarchy, there had been collections in every church in order that there might be in the new cathedral a memorial of the zeal of the faithful of this country to commemorate the fifty years of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, and the money that had been collected in that way had been allocated to the purpose of the high altar would go. Of course, there would come a time before the building was completed when he hoped to give the people of the diocese an opportunity of taking a part in that work, that all might feel they had

had a hand in it, and when they looked at the building they would be able to say: 'I also have some little part in the erection of this work for God's honor and glory.' The Cathedral was something different to a parish church. They all knew what was something different. It was that alone the permanent seat of the Bishop, but it was a church in which the sacred liturgy of the Church, in which not only the Holy Mass but the 'sacred Office of the Breviary' was done through in the most solemn and public manner to God's praise and adoration. Three or four hundred years ago the cathedrals of this land were filled with Canons, monks, or secular clergy, and the Divine Office was gone through in all its completeness, and the practice survived to a certain extent at the present day, but the religion was maimed and distorted in its form during the last few hundred years. Catholics in England had suffered Houses of Sion which had sufficed to receive under their roofs the Catholics of the neighborhoods where they had been erected. There had been a burhood where there was a multi-people, so that the spirit and the system of the Church in blessing and praising God in her most solemn liturgy could be carried out. The cathedral now being erected at West- was a church in which Mass would be celebrated and the sacraments administered; it would be a Church in which the liturgy of the Church would be rendered in the most solemn and perfect manner, and that would be the aim they would have in view whenever it was opened and for which arrangements had now been completed. It would be opened on the octave of the Feast of St. Peter and Paul next year, and would have taken seven years to build. His Eminence invited his hearers to visit the Cathedral on any Saturday afternoon."

SAVE THE CHILD.

Under this attractive and striking title, F. S., a member of the Redemptionist Order, forcibly and practically addresses mothers on the important duties of their station of life. The article which appears in the May number of the Annals of St. Anne de Beaupre, is well worthy of a careful perusal. It is as follows:—

Arise, and take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt for Herod will seek the child to destroy him. Who arose and took the child and his mother, she says, and retired into Egypt and there she remained until the death of Herod (Matt. ii. 13-14). Such was the angel's warning cry in the dark stillness of night. Death threatens thy child, O Joseph, save him then at the peril of thy life! He obeyed immediately and set out on his lonely journey. He hesitated, had he disobeyed, what would have happened to the child, to humanity? God alone knows!

How often have Christian mothers heard that Angel's warning? "Awaken O mother, for death, not temporal but eternal, threatens your child!" And because she cannot understand it, she contents the friendly admonition. It must have been a dream, she says, and she continues to slumber peacefully, to be awakened sooner or later, to the terrible reality—the child is lost to her, to society and to God.

That awakening will be her death blow. She has centred all her love, her hope, her honor in her child, and the unchangeable destruction will blast forever her future expectations. How does this happen, why these oft repeated words: "The waywardness of her child has broken the poor woman's heart?" Ninety-nine times out of the hundred we may add: "She may blame herself for the faults and follies of her unfortunate child!" Had she studied the obligations of her state; had she tried to realize the terrible responsibility weighing upon her; responsibility to God, to her husband, to herself, to her children; she would have called upon God for assistance and she would have received strength to cope with the difficulties. Alas! how many mothers look upon the state of marriage as a mere sequel to marriage—nature fulfilling its destiny! They never think that next to the responsibility of the priesthood, no greater responsibility exists than that of a mother. She is answerable to God for the salvation of her husband's soul, of her own soul and of that of her child. Would mothers only try to understand this and act in accordance, what joy, what bliss would they not experience in bearing patiently with their life-long martyrdom! Like St. Joseph, they might find the road dark and dreary, the journey long and strewn with thorns, the exile solitary and desolate; but why do they not look far away in the distance, at the journey's end, where peace and tranquillity await them, where exuberance will replace their present hardships and privations; and when the danger will be passed, when their exile will be ended,

like St. Joseph they shall return to receive a crown of brightest glory to be the possessors of long lost friends, and above all, the soothing words of their God "Well done good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. xxv. 21).

God has placed mothers in the marriage state. His confidence in them has been so great, that He has condescended to permit them to assist Him in the process of falling, who must take the place of fallen angels. They know that Heaven is their final home; that we all hope to enter there to live, not for the space of a few fleeting years, but forever. Where and when will that horror for the Blessed, and the pure and spotless; nothing sullied can enter there. In order then, that a child may enter Heaven he must be free from sin, he must be pure, he must be holy. Where and when will that horror for sin, that love of purity, that admiration for all that is hallowed, be implanted into the child's heart, if during his infancy, his childhood, his boyhood, the mother does not constantly exert herself to abhor him who is right, and to abhor what is wrong? To be capable of imparting to her child that love of virtue, she must possess it herself; her soul should be spotless—free from the stain of sin in the service of God: pure and faithful in her affections to her husband; just and holy in her devotedness to her child. In other words, let her first occupation be the sanctification of her own soul. Without her soul's sanctification and salvation, all her other works will be vain and fruitless; many of them will only bring her an increase of eternal misery and suffering.

God has bestowed His choicest graces upon a mother for no other reason, than that she may become a saint, and thereby blessed in eternity. From the very moment of her existence, God's providence has incessantly watched over her. Her sanctification was the cause of all His works in creation. The frequent pardons that He granted her; the many joys that He granted her; the incessant sorrows that He pressed her, were so many different visits from God, wishing to recall to her mind the great obligation of self-sanctification. How often have these visits attained their end? The gifts, the joys only served to make her turn from the Creator and love the creature; the sorrows wrung from her bleeding heart bitter complaint (I dare not say blasphemy) against the heavenly Father who touched her; and the pains, that so often closed hell and opened heaven, left her cold and indifferent.

Has her apathy driven God away from her wretched heart? No. He speaks to her by His Prophets: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore I have drawn thee, taking pity on thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). "I will draw thee with the bands of love" (Isa. xl. 4). God's undying love will follow the negligent mother unto death, and forever she will pierce her to save her soul. Will her folly, her ingratitude make her defer her soul's salvation until time will be no more? God forbid! From this very moment, let her make that all-important first and foremost occupation. Let her thoughts, her heart be one with God. Let her not say that it is too late! The past must not trouble nor discourage her. Let her see the malice and her own infidelity have caused the shadow of sin to cross her path, by complete darkness has not set in. The fact that she was born in the light of Christianity; that its soothing rays undeniable proof that God wishes her salvation, and He has placed that salvation in her own hands. He has condescended to her care and culture the temporal and eternal destiny of her precious soul. It is infinitely dearer to God than the glory and omnipotence of His Creator. Had God confided the world to her care, had He given her ample science and genius to govern it, she would have been awe-stricken at the greatness of God's confidence in her. Well, that act would be absolutely nothing if compared with the infinite reliance placed in her by the Creator, in giving her charge of her own soul. This will one day pass away, but her soul never. In this world she sees vestiges of God's greatness, but in her soul she beholds the Maker's image and likeness. This world may give her motives for loving God; though it can never love Him; but her soul is the child of God, its value is priceless. Therefore, Jesus says to her: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26). That soul is hers, and her daily obligation is to purify it, more and more, to enlighten it, to develop it in truth, justice, love and virtue. She has also the power to corrupt it by permitting it to become a prey to vanity, to falsehood, to egotism, to passion, to sin; to Satan. That soul's life or death, salvation or damnation, is dependent on the manner in which she fulfills her duties—duties of a creature of God, duties of a married person.

In speaking of mothers, St. Paul

says that they will be saved, provided they and their children continue to live in faith and love, and sanctification with sobriety. (1 Tim. ii. 15). In order to be saved, a mother must do all in her power, to have her children persevere in the service of God. If, after having done her duty, the child should one day deny his Maker, then her responsibility ceases. How many mothers are there to-day, who make every endeavor to save their children, to make them happy? No stronger chains of human love are to be found, than the chains binding a mother's heart to her infant. She loved that child before her eyes beheld it; her love was so intense, that she counted as naught, sufferings that would can never portray. How many sleepless nights, how many dreary days, has she not passed in watching the heartless progress of sickness on his favored brow. His sufferings, his tears, his wounds, her more than his. All her future hopes were centred in him. No position would be too great for her child. In her motherly love she saw him a statesman, a king, a ruler of people. When her expectations would be realized, she would rest and glory in his glory. Alas! was it only a dream? She had built a castle in the air. A tempest arose, it struck her idol and left it shattered and broken, with sufficient life extant to make her during the remainder of her existence, shed tears of blood over the disgraceful conduct of her idolized son. What caused his destruction? Her false love, her blind, heartless worship of her child, was the cause of his hopeless downfall. Reason and not nature, should have guided her love. Nature blindered her to his faults and evil inclinations. "He is too young to be rebuked, 'too frail to be punished—' if chastised my idol will cease to love me!" Listen to her language! She then intended to curb his passions when he would be a little older. That moment came, and her false love spoke again: "I must be kind and indulgent to his frailties and follies; Reason and young myself and... He will advance when he reaches manhood." How opposite these words are to that dread of sin which is the sure characteristic of a true Christian mother, which causes her to look back, perhaps with shame and sorrow, upon the vicies of youthful days. How often love what it should be, it would prompt her to warn him against what has proved to be so many in after years, matter of such bitter reflection. But what has happened to the child? The clear, frank, candid look of childhood has disappeared—the eye is clouded; his brow is marked with lines of care; he shuns his mother's presence; his conversation is tainted, a vague sorrow tells that his heart is no longer all. Perhaps he is so far from God that he feels the necessity of leaving, and disowning his mother! Let the unhappy mother weep what she has sown. When her child was young, when his temper was soft and pliable, when he was susceptible of good impressions, she refrained from fulfilling her maternal duties for the sole reason that she feared to cause him pain. It is now almost too late. The child has become a man, his passions have strengthened, he is now a victim to his vices, he submits to them; his immoral conduct breaks his mother's heart and causes her to curse the day she became a mother. Had faith and reason been her guide, she would have moulded that child's heart to virtue, to justice, to all that is great and noble; he would have been a model to society, her glory in life and her crown in Heaven.

THE SHIP FEVER VICTIMS' CEMETERY.

The resolutions passed at the large and representative meeting of the delegates of our different parishes and societies, concerning the cemetery of the victims of the ship fever in another column, it will be precisely to make comments on this subject, until the report shall have been made as to the intentions of His Grace the Protestant Archbishop of Montreal in the premises. When it is known what His Grace intends to do in the matter our views will be given fully and freely.

THE FLORIDA HORROR.

We have been horrified at the accounts given of the events which took place a few days ago in Florida. The crime of the negro Rochelle was abominable in the extreme; equally abominable was the manner in which a whole town's population coolly lynched the criminal. Hanging is bad enough, but when it comes to pouring oil over a human being and then burning him alive, there is no subject, until the report shall have been made, that we cannot find any palliation for it—even in the enormity of the crime committed.

According to the census report we find that the population of Montreal reaches the figure 360,000.

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THE NEWS FROM IRELAND.

About Religious Orders—The Feois Ceoil—County Councils—A Sacrilege—Cork's Exhibition—Dr. Tanner's Successor—The See of Dromore.

In the Chancery Division before the Master of the Rolls, an important Limerick will case was heard, in which the main question argued was an objection by the next-of-kin to bequests to the Augustinian Order and to the Jesuits on the ground that, under the provisions of the Catholic Emancipation Act, which decreed members of religious orders bound by monastic vows to "banishment," the gifts were void. The amount involved in the first case was £2,000 of the residue of the estate of the late Catherine Roche, and in the second £500 of a specific legacy. A bequest of £500 to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was contested because there was a condition attached which, it was alleged, involved the creation of a perpetuity. Counsel for the Augustinians said that the gift to them could not be maintained; the parties had come to an arrangement whereby £250 would be given for the repair of the church of the Order. The Master of the Rolls declared the bequest to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul to be valid. In dealing with the bequest to the Jesuits, which he also declared valid, he severely condemned the laws against the Orders, which had been a dead letter for eighty-two years. It was said that the institutions of Jesuits were illegal, and that every Jesuit was liable to an indictment for a misdemeanor for existence, though nobody was a statesman, no party, or no public person of any kind dreamt of putting the law into force—they dared not do it—it was left to the unfortunate judges of the Chancery Division to discuss this on question of property and to enforce the law indirectly. He held that the bequest was not tainted with illegality in any such way as would render it possible for him to decide against its validity.

The Feis Ceoil, or Irish Musical Festival, was brought to a close in Dublin last week, having attracted large audiences to the Rotunda during the whole of last week. The programme of the last day, which included the competitions for Irish pipes, wind instruments, and brass bands, and the rendering of unpublished Irish airs, was perhaps the most interesting of the whole series. The pipers, who came from all parts of the country, were engaged in spirited competition for many hours. The first prize was awarded to Martin Reilly, of Galway, and the second to Denis Delany, of Ballinasloe, whose skill effected a wonderful triumph over the combined disadvantages of total blindness and a disabled finger-joint. Of the unpublished Irish airs, of which there was a considerable number, some were played by pipers and others by fiddlers, while several were submitted in manuscript. Those which were played were recorded on the phonograph. The financial results of this year's festival have not yet been published, but it is understood that they have been satisfactory beyond anticipation.

The annual report of the Local Government Board for Ireland is an unconscious but convincing proof of the capacity of Irishmen for self-government, says the "Irish Weekly" of Belfast. The success of Local Government in Ireland is not a matter of surprise to any Nationalist, but it is novel to have such eloquent testimony on the point from a Government department. The report, which forms a bulky volume of over eight hundred pages, has just been issued as a Blue Book, and it contains the following amongst other similar paragraphs—"The predictions of those who affirmed that the new local bodies entrusted with the administration of a complex system of country government would inevitably break down have certainly not been verified. On the contrary, the county and district councils have, with few exceptions, properly discharged the statutory duties devolving upon them. Instances have no doubt occurred in which these bodies have, owing to inexperience and to an inadequate staff, found themselves in difficulties, and have had to receive some special assistance from us in regulating their affairs, but this has been of rare occurrence, and we are confident that before the term of office of the first councils elected under the Act expires the new machinery will be working very smoothly throughout Ireland."

On a recent Sunday morning when the new Church of St. Mary of the Rosary, Nenagh, was opened it was discovered that a most disgraceful outrage had been committed, and some miscreant or miscreants had broken the stained-glass windows of the sacristy, and by the aid of a spade and other instruments succeeded in forcing a way into the sacred edifice. The private drawers of the sacristy were broken open, and the key of the safe abstracted, but fortunately there was nothing of

18, after the lamented death of the Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, Father O'Neill received the highest number of votes, being nominated dignissimus. The nomination, now solemnly made by His Holiness, has occasioned deep satisfaction throughout the diocese, where there was no more popular priest than the venerable pastor of Warrenpoint, and on receipt of the news in the town of Newry the bells of the Cathedral rang forth a joyful peal. The Right Rev. Henry O'Neill, bishop designate of the old and historic diocese of Dromore, was born in Dromore early in the year 1843, of an old family revered and esteemed by all. He was the third son of John O'Neill, a nephew to the Rev. James O'Neill, who died in Dromore early in 1841.

NOTES FROM ROME.

A FIRST CENTENARY. — Two weeks ago to-day, the first centenary of the Noble Pontifical Guards, organized by Pius VII., was celebrated at the Vatican. Leo XIII. blessed the banner that had received its first blessing from Pius VII. In the morning at 8.30 the Noble Guards assembled in the Sistine Chapel to assist at Mass celebrated by Mgr. Constantine, Emissary of His Holiness. After the Mass the corps were received by the Holy Father, who blessed the banner and conferred on each guard a commemorative silver medal, on which was engraved the name of His Holiness with an appropriate description. At 11 o'clock a grand "Academia" took place in the Sala Regia, in the presence of the Holy Father. Surrounding the Throne were Their Eminences Cardinals Rampolla, Mocenni, Satolli, Casali, del Fraga, Della Volpe, Aloisi, and the Swiss and Palatine Guards were invited to the entertainment. In the afternoon a tablet recording this event was placed on the walls of one of the apartments of the Vatican. Their Eminences Cardinals Mocenni and Macchi, with the Noble Guards, assisted at this ceremony.

CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI. — The Pope was greatly distressed when he heard that Cardinal Ledochowski, the Prefect of the Propaganda Fide, had become completely blind. The Pope at first refused to believe the diagnosis made by the physicians and sent his own oculist, Prof. Martini, to see the Cardinal. After a prolonged examination Dr. Martini declared that the operation which had been suggested for the removal of a cataract would be useless as the Cardinal's optic nerves were permanently paralyzed.

THE BISHOP OF PORTLAND. — Mgr. O'Connell, formerly rector of the American College in Rome, and recently appointed Bishop of Portland, Me., was solemnly consecrated on 19th May, in the Church of St. John Lateran, by Cardinal Satolli, Prefect of the Propaganda, and formerly Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few invited guests.

CONGREGATION OF RITES. — On the 7th May the ordinary meeting of the Congregation of Sacred Rites was held in the Vatican Palace, when the following subjects were decided:— (1) The cause of the canonization of the Blessed Maria Maddalena Marinengo of Barco, professed nun of the Capuchin Order, was resumed; (2) the confirmation of the devotion long paid to the servant of God, Antonio Bonfadini, professed priest of the Minors; (3) introduction of the cause of the beatification and canonization of the servant of God, Joseph Armand Passorot, professed priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; (4) concerning the authenticity of the relics of the Blessed Taurino Dufresse, of the Society of Foreign Missions, titular Bishop of Tabraca; (5) approval and concession of the Office, and Mass in honor of St. Willebrand, Bishop Confessor for the dioceses of Munster, Hildesheim, and Osnabruck; (6) approval and concession of the Office and Mass in honor of the holy crucifix venerated in the city of Chiavari; (7) confirmation of the election of St. Leo IX., Pope Confessor, and Patron of the city of Dagsburg, in the diocese of Metz; (8) concession and approval of St. Corbiniano, Confessor, first Bishop of Frisinga, titular with Saints Maurice and companions, martyrs, of the parish of Kuen, and particular patron of that town, in the diocese of Trent; also approval and concession of the Mass in honor of this saint.

VATICAN DIPLOMACY. — A well-informed correspondent sends the following summary to one of our English exchanges:—

"Mgr. Lorenzelli's return to his post in Paris, after a short visit to Rome, in the course of which he had several long interviews with the Pope and with Cardinal Rampolla, has definitely silenced the imaginative pressmen who had already announced the impending declaration

of open hostilities between the Holy See and the "Fille since de l'Eglise," and the consequent rupture of diplomatic relations. These relations are very strained cannot be denied, but I am informed that Mgr. Lorenzelli's report on the situation was by no means so pessimistic as some alarmists would have had us believe. Some time ago it was stated that Mgr. Tarnassi, Father of the Holy See, who has not returned to his post, since the inexplicable exclusion of the Holy See from the Peace Conference, would in the near future be sent to Peru as Papal Delegate. I am now in a position to contradict this statement, as Mgr. Tarnassi will shortly be made Canon of St. Peter's, remaining at the disposition of the Secretaryship of State. In the Vatican circles it is affirmed that the negotiations for the establishment of a Papal Nunciature in St. Petersburg are progressing satisfactorily. Mgr. Tarnassi will be the first to occupy that important post, the foundation of which has been rendered necessary by the rapidly-increasing development of the Church in Russia. The Czar has already given his cordial assent in an eloquent letter to the Pope, but the Holy Synod still persists in placing obstacles in the way. It is indeed strange that while Russia is represented in Rome by a Minister to the Holy See there should be no diplomatic representative of the Pope in St. Petersburg. Should Mgr. Tarnassi be appointed Nuncio in the latter capital, Mgr. Celli would succeed him at the Hague. Another prominent member of the Vatican diplomatic service, Mgr. Averardi, is expected to arrive shortly in Rome from Mexico, where he was sent last year on a special mission. On his return Mgr. Averardi will probably be promoted to the post of Auditor to the Apostolic Camera."

THE POOR SERVANTS. — His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar on the 2nd inst. honored the community by presiding at the annual recitations and distribution of prizes in the convent school. His Eminence was received with an address and song of welcome, after which the pupils gave some musical drill songs, the little boys receiving much applause for a flag drill, with popular national songs. Prose recitations in English, French, and Italian were also given. An extract on the English Martyrs from the Sacred Heart, a well-known work of the late Rev. Mother General (Mother Magdalen Taylor), was particularly well recited, as also "The Building of St. Sophia," by Bang Gould. At the conclusion "A Song for the Pope" was sung with great spirit, and His Eminence addressed the entire satisfaction with their recitations. His Eminence presented the crowns, medals, books, and prizes awarded to those who had gained the necessary marks.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS

Father Martin Callahan's Share in the Noble Work

The following letter has just come to hand. It was not written for publication, so the name is withheld. "I write this letter prompted by a motive which I believe to be to the honor and glory of God. "In the month of January, 1901, a friend of mine, who is a promoter in the League of the Sacred Heart, gave me a ticket inviting me to attend a reunion of the members of the Eucharistic League on January 25th in the Cathedral, 5th Ave., N. Y. I heard a sermon there which I wanted to hear for about two years. The subject was the 'Eucharist.' "For 23 years I had been a strict Baptist and prejudiced against the Catholic Church, yet this sermon made a deep and lasting impression upon me. It set me a thinking, and I determined to study Catholicity. I read this book and that book, and arguments upon arguments, both pro and con, and at last could come to but one conclusion, that is that the Church of Rome is the only true Church of Christ, the Church of the Apostles. "Then came a day when I realized that I was converted. Just think, from being a Baptist to become a Catholic. I can hardly believe myself. "In accordance with my conversion and remembering what Christ said to Nicodemus 'Except a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' I received the sacrament of Holy Baptism on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in May, and the joy, happiness and abundance of grace which came on me during Baptism has come to stay. I am filled with gratitude for the blessings that have come to me."

This letter is significant for many reasons. Besides telling of one more soul brought to the truth, it furnishes abundant evidence of the power of Catholic doctrine to convince a candid mind, who will sift the argument to the bottom. Here is one in spite of prejudices of education, influences of environment and authority of organization working himself free and going back to the old Mother Church, and his heart is filled with gratitude that he has done so. There are thousands like him, who are restless in the trammels of an organization that does not feed the soul with satisfying food, and who would thank God day and night if they could be led away from the broken cisterns that held no water to the fountain of living water. "We have the truth and we can prove it, what is wanted is a bit of the missionary spirit that will bring the truth to others, or what is more

practical, earnest missionaries who will bring others who wander in darkness and the shadow of death under the influence of correct and authoritative explanations of Catholic doctrine.

At a Confirmation service in the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, a number of converts, who had been received there during the past year, were confirmed by Bishop Farley. Among them were some ladies, who were quite well known in social life.

Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, personally instructed and received into the Church during the past year 89 converts. Father Martin had been devoted to this branch of work during most of his ministry, but this past year his work had been helped along by missions given in the Church by Father Younan. Last Lent, Father Younan preached to the non-Catholics and awakened great deal of interest and discussion. Our friend, "the enemy," fearing an extraordinary defection from the ranks of Protestantism invited to Montreal the apostate priest O'Connor, to repeat his diatribes against the Church that reared him.

His mission, however, was a flat failure. On the first night he had a crowd drawn largely by the natural love for a discussion, but three days exhausted the interest in O'Connor. He finally declared that he had not come to talk to bare walls and empty benches, and was making an exhibition of himself publicly, he retired from the city. The Catholic Church went on its way quietly and unconcernedly, reaping a harvest of converts and within the last month, Father Younan repeated his mission of last year with an equal success. All efforts that were made to draw him into controversy failed. He quietly ignored them all, and went on his way smoothly and calmly doing the work that he came to do, explaining Catholic doctrine and answering the questions that were put to him. The immediate result of this mission is another score of converts.

A. P. DOYLE, Secretary of the Catholic Missionary Union.

PERSECUTION IN CHINA.

The following extracts are from the letters of Father Gaudissard, S. J., one of the missionaries to China who were driven from the city of Tai-ming-fou and obliged to flee in disguise. They concealed themselves so well during four weeks that every one believed them dead, and news of the massacre was sent to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. Father Gaudissard's story, therefore, is like a voice from the dead: "After my departure from Koang-fou, June 26, in the evening, several men presented themselves at our dwelling and addressing my catechist ordered him to take down the cross from the door of entrance. "Upon the refusal of the catechist, they declared that it was the formal order of the mandarin, 'for,' added they, 'the sight of the cross exasperates the people and it is the cause of the drought.' "Two men went on top of the roof and tore down the august sign of the Redemption. "The mandarin followed in person, commanded all the doors to be opened and made an inventory of what he found in the room and in the chapel. "Three days afterwards, the prefect and the sub-prefect came to our house and, followed by their satellites, laid hands on everything within their reach: clothing, furniture, ornaments, etc. What they did not want the mob seized; even the doors and the windows were taken; a bonfire was made of our books and the pictures that ornamented the chapel. "The catechist, the porter, the cook, a poor lame orphan found in school and another pupil of the city were led before the tribunal of the sub-prefect. He commenced by questioning the catechist: "Where is the money? "There is none. The 'great man' looked for it himself a few minutes ago; and he declared that there was nothing in the closets or in the money chest. "But there is some money deposited in a bank in the city. "No more. "You are Christian? "Yes, there is no wrong in that. "It is no longer permitted; you must change your religion; blaspheme God and the Blessed Virgin. "That is impossible. "Ta! (Strike him.) "Then the catechist was thrown to the ground and covered with blows. Half dead, he was carried into the neighboring prison where a chain was put about his neck; the mandarin sent him back. In consequence of his wounds, the heroic confessor hung between life and death for a month, and he is not yet altogether out of danger."

A PRIEST'S HOUSE ROBBED.

Erie, May 22.—On Monday morning at about 2 o'clock, burglars gained an entrance into St. Joseph's parish house. The burglars proceeded to the room of the house-keeper, and under threat of murder, frightened her into silence, and bound and gagged her and her assistant. They then proceeded to the room of Rev. Joseph Kuntz, the assistant parish priest, treating him in a similar manner, after which they proceeded upstairs to the room occupied by the Rev. M. J. Decker, the rector of the parish, whom they bound and gagged and then turned to his office upon the floor below, and there demanded that he open the safe, under pain of death, keeping the priest constantly covered by their revolvers. After the safe had been opened, the men proceeded to rifle it of its valuable contents. They secured about \$150 in cash and about \$5,000 worth of negotiable papers. This being done, they escorted Father Decker back to his room on the upper floor, bound and gagged him and left him lying upon his bed. Father Decker is a large and powerful man, but there were five burglars, and he realized that resistance was absolutely useless. He employed the time, however, in giving them a severe and scathing arraignment, warning them that the wrath of God would, sooner or later, fall upon their heads. From the intimate knowledge of the house and its appointments, it is surmised that the burglars were men of local habitation. The alarm was not given until nearly 7 o'clock the following morning, when the bound and gagged inmates of the house were discovered and released by an early caller. The marauders took the precaution to destroy the telephone connections. The chief of police and several of the local detective force responded with alacrity and made a thorough investigation of the premises and its surroundings in the hope of gaining a clue to the identity of the burglars. Nothing was found, however, excepting a chisel used in prying open a window and a large sledge hammer.

Rev. Joseph Kuntz was ordained to the priesthood only a month ago, and among the articles carried away by the burglars was a handsome gold watch presented to the young priest by his family. A general alarm has been sent out to all the surrounding towns in the hope of apprehending the burglars. The shock has been a severe one to Father Decker, who is well advanced in years, and he is suffering from nervous prostration. No satisfactory description can be given of the burglars, since they were securely masked and succeeded in carefully covering their tracks.

When you have anything which you think would be of interest to our readers, send it in. The "True Witness" is always open to items of real interest.

SOCIETY FEDERATION.

By Our Curbside Observer

A Federation of the Catholic societies, especially in the United States, has long been a subject of discussion in the press.

In the first place, I desire to be understood as speaking of Irish Catholics and Irish Catholic societies.

But, does it ever strike us that we are apt to have too many organizations, and that their multiplicity ever likely to mar the general progress by establishing conflicting interests?

Let us suppose, for a moment, that the presidents of all the societies interested had met and agreed upon a plan of federation; would all the other officers of these societies agree thereto?

UNITY OF FAITH.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Marfariano to the bishopric of Dunkeld took place, two weeks ago last Wednesday, in St. Andrew's Pro-Cathedral, Dundee.

"What ways are best Our right to wrest Let other heads divine; With pen, or sword, With voice and word, To follow them be mine!"

It always seemed to me that the writer of this poem actually preached a much-needed sermon to the people, and taught a lesson that should be taken to heart by every sincerely patriotic son of the Old Land.

I am seeking to focus the attention of all who read my observations upon the necessity of a greater spirit of self-sacrifice. Men must learn, by friction with the world, to subject their personal views to the will of the majority.

It may be said that the same stands good in the case of every other race. Possibly; but I think that it is a pronounced characteristic with us.

Some years ago I was a member of a certain society, in a city a good many miles from Montreal. A question arose, on one occasion, and I felt morally confounded that it was a matter which should not be debated, nor ever raised as an issue in the society.

Here is an instance in which it was preferable for the general good to forego one's private opinion (even when certain that such opinion was right) than to have the probable triumph of proving the correctness thereof, to the detriment of the whole society.

There are persons, too, who, instead of dreaming in their poverty of giving pleasure to their fellows, meditate mischief, and when they acquire sudden wealth proceed to their revenge. Not long ago a London charwoman found herself possessed of a large fortune.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York will, within a few months, have a handsome new home which they will own, at 116th street and Fifth avenue.

good work, but is it a good work? Is this service pleasing or displeasing to God, but is there a God? The position of many of our neighbors was somewhat analogous to workmen who, instead of settling down quickly to work according to instructions, had to discuss for hours the question whether any instructions had been given, or if given whether they had been properly conveyed or understood.

NOTIONS OF POSSESSORS OF SUDDEN WEALTH.

People who, after years of grinding poverty, suddenly come into great wealth sometimes put their new fortunes to peculiar uses. Certainly they should be allowed to do so without harsh criticism, for the strangest things done by the newly rich are done to realize a dream which has cheered the heart when they were full of trouble scarcely to be borne, and helped to lighten the great load of poverty.

An Englishman, who had all his life had never been able to keep his feet shod properly, suddenly came into a large fortune. The first thing he did was to give an order for shoes to several shoemakers, so arranging it that he could put on a new pair of shoes every day in the year.

A miner who came into an unexpected fortune gave a great feast to all his work-mates. Often when the miners were eating the contents of their dinner pails down in the dim galleries of the mine he had thought of a feast he would like to see spread before himself and his fellow workmen.

Another man who suddenly became rich bought all his particular friends a complete outfit of clothing, even going so far as to furnish each of them with a suit of clothes.

A rather romantic way of spending money was that adopted by the builder of the Beggar's Bridge, which spans the River Esk. When poor he had the greatest difficulty in meeting his sweetheart, who lived on the bank of the river, owing to the Esk then being swollen and so impassable, even to a good swimmer.

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A Birmingham man who received a small legacy invited every tramp he could find in the city to meet him at a certain public house. The tramps came in large numbers and had a hearty meal, after which they were served with pipes and tobacco.

NEW YORK HIBERNIANS ACTIVE

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be erected a modern club-house, complete in every detail. Work on the new building will be begun at once, several builders, including Horgan & Slattery, having been asked to submit bids for the work.

For a long time the Order has had the building project in contemplation. Its treasury is in good condition, and its members have been looking for a suitable site for several months.

ANOTHER JESUIT INVENTOR.

The weather prophets are likely to benefit by an invention of Rev. Frederick Odenbach, S.J., of St. Ignatius' College, in Cleveland. He has perfected an instrument which will record flashes of lightning, long before any can be seen, and with the clouds from which they proceed, far below the horizon.

The first real test of the system came a few days ago. Hours before the first storm of the season visited Cleveland, when the sky was perfectly clear, and absolutely no sign was given of an approaching storm, the instrument was busy clicking off its record of flashes from distant clouds.

Right Rev. Dr. McPaul, Bishop of Trenton, N.J., is an earnest friend of the Catholic Press. He realizes the important part Catholic journals take in defending the Church, and he knows that the Catholic Press should receive the support of the Catholic people.

BISHOP McPAUL ON THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

"PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

SATURDAY JUNE 1, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

MGR. LABRECQUE'S JUBILEE.

From the 20th to the 23rd May, the picturesque town of Chicoutimi was the scene of unusual festivities. The occasion was the silver sacerdotal jubilee of Mgr. Labrecque, the distinguished prelate who is Bishop of that new and important diocese. What place more suited for a grand celebration than Chicoutimi! Perched upon its rocky height, looking across the Saguenay at Ste. Anne, with its back to Ha Ha Bay, and the deep gorges through which that most wonderful of Canadian rivers sweeps to the gulf, the town of Chicoutimi seems like the oriental capital on the margin of the desert—its site is the confines of a region that stretches away to the arctic circle. Hundreds of priests and leading citizens of all the surrounding country, and from the whole district of Quebec, led by Mgr. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, Mgr. Marois, Vicar-General of Quebec, as well as the Abbe Mathieu, rector of Laval University, flocked to that far-away northern town to do honor to the young, energetic and beloved bishop of the diocese. And what a diocese! A couple of days ago, just after the celebration, Mgr. Labrecque commenced his pastoral visitations, and the first place he takes in is the Island of Anticosti. Truly does it demand a Bishop full of life, physical energy, and a spirit of self-sacrifice to undertake the task of governing such a diocese. Yet, Mgr. Labrecque's success has been such that his administration has challenged the admiration of all who know him and know the conditions under which he labors in the cause of God's Church. Heartily do we wish the honored Bishop long years of health and strength to celebrate his golden and even his diamond jubilees; for such men can never remain too long in the field of labor.

MONTREAL A PROVINCE.

Montreal contributes by far the greater part of the provincial revenue no person will deny; nor does any person question the fact that this city by no means receives anything proportionate to her contribution. We know that certain political and municipal magnates have long been seeking to devise a means of equalizing such matters. But some way must have been joking with the editor who has recently informed his constituents that there is a movement on foot to erect Montreal into a separate province of the Dominion. Just imagine certain Yankees wanting to make New York city a State. What we fail to understand is how any one could be sufficiently taken by such a report as to secure a full column in a paper for the purpose of discussing the matter.

MIXED MARRIAGE CASE.

Mr. Justice Hooker, of Philadelphia, has just given a peculiar judgment in a very interesting case. A Catholic dies, leaving a widow who is a Protestant. The deceased is buried in a Catholic cemetery, and the surviving consort now seeks to have the remains taken up to re-bury them in a Protestant cemetery. Judge Hooker grants the petition of the woman, and declares that the burial was only a temporary arrangement until matters could be finally settled. Mr. Justice Hooker's opinion may be based upon the law of that particular state, but his ideas of Christian practices and rules are either very slim, or else his good faith, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, needs no small amount of repairing.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

Rev. Edward Worcester, D.D., has undertaken to "throw new light upon the Book of Genesis." We have no reason to find fault with the degree in theology which the rev. gentleman claims, nor do we, for an instant, dispute his talent and erudition; but we fail to see how he is going to make an improvement in Genesis. The most he could do would be to comment upon the Book and explain it to the more ignorant than himself

(of whom the number is small). The next thing we will find some unknown "D.D." performing is a treatise on the improvement of the creation. There are men, who, for a little notoriety, would gladly play the fool.

INGERSOLLIAN.—It is said that the good, and also the evil, we do survives us. Decidedly when a man makes use of the talents God gave him to sow the seeds of infidelity, he performs a work that will bear fruit long after he has left this world. An attorney, named Sparkes, in Cincinnati, has prepared a marriage ritual for a set of agnostics who base their folly upon the teachings of the late Bob Ingersoll. The grand object of these people is to bring up children in the spirit of agnosticism, and to inculcate into them the non-existence of God. The marriage pledges are well worth reproducing, were it only to show to what madness and folly unbelief may lead supposedly sane people. The pledge is as follows:—

"I desire to make said contract, and do hereby solemnly promise that I will do all in my power to make my wife happy, and that when I find that she is irritated from any cause I will not cross or quarrel with her, but will endeavor by tender and loving methods and kind words to soothe and restore her peace of mind. That I will abstain from drunkenness; that within three months, if possible, I will have my life insured, making my wife the beneficiary; and that should our marriage prove to be happy and we are blessed with children, I hereby bind myself to ever treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration and pledge myself to send them to the agnostic Sunday school and to give to them all the educational advantages within my power."

The wife's pledge leaves out all provisions of the husband's which do not properly apply to the wife. It contains the further provision:—

"Should I discover that we are unbecomingly or misnamed I hereby pledge my sacred word of honor that I will not bring children into the world not born of affection, and I hereby further promise that should I find, after I have exhausted every effort to make it otherwise, that we are unbecomingly or misnamed, I will not insist upon our living together."

Leaving aside all considerations of Christianity, we would like to know what would eventually become of the whole social fabric if such practices were to be encouraged, or allowed? If ever there existed a case in which the state could be justified in stepping in and interfering with the religious, or anti-religious teachings and actions of citizens, this is decidedly the one. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

FROG FARMING.

New industries are constantly cropping up, but the most novel as yet is that of the Frog cultivation. Here is an account of an enterprise that, it is claimed, may prove a gigantic success:—

"A frog farm on a scale never before undertaken in this country is about to be started in Massachusetts. According to the Boston Transcript, a farm of ten acres has been purchased at Ware and the work of placing it in shape for the contemplated enterprise is going on rapidly, and it is expected to launch the enterprise early this spring. The tract is admirably adapted for the purpose, as a stream of water passes through it. The system followed in the cultivation of the animals will be that of a series of artificial ponds, the first being the smallest, ten by three feet, in which the eggs will be placed for hatching, and as the creatures develop they will be removed to larger ponds, where they are given a chance to expand. When they are a year old they will occupy the bodies of water about ten feet square, and at the age of two years the animals will be allowed to splash around in a pool measuring 30 feet square.

These ponds are all connected by locks through which it will be a convenient matter to transfer the frogs when the time for this operation arrives. The ponds will be fitted with walls and bottom of cement, and after graduating from the 30-foot pond the frog will be full grown and ready for the market. Arrangements are being made for a crop of from 20,000 to 40,000 frogs a year, and if the venture proves a success it will be a comparatively easy matter

to enlarge the capacity of the farm to 100,000 frogs per year. Frog cultivation is a very simple matter and one which requires but small investment and no great amount of attention or work, and the returns are very large."

We know of no country in the world, in which frog-raising could be carried on at less cost than in Canada—especially in this province. Go out any summer evening into the country districts and you will hear an army of frogs making that peculiar noise which sounds so like "rum, mo'e rum." The Government should call the attention of intending speculators in frogs to the fact that Canada can supply them by the million. This ought also to revive a deep interest in the fables of Lafontaine—especially the one in which the boys pelt stones at a frog, and that in which a frog tries to rival an ox. While we have no special liking for frog food, still we are willing to help in the development of the industry if we can do nothing more in that direction, at least we can play "leap-frog."

FREE LIBRARIES.

As an evidence of how successful may be made the work of free Catholic libraries in large cities, we have the example of the Cathedral Library Association of New York city. The following paragraph, which is intended to relate the struggle now going on for rights in the matter of libraries, at the same time tells the story of the success of one Catholic library in particular:—

"The Catholics of New York are prepared to make a vigorous fight for their rights in the matter of libraries. Following the recent authoritative statement of Archbishop Corrigan, the Cathedral Library Association has issued a statement of the position of the cathedral library with reference to the proposed action of the city of New York in the matter of the Carnegie library proposition. The cathedral institution is a free circulating library, part of the library system of the state of New York, having a charter from the university of the state. The official statistics of New York libraries for 1893 show that at that time the cathedral library was the fifteenth largest in the state, with a circulation of 25,530, which placed it 51 in point of circulation. The annual report for 1899 gives the circulation as 315,389, and places the library as fourth in the state in point of circulation, and third in the city of New York. Beginning in November, 1887, with a few hundred volumes gathered from the remnants of several parish collections, it now numbers over 50,000. From June 30, 1900, to April, 1901, over 10,000 volumes have been added."

When we, in this great Catholic city of Montreal, read such information as the foregoing, and then turn to our own Free Library and its lack of success,—we mean, of course, success proportionate to the time, energy and money expended by its promoters—we must honestly admit that there is a terrible apathy abroad amongst us.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Since its establishment the Catholic University at Washington has received very generous support from both individual Catholics and various associations throughout the Republic; and that praiseworthy course seems to be continued by others as the years go past. We learn that the Catholic Knights of America at their late convention unanimously voted to endow a chair in the Catholic University. The unanimous vote was a surprise even to the friends of the measure. They are to raise the \$50,000 in four years; but it is hoped that they will make it possible for President O'Connor to make the presentation while in office. That gentleman has had the honor of presenting \$50,000 from the Ancient Order of Hibernians to endow a chair of Celtic literature.

DEPARTURE OF ABBE COLIN.

The Rev. Abbe Colin, superior of the Seminary, leaves for Europe. He goes direct to Rome, where he will spend one week only; thence he proceeds to Paris to take part in a general council of the members of the Sulpician Order. On the occasion of his departure the students of the Montreal College gave a most interesting entertainment. An address was presented to the Reverend Superior, to which he replied with all his recognized eloquence, announcing, at the same time, that the scholastic year would close on the 20th June. The "True Witness" joins in the general chorus of good wishes that swells around the learned and beloved Superior on the occasion of his important journey.

MGR. BRUCHESI TO PREACH.

We learn that His Grace, Mgr. Bruchesi, has been invited to deliver a sermon, in French, at Detroit, on the occasion of the bi-centenary of the city's foundation. The event will take place on the 2nd July next.

The Governor-General, the Lieutenant-Governors, and the Premier have been invited to attend. It will be a truly important occasion, and one that will find its place in the pages of American history. If the continent were searched no more eloquent and effective preacher could have been selected. It is on such great and signal occasions that our Archbishop rises so easily and so unerringly to the level required. The grander the event, the more imposing the celebration, the greater the concourse, the more powerful is Mgr. Bruchesi. Should he preach on that occasion the people of Detroit will have reason to be grateful to those who invited him, and to whomsoever suggested that invitation.

TWO ROMAN ITEMS.

Of considerable interest to our readers are the two following brief items of Roman news, which last Saturday's cable brought us. They read thus:—

"The Pope to-day received in audience Mgr. Chapelle, the Papal Delegate in the Philippines, and had a long conversation with him on questions affecting the religious orders in the Philippines.

"The published report that the Pope has the intention to abolish the apostolic delegation in Canada, and annex it to the United States delegation is totally unfounded."

CERVERA'S FEARS.

Speaking before the Naval Congress, at Madrid, on Friday of last week, Admiral Cervera expressed fears of the disintegration of Spain.

"I do not wish," he said, "that the interests of the navy should predominate at the expense of the other interests of the country. But, observing, as I do, what is going on at the present day, I am afraid that there is serious trouble ahead. We are in a position to comment upon such an expression; but we feel confident that should Spain commence once to divide up, the end would soon be at hand. Under all its surrounding circumstances, the Spain of to-day cannot afford to let land or foot slip, even an inch. Spain is a rich land—especially rich in possibilities. It is a land that more than one European Power would gladly possess. There are internal struggles going on which simply tend to weaken the country and to open out roads for foreigners to march in and pitch their tents.

NOT OVER ENCOURAGING.

While the Protestant press is filled with constant reports of great progress made by missionaries of the various sects throughout Africa, it is very astonishing to listen to what Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell has to say on the subject. He is a missionary bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa. Taking of his most recent experiences on the West coast of Africa, the Bishop says:—

"There is a world crisis in progress in Christianity and civilization. We are face to face with conditions never before encountered. Missionaries and explorers have gone to the furthest corners of the earth and have routed out what may almost be termed the oldest and most secluded peoples. They stand in defiant championship of their ancient creeds and territory.

"All through Africa I have seen signs of this revolt of the barbaric nations. Great Britain is experiencing it in Ashanti. All along that west coast, so rich in gold and so rapidly being invaded by European capital, the natives need but a spark to set alight aggressive fanaticism that years could scarcely suppress.

"Take Liberia, for instance, where live so many of our own negroes. Inland there are a million natives who, if they wished, at any moment could drive our settlers into the sea. My only wonder is that they are as peaceful as they have been."

There is an evident conflict between the Bishop's views and those of the missionary press; someone must err.

THE LATE MGR. MOREAU.

If the diocese of St. Hyacinthe has been plunged in the deepest mourning by the death of the venerable and saintly Bishop, Mgr. Moreau, nonetheless does the whole ecclesiastical province feel the grief and experience the gloom which such an event must naturally create. It would be no easy task to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of such a man as the late lamented Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. He was certainly one of the most remarkable figures in the ranks of the Canadian Catholic hierarchy. In years he was the episcopal dean of our province; in virtues he was the peer of the most saintly men; in experience he was the superior of the great majority of those who survive him; in deeds of worth he was the equal of any one that the last century has produced. There seems to have been something providential in the life and career of this great and good Bishop.

It is not our intention to enter into any biographical details concerning Mgr. Moreau; it is yet too soon

to write the history of his life. Those who knew him well, and who necessarily loved and venerated him, are, at this moment, in no fit state of mind to

THE SHIP FEVER VICTIMS' MEMORIAL.

At a meeting held on Monday evening, 27th May, 1901, in the hall of the St. Patrick's Presbytery, Montreal, to which had been invited three representatives chosen by each of the five Irish parishes of Montreal, viz.: St. Patrick's, St. Ann's, St. Mary's, St. Anthony's and St. Gabriel's, and also two delegates from each of the Irish societies in Montreal, the Rev. Father Quinlan, S.S., pastor of St. Patrick's, presided, and Mr. W. P. Doyle acted as secretary.

The following gentlemen represented the Irish societies, namely, J. J. Costigan and W. P. Doyle, the St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, P. O'Brien and C. O'Rourke, the St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society, J. Connor and J. Ryan, the St. Gabriel's Debating Club, Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., and B. Feeny, the St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society, M. J. O'Donnell and M. Casey, the St. Anthony's Young Men's Society, P. Heffernan and T. W. Mitchell, the St. Mary's Young Men's Society, D. Howe and T. Heber, the Gaelic Literary Society, W. H. Turner, Provincial President Ancient Order of Hibernians, J. Coffey, Provincial Secretary A.O.H., J. McIvor, Secretary County Board A.O.H., P. Tobin and M. Ward, the Hibernian Knights, P. Scullion and D. O'Neill, No. 1 Division A.O.H., P. Doyle and A. Dunn, No. 2 Div. A.O.H., M. Fitzgerald, L. Brophy, No. 3 Division A.O.H., J. Enright and W. Guilfoyle, No. 5 Division A.O.H., J. Carroll and J. B. Lane, No. 6 Division A.O.H., J. O'Brien and P. Flannagan, No. 8 Division A.O.H., W. J. Clarke and P. A. Duffy, No. 9 Division A.O.H.

The St. Patrick's parish was represented by Messrs. Bernard Tansey, Robert Warren and M. Delahanty, St. Mary's parish, by M. Dunn, A. Purcell and J. Morley; St. Gabriel's parish, by J. Lynch, D. Tansey and T. J. Kavanaugh; St. Ann's parish, by J. Killoran, A. Cullinan and P. Flannery.

There were also present the Rev. Father O'Meara, the Rev. Father Kavanaugh, S.J., the Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Spellman, Mr. Kavanaugh, K.C., who had been named on a committee in connection with the business before the meeting, was also present.

The meeting had been convened by the Reverend Chairman for the purpose of taking final action in regard to the Immigrants' Cemetery at Point St. Charles, and in regard to the monument which had been erected therein to preserve the graves from desecration.

The following was referred to by the unanimous expression of the sentiment of the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

Inasmuch as—in view of the Grand Trunk Railway Company's request for co-operation in the erection on St. Patrick's Square of the monument removed from the Irish Immigrants' grave-yard at Point St. Charles—the City Council has expressed the desire to be informed as to the wishes of those most interested.

Inasmuch as under penal laws and various forms of persecution the people of Ireland have suffered for Faith and Fatherland; and inasmuch as these sufferings culminated in the awful famine of 1847-48 which drove hundreds of thousands of our race over the seas;

And, inasmuch as it is a fact of public notoriety that the place is a cemetery, and as such has been exempt from municipal taxation;

Inasmuch as the land with the monument upon it was conveyed in trust as a cemetery to the Anglican Bishop of Montreal and his successors in office;

That in the most earnest and respectful manner, we solemnly protest against the transfer to the Grand Trunk Railway Company of this cemetery and against the use of it for any purposes other than the one purpose plainly apparent on the face of the monument.

That in consequence we hereby respectfully request His Grace the Anglican Archbishop of Montreal to require the Grand Trunk Railway Company to put the monument back in the cemetery from which it was removed without His Grace's consent or knowledge.

The secretary was instructed to sign foregoing declaration for and on behalf of all present and on behalf of the various parishes and societies represented at the meeting, and was further instructed to send a copy thereof to His Grace the Anglican Archbishop of Montreal, to the City Council and to the press. Montreal, May 27th, 1901. (Signed) W. P. DOYLE.

of the labor market, except by disastrous strikes or lockouts, in which the productive power of a great force of workers is lost and capital is wasted by idleness. The market for goods can be tested by a refusal to sell, but the market for labor can be tested only by prodigal waste and irreparable loss. Clearly this difference should warrant a different line of treatment by Parliament, even without taking into account the antagonisms, the violence and the bloodshed that so frequently result when passions are inflamed by industrial conflicts.

The State should hesitate to interfere or encroach on the domain of personal liberty in ordinary commerce, but the conditions which surround the sale of labor are exceptional and demand exceptional treatment. We cannot afford to have thousands of men lay down their tools and remain in idleness to test the balance of supply and demand in the labor market. It is the duty of Parliament to devise a less destructive method. Much has been done by both the Dominion and Provincial Governments in providing for impartial arbitration in disputes between workmen and their employers. Conciliatory interference is also provided for in cases in which mutual obstinacy threatens to provoke destructive conflicts. Much good has already been accomplished by these means, but it must be admitted that they lack the element of authority. There is as yet no means of dealing with the employer who declares that there is nothing to arbitrate, nor with the union that refuses to submit its case to an impartial decision. The real need of the present situation is some tribunal before which either party can bring the questions at issue and secure a verdict which will have the same effect as a judicial decision, and can be enforced by legal authority.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter to which we referred in the first editorial note of last issue now claims our attention. So many subjects are suggested by "A Reader" that it would be impossible to dwell fully upon them all. In the first place we are informed that the "Daily Witness" claims ten thousand Catholics in Austria now belonging to about fifty-one different sects of Protestantism. We are asked how this comes to pass; is it due to the cleverness of the missionaries, or the ignorance of the Catholics. Considering the source of this information, and the vagueness thereof, we do not find anything very surprising about it. In all likelihood the "Witness" gave the very highest possible figure; and in such cases its assertions must be taken "with a grain of salt." In the next place we are not told over what extent of time these alleged conversions spread. It may be ten, twenty, fifty years; it may be since the Reformation. We are not informed how many Catholics have joined any one of these fifty odd sects, or do we know what these sects and their tenets are?

We are aware that a great wave of infidelity has swept over Europe of late. We know that in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even Austria, the Masonic influence has been exercised with vengeance during the last ten or twenty years. Numbers have fallen away from the Church; but they have fallen into the ranks of infidelity—Protestantism may claim them, if it sees fit. Again, the third of these sects are not actually Christian, but rather anti-Christian. They are forms and names that merely mark the atheism that they propagate. We do not believe that ten thousand Catholics, during the past decade, or any way, have left the Church in Austria, nor do we believe that those who did abandon the Church became Protestants. That the Protestant evangelists have made some progress in Austria we cannot deny; but we do not attribute it to the cleverness of the missionaries, nor altogether to the ignorance of the Catholics. It is due, in great part, as is the case all over Italy—even in Rome—to the unfair and unevangelical methods of the former, and to the cupidity, the need, or the usquequoism of the latter. The story of Protestant missions in Rome, amongst the indigent will prove what we say.

"A Reader" wants to know how the Bible can be the rule of faith, and how we are to know that the Bible is what Protestants claim it to be. We thus summarize, in a couple of lines, the four or five questions asked. If our correspondent had attended the mission to non-Catholics recently given in St. Patrick's Church here, by Father Younan, he would have found his questions fully answered and in a most satisfactory manner. We will not attempt a reply of our own; but we will allow Father Fidelis to speak, and he is one of the most eminent of living converts to the Church. He was known in the world as J. Kent Stone, late president of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges. In his work entitled the "Invitation Headed," which is an explanation of how he came to join the Catholic Church, he has a very fine chapter on this very subject. From that chapter (every line of which is important) we can only give a few extracts; but even these few, for space will allow of no more, constitute a complete answer to all the questions asked by "A Reader."

The learned and reverend author says: "There is a sad deal of nonsense about 'the Bible and nothing but the Bible.' There is not one of the end- less sects into which Protestantism is divided which realizes its own theory. They each of them have beside the Bible, their own little system of theology, their catechisms

and their confessions—all different, and, if different, contradictory, yet all claiming to be founded on the same infallible rule." Skipping all that, Father Fidelis has to say concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures and their historical value, we come to the following significant passage: "The Catholic does not even need the Scriptures to know that the Church is divine. There she stands; and her existence is the evidence of her origin. She speaks; and her claims are her credentials. She acts, and her work is her vindication. She points to the past; and her history is her irrefragable argument. She was in the world before the first Christian penman had begun his sacred task. She was then what she is now. She is the contemporary of all ages. Her message is the same to-day as it was in the days of old. Her office is to teach; and her commission—not what was afterwards written in a book, but what was uttered on the day of the Ascension. That living Voice from Heaven we hear to-day, as men have heard it through the ages all along, and we would still hear it, though St. Luke had never written to Theophilus, nor the divine John to the seven churches which were in Asia."

So much for the Church, and what all Catholics believe; but he now comes to that which our correspondent wishes to know. He thus writes in another paragraph: "It pleased God, however, for the greater confirmation of the faith, to put it into the hearts of a few who from the beginning were eye-witnesses, or committed to their memory, the words of the earthly life of the Church's Divine Founder; and also, for the Church's edification, to preserve certain letters which, at divers times, were brethren and children in the Gospel. These documents, which are in their nature fragmentary and unsystematic, have nothing to do with the Church's mission to the nations. They were never intended to teach men the doctrine of the doctrine of 'Christ.' They were written to those who had already been taught; not to such as knew not the truth, but to such as knew it." They were written on occasion called them forth for exhortation, or for counsel, or for rebuke; but they were addressed to those in whom both faith and knowledge are assumed. Never did an Apostle write to convince the doubting or the unbelieving, nor even to instruct the ignorant. The charge to make disciples was fulfilled by other means than pen and parchment. That work was done, as it is done now—by the authoritative voice of the teaching Church."

The Scriptures are the Church's heritage; and she uses them as such. To the faithful she expounds the Word of God. When she addresses the unbelieving world, she makes no appeal to the Scriptures, but rests upon her inspiration alone; she employs them for their testimony to the facts of history. That the Church is by its origin independent of the Scriptures there is no end of evidence. St. Irenaeus (Advers. Haereses, l. iii. c. 4) says: "Supposing that the Apostles had left us nothing in writing, should we not still follow the rule of doctrine which they delivered to those to whom they entrusted the churches?" Commenting on 2 Thess. ii. 14, St. Chrysostom says: "Hence it is plain that the Apostles did not deliver to us everything by their epistles, but many things without writing. These are we believe to be believed. Wherefore let us believe the tradition of the Church." St. Augustine says: "The authority of the Church." St. Chrysostom says: "Those who are out of standing of the divine word, they all quote Scripture, but without the sense of Scripture."

One more paragraph from Father Fidelis, and we have done:—"What word is still to be found among Protestants is only the lingering of the old Catholic faith. It is the voice of infidelity still distinctly sounding in ears which are most unconsciously whence the voice proceeds. Protestants, who are the truest of the true, but which they commonly call the Catholic Church. Still less do they know that that Church is today the only power which saves the Bible from being torn to pieces by the caprice and passion of mankind and the malice of the powers of darkness."

VARIOUS NOTES.

A WORTHY OBJECT.—A highly estimable and chaste lady formerly of St. Mary's parish, well-known as a benefactor of the aged and helpless, has donated a very handsome guitar—auto harp of 36 cords, Mieneh Zutter & Co., size, 24, with key and notes, surmounted by crown and cross, to be competed for by subscription to a patriarchal fund for the assistance of Mr. Denis Murney, a worthy old gentleman. Through force of circumstances, the infirmities of age and failing eyesight, Mr. Murney is unable to earn his living. Mr. Murney has attained the patriarchal age of 83. He has been a useful member of society, devoted to the cause of religion and patriotic movements. We sincerely hope that the effort now being made on behalf of the sturdy Irishman will be successful. The drawing will take place in the St. Mary's Young Men's Hall, 1242 Notre Dame street. Subscribers will be notified on closing of list of contributors, through the press, of date and time of drawing.

GOOD ADVICE.—Father Kiernan gave some practical advice during his address at the festival of the Ladies' Auxiliary last Monday evening, in St. Mary's hall. He reminded

his hearers that we Catholics had been praying ourselves keep behind the age by not leaving the deep ruts of financial indifference and apathy. We owed a great debt of appreciation and of gratitude to the various Catholic organizations which aimed at bettering the standard of our social influence. The Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Knights of Columbus and the Hibernians, have Catholic populations of habits of economy and of foresight. They need no longer be "chewers of wood and drawers of water." The thrift of their fathers, whom they should ever honor, and advance policies in these various insurance companies, have given them an impulse that encouraged them to use their God-given talents for the benefit of their church and for the good of their families.

A TESTIMONIAL TO A PRIEST.—On the occasion of the departure of Rev. Father J. P. Ward, C.S.S.R., who has been connected with St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, for three years past, he was presented by his friends with two illuminated addresses, a travelling valise and a purse of gold. Rev. Father Ward is leaving for Erie, Pa., where he will be connected with the Redemptorist College. The presentation took place in St. Patrick's Hall, Ald. Wm. Burns presided, and made the presentation of the valise and purse, on behalf of the congregation. Mr. E. J. Healy presented an address on behalf of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Rev. Father Ward, whose departure is much regretted, will be succeeded by Rev. Father Barrett.

LOSSES BY EARTHQUAKE.—An official despatch from Batavia, Java, to the "Hague," says that Europeans and 178 natives perished as a result of the recent eruption of the volcano of Keloot. A violent earth shock was experienced at Turin, a town fifty-five miles south southwest of Turin, and elsewhere, on Saturday last. Little damage was done, but the people were panic stricken. An earthquake has occurred at Malaga. A number of houses were damaged and a panic was created among the inhabitants. Storms and floods at Puebla de Alcocer, Province of Badajoz, Spain, have resulted in the loss of two lives and injury to several persons.

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST.

On the 22nd May last, at Belleville, Ontario, the whole archdiocese of Kingston, and we might say, the whole of Catholic Ontario, assembled to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V. G. We cannot possibly allow such an occasion to pass unnoticed. In all the great Province of Ontario there is not a more venerable, beloved and honored priest than the pastor of St. Michael's, Belleville. The account of the ceremonies given by the "Daily Sun" of Belleville is, in itself, one of the finest eulogiums that could be pronounced. We would gladly reproduce the entire report, but our space will not permit, especially at this late portion of the week. However, we can say that not all the expressions of devoted love, not all the gathering of prelates, priests and distinguished laymen around the honored pastor, not all the testimonials presented in token of gratitude and sympathetic feelings, could equal the deserts of the one so honored. Monsignor Farrelly is now in his seventy-fourth year. He is a native of the County of Cavan, Ireland. But the three-fourths of his long life have been spent in Canada, and he occupied with sacerdotal labors. He was ordained in 1851, by the late Bishop Phelan, of Kingston. At first he was parish priest of Lindsay; but the last thirty years of his life have been spent in Belleville. He has been the founder, or the promoter of every important Catholic institution in the latter place, and he has contributed more than any other individual to the temporal as well as the spiritual prosperity of that locality. The name, fame and works of Monsignor Farrelly are familiar to thousands outside the limits of his immediate field of action. His fine characteristics of heart and mind have endeared him to all who have had the good fortune to come in contact with him. As an evidence of the universality of the respect paid the aged and honored priest, we find the following amongst those who participated in the festive celebration of the 22nd May:—

- Most Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston.
Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London.
Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough.
Rev. Mgr. P. D. Laurent, Lindsay.
Rev. Dr. Teefy, St. Michael's College, Toronto.
Rev. Dr. H. A. Constantineau, rector of Ottawa.
Rev. John Meagher, Dean of Regiopolis College, Kingston.
Rev. J. Masterson, V.G., Prescott.
Rev. Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough.
Rev. Canon D. F. Foley, Almonte.
Rev. Dean B. J. O'Connell, Mount Forest.
Rev. Father Carey, Ennisville.
Rev. Father Kehoe, Kingston.
Rev. W. A. McDonough, Kingston.
Rev. T. J. Spratt, Wolfe Island.
Rev. W. E. Walsh, Westport.
Rev. J. O'Brien, Stanleyville.
Rev. M. J. Spratt, Elgin.
Rev. J. Holden, Hamilton.
Rev. J. J. Collins, Cusheonhall.
Rev. J. Doyle, Brockville.
Rev. M. Callaghan, S.S.S., Montreal.
Rev. M. J. Kelly, Douro.

- Rev. D. O'Connell, Peterborough.
Rev. H. Coty, Hamilton.
Rev. A. Conway, Norwood.
Rev. W. J. McCall, Ennisville.
Rev. C. Ballaugh, Trenton.
Rev. P. A. Twohey, Picton.
Rev. P. C. O'Brien, Madoc.
Rev. T. Murtagh, Marmora.
Rev. T. Davis, Perth.
Rev. A. Carson, Merrickville.
Rev. C. J. Killen, Toledo, Ohio.
Rev. T. P. O'Connor, Kempton.
Rev. J. T. Hogan, Napanee.
Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed.
Rev. M. McDonald, Portsmouth.
Rev. G. B. Briddenneau, C. M., Raitton.
Rev. C. Grenot, C.M., Raitton.
Rev. T. Kelly, Smith's Falls.
Rev. W. J. Jeffcott, Oshawa.
Rev. J. T. White, Toronto.
Rev. G. Northgraves, Buffalo, N.Y.
Rev. J. Brennan, St. Mary's.
Rev. J. Killeen, Colgan.
Rev. F. G. Rohleder, Toronto.
Rev. C. McWilliams, Spencerville.
Rev. J. Fleming, Morrisburg.
Rev. J. S. Quinn, Chesterville.
Rev. J. O'Reilly, Oakville.
Rev. J. C. Cronin, Dunville.
Rev. M. J. Crawley, Trevelyan.

There is one address, a very significant one, which we desire to reproduce. It followed that signed by the Archbishop of Kingston and all the clergy of the archdiocese, and preceded the presentation of a purse of gold by Very Rev. Dean Murray of Trenton, and a golden Monstrance, by Rev. Father Twohey, of Picton. My Dear Monsignor: While the good priests of the Archdiocese of Kingston are rejoicing and congratulating you on the occasion of your Golden Jubilee there are some of your old parishioners, now priests going duty in distant parts of Ontario, who desire to share in the joy of the jubilee celebration.

We remember with pleasure and gratitude the shining example of your priestly life, and your great zeal for our welfare, both in church and school, and we recall in special manner your watchful care in fostering in our souls a vocation for the Holy Priesthood, as well as your many acts of kindness as a true father and priest up to the present time.

As a token of our sincere gratitude we ask you to accept this Monstrance and hope you will remember in your prayers the old boys of Lindsay and Belleville. Love for his children too. LEAN O'CONNOR, Mount Forest.

We cannot omit the song of welcome, composed for the occasion, and sung by the pupils of the Sisters of Providence, the solo being taken by little Miss McDonald— God bless our dear Monsignoret Let all the people praise him And homage render to his name And pray him length of days; For fifty years he has nobly served His God and Master true, His father's heart does e'er impart Love for his children too. Love for his children too.

REFRAIN. God bless our dear Monsignoret Whose name will ever stand Without a blot on history's page A pastor nobly grand.

God bless our dear Monsignoret Let angel voices sing Glad praises for our pastor's name Unto his Heavenly King. He sought for strength from Him And for his children peace, We pray the Sacred Heart to bless Our own beloved priest, Our own beloved priest.

REFRAIN. God bless our dear Monsignoret We gladly hail his name To our dear Lady we shall pray: In this her month of May, That she her choicest gifts bestow On our pastor's life, And that we her children, may be firm To combat in strife, To combat in strife.

We will close this altogether inadequate a report by uniting heartily in the sentiments expressed in the closing part of the address from the Archbishop and clergy— And the end is not yet. We see you

happily enjoying the promising health of vigorous age, giving hope of many fruitful years in the holy cause of Christ and His church. May these years be happy and peaceful, earthly exile will be peacefully closed, the peace which follows the holy toilers in the vineyard of the Lord—"Going they went, and woe, casting their seeds, but coming they shall come with joyousness, carrying their sheaves." (Psalm CXXV). This prophecy of ultimate reward for your golden years of priestly toil, we reverently hope and pray will be the happy issue allotted you by the Eternal Priest when this scene of earthly exile will be peacefully closed.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

As the end of the scholastic year approaches, the pupils of the Catholic High School are redoubling their efforts to secure the special prizes. The "Kilkeevan prize," a gold watch, for proficiency in Irish history, is being contended for by a larger number than last year. A generous patron of the school has given another gold watch for English history, and a splendid silver watch is the special prize for elocution, Canadian history, and in an exceptional manner, the history of the city of Montreal, as also on the list. For the latter subject, a prize of ten dollars in gold will be competed for. The annual meeting of the governors and members of the institution will be held on the 12th of June instant. The date of the closing exercises will be announced in our next issue.

CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of Div. No. 2, A. O. H., held on Friday, May 24th, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by the hand of death Mrs. F. Kennedy, beloved mother of our esteemed brother, J. Kennedy, who bowing in submission to the will of Divine Providence, we offer our sincere sympathy to our forementioned brother, and others of the family in this hour of severe trial; Further, that a copy of this resolution be sent to the "True Witness" and "National Hibernian" for publication, also to the members of the family, and entered on the Society's minutes.

C. M. B. A.

An emergency meeting of Branch No. 9, C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Quebec, will be held to-morrow afternoon, in their hall, 1212a Notre Dame street. The business is of such an important nature, that every member is expected to be present.

MAGNIFICENT DONATIONS.

Archbishop Corrigan dedicated last Monday afternoon St. Eleonora's Home for Convalescent Patients, which is situated on a high hill between Scarisdale and Tuckahoe in Westchester county, N.Y. The home will be open to convalescent patients from the hospitals of New York, who can remain there in charge of doctors and nurses until they are cured. It was given by Miss Georgiana Iselin, daughter of Adrian Iselin, the banker, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Eleonora O'Donnell Iselin, who died in New Rochelle in 1897. The home cost about \$50,000. This is the fifth important gift of the Iselin family to be blessed by Archbishop Corrigan. In 1892 Mrs. Iselin gave St. Gabriel's Church in New Rochelle to the Catholics of that city; in 1898 Adrian Iselin, jr., practically gave the famous Leland Castle to the Ursuline nuns, and one year later Adrian Iselin and Miss Iselin gave a large parochial school and home for the Sisters of Charity to St. Gabriel's parish. The gifts, including the one dedicated Monday, aggregate in value about \$1,000,000.

We learn that a young Italian, who was filled with a spirit of universal patriotism, had been selected to kill Emperor of Germany; but the youth preferred to commit suicide.

ENLARGED JOINT SHOES.

Many men suffer keenly from the pressure of the shoe on the too joint. A tight shoe has caused the trouble.

We have had specially made for us, by one of the leading manufacturers of the United States, a shoe which will at once relieve the suffering of, and ultimately cure an enlarged toe joint.

It is made on a very neat and stylish last, and, when on the foot, does not show the slightest deformity. Its wearing is attended with the greatest comfort and the price is no higher than any other shoe of the same quality.

RONAYNE BROS.,

2027 Notre Dame St., Chaboulez Square. 'Phone Main 472.

MARGAUX CLARET.

\$3 50 per case of 1 dozen Quarts. \$4 50 per case of 2 dozen Pints.

"CLUB" CLARET.

\$4 50 per case of 1 dozen Quarts. \$5 50 per case of 2 dozen Pints.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 297, 299 and 311 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

The Typewriter.

"Miss Lowe, I don't think you are attending, are you?"

It was the first time in more than a year that he had found occasion for such a complaint, and even then her wandering thoughts were not more than half arrested by the reprimand.

"I beg your pardon! The fact is, old Uncle Joseph is gone at last."

Not having the remotest idea who her Uncle Joseph might be, and rather impatient of his intrusion, dead as he was, into that particular office, Miss Lowe was not inclined to waste too much sympathy.

"I'm sorry," he murmured vaguely. "But about this letter. Will you be good enough to"—and he reiterated his instructions before closing the glazed pigeon-hole that separated his sanctum from the small office where the typist and her machine waited upon his instructions. Beyond her again was the outer office, fronting the street and containing the only other clerk—a married man with at least five good and industrious reasons for being sober and industrious.

The letter was quickly done, and as no other business followed immediately, Miss Lowe was able to put both elbows restfully on the table and stare out into a sort of back yard or (by courtesy) been most evidently requiring medical aid. Being a business house, nobody cared much about them, so they languished and died of obscure piscatorial diseases. Perhaps Hester Lowe unknowingly hastened their ends by the bestowal of injudicious duties, as she passed to and fro, but in reality the dejected little fountain appealed more to her sympathies, being almost the only thing to look at out of the window. To-day, however, she could think of nothing properly but the legacy which Uncle Joseph had willingly ceded to her by Uncle Joseph, whose grief at being unable to take it away with him had embittered his last years.

Five thousand pounds sounded unctuous spoken, looking fat and well liking on paper, yet the fortunate legatee could not contemplate it without being unduly dazzled. True, it lifted off for good and all the fear of a penniless old age, which had often oppressed her, but in other ways, as she knew, there might be disadvantages connected with it. Money was a direct incentive to idleness, and the remembrance of desultory years spent without aim or purpose was bitter to her still. Money might mean a return to the old sloth and self-indulgence, neither of which had a grain of real happiness in them. To lose now the self-respect which the earning of her own bread had caused to grow and thrive would be a loss without any possible compensation. Of course, to be cared in that little glass den—which had been once a conservatory—for so much of each day was both dull and fatiguing, but it made the after-noon rest and recreation so unspeakably delicious that tea, after office duties were over in the coziness of her own room was a dissipation in itself. The delight of leaving school can only be purchased by having been in it; of that she felt assured, and stayed thinking it out until long past her official time to go.

"Suppose I give up this drudgery and retire on this fortune, of mine, what shall I become? Why, nothing but a loafer and vagabond, as much as any of those who gather round a public house on a Sunday morning." So she decided to alter little or nothing of the circumstances of her life, except in a few small matters, which showed that in spite of a certain largeness of mind she had distinctly feminine notions on many things.

"On the strength of this I'll order some good boots. In future each boot on every foot shall cost at least ten shillings, and I'll get a pair of real sealskin gloves for next winter and I'll have a fowl every Sunday for dinner."

Having made the typewriter a passive confidant of these demoralizing extravagances, she covered it up and fared forth gayly into the whirling dissipations of Dulverton. High street. Just as she was passing a shop she caught sight of a little ball—an absurd little ball of rubber and shining with scarlet paint. Twopence secured her this treasure, which she presented surreptitiously the next morning to the dejected little fountain. To all appearances the gift was acceptable, and the sight of that gaudy little ball bounding and whirling under the austere nose of law itself was a distinct mental refreshment to her.

Yes, Francis Dalwood was a lawyer, as his father had been before him; but if his elder brother had lived to take the practice he would have willingly chosen some other path in life, perhaps with less plodding labor in it. Vaguest rumor hinted that in his student days he had been unsettled of purpose and restless under the constraints of his work, but if it ever had been so or was so now, there was no indication. The professional mask was perfect, and he seemed as plodding and punctual as his father before him. Of the woman who took down his instructions in shorthand before typewriting them he knew absolutely nothing. To him she was merely a part of the typewriting machinery, and the glazed pigeon-hole might have been a great gliding device, instead

stead of what it was. If asked concerning her, he would have admitted her diligence and accuracy and perhaps added that she was a well-conducted young woman. But this last would have been quite an afterthought, and of that part of her which had pitied and consoled even the lonely little fountain he hadn't the remotest conception. She came, she did her work, she went and that was all. Now, it is proverbial that even kingly dignity is not exempt from the respectful observation of a cat, and as she had a heart singly at leisure from itself and only the fountain and her employer to study in the intervals of business it was only natural that the human interest should easily win.

It would have been an utter surprise to Francis Dalwood to learn how well this apparent automaton understood him and sympathized with his troubles and perplexities of his professional life. It did not take her long to learn from his very footstep in the adjacent room whether things were going ill or well with him, and when he paced monotonously up and down, perhaps through half a morning, she knew perfectly well that the official receiver had made another heavy call upon the unfortunate shareholder of a broken bank. This disastrous bit of property had been left him by his father, and frequently to town. Then, to the general surprise, he took a house, a fine, recently built, on the outskirts of the quiet little town, and the rumor sprang up that, of course, he was going to get married. The clerk and Hester Lowe were busily plied with questioned but the one knowing nothing of the matter, the other, a vague disquietude, never encouraged gossip concerning her employer. Just six weeks after that unaccountable windfall, which had so smoothly paved the path before him, he gave notice to leave. The dismissal was not unkindly done, but simply as a matter of course.

"I am making changes here," he told her, "which will oblige me to keep two regular clerks, who will reside in this house when I have left it."

Like a snow shower his words seemed to cover all her thoughts with a curious blankness, so that only here and there could peep forth a tiny blade of humor.

"Am I not, then, a regular clerk?"

"You are, certainly, but not precisely in the way I mean. I shall be most happy to give you the possible list of my references."

I doubt if she even thanked him. Somehow she had thought confidently of sitting and working in that glass case, with every day and hour brightened by seeing her money turned to good and useful account, by her diligent and energetic plying to and fro, by seeing his face grow brighter with every prosperous year. These were stupid, idle fancies for any business woman to have and their result proved them folly.

He certainly missed her the morning after his departure, with the pursuance of old custom, he threw open the pigeon-hole and found nothing but orderly blankness; still it was only as a man might miss the darts in his socks by finding holes there instead. In gazing at the idle typewriter he foolishly grieved without those generously worded testimonials which he was so willing to give, and, knowing quite by chance that she was still in Dulverton, he determined to call and put this little matter right, because she had certainly done her duty in that state of life to which poverty had called her.

Hester Lowe had two rooms in a staid little house standing just where town merged itself definitely into country, and as he was ushered in by the landlady and his former clerk who had done her duty in that state of life to which poverty had called her, she found on the morning of his arrival a letter containing twenty halves of crisp bank notes, and the notes were for £100 apiece. It was a munificent gift, costing her as yet very little, and had already decided against using the money for herself, and if only she had bestowed it on the clerk with the five hungry children it might have meant compound interest to all concerned.

Francis Dalwood, hardly daring to believe his own eyes, read the businesslike note that accompanied this apparently heaven-sent denouement of all his difficulties. It contained nothing but an official assurance that the other halves would follow promptly on the announced receipt of the first, that they were a free gift from some grateful client, and that he desired to make known his gratitude but not his name. This was all, and cudgel his brains as he might Mr. Dalwood could not think of any client who owed and paid gratitude on such a magnificent scale. He was a long, long time over his correspondence that morning, and Hester, who knew perfectly the contents of one of his letters, felt nervously self-conscious. With noiseless touches she played tunes on the keys of the typewriter and began to feel really desperate before the glazed shutter was pulled back. She looked up quickly, searchingly, to see the result of her handiwork, but the professional mask showed nothing through, not even a sparkle of new hope in the eyes. It was her first disappointment in the transaction and many more were to follow. Yet, surely he stood a little more upright, as though a weight had fallen from his shoulders. In dictating to her his voice sounded precisely as usual, but as she was a little slow that morning he looked half-absently out of the window.

"What has that fountain got hold of this morning?"

She followed his careless eyes with the strained scrutiny of her own; for she had been identified just then

with that absurdly frivolous little ball would only have been one degree better than being found guilty of the bank notes.

"It's—it's a ball, isn't it?" she inquired, looking painfully short-sighted. "Dear me! how very odd!"

But she saw then, with great satisfaction, that he had forgotten her and the dictation and was looking at the little ball without seeing it, with a most unbusinesslike smile. He was doing nothing but just remembering the two thousand and all it could do for him. With a smile on her face that reflected his, she punctuated blandly with a full stop, and sat waiting his pleasure. When he suddenly returned to business she was, as usual, automatically grave.

"Where are you, please?"

"I must remind you that in the matter of it," she said, "and then there is a full stop, and then she frowned impatiently at his stupidity and hers.

"A full stop in the middle of a sentence? Miss Lowe, what are you thinking about?"

Between them they put the matter right, and then she shut her eyes, and drew to again. Only in that one action alone did he appear to recognize that he was dealing with a woman and not a machine, for he allowed his hand to rest gently on her shoulder and making little sound. A rough, curt flinging to the side of the chair would have jarred her again and again.

For a little while things went much as usual except that Mr. Dalwood's business seemed to draw him rather frequently to town. Then, to the general surprise, he took a house, a fine, recently built, on the outskirts of the quiet little town, and the rumor sprang up that, of course, he was going to get married. The clerk and Hester Lowe were busily plied with questioned but the one knowing nothing of the matter, the other, a vague disquietude, never encouraged gossip concerning her employer. Just six weeks after that unaccountable windfall, which had so smoothly paved the path before him, he gave notice to leave. The dismissal was not unkindly done, but simply as a matter of course.

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"Oh, a reference? Thanks. But I doubt if it is needed."

He sat down and drew pen and ink, which were close at hand, toward him.

"You will find it as much needed. May I ask if you have anything in view?" He was writing as he spoke. "No—nothing in view."

He frowned a little and went scratching on.

"Miss H. Lowe—what does H. stand for? It is better with the full name."

"Hester."

So he didn't even know as much as that about her, and the scraping pen set her teeth on edge.

"There," he said, handing it to her, "will that do? If not, I will add anything you please."

She read the few formal words bearing witness to her worth and diligence, while he glanced round the room, marvelling what a woman could do with £60 a year.

"It will do excellently," she said. "Thank you."

"I doubt if it is quite enough, now I come to think of it. Give it back, I will add a little more."

But her grasp tightened on the sheet of paper.

"You have said quite enough. I like that word 'faithful.' It really expresses everything."

He glanced up into the soft, sorrows face above him, and fully realized that this was the first time he had really seen her, and the thought struck him that a man hurt and in pain would find comfort in such a face bending over and soothing him.

At parting they shook hands.

"Do you know," he said, "I feel now that I haven't been half nice enough to you. It must have been terribly dull work for you."

"Not at all. You never bullied me—I should have hated that—and you paid me punctually. What more was necessary?"

She didn't mean to be bitter, yet he went away distinctly remorseful. There really was gone she laughed quietly and then wiped her eyes.

"It's really very comical when one looks at it," she said. "And if ever a person turned herself out of a situation by her own act and deed, I am that person. It's really very comical."

And she wiped her eyes again.

II.

It was two years before Hester Lowe came back to Dulverton, just to please herself with a sight of the place she liked so well. Why it drew her on she hardly knew, still it would certainly be pleasant to find out how much of thriving prosperity her money had brought to the man who had needed it more than she. Through the two years she had followed his career in imagination, endowing him first with that rumored wife and then, in process of time, with an heir to the property. It was taste building on a most unselfish scale, without the least fear of straggling weakness, for in all her thoughts of him he was invariably happy and successful.

Now, Dulverton being on a branch line, she had to change at the junction, which was then crowded with people returning from some local races. The majority went to Hester stood quietly on one side, an interested and amused looker-on. When the branch train drew up there was something of a scuffle for places, and in the confusion she found herself hustled into a first-class carriage without any regard for her own feelings. The compartment was soon full of noisy men, who were obviously of the bookmaking fraternity, and whose comments on the day's doings were sufficiently loud and hilarious to make her wish she had chosen a quieter way for her journey. The train was just on the move when some one got in, but Hester never even turned away from her window until the salutation addressed to this late comer stung her into attention.

"Halloo, Dalwood! You cut it rather good, my old fellow!"

Before turning her head she had time to resent the unpleasant familiarity of address. Surely Mr. Dalwood—who had carried himself proudly in past days—would reprove such impertinent freedom, and she almost waited to hear his curt repudiation before looking at him. But it never came, and as her startled eyes surveyed him she began to understand why, for the man looked not much above these his associates, save that he had once been a gentleman. Without being actually tipsy, he had the look of a man who had drunk and the flush looked deep, as if it had been there some time. His clear eyes had become flustering and uncertain, and his clothes, though good, were slovenly and ill cared for. His manner was the manner of a man going fast downhill—his laugh had recklessness and no shadow of merriment in it. The bitter shame of seeing him so made her turn away before he could recognize her and, sitting in dismayed misery with averted head, she tried to think what had brought him to this. "His wife must be a bad woman. Nothing but that could have changed him so." So she thought while listening to the desultory bursts of talk.

"Your luck's been bad to-day, Dalwood, hasn't it?" inquired one of them, who was evidently uproarious with good fortune.

"My luck always is bad, not having the experience of you fellows. Fortunate gambling requires, I find, a liberal education and broad views of neighborly duty."

That he despised them no less than himself was evident, but the choice of Dulverton Miss Setton decided, for good and all, that no affection of mine could compensate her for having to live in such a place. This disappointment—for I can honestly say it was a most bitter one and totally unexpected—completely paralyzed that little energy I had, and the uphill work, which had always dragged, seemed no longer worth the trouble of doing. I let myself go—and the business, too—and these lapses mean—what you have seen this evening. I am lower even than those men, having known better things. No one can despise me better heartily than I despise myself. I think it is the only bit of honest feeling left in me."

"It was strange about that money," she said fearfully. "Did you never even suspect from whom it came?"

"Never, really; but in my fanciful movements, when things troubled me more than they do now, I have thought the gift was evilly meant, and sent as a curse instead of a blessing, for nothing ever prospered with me after. You will laugh at me, perhaps when I tell you that I was in the druggery of scraping together enough for that rapacious bank, and even while hating it I felt that it was making a man of me—that it was little by little grinding me, little by little, into greater strength, and doggedness—I can think of no better word—and when the money came it was like removing the strong grip of a firm hand from a runaway horse. Another year or two perhaps of such discipline might have made me what I never shall be now—a decent credit to my profession and not a disgrace."

"Stop! stop! You do not know what you are saying!"

Perhaps he had never heard such a cry of pain. It matched the misery on her face and startled him completely out of himself.

"Miss Lowe, I am a fool to have distressed you so. It is as if I had been accusing you instead of myself, which is a poor reward for your kind and efficient service. I have often—"

She stopped him, unable to bear it. "Give me your name, only ten minutes of silence, and then I have something to tell you."

With an attempt to hide her utter wretchedness from him she lowered the lamp, which was shining full on her face, while he, lost in wonder, looked at her in silence.

"Miss Lowe, you are worrying yourself about nothing, so let us have done with it."

Turning slowly she faced him. "That money," she said, miserably, "was mine. I sent it to you."

At first he thought her hysterical and speaking without sense. "You, Miss Lowe! Impossible! And only earning £60 a year!"

"Can you not remember my mentioning the death of an uncle? He left me money, which then I had no real use for, and knowing so well that you were hard driven at the time and greatly harassed for want of it, I sent you the sum you speak of, hoping it would bring you nothing but prosperity and good fortune. Of course, I never meant you to know this, but now I dare not keep silence."

Incredible as it seemed, he was somehow forced to believe it and his eyes slowly sank before hers.

"If this be so, and I cannot doubt your word, I ought to be most grateful, but knowing the ill use you have made of your kindness I am conscious only of humiliation—great humiliation—that makes me even lower than I thought."

The fatal inference was at last pierced through, but to see him so humbled was only one degree less painful. She went closer and laid a gentle hand upon him.

"But in a little while you will stand upright. I am sure that you will, because I claim your promise of returning the money. Oh, not for myself. Never think that for one moment. But it must be earned to eke out the old honor and probity of the old self-respect. Let us begin at once—you in your old room and I in the glass den where I was always so happy."

"It is a short story and, I fear, a hopelessly common one, yet a little difficult to tell. If I weary you by too many words you must remember how often I have wearied myself by thinking—and regretting—but to no good purpose. I may as well state frankly that from the very first I hated this place and the work I had to do, but I had no sense enough then to hide this from my clients and others, who knew me only as a plodding, careful man of business. But in deceiving them I could never deceive myself, and such a sameness of days without excitement or change was almost intolerable. Still, I did work because I wanted to earn enough money to marry the sister of a great chum of mine in the student days; he was much richer than I, but our mutual love of pleasure and amusement made us boon companions. This hope, which was not without encouragement, kept me drudging on; but, as perhaps you know, I bet money instead of gaining it by the failure of that bank. Only with the utmost difficulty could I keep my head above water, and I had given up all hope of ever attaining my desire when a most extraordinary thing happened—but I am tiring you surely, you look so white?"

"Oh! why do you stop? I want to hear all!"

And he obeyed without understanding her waking fear of her own handiwork. "The occurrence I speak of was nothing less than the anonymous gift of two thousand pounds, and to this day I am utterly in the dark as to the donor. I wrote, accepting it gladly, as a loan free of interest, but telling the agents that in the future I would hold myself in readiness to pay it back if called upon. A vain promise this—as empty as the air, but, as perhaps you know, my life is now, but no one has claimed it, and at the time, with the sudden ceasing of the anxiety, I

thought my fortune was made. Like a fool I launched out into most unwise expenditure and made changes, all for the worse. Not only were they unwise, but useless, too, for on a nearer inspection of the beauties of Dulverton Miss Setton decided, for good and all, that no affection of mine could compensate her for having to live in such a place. This disappointment—for I can honestly say it was a most bitter one and totally unexpected—completely paralyzed that little energy I had, and the uphill work, which had always dragged, seemed no longer worth the trouble of doing. I let myself go—and the business, too—and these lapses mean—what you have seen this evening. I am lower even than those men, having known better things. No one can despise me better heartily than I despise myself. I think it is the only bit of honest feeling left in me."

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"But in a little while you will stand upright. I am sure that you will, because I claim your promise of returning the money. Oh, not for myself. Never think that for one moment. But it must be earned to eke out the old honor and probity of the old self-respect. Let us begin at once—you in your old room and I in the glass den where I was always so happy."

"It is a short story and, I fear, a hopelessly common one, yet a little difficult to tell. If I weary you by too many words you must remember how often I have wearied myself by thinking—and regretting—but to no good purpose. I may as well state frankly that from the very first I hated this place and the work I had to do, but I had no sense enough then to hide this from my clients and others, who knew me only as a plodding, careful man of business. But in deceiving them I could never deceive myself, and such a sameness of days without excitement or change was almost intolerable. Still, I did work because I wanted to earn enough money to marry the sister of a great chum of mine in the student days; he was much richer than I, but our mutual love of pleasure and amusement made us boon companions. This hope, which was not without encouragement, kept me drudging on; but, as perhaps you know, I bet money instead of gaining it by the failure of that bank. Only with the utmost difficulty could I keep my head above water, and I had given up all hope of ever attaining my desire when a most extraordinary thing happened—but I am tiring you surely, you look so white?"

"Oh! why do you stop? I want to hear all!"

And he obeyed without understanding her waking fear of her own handiwork. "The occurrence I speak of was nothing less than the anonymous gift of two thousand pounds, and to this day I am utterly in the dark as to the donor. I wrote, accepting it gladly, as a loan free of interest, but telling the agents that in the future I would hold myself in readiness to pay it back if called upon. A vain promise this—as empty as the air, but, as perhaps you know, my life is now, but no one has claimed it, and at the time, with the sudden ceasing of the anxiety, I

thought my fortune was made. Like a fool I launched out into most unwise expenditure and made changes, all for the worse. Not only were they unwise, but useless, too, for on a nearer inspection of the beauties of Dulverton Miss Setton decided, for good and all, that no affection of mine could compensate her for having to live in such a place. This disappointment—for I can honestly say it was a most bitter one and totally unexpected—completely paralyzed that little energy I had, and the uphill work, which had always dragged, seemed no longer worth the trouble of doing. I let myself go—and the business, too—and these lapses mean—what you have seen this evening. I am lower even than those men, having known better things. No one can despise me better heartily than I despise myself. I think it is the only bit of honest feeling left in me."

"It was strange about that money," she said fearfully. "Did you never even suspect from whom it came?"

"Never, really; but in my fanciful movements, when things troubled me more than they do now, I have thought the gift was evilly meant, and sent as a curse instead of a blessing, for nothing ever prospered with me after. You will laugh at me, perhaps when I tell you that I was in the druggery of scraping together enough for that rapacious bank, and even while hating it I felt that it was making a man of me—that it was little by little grinding me, little by little, into greater strength, and doggedness—I can think of no better word—and when the money came it was like removing the strong grip of a firm hand from a runaway horse. Another year or two perhaps of such discipline might have made me what I never shall be now—a decent credit to my profession and not a disgrace."

"Stop! stop! You do not know what you are saying!"

Perhaps he had never heard such a cry of pain. It matched the misery on her face and startled him completely out of himself.

"Miss Lowe, I am a fool to have distressed you so. It is as if I had been accusing you instead of myself, which is a poor reward for your kind and efficient service. I have often—"

She stopped him, unable to bear it. "Give me your name, only ten minutes of silence, and then I have something to tell you."

With an attempt to hide her utter wretchedness from him she lowered the lamp, which was shining full on her face, while he, lost in wonder, looked at her in silence.

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Our Boys and Girls.

I WISH AND I WILL.

I wish and I will, so my grandma says. Two little boys in the long ago. And I wish used to sigh, while I will used to try.

THE YOUNG TRADERS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One of the boys had a stock of fruits and vegetables, nearly the whole of which had been cultivated by himself.

with candor; the angelic purity of his soul. One day, however, he came into her presence with a sad and constrained air. "Clement, what ails you?" she asked.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

A herd of calves may be seen at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, under the "Free Press" of that city, which are the result of a lesson in feeding. The herd consists of two lots fed on different rations.

outward form at least—and in office hours her manner was precisely the same as it had always been, businesslike and respectful. But underneath, in both employer and employee, lay it deep and genuine sympathy that made all the difference in the world, and the glazed pigeon-hole was never closed between them unless a client came in.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

SPRING GREENS.—The Alkaline salts which are contained in green vegetables make them almost as valuable as a Spring medicine. Let your marketman understand emphatically that you will not pay for greens that are wilted, speckled with yellow leaves and dusty.

of Spring greens is the most particular picking over and washing. Trim off roots and decayed leaves and wash thoroughly, fitting the greens from one pan of cold water into another until not a vestige of sand is left in the pan.

PATENTS GRANTED.

71,401—Francis Goulet, St. Germain, Bellechasse, P.Q., sap spout. 71,409—Dominat Quintal, Isle du Pas, P.Q., land roller and seed distributor.

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TORONTO'S MILK COMPANY.

The Toronto Milkmen's Company is the latest organization of its nature in that city. Its share capital is \$125,000, and the directors are Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, Messrs. Newman Silverthorne, McCabe, Taylor of Taylor's Mills, Dr. Fynde, and Col. Davidson.

Business Cards.

M. SHARKEY, Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent. 1340 and 1723 NOTRE DAME ST., Montreal. Telephone 3833.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils. 137 McCORD Street, cor. Ottawa.

JOHN P. O'LEARY, (Late Building Inspector C. P. Ry.) Contractor and Builder. Residence: 3 Prince Arthur St., Montreal.

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters. Electric and Mechanical.

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter. Plain and Decorative Paper-Hanger.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine Street.

DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK. 51 Prince Arthur Street.

T. F. TRIHEY, Real Estate. Money to Lend on City Property and Improved Farms. Valuations. Room 33, Imperial Building, 107 St. James Street.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.

ROOFERS ASPHALTERS. Luxfer Prisms and Expanded Metal Work, Hot Blast Heating, etc. GEO. W. REID & CO., 783-785 Craig Street.

FRANK J. CURRAN, B. A., B. C. L. ADVOCATE, SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERLAIN. 180 St. James Street, Montreal.

J. A. KAROH, Architect. MEMBER P.Q.A.A. No. 3, Place d'Armes Hill. Bell Telephone No., Main 3576.

C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator. 150 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

Association of Our Lady of Mercy. Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only 25 cents year. The spiritual benefits are very great.

CHURCH BELLS.

Church Bells and Pails. BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md.

BELL COMPANY.

Bell Company, N.Y., and Superior Church Bells.

CHILDS CONFESSIO.

A former French bishop who died in Rome after having attained the dignity of Cardinal, once told to a class of children who were preparing for their First Communion the following incident:

CHILD CURED.

A child, nine years of age, who had grown in wisdom and in grace under the eyes of a poor but deeply religious mother.

THE TYPEWRITER.

(Continued from Page Six.) "But they will come back when they see how earnestly we are trying to regain their confidence."

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THE CELT AS AN ATHLETE.

In Canada, particularly in Montreal, the Irish have always held a leading place in athletic circles.

Athletes of Celtic birth and blood, he says, have held a dominant position in the world of physical strength and skill from time immemorial.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Ireland felt a slight renaissance in the athletic line.

This same year—1872—the famous long jumping contest between Dr. John Lane of Dublin University and E. J. Davies of the London Athletic Club.

Professional athletes of Celtic lineage hold their own to-day in every civilized country.

On much the same style was Chas. H. Kilpatrick, holder of the world's half-mile record of 1 minute 53 2-5 seconds.

Undoubtedly the middle distance crown belongs to Thomas E. Burke of Boston.

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Just the leather you like—Patent or Enamel Calf, Box Calf, Kangaroo Calf and Viol Kid, Goodyear welted; just the shoe shape that is truly "swell"—\$3.00.

MANSFIELD, - The Shoelist, 124 St. Lawrence Street, - MONTREAL.

If you're one of these particular sort of people who want their shoes "just so"

—who observe the fit narrowly, scrutinize the leather closely and compare both with the price asked

—who will root for a shoe dealer to beat the band if he pleases them and shun his shop like a burned child shuns fire if he doesn't—

I want to show you a pair of "The Mansfield" shoes.

1897. W. B. Fetterman, of the University of Pennsylvania, holder of the intercollegiate record of 6 minutes 45 2-5 seconds.

Ireland has always been remarkable as the home of jumpers, and M. F. Sweeney, champion of America, is a worthy representative.

Of the weight throwers very little need be said. John Flanagan, holder of the world's hammer record of 169 feet 4 inches.

J. C. McCracken, the giant foot baller, hammer thrower and shot putter of the University of Pennsylvania, is a great-grand-nephew of Henry Joy McCracken.

Another branch of track and field sport at which the Celt has figured with effect is the all-round championships.

A JURY AWARDS TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Establishing the second highest record in personal damage suit verdicts in many years in this county—

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as the result of his injuries died a few hours afterward.

Mrs. Scarpati asked \$50,000 damages, the action being brought through Thomas E. Munday.

Judge Gaynor, of the Supreme Court, of Brooklyn, a day or two ago refused to accept.

On the first trial Judge Russell dismissed the complaint, holding that the driver of the cart could not be held to be guilty of negligence.

PURE BEDDING.

Notice how we say pure—so much depends on that word, our reputation as a firm depends on the character of goods we sell.

FEATHER PILLOWS.

In Chicken, Duck, Goose or prime live Goose Feathers, all sizes and weights from \$1.35 up.

SUMMER BLANKETS.

Don't use that old winter blanket and feel so uncomfortable, when you can get one of these fine Summer Blankets in white and gray with pretty pink or blue stripes at 77c pair.

CARPETS.

Have their newness and novelty as well as their good wearing points, all these are to be found in our Carpet Dept.

OGILVY'S

St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

With the exception of the verdict for \$37,000 rendered against the same company some months ago in favor of Mrs. Elizabeth Rhoads.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street SATURDAY, June 1, 1901.

SPECIAL VALUES! Summer Furniture.

The Furniture Store is crowded daily with ladies who are putting their Summer homes in order.

Particular bargains are offered in odd pieces of Furniture suitable for Summer Cottages for less than the usual prices.

RATTAN CHAIRS. 20 only Rattan Arm Chairs, closely woven and well made. Special, \$2.00.

CAMP COTS. 33 only Woven Wire Camp Cots, on heavy hard maple frames.

JAPANESE STRAW MATTINGS. The new season's goods just received and put into stock.

SUMMER CARPET SQUARES. KHYBER SQUARES. Size 2 by 2 1/2 yards. Special \$2.40.

CHINAWARE VALUES. TOILET WARE. 90 Toilet Sets, just arrived.

LADIES' OUTING COSTUMES. The Big Store's Summer Costumes are particularly beautiful and desirable.

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

IRISH PEASANT GIRLS. The Irish peasant girls have long been famous for their beautiful clear skins and healthy complexions.

BOYS' PLAY SUITS. Dress the boys so they can get out and enjoy the glorious Spring air.

Montreal City and District Savings Bank. Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Eight Dollars per Share on the Capital Stock of this institution.

OGILVY'S. Have their newness and novelty as well as their good wearing points.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874, incorporated, Dec. 1875.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 13th November, 1883.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall.

CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE. The total annual consumption of coffee is: United States, 802,000,000 pounds; Germany, 344,000,000.

THE TH

THE LEAG

tion "The Re Heart," Rev. I an article in t ger of the Sac says—

"The movem the Sacred Hei haps, the most the age we liv ies of God are to forget His m there are mill every clime, ar condition, who common source away with the age to help th through life. N God-fearing Ca ed and resolute eve of victory. daily, offering sacrifices, in on Heart of Jesus world.

"The stupen votion to the the past fifty e ence on men's a fact chronicl when they writ age."

A CATHOLIC Beatrice O'Hara interesting sketch Catholic educat Prof. Maurice J. Rosary Magaz clip this parag

"The greedy v the kingdom of mind; it may n stand the motiv life, but it give respect to the thoughts turn ioned mother, a with the pink four-o'clocks and has spurred h ments because h question to any hour—after the ies," a man who all its wealth co

PATIENCE A this heading the ger of the Sacre useful advice. It No work is po tence; hence to requires it as an When the late F. S.R. heard of his change in his about five year dare have predic live to witness a against the offen Oath, even on th person who felt Who could have ago that the Pro country would i sion of the errone confession about will, and the old the Pope is anti-facts prove that Holy Father, and union with him, Christendom, fo waiting so patien Already two great tians are willing they have thirt ly because they l erroneous, partly of Christian cha to justice to The manifest des all better inform the plea of the A York for the rec rights in the org public library sys stance in point, perfect work, no meek submission vity, but the pati

THE German Cath ern States are ver a daily organ of t recent conventio lic societies, held August Benz daily tical address, in t he spoke in very Catholic press. Ap of immediate and said much that sh all Catholics. We of extracts from they merely conta scores of times ur subject them to an plication. In the marks Mr. Benz s

"It devolves op mind us of but on Catholics, to remi to the Catholic P that exists. What may ask me. The tools to accomplish organs of the body