

RICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
March 6th, 1856, incorpor-
188, revised 1864, incorpor-
ick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
bet, first Monday of the
Committee meets last Wed-
Officers: Rev. Director,
Callaghan, P.P. Director,
Justice C. J. Doherty;
F. E. Devila, M.D.; 2nd
J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treas-
rank J. Green, Correspon-
etary, John Cahill, Res-
ecretary, T. P. Tansey.

RICK'S T. A. & D. SO-
Meets on the second Sun-
very month in St. Pat-
all, 92 St. Alexander St.
ely after Vespers. Com-
of Management meets in
l the first Tuesday of every
t 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. Mc-
Rev. President; W. P.
st Vice-President; Joo-
ing, Secretary, 716 St. An-
reet, St. Henri.

S T. A. & B. SOCIETY,
ed 1863.—Rev. Director,
her McPhail; President, D.
M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn,
Dominique street; M. J.
reasurer, 18 St. Augustin
Meets on the second Sun-
very month, in St. Ann's
ner Young and Ottawa
at 3.30 p.m.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE-
ized 1885.—Meets in his
Ottawa street, on the
day of each month, at
Spiritual Adviser, Rev.
lynn, C.S.S.R.; President,
rne; Treasurer, Thomas
Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ADIES' AUXILIARY, Di-
o. 5. Organized Oct. 10th,
eetings are held in St.
Hall, 92 St. Alexander,
rst Sunday of each month
m., on the third Thurs-
p.m. President, Miss An-
van; vice-president, Mrs.
llen; recording-secretary,
e Ward, 51 Young street;
secretary, Miss Emma
76 Palace street; treasur-
Charlotte Bermingham;
Rev. Father McGrath.

DIVISION NO. 6 meets on
and fourth Thursdays of
h, at 816 St. Lawrence
l. Officers: W. H. Turner,
P. McCarl, Vice-President;
Quinn, Rec.-Sec.; James
St. Denis street; James
reasurer; Joseph Turner,
Secretary, 1000 St. Denis

OF CANADA, BRANCH
anized, 13th November,
anch 26 meets at St.
Hall, 92 St. Alexander
l. regular meetings for
association of business are
ne 2nd and 4th Mondays
onth, at 8 p.m. Spiritual
tev. M. Callaghan; Char-
J. Sears; President, P.J.
ec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh;
etary, Jas. J. Costigan;
J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Mem-
bers, Drs. H. J. Harrison,
onno and G. H. Merrill.

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for which

The True Witness



Vol. LIII, No. 5

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

NEWLY ELECTED SUPREME PONTIFF.

LONG LIVE PIUS X.

The Pope dies but the Church continues on till the end of time, for so Christ hath promised, and His word shall never be confounded. Two weeks had Leo XIII. of immortal memory, slept the sleep of the just in the tombs of the Apostles, when under the inspiration direct of the Holy Ghost, the Church selected his successor.

On August the fourth, at high noon, as the Angelus was ringing from three hundred steeples and domes over Rome, and the cannon from the Castle of San Angelo was booming across the Tiber, Joseph Sarto, the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice was declared Head of the Church, Vicar of Christ on earth. On receiving the assurance of his election the new Pontiff took to himself the name of Pius X. The announcement was received with universal joy, and the newly-elected Pontiff of the Catholic world came forth upon the balcony of St. Peter's, and for a first time gave to the tens of thousands below, to Rome, to the world, his Apostolic Benediction. It was a sublime moment, and one that will remain historical in the annals of the Church. At that instant the promise of Christ seemed to be renewed, it came echoing down the ages, it reverberated amongst the seven hills, and it proclaimed in terms translated into facts that "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her." And again the strain of centuries is heard, "I give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," and again "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," and still again, "Go ye forth and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and still again, the promise to send the Holy Spirit to abide with His Church to be the illuminator and guide of His appointed Vicar on earth; and all these promises resounded once more in the ears of humanity, as the two hundred and fifty-fourth Pope, in an unbroken line from Peter, raised his Apostolic hand to bless the Church, the faithful, and the entire world.



HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

you that all the strength of the nations, all the wiles of diplomacy, all the flights of ambition, all the speculations of interest can have any effect upon this great selection." If any think so, or have ever been weak enough to so think, let them ponder over the story of the Conclave that has just ended and learn that God, not man, that Christ, not Caesar, that the Holy Ghost, not human wisdom, must be calculated with when the question is one of selecting a successor to the representative of Christ on earth. Infallible Pope; infallible Church; the history of centuries, the story of unbroken chain of Apostolic succession.

Pius X., as Giuseppe Sarto, was born at Riese, in the Province of Venice, on the 2nd of June, 1835. Thus the new Pope is sixty-eight years of age. In 1878 when Leo XIII. ascended the throne, he was also sixty-eight years of age. At that time it was predicted that his reign would be short, for already he was an aged man, and had seen service of no ordinary character in the army of the Church Militant. But a quarter of a century of wonderful work of triumphs, of glory awaited him. He was destined to survive every one of the then princes of the Church—all save one, and to go down to the tomb after having accomplished more of great things than any other man of the century in which he lived, or in any other since the days of Gregory the Great. To-day it has been remarked that the advanced age of the newly-elected Pontiff may indicate a short reign. Who can presume to so predict? Who can calculate upon such a certainty? There is a quarter of a century and more ahead that may witness the accomplishment of other wonders in the world by Pius X. No more can man gauge the probable length of the reign than he could imagine who would have been selected a few days ago. Once more, we repeat, the Church was founded by Christ; He guides her; Omnipotence selects the infallible Head of that imperishable institution; and the same Divinity marks out the limits of a Pontiff's reign, the duration of his control over the Spouse of Christ. We have nothing to say, nothing to do in the matter. Our duty is limited to prayer and to obedience. It is for us to obey the mandates of the Vicar of Christ, to accept his infallible teaching, to follow, as well as our powers and rights will permit, his ordinances, and to submit our will with confidence to his guidance. And combined with that duty of obedience we have the obligation of prayer and in the fulfilment of that duty we humbly bow down, unite our lowly voice with those of the two hundred and fifty million Catholics, throughout the world, and beseech God, in His goodness and greatness, to grant long years, in health and strength to the new Pontiff, that he may continue the work of his glorious predecessors and bring the Church in triumph, through tempest and calm—and in that spirit from the depths of our hearts do we cry out "Long Live Pius X."

(Continued on Page Five.)

When the news was heard in England surprise was expressed and the question was asked "who is Sarto?" Ah! the answer is simple, he is the elect of the Church, he is the one whom, inspired by the Holy Spirit, the united princes of the great hierarchy selected as Vicar of Christ, he is the infallible doctor and guide of humanity along the avenue that leads to eternal salvation. Who was he? It matters not. He was the one upon whom the finger of Christ had been laid and whom the Eternal Wisdom of God had set apart to become the Pilot on the Barque of Peter. He was not one of those whom the world expected to see elected. No, nor has the world ought to do in that selection.

The election of Cardinal Sarto is one of the grandest proofs that could be desired of the impotency of all human calculations, the futility of all human speculations, the nonentity of all human combinations, when the matter is one affecting the perpetuity of the Church of Christ.

Not in all the Papal elections of centuries back has such a lesson been given to the world. The press, that mouth-piece of the erring, the guessing, the uncertain, filled column after column with accounts of the cabals, the combinations, the political influences exercised, the sym-

thics of individuals, the desires of governments, the sundry efforts of this or that faction; and all that has gone up in smoke, as thin, as easily dissipated as the tiny column from the Sistine Chapel chimney that told of the election.

Where are all the powers of earth with their weight? The men of the hour that had calculated the chances of the different ones eligible? The compacts supposed to be formed around a group of names that were paraded through the press as the most likely to be in the race for the tiara? All "vanity of vanities," all so many vain attempts to fathom the mystery that veils from mortal knowledge the designs of God. In the sacred language of Holy Writ we are told that "The first shall be last and

the last shall be first;" we are told by the Almighty that the "humble shall be exalted;" we are told that the Spirit of Wisdom would come, in the fires of Pentecost, and fill the Church with God's own volition and that the ways of men would not be the ways of God.

During all these days we have read, and smiled over, the prophecies that multiplied like sands on the beach; we read the lists of the Cardinals most likely to receive the final appointment; we followed the long story of the influences that various governments and powers would bring to bear; we took in the accounts of the different countries; and all that time we said, in our own heart—"poor, vain, foolish humanity, think

At St. Anne de Beupre On the Feast Day.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

THE WONDERFUL SHRINE.—It is surely no exaggeration to say that the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beupre is wonderful.

The first feeling is one of surprise and delight; surprise at the unexpected grandeur of the beautiful Church and the many treasures it possesses and delight at the delicacy of detail and the general perfect harmony that meets the eye in whatsoever direction one may turn.

Considering the antiquity of the shrine and its history and despite the many thousands who visit it during the summer months, the marvel is that it is not more generally known, for surely no spot in the Western world is endowed with greater spiritual grace, more astonishing manifestations of the wondrous work which God performs through his servants, or more complete with everything that can delight the eye and please the heart of the Catholic pilgrim than that of the glorious shrine of Ste. Anne in the little village of Beupre.

To many throughout America and to all in the old province of Quebec, the story of Ste. Anne de Beupre is as well known as is that of their own family life, but there may be some who have not yet heard of the Breton navigators who early in the 17th century sailed the broad St. Lawrence and when a storm arose and they found themselves in imminent danger of being lost, implored the help of the bonne Ste. Anne promising to erect in her honor a sanctuary on the spot on which they should land should she but come to their assistance.

At once their prayer was heard. Next morning on finding themselves upon the shore of the river which had threatened to gulf them, they did not forget their promise, but immediately set to work and built a little wooden chapel in honor of their true friend, the good Ste. Anne. This was the first of the several chapels built on the spot known then as Petit Cap situated about twenty-one miles from the rugged and threatening front of the now city of Quebec.

Away back in the days when the French mariners sailed their own blue seas or walked midst the smiling vineyards of sunny France, they had been accustomed to pray to the good Ste. Anne; she had been their patroness from time immemorial. Ever since the day when the miraculous bark set out from Palestine and manned by Lazarus accompanied by his sisters Mary and Martha bearing with them many relics, the most precious of which was the hallowed body of Ste. Anne, was borne to the shores of France, just so long have the French recognized her as their patron and benefactor. Thus it was the most natural thing in the world for the sailors on the St. Lawrence to ask the aid of the one to whom they had always appealed in the Old Land, and who in the past had never been found wanting or called upon in vain.

As far distant as 1667 Monseigneur de Laval the first Bishop of Quebec, placed the stamp of the authority of the Church on the special devotion of New France to Ste. Anne when in a pastoral letter to his people, declared the feast of the saint a holiday of obligation, and this because "Christianity has in these countries a particular need of powerful pro-

tectors in heaven, and because we witness a general recourse of the faithful to Ste. Anne in all their needs, and that it has pleased God for some years past to manifest by a number of wondrous favors that this devotion is pleasing to Him."

THE BASILICA.—The present Church which contains the shrine is the fourth built upon the spot or within the vicinity of the little rude chapel of the Breton mariners. Let anyone who has not seen this work of art imagine himself at the door of its hallowed precincts. He is confronted by a lofty dome, sky-like in its coloring of blue, adorned with many golden stars and supported by gracefully proportioned and fluted marble pillars rich in exquisite veinings of pink and red; these pillars stand on massive marble pediments whose darker coloring sends out more strikingly the lighter beauty of the columns they support. The walls of the Church are of the same pearly stone showing the same reddish veining and the ceiling and

nificent main altar is outlined at every point by tiny electric globes, the myriad waxen tapers turn with a softened radiance, the smoking incense rises and floats over the kneeling people; the rare foliage, the rich dark stalls in the sanctuary, the magnificent reliquary, the priests in rich vestments, the sweet toned organ rising through the Church, all tend to one grand harmony never to be forgotten; at the immediate time of Benediction, the lights around Ste. Anne go out and the High Altar flashes forth in all its glory and proclaims that the Lord Himself is there supreme.

This Church after the old one had been taken down and the material used in the construction of a chapel near, was completed in 1876. The architecture is Corinthian, the Church measures two hundred feet in length by one hundred and five in breadth; the height of the interior is fifty-six feet, and the towers are one hundred and sixty-eight feet in height. In front are three doors flanked by fluted pillars on handsome



THE BASILICA.

pediments; over the doors are carved the theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity; the great statue of Ste. Anne, fourteen feet in height surmounts the whole. Facing the Church is an immense square with wide gravel walks separating the lawns and beds of bloom; flags and pennants left by pilgrims at different times fly from staffs at every corner; the river flows near and the contiguous hills dotted with little white houses almost buried in the thickly growing trees, form a picturesque background for this unique shrine in honor of Ste. Anne, Mother of Our Blessed Lady and Grandemere de Dieu.

THE FEAST DAY. Sunday, July 26th, will be long remembered by those assembled on that day at Ste. Anne de Beupre. From five o'clock in the morning Masses were being celebrated unceasingly; main altar, side altar, chapels—each had its celebrant, the altar of Ste. Anne especially was stormed at an early hour by the Canadian priests from all over the Dominion anxious for the privilege of saying Mass at her altar. To and fro passed the vested levites each with his server, and each taking position at an altar where already a crowd awaited him or by whom he was quickly followed. Seventy-five of God's ministers are said to have offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass at Beupre on the feast of its great patron. Like the wise men of old they had come from afar; Washington, Boston, New York, Detroit, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, were amongst the names of the places whence they hailed. Three High Masses, one quickly following the other, brought the morning to a close. The last Grand High Mass was at ten o'clock, and at it the Archbishop of Quebec who had come to honor the occasion, presided at the Throne. The celebrant was an old priest, whose white locks showed him to be a veteran in the service of the Lord. The Church was crowded, and all its grandeur stood revealed in the light of the morning sunshine; the music of the Mass was that of the Second Tone, sung by a male choir, with all the enthusiasm and devotion which the French alone seem able to impart, and the Plain Chant was varied by a "Salve Regina" of a more florid nature and a

hymn to la bonne Sainte Anne. An impassioned sermon in French was preached by an eloquent speaker. We knew he was eloquent, because the words came forth like the flow of a fountain, and his entire being seemed to vibrate with the thought he expressed; every gesture and motion added to the impressiveness of his message. How one wished for the power to follow him in every word he uttered; how blind at that moment seemed the indifference of those who living in Quebec do not avail themselves of their opportunities to acquire in all its fullness the expressive language of France. But soon our turn came. A young priest ascended the pulpit, and in loving, fervent words, told us of the power of Good Saint Anne. "Many of you," said the speaker, "have come from a long distance; you have spent your time and your means to reach this statue; and why? Because you feel that you have need of the help of the good Mother; you wish to ask her blessing upon your life or to obtain some grace, or some favor, for this good Mother is all powerful. The speaker concluded a touching discourse by exhorting his hearers to "pray, especially during the feast that she may obtain for us to love Almighty God with our whole heart and our whole strength; then the day will come when we shall kneel before Almighty God and in her presence thank Him for all the blessings conferred upon us in life."

In the afternoon came Vespers and Benediction; the thousands of the morning had been augmented by two large pilgrimages, and now church and environment were simply packed; it is said that ten thousand took part in the exercises of the day. Between Vespers and Benediction the procession, always one of the features of the feast, took place. The immense throng headed by cross-bearer, emerged from the Church, the women first, then the men; on they came stretching out in long serpentine lengths along the broad and sinuous paths of the square facing the facade. Here were lay and religious, regular and secular; the laity in varied garb; the black robed Brother, the brown habited and white-corded Franciscan, the black cassocked secular, the several gumpes and veils of the different communities of Sisters, the richly vested Redemptorist and the purple robed prelate were all here. A priest with stentorian voice intoned the prayers to Ste. Anne, and away up on the hillside where we happened to be when the procession began to issue from the Church, we heard like the voice of another John, the cry of "Bonne Sainte Anne," and the answer from the moving masses "priez pour nous;" then the voices of the men singing verse after verse to the grand saint, in whose honor the feast was held. At the end of the line came priests richly vested carrying the relics of Ste. Anne in the magnificent reliquary; two relays were in attendance, one to relieve the other. Last of all came His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, a prelate of dignified bearing more than ordinary, and whose purple robes made him conspicuous wheresoever he moved. Back to the Church the procession wended to the singing of the "Magnificat," and then Benediction, at which His Grace officiated. How the dense assemblage managed to get into the Church is astonishing and more astonishing still was the order maintained, when, directed by a priest from the pulpit, and another at the altar, the people advanced to venerate the relics. The control of the dense crowd by those in charge was seen at this moment for all appeared to obey the command not to move a step until those in front had performed the devotion, and moved out by the side exits.

In the evening again came Benediction, again the sermons, again the tones of the fine organ assisted by the Palestrini Society of Quebec; again the lights made plain every nook and niche, again the rays round Ste. Anne vanished, and the lights on the High Altar flashed forth; then the solemn Benediction over the hushed multitude who never again in that spot should thus assemble together; after this the hymn of triumph by the choir, and then the wending homeward, even then leaving many at the feet of Good Ste. Anne, thanking her for favors in the past or soliciting new ones for the future. Truly it was a day of joy!

Besides the ceremonies just narrated, other exercises had been going on at intervals in the vestry and side chapels; Confessions, blessing articles of devotion, renewing the "Annals," arranging for Masses, and performing private devotions. The Redemptorists who have charge of the Church, priests and brothers, are not idle; the work during the feast and at the time of pilgrimages is incessant, yet patience, urbanity, hospitality, enthusiasm and religious zeal are manifested on every countenance, and the tact with which

they manage the multitudes composed of so many, and such differing elements is admired by all who witness it.

CURES AT THE SHRINE.—The cures that have been going on at Ste. Anne's for over three hundred years have been the subject of much comment.

That there have been cures cannot be denied; the thousands of crutches, sticks, spectacles and other instruments by which deformed or debilitated nature aids her condition are there as evidence that those who once needed them are no longer wanting in the direction of help.

Still there are many even amongst Catholics who find it hard to accept the theory that the cures at Beupre

are miraculous. These do not deny that God is all powerful; they believe in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, they doubt not for one moment the miracle performed daily on the altar, yet they find it hard to understand the cures wrought so frequently at Ste. Anne de Beupre. So-called scientists sometimes argue themselves and others into the belief that the whole theory of miraculous working can be done away with by the process of logical reasoning; that the cures when they do occur can be traced back to natural causes, to the influence of mind over matter or similar source. To such doubting ones the cure given by Our Lord to St. Thomas seems the best that can be offered; our dear Lord did not upbraid, but pitying the weakness of the doubter, said to him: "Thomas, come hither, place thy fingers in my wounds and thy hand into my side, and then thou wilt believe." So to such of the 20th century the advice of Our Lord might be given. Let them go to Beupre even if possessed of not one particle of faith; let them see with their eyes and hear with their ears and the evidence of their natural senses, the confidence they will witness in others will modify, if not altogether change their attitude, and they will at last say "Lord it is good for us to be here."

Another case that was current talk, though I did not see the person concerned, was that of a lady who recovered her sight. Kneeling at the altar for the conversion of sinners, the woman suddenly called out "Lord, I can see, but I am not worthy, I am not worthy." One of the priests—so said one who professed to have been an eye-witness—tried to take her away from the crowd that collected, but she implored to be allowed to remain, saying that she had come there blind, and that there she had received her sight. She pointed out different objects to those about her in proof of her cure, and remained daily for hours at the foot of the statue of Ste. Anne giving thanks.

Another instance was that of Daniel Hoey, a little boy about nine years of age. He had been injured when eighteen months old, and had suffered from an apparently hopeless case of spinal disease. A year ago his mother heard of Ste. Anne's and undaunted by distance or expense, their home is in Pennsylvania—they took her two youngest children, one of whom was the little boy Daniel, and set out for the shrine; before they left the child was much improved. This year she brought him again; now he is so much benefited that the support without which he was before helpless, was taken off, and now hangs as a memorial of his cure on the altar. While the mother was telling his story the little lad was jumping round with all the vivacity of the healthiest of children.

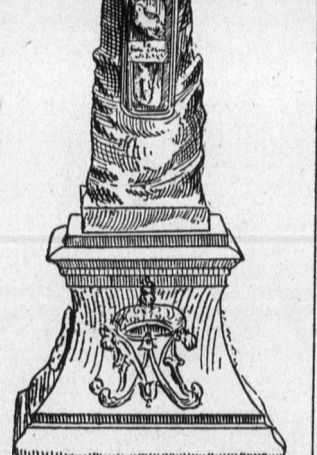
Still another was that of a Mrs. Stephens, of North Bay, who had been lame for twelve years. The lameness was due to the splinters from a tree that she was chopping. She made a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne this year coming on crutches; being cured her crutches are left behind her.

Many are said to receive favors, and like the nine lepers, go away without making known the grace that has come to them. Doubtless, all were made public the roll would be of much greater length than is at present estimated.

DEVOTIONS AND RELICS.—The majority of those who visit Ste. Anne receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, as a consequence Holy Communion is given almost throughout the entire morning; before and during the Masses the Blessed Sacrament is being continually distributed to the hundreds who approach the Holy Table.

No one visits Ste. Anne without ascending the Scala Santa. These are steps within a very beautiful chapel built up on a hill on the site of the old presbytery. The steps are in imitation of those ascended by Our Lord in the palace of Pontius Pilate; the faithful ascend them on their knees. This seems difficult, and in truth it is not easy, but none are deterred on this account; some repeat the devotion several times on the same day. The broad steps on occasions are completely covered by the kneeling pilgrims; no one pays much attention to his neighbor; some kiss each step as they ascend. It would seem that even the pilgrims of old could not impart more devotion into their exercises than is here displayed. The chapel contains precious relics, and is highly indulgenced, as indeed are all the chapels and altars in this favored spot.

Above the little cemetery, where lie those who for the past three centuries have given up their souls to their Maker in the little village are erected a set of crosses each with a little kneeling bench at its foot, and at the summit a large cross with the figure of the crucified Saviour largely outlined. These are the Stations, by the exercise of which a great indulgence is obtained. Ste. Anne's well, the water from a spring in the vicinity, and through which many pains have been ameliorated or completely vanquished, is a favorite resort of the



RELIC OF STE. ANNE. Fragment of Arm-Bone in Reliquary.

of special interest is the recently erected to Bishop Rivet in Montreal. It is of colossal dimensions and striking appearance; a tangle of columns supported by a massive pedestal is crowned by a heroic figure of the late prelate; the sides are expansive and figures of Religion and Charity on either of two faces copping showing the Bishop, saying bye to and blessing the Pilgrims on their departure for the presentation to the great Chapter of the plans of the Church which he built; figures on these plates are executed, and taken from life to be easily recognizable by familiar with the ones they

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oped in bandages as though he suffered from some grievous wound or disease. On questioning him he said that he had just been cured. His story was that he had come from Maine for the purpose of asking the assistance of Ste. Anne; that for eighteen months the maimed foot prey to acute erysipelas, that a few minutes before he had been cured; he had used a crutch on entering the Church, but on leaving it he had left the crutch behind him. This was substantially his statement. On asking him how he knew he was being cured, he seemed unable to express himself, but a light came into his eyes and seemed to illumine his face. Seeing his inability to express an answer in words, I said to him, "you can't tell, but you know, don't you?" He at once smiled his acquiescence; next day he was seen walking up the aisles of the Church, the once sick foot encased in the long discarded boot.

Another case that was current talk, though I did not see the person concerned, was that of a lady who recovered her sight. Kneeling at the altar for the conversion of sinners, the woman suddenly called out "Lord, I can see, but I am not worthy, I am not worthy." One of the priests—so said one who professed to have been an eye-witness—tried to take her away from the crowd that collected, but she implored to be allowed to remain, saying that she had come there blind, and that there she had received her sight. She pointed out different objects to those about her in proof of her cure, and remained daily for hours at the foot of the statue of Ste. Anne giving thanks.

Another instance was that of Daniel Hoey, a little boy about nine years of age. He had been injured when eighteen months old, and had suffered from an apparently hopeless case of spinal disease. A year ago his mother heard of Ste. Anne's and undaunted by distance or expense, their home is in Pennsylvania—they took her two youngest children, one of whom was the little boy Daniel, and set out for the shrine; before they left the child was much improved. This year she brought him again; now he is so much benefited that the support without which he was before helpless, was taken off, and now hangs as a memorial of his cure on the altar. While the mother was telling his story the little lad was jumping round with all the vivacity of the healthiest of children.

Still another was that of a Mrs. Stephens, of North Bay, who had been lame for twelve years. The lameness was due to the splinters from a tree that she was chopping. She made a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne this year coming on crutches; being cured her crutches are left behind her.

Many are said to receive favors, and like the nine lepers, go away without making known the grace that has come to them. Doubtless, all were made public the roll would be of much greater length than is at present estimated.

DEVOTIONS AND RELICS.—The majority of those who visit Ste. Anne receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, as a consequence Holy Communion is given almost throughout the entire morning; before and during the Masses the Blessed Sacrament is being continually distributed to the hundreds who approach the Holy Table.

No one visits Ste. Anne without ascending the Scala Santa. These are steps within a very beautiful chapel built up on a hill on the site of the old presbytery. The steps are in imitation of those ascended by Our Lord in the palace of Pontius Pilate; the faithful ascend them on their knees. This seems difficult, and in truth it is not easy, but none are deterred on this account; some repeat the devotion several times on the same day. The broad steps on occasions are completely covered by the kneeling pilgrims; no one pays much attention to his neighbor; some kiss each step as they ascend. It would seem that even the pilgrims of old could not impart more devotion into their exercises than is here displayed. The chapel contains precious relics, and is highly indulgenced, as indeed are all the chapels and altars in this favored spot.

Above the little cemetery, where lie those who for the past three centuries have given up their souls to their Maker in the little village are erected a set of crosses each with a little kneeling bench at its foot, and at the summit a large cross with the figure of the crucified Saviour largely outlined. These are the Stations, by the exercise of which a great indulgence is obtained. Ste. Anne's well, the water from a spring in the vicinity, and through which many pains have been ameliorated or completely vanquished, is a favorite resort of the

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NOTES BY THE WAY. High Mass on Sunday, Regina," by Buck, was M. P. Whelan, wife of J of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. a splendid contralto voice plays the perfection of t great native talent. She true religious feeling and and despite the fact th rehearsal was possible bef the effect was very impre chance that brought Mrs. Beupre on the feast of saint was a most fortuna

The close of the Mass w by the singing of a hymn Anne by Mons. Amedee F rich voice of this gentle triumphant ending to the Mass. He sang with triumphal ending to the ceived the well-deserved ctions of many of his fello

Sale at the Franciscan Coming down from the Abraham one comes upon and church, at the door hangs a sign telling in F in English that visitors a ted to enter. The conver out to be that of the F and from a side porch e Sister, who invited the v comes in and see the worl nms then on exhibition. Th was only ten cents. Goit was confronted by a pret A large apartment, the wh of which was interlaced w green vines and the wa hidden by dainty creatio the deft fingers of the me community, was prese windows were darkened, ar lanterns lighted up the prement. Several Sisters in t tiful white habit were w the buyers, who—at that l least—were not many. Th for sale embraced lace, g paintings, pictures and p many useful articles of leat cushions, tapestries, beside llection of books. It was to us that the sale would October, and that the proce go to their missions abroa

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Traveling by the Grand Tunk Railway from Toronto to Point Levis, one is impressed as thousands have been before by the charming scenery along the route. In the Quebec Province, especially in the way diversified; the noble St. Lawrence sweeping in majestic length through a land where the hills at one moment rise to the dignity of mountains, and then decrease until their feet touch and lose themselves in the fertile valleys below. The thickly wooded forest, which here and there separates the green and growing field or ripened grain; the little cots leaning on the hillside and embowered in the luxuriant foliage; the thriving town or growing hamlet which rise at intervals; the great Victoria Bridge and the historic interest that the country possesses renders it one of the most interesting and fascinating of the American continent affords. The courtesy of the officials, too, is something that adds much to the pleasure of the traveller or tourist; this is particularly noticeable after entering the country where any amount of confusion might take place were the employees of the road not always on the alert; we refer, of course, to the region where the dual languages are used sometimes together more often apart, and it is necessary to evince great care and take endless pains to make things clear to those who are travelling. The train officials called out the names of the different stations in French and in English, and in clear and distinct tones; no undertone or poor enunciation. Again at particular points they entered the cars before starting, and announced the destination, asking if all there were for that point. Questions asked by many nervous and anxious women were courteously and intelligently replied to, and the road for all was made smooth. To travel on a line possessing such employees is certainly a pleasure.

The Irish Catholics of Montreal may well feel proud of their Church. It is without doubt, one of the finest in Montreal, the city of churches. Were it not that this issue contains so much descriptive matter, it would be a pleasure to describe in detail this edifice, which in the completeness of its Gothic architecture and artistic appointments is a very thing of beauty, restful and pleasurable to the senses. We cannot, however, omit a mention of a most striking figure of Saint Patrick, that we understand has been lately added to the Church. The figure is in wax, arranged in the full canonicals of a Bishop, and lies in a crypt below the altar of St. Joseph. The life-like figure in its gorgeous garb of green and gold-mitre, crozier and ring all in evidence, appears to almost breathe and when lighted from behind by electricity the effect is most telling. The mourning decorations for the Pope were still covering the walls, and pillars, and were certainly the finest of the kind we have ever seen. A catafalque draped and with the Pope's insignia stood in the middle aisle. Black and yellow were the prevailing colors, and under waves of these the walls and pillars were almost hidden; appropriate scrolls expressing grief for the one for whom Christendom mourns, outlined the sanctuary and organ loft; with these suitable designs and emblems, amongst which the shamrock was conspicuous, were embossed in yellow on the sombre background. Immense scarfs in the same Papal colors stretched from the corners of the nave to the centre of the vast dome where they met at a point and culminated in a crown. The effect was artistic, striking and most effective. Through the kindness of Rev. Doctor Luke Callaghan, the electric lighting was turned on, and we saw the Church to advantage. St. Patrick's enjoys the somewhat unique privilege of being attended by priests, all of whom are native to the city of Montreal. These gentlemen are: Rev. Martin Callaghan, P. P., Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. P. Heffernan, and Rev. J. Killoran. By the evidences that the Church displays of the people's interest in their beautiful edifice, they undoubtedly appreciate their privileges.

The memorial Church, built on the site of one of the older churches, is another object worthy of a visit. Here are several large paintings in oil, to each of which some historical tale is attached. One of these is a painting by Lebrun, given by the Marquis of Tracy, in 1666, in fulfillment of a promise to St. Anne on being delivered from shipwreck. The principal relics are a part of the finger and wrist bones of the dear saint; there is also a fragment of rock from the room in which she lived at Jerusalem. To enumerate all the treasures of St. Anne's and to describe them would take a small volume. Among them, however, is a superb chasuble given by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., father of New France. Amongst the many sacred vessels is a ciborium which has been used for a century in the parish. Here the practice so beautifully described by Drummond in his "Little Cure" is in constant practice; when the priest goes on a sick call he is vested in surplice and stole and preceded by a server ringing a bell and carrying a light goes to the home of the sick one. The inmates of the houses on the way come to the door and kneel for a moment to adore the passing Saviour, and to say a prayer for the one in agony. A large store is attached to the Church, where articles of devotion and souvenirs of many and pretty are to be had at reasonable rates. These are always blessed for the pilgrims. All along the street, too, are little booths at which are seated old men or young girls displaying their wares, which are very similar to those in the store of the Church.

The King And Ireland.

(By a Regular Contributor.) The visit of King Edward VII. and his Queen to Ireland seems to have been productive of the very best feelings, while it is a certainty that the political outcome of such a movement, carried on as it has been, cannot fail to be the forerunner of better conditions in the near future. It was remarked with what tact the King sought, by his every act and word, to efface all idea of any religious distinctions being made. When he visited Maynooth he took special care to examine the address that was presented to him by the Catholic clergy, and in his answer to have them understand that he was sincerely, and in a practical manner, interested in their cause. In fact, his reply was open to no other interpretation. Moreover, the visit differed entirely from any ever made by former sovereigns, or by the one he made himself when a young lad, as Prince of Wales, he accompanied his mother to Ireland. It looked more like the journey of a business man seeking for positive and correct information regarding a country in whose future his mind was made up to have a strong interest. Since his advent to the throne, Edward VII. has given tangible evidence that he is not satisfied to reign alone, but that he wants to have a say in the affairs of the Empire. Apart then from his position of isolation as a constitutional ruler, he has had forty years of experience in the broad field of diplomacy, and decidedly he has proven that he possesses the qualities of a statesman—and one of the first order. And in no instance has he given better evidence of this than on the occasion of his visit to Ireland. He wisely selected those sections of the country wherein he could learn the most concerning the people, their needs and their differences. From Derry to Cork and from Dublin to Connemara he has seen Ireland and her people in all conditions, and he needs no reports from more or less interested people to acquaint him with the requirements of the country and the various sentiments of the people. As an evidence of this we have the proclamation issued on the 1st August, from Cowes, Isle of Wight, in acknowledgment of his reception in Ireland, which reads thus: "I desire on leaving Ireland to express to my Irish people how deeply I have been touched by the kindness and good will they have shown to the Queen and myself. Our experience on previous visits had indeed prepared us for a traditional welcome of a warm-hearted race, but our expectations have been exceeded. Wherever we have gone, in town or country, tokens of loyalty and affection, proffered by every section of the community, have made an enduring impression upon our hearts. For a country so attractive and its people so gifted, we cherish the warmest regard, and it is, therefore, with supreme satisfaction that I have so often during our stay, heard the hope expressed that a brighter day is dawning upon Ireland. I shall eagerly await the fulfillment of this hope. Its realization will, under Divine Providence, depend upon the steady development of self-reliance and co-operation, upon letter and more practical education, upon the growth of industrial and commercial enterprise and upon that increase of mutual respect which the responsibility of my Irish people now enjoy in the public administration of their local affairs, is well fitted to teach. It is my earnest prayer that those and other means of national well being may multiply from year to year in Ireland and that the blessings of peace, contentment and prosperity may be abundantly vouchsafed to her. (Signed) EDWARD R. & J." "August 1, 1903." There is a genuine ring in that address to a long-suffering and long misunderstood as well as misgoverned people. The allusion to the control of their local affairs in government cannot but strike a significant note. We know full well that the King cannot of his own initiative create a Parliament for Ireland, nor accord her Home Rule. That is the business of the Parliament of Great Britain. But we see the government of the Empire in full swing in that direction, and we know now what

Pius IX. And Leo XIII.

(By a Regular Contributor.) In one of the leading French reviews, M. A. Leory-Beaulieu, of the French Institute, gives us a most admirable pen picture of the two last Popes, the contrasts in which are admirable and delicate. We purpose, for the benefit of our readers, especially at this time of great transitions in the Church, translating some extracts of this admirable article. It is too lengthy to reproduce in full, but a considerable portion of it will bear repetition. "It is my impression that, in all the long series of Popes, there are few whose actions have been more powerful and more beneficent than those of Leo XIII. In order to form an estimate of them it suffices to compare his twenty-five years of pontificate with the thirty years of Pius IX.'s reign. Pius IX. and Leo XIII. both were great Popes, not to say great men; but how very different. Between them all seems to contrast. The opposition of appearance between the fat face, nobly regular features of Pius IX. and the thin, bony, ascetic figure of Leo XIII. may be found with them in every sense, in their persons as in their actions, in their minds as in their characters. It is a great happiness for the Church and for society, that after a Pope who was ardent, impetuous, vehement at times and all sensibility, like Pius IX., his successor should have been a meditative, calm, thoughtful Pope like Leo XIII. It is easy to understand that in the succession of two such Popes the Catholics of the world can see the finger of Providence. "And as a matter of fact, that which, in the eyes of humanity, with its limited vision, seemed to have been irremediably compromised by one Pope, was reestablished by the other. To restore to the world the ascendancy of the Church, which appeared to have been generally destroyed, Leo XIII. required only about ten years. "Pius IX., the Pope of the Council, had left the Church, or the Holy See, fortified within and weakened without, Leo XIII. was back for the Apostolic See, the prestige which it had lost with the governments and the peoples. For this purpose, he made use of the capital of authority, which, with the definition of Papal infallibility, his predecessor had left him; but that Papal authority, greater than ever as it was over the clergy and the faithful, was used by Leo XIII. in a new direction. The use that he made of that power had not been foreseen by Pius IX., and if the Sovereign Pontiffs of the last two or three centuries were to come forth from their tombs, they would be astounded at the work accomplished. "What use did this aged Pope, on whose shoulders fell the mantle of succession to Pius IX., make of that Papal authority? He employed it to bring the Church into touch with modern civilization, once settled at the helm of the barque of Peter, Leo XIII. moved it around slowly till he had all his bearings, and then fearlessly steered for a new shore; regardless of the fags beyond or the shoals at hand, without being checked by the fears of a portion of his crew, the aged pilot turned his prow in the direction of Democracy and faced the harbor of Republicanism. "What can be done with the Church by a Pope, what can be produced in the course of time by the Apostolic See, none dare attempt to predict. In this sense the Pontificate of Leo XIII. is most remarkable, for it allows us to foresee and build for the future just as much as it permits us to understand the present. When we contemplate the impetus given to the Church during the last four or five years of the nonagenarian Pontiff's reign, we are involuntarily inclined to ask where, in the long course of ages, will end the initiative of a mighty Pontiff—a Hildebrand or an Innocent III? "Pius IX. had left the Roman See despoiled of its temporal crown and crowned with the halo of infallibility, at war with near all the States and powers of the world. Leo XIII. wished to reconcile the Church with the Powers at the same time as with modern society; and amongst the powers, behind thrones and monarchies, he beheld the queen of a new age, Democracy. He loyally extended his hand to her. He talked to her on a subject dear to her heart, about labor and the workman, and he proved to her that the Church was not against the Republic, nor liberty, nor popular ideas—as long as the priesthood of God was free.

to expect from royalty the hour that a Home Rule Bill comes before the crown for sanction. Already is that important part of the difficulty overcome. If O'Connell could only arise for a day to behold what is taking place, he would not be astounded, but the happiness he would feel would compensate more than amply for all the sufferings and sacrifices of a life dedicated to the emancipation of his race. It was never dreamed of in 1829, before the Bill of Catholic Emancipation was introduced, that a day could ever dawn when the King of England would stand under the roof of Maynooth, surrounded by the Catholic clergy of Ireland, and acknowledge the needs they had for greater educational facilities, and promise to aid them in their cause. Times have truly altered. LIQUOR AS A STIMULANT.—Liquor as a rule is of no physical or mental benefit, says the "Catholic Universe," of Cleveland. There is much medical and military and industrial testimony bearing out this fact. The latest evidence comes from Germany and it is given by Count Von Haeseler, until lately commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps. This evidence is quoted in the "Record-Herald": "The soldier is not one of those who believe that strong drink is necessary to make a good soldier, nor does he believe that alcoholic stimulation increases the powers of endurance or the fighting quality in soldiers. On the contrary, Count Von Haeseler, after twenty-five years of total abstinence in the army, protest strongly against the use of liquor by soldiers. He says: "The soldier who abstains altogether is the best man. He can accomplish more, can march better and is a better soldier than the man who drinks even moderately. Mentally and physically he is better. * * * Strong drink tires and only increases thirst. For soldiers, water, coffee, and above all tea." The testimony of this officer, who has behind him the record of long and active service in the German army, should be worth something in the discussion of a question of this kind. There is little doubt that the consensus of expert military opinion in Europe and America will affirm the correctness of his judgment. To say that a sense of weariness and thirst follows indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is merely stating a physiological fact. Excessive stimulation means a physical and mental reaction, in which the powers are at a low ebb. In the case of the soldier it would seem to the "noncombatant" that a sober, clear-headed, well-balanced fighter is worth more in the long run than the soldier crazed into reckless daring or frenzied madness by temporary alcoholic stimulation. The men who work in foundries or rolling mills testify that the workmen who think it necessary to drink between heats and oftener are completely fagged out while the total abstainers by their side are ready and alert. They have not stimulated themselves to death and their native strength and energy remain. The total abstainer can outdo at heavy work "the man who rushes the growler." Why, then, do men spend money for that which instead of benefitting them proves to be a detriment? Because they labor under the hallucination transmitted down the line, that liquor, beer, etc., impart vigor and true stimulation. That which sufficed to impart an apparent stimulation for one month will not suffice for the second month. The doses are increased with the effect that the number of alcoholic victims are multiplied. The drinking of liquor by workmen or others for the purposes of stimulation is both senseless and detrimental. If men will not join temperance societies, they ought to be total abstainers at all events. Common sense and scientific data point to that as the only safe way. The strength and encouragement that comes from union point to the advantages of a temperance society. REJECTED IMMIGRANTS. Eighty-five out of the 403 cases examined during July by the medical board of the United States Immigration Department in Montreal, were rejected as being disqualified to enter the United States on account of disease. The soul cannot give herself entirely to God without the aid of prayer.—St. Catherine.

NOTES BY THE WAY.—At Grand High Mass on Sunday, a "Salve Regina," by Buck, was sung by Mrs. M. P. Whelan, wife of Judge Whelan, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Whelan has a splendid contralto voice, which displays the perfection of training and great native talent. She sang with true religious feeling and expression, and despite the fact that no rehearsal was possible before the Mass the effect was very impressive. The chance that brought Mrs. Whelan to Beaupre on the feast of its patron saint was a most fortunate one. The close of the Mass was marked by the singing of a hymn to St. Anne by Mons. Amedee Roy. The rich voice of this gentleman was a triumph ending to the music of the Mass. He sang with feeling and triumphal ending to the music of the Mass. He sang with feeling and triumphal ending to the music of the Mass. He sang with feeling and triumphal ending to the music of the Mass.

Sale at the Franciscan Convent.—

Coming down from the Plains of Abraham one comes upon a convent and church, at the door of which hangs a sign telling in French and in English that visitors are permitted to enter. The convent turned out to be that of the Franciscans, and from a side porch emerged a Sister, who invited the visitors to come in and see the work of the nuns then on exhibition. The charge was only ten cents. Going in one was confronted by a pretty scene. A large apartment, the white ceiling of which was interlaced with dainty green vines and the walls almost hidden by dainty creations made by the deft fingers of the members of the community, was presented. The windows were darkened, and Chinese lanterns lighted up the pretty apartment. Several Sisters in their beautiful white habit were waiting on the buyers, who—at that moment at least—were not many. The articles for sale embraced lace, embroidery, paintings, pictures and photos, and many useful articles of leather, rugs, cushions, tapestries, besides a collection of books. It was explained to us that the sale would last until October, and that the proceeds would go to their missions abroad.

Of special interest is the monument lately erected to Bishop Bourget at Montreal. It is of colossal proportions and striking appearance. A rectangular column supported on an immense pedestal is crowned by an heroic figure of the late prelate. On the sides are expansive and flowing figures of Religion and Charity, and on either of two faces copper plates showing the Bishop, saying goodbye to and blessing the Papal Zouaves on their departure for Italy, and the presentation to the Bishop and Chapter of the plans for the great Church which he built. The figures on these plates are finely executed, and taken from life are said to be easily recognizable by those familiar with the ones they represent.

The Irish Catholics of Montreal

may well feel proud of their Church. It is without doubt, one of the finest in Montreal, the city of churches. Were it not that this issue contains so much descriptive matter, it would be a pleasure to describe in detail this edifice, which in the completeness of its Gothic architecture and artistic appointments is a very thing of beauty, restful and pleasurable to the senses. We cannot, however, omit a mention of a most striking figure of Saint Patrick, that we understand has been lately added to the Church. The figure is in wax, arranged in the full canonicals of a Bishop, and lies in a crypt below the altar of St. Joseph. The life-like figure in its gorgeous garb of green and gold-mitre, crozier and ring all in evidence, appears to almost breathe and when lighted from behind by electricity the effect is most telling. The mourning decorations for the Pope were still covering the walls, and pillars, and were certainly the finest of the kind we have ever seen. A catafalque draped and with the Pope's insignia stood in the middle aisle. Black and yellow were the prevailing colors, and under waves of these the walls and pillars were almost hidden; appropriate scrolls expressing grief for the one for whom Christendom mourns, outlined the sanctuary and organ loft; with these suitable designs and emblems, amongst which the shamrock was conspicuous, were embossed in yellow on the sombre background. Immense scarfs in the same Papal colors stretched from the corners of the nave to the centre of the vast dome where they met at a point and culminated in a crown. The effect was artistic, striking and most effective. Through the kindness of Rev. Doctor Luke Callaghan, the electric lighting was turned on, and we saw the Church to advantage. St. Patrick's enjoys the somewhat unique privilege of being attended by priests, all of whom are native to the city of Montreal. These gentlemen are: Rev. Martin Callaghan, P. P., Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. P. Heffernan, and Rev. J. Killoran. By the evidences that the Church displays of the people's interest in their beautiful edifice, they undoubtedly appreciate their privileges.

Industrial Schools In Europe.

The Industrial Schools of Germany is the subject of an interesting report to the State Department by Ernest L. Harris, commercial agent at Eibenstock. According to this report there are 287 industrial schools in Saxony. The population of the

C.P.R. SHOPS.

The new C.P.R. shops in the East End will, it is stated, when completed, be in a position to turn out 82 passenger cars at one time. We are all alike in birth, and like in life, and like in death. Naked we enter this world, crying and weeping, and after a short period of time we must return to the dust, whence we are taken.

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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.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

COURAGE AND DEATH.—A contemporary says:—

"There is no more admirable trait of character than courage. It requires courage to live, and all respect those who possess it, but how much more do we admire the courage to face death unflinchingly and even cheerfully! The whole world has had a grand object lesson of this character during the mortal illness of the Pope, Leo XIII. must be added to the roll of distinguished men who have shown how simple it is to face the end calmly and bravely, when fortified by a consciousness of having performed their duty."

There is an entire sermon in this brief paragraph. It needs courage to live and courage to die. If Faith gives us courage to live, it is also the virtue which imparts to us the necessary courage to die.

IRISH PHYSIQUE.—The Irish race has ever been considered a hardy and well-developed one. Not long since, in speaking of the famous American athletes, the London "Saturday Review" said:—

"We have often been struck by the astonishing number of Irishmen to be found among American athletes. It is scarcely too much to say that the greatest weight putters, hammer throwers and jumpers in Britain or the States have all been Irish or of Irish extraction."

This last remark is the most striking of all. Not only is it in the line of athletics that the Irish come to the front as soon as they have left their own country, but also in every other branch of human acquirement.

If we look facts honestly in the face we will find that at home, although it be not known to the world, Irishmen have done as great things as abroad. In the field of athletics they have excelled in all times; and the feats of statesmanship performed by them, under most adverse circumstances, and with a lack of results through no fault of theirs, would have sufficed, in any other land, and under other observation, to render them immortal.

It had been reported that Shen Chien was beheaded, but no such dignified or easy death was accorded him. He was beaten to death by instructions of the Dowager Empress as an example for other journalists.

LINCOLNSHIRE PRIZES.—The Lincolnshire Agricultural Society has been holding an exhibition at Lincoln, in England, and the officers thereof conceived the idea of adding most interesting prizes to their list.

The first prize went to Thomas Vought, of Tealby, Market Rasen, for nineteen children born, seventeen brought up, and twelve placed out.

The second prize winner had fifteen children, thirteen brought up, and all placed out, while other competitors had sixteen, fourteen, thirteen, and twelve, there being ten entries for the prizes offered.

Prizes were also awarded for length of service in one situation. The winners had records ranging from forty-one to fifty-seven years. As far as this latter prize is concerned we fear it would have but slight application in our country.

The days of the "old, faithful servants" has gone past. We know a family that had a nurse, a sewing-maid and a hired man for over a generation. The nurse was in the family thirty years, and died at sixty-eight; the sewing-maid entered the service at twenty-five, and died at seventy; and the man was thirty-two years with the family, and died at sixty-five.

CHINESE REIGN OF TERROR.—Again China is the throws of a political agitation and one that has assumed the proportions of a Reign of Terror. Like in the Boxer movement there have been reformers arising to stir up interna strife in the Celestial Empire.

RETREATS FOR CLERGY.—The second pastoral retreat commences on Sunday evening, the 23rd August; the first retreat begins to-morrow evening, Sunday, 9th August.

CHATHAM CATHEDRAL.—The building of the new Chatham Cathedral will be commenced at once. The edifice will be very large, and the contract has been given to Mr. J. B. Dagenais, of Montreal. Some two years ago, at Bathurst, Mr. Dagenais and Mr. Meloche completed the interior of the Church there for the then pastor now Mgr. J. F. Barry; and His Lordship has given the new task to the same contractor.

S. T. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—The annual excursion of the above-named Society was held on Monday, and from every standpoint was a great success.

The euvre contest created much curiosity, and brought out some of the most expert players in Irish ranks. The result was as follows: Ladies: 1st prize, Miss O'Malley; 2nd prize, Miss Jordan. Gentlemen: 1st prize, Mr. J. Delaney; 2nd prize, Mr. Patrick Reynolds, the hero of many a similar contest.

The "Bean Guess," which aroused much interest and occasioned no little commotion, and for which a valuable prize was offered, was captured by the veteran, Mr. J. J. Bolster. The number of beans which the jar contained was 954; Mr. Bolster figured out that it should contain 955.

It would be discouraging to progressive Chinese if the seven reformers under arrest at Shanghai should be turned over to the Chinese Government, and beheaded. Their writ-

ings are, of course, offensive and scurrilous, yet they should be punished as though they had spoken in a like manner against the American or British Governments, which exist for the welfare of the people. But the Government of this land has become so corrupt, and has proved such a curse to the people that reformers deserve the sympathies of all enlightened men who can perceive in what a miserable state these men are kept."

It is clear that China is a land of barbarism and there is no doubt that Christianity alone can ever make the country free and its people prosperous and happy.

THE COMET'S TAILS.—Borelli's Comet is on his way to the sun, and is sailing along at the rate of many million miles per day. It has to pass near the earth in its journey, but is not likely to strike our orb, for by "near" we mean within a few million miles of our planet. It was declared a wonder because it had two tails, but now the men of Yale have discovered, from their University Observatory, that it has four tails. Comets have been known to have had six or more tails. Still it does not matter much how many it possesses as long as it keeps out of our road.

MGR. BRUCHESI'S JUBILEE.—This day, the 8th August, Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, commemorates the sixth anniversary of his episcopal consecration.

CIVIC HOLIDAY.—On Sunday and Monday last Ottawa was actually "en fete." The French-Canadian national day, which is celebrated on the 24th June, was honored in the Capital on the 3rd and 4th of August. Monday was the civic holiday, and with the exception of the Parliament, every place was closed.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday the societies led by Garde Leo XIII. of Hull, under Major J. O. Deslauriers, Garde Champlain of Quebec, under Major Hamel, and Garde Champlain of Ottawa, under Capt. Beauregard, moved away from Cartier Square, and proceeded by way of Elgin, Wellington, Rideau, Dalhousie and St. Patrick to the Basilica. St. Patrick street was elaborately decorated from Dalhousie to Sussex with large Union Jacks.

At 9.30 on Monday morning, they marched to the residence of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, on the Driveway at the canal, and paid their respects to him by drawing up and presenting arms in front of his door. His Excellency appeared, and greeted them, expressing his appreciation of the honor they had done him.

A DIVORCE CASE.—An English judge—of the Privy Council—has declared that South Dakota divorces are no good. That State has a divorce law which legalizes legal separation if the party applying for divorce resides for six months in that State. It is easy to guess the abuses that this law may cause.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Aug. 4.

A PILGRIMAGE.—On Tuesday morning last ten passenger cars filled with pilgrims for St. Anne de Beaupre left Ottawa. Among the pilgrims was Rev. Father Groulx, of the Basilica, who has been suffering for the past two years with an affection of the bones of the right knee.

PEW RENTS.—Rev. Father Whelan announced at the 7.30 and 10.30 o'clock Masses in St. Patrick's Church Sunday morning, that he was a loser to the extent of \$400 on account of pew-holders neglecting to pay up the rent due their pews.

IN PARLIAMENTARY circles a considerable amount of excitement is being kept up. At this writing none of the great debates expected have commenced, but before the paper is issued the matter of the Grand Trunk Pacific will be on the tapis.

Mr. Charles Devlin (Galway), who rose amid cries of "agreed" — said he rose because he had pledged himself to his constituents to bring this particular subject before the Committee, and when he made a pledge he did his best to carry it out.

A DIVORCE CASE.—An English judge—of the Privy Council—has declared that South Dakota divorces are no good. That State has a divorce law which legalizes legal separation if the party applying for divorce resides for six months in that State.

There are various residents of Rome who, though not born of Irish descent, are deeply interested in the matter. Among these may be mentioned Valentine Patrick Marbut Sweney. The Marbut was born in Paris in 1871, and is son of the Patrick MacSweney, of room, County Cork, where the ruins of the old family residence. His mother was Poling Emma Countess Konarski, not improbably that his real origin is traceable to his rare languages. He is said to speak eight modern languages with accuracy. It is certain he speaks and writes English, and French with the ease of a native. His mastery of languages is of valuable service to him in his relations with the Vatican, where he was appointed chamberlain in 1895, and a little of marquis in 1896, in diplomatic service of the

the organization is not in any way a military one, and that you have no particular desire for glory on the field of battle. But your motive is a commendable one, and the discipline which you gain by socially meeting and drilling together will do a great deal to mould strong characters among you and be conducive to your success in life.

As soon as His Excellency had concluded the Mayor led three hearty cheers for the Gardes, and the Gardes led by their commandant responded with a hearty cheer.

After the parade had been dismissed, which was after two o'clock, the officers and their friends took the cars to Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, where a sumptuous banquet had been prepared. This banquet was cut considerably shorter than was the original intention, however, as the hour at which the guests arrived was late.

Col. Lorge, who represented the Garde de Salaberry in the parade, is a veteran of the United States army, and wears several decorations won under that flag. He is now a Canadian citizen, and one of the leading and most popular merchants of Montreal.

During the past couple of weeks, Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., for Galway, in the Imperial Parliament, and former member of the Canadian House of Commons, has been delivering a few very excellent speeches. It is with pleasure that we note the success of a young Irish Canadian, and especially so when we consider the utility of the example for those who are still younger, and who filled with legitimate ambition and passing native talent, are anxious to advance in life.

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State. It is easy to guess the abuses that this law may cause. The "Evening Journal," of Ottawa, a Protestant organ, has an admirable editorial on the subject, and as it is one that deeply interests Catholics, I will send you an extract from it. The "Evening Journal," having stated the case, proceeds:—

"Such a condition of things, it need hardly be said, destroys the sanctity of the marriage tie and imperils the sacredness of family relationship. The results of the South Dakota divorce law have become a widespread scandal in the neighboring republic, and are being denounced by the Christian ministers of all denominations."

"The Lord of the Privy Council, Sir Francis Jeune, before whom the case was argued declared the South Dakota Divorce Law a 'fraud on civilized jurisprudence,' and our Chicago contemporary cites two United States cases in which similar decisions were given by the Supreme Court at Washington—one from a Massachusetts Court, the other from an Oklahoma Court. The court decided, five to three, that a temporary 'legal bona fide residence in such sense as to strip the applicant for divorce of his citizenship in some other state and make him properly a citizen of South Dakota, and that consequently the South Dakota decree of divorce had no more binding authority in other states than if it had been rendered on the application of persons who had not even a pretense to citizenship."

"This decision seems to be exactly in line with the decision given by Lord Jeune in London, when he described a South Dakota divorce as a 'fraud on civilized jurisprudence.'"

"It is to be hoped that these deliverances, backed up by an aroused public opinion in the United States, will lead to a drastic revision of the divorce laws of some of the states, for South Dakota is not the only State which has divorce laws which are a 'fraud on civilized jurisprudence.' Canadians who meditate divorce through the South Dakota method—and we hear that there are such—would do well to note the decisions referred to above before they embark on such an enterprise. If they have married in haste it will do them good to repent at leisure, and learn that wedlock is too serious and sacred a matter to be made the by-play of every passing whim of those who regard matrimony as little better than a joke or at best a commercial problem."

Mr. Devlin in Parliament

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Do not be classed among delinquent subscribers to the "True Witness."

Irish Residents in Rome

From the Irish Ecclesiastical

The latest news from Rome, the almost general collapse of the proselytizing centres, and the statement that Mrs. Farma at Fara is now under the protection of the Italian Government, made for the Italian. However, widely open, the adorned pulpit, the solemn cheerless conventional poor substitutes for the ceremonial and gorgeous and outline of the Italian. It is noteworthy that more boys, and still more girls, who have been brought to the institutions return of accord, when free, to the Church. The proselytizing, have not all profited; but, doubted, if left unmolested, cut their vile traffic, and eventually be lost to the Irishman, Mr. William Christmas, largely took part in the rescue work, and he was ably assisted by Rev. Mgr. Stoner, Arc. Trebbiano. The Archbishop agreed to become president of the little association inaugurated for this purpose, which happily extended its branches, as well as its enthusiasm, to come such a mighty power. This association is still in existence and latterly the Holy Father stated and, as far as Catholicism allowed, endowed a Catholic Association whereby the Italian is afforded an opportunity of learning such branches, languages, as may be necessary success afterwards in life, same time supplied with shelter when willing to absconding institutions, eventually, it must be said, is necessary. * * *

To Irish readers the name William Osborne Christmas is unfamiliar. Mr. Christmas has been residing in Rome for twelve years, and most of since has been devoted to some other of charity. He is very important honorary member of the Vatican, being private secretary, and on days of Patrons and pilgrimages he is one of the officers on duty. English-speaking visitors he much in request, and when a question of seeing the Father or an audience, he is pains to render every assistance. Christmas is a native of Wexford, but there seems to be little of his future residence in Ireland is little beyond the prime buoyant, overflowing with pure, and is only happy when referring whatever favor may be in power. The entire family is in Rome, and I cannot speak of Miss Grace V. O. (the gilded authoress, whose writings are so often to be with in the leading periodicals of this country and America. His are mostly religious stories of "The Conversion of Enderby" is entertaining structure. More than once been offered some very lucrative engagements, but as not quite harmonious with his own bent of mind, she has been visible to decline them. *

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Irish Residents In Rome

From the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

The latest news from Rome details the almost general collapse of the proselytizing centres, and notably the statement that Mrs. Morgan's farm at Fara is now untenanted. It is too clear Protestantism was not made for the Italian. The Bible, however, widely open, the plain, unadorned pulpit, the solemn parson, the cheerless conventicle are but poor substitutes for the beautiful ceremonial and gorgeous decoration and outline of the Italian churches. It is noteworthy that most of the boys, and still more generally the girls, who have been brought up at the institutions return of their own accord, when free, to the Catholic Church. The proselytizers, therefore, have not all profit; but it is undoubted, if left unmolested to prosecute their vile traffic, many should eventually be lost to the faith. An Irishman, Mr. William Osborne Christmas, largely took the initiative in the rescue work, and in this he was ably assisted by the Right Rev. Mgr. Stoner, Archbishop of Trebizonde. The Archbishop kindly agreed to become president of the little association inaugurated for this purpose, which happily prospered and, extending its branches as well as its enthusiasm, has since become such a mighty power in Rome. This association is still in existence, and latterly the Holy Father has instituted and, as far as circumstances allow, endowed a Catholic Rescue Association whereby the young Italian is afforded an opportunity of learning such branches, especially languages, as may be necessary for success afterwards in life, and at the same time supplied with suitable shelter when willing to abandon proselytizing institutions, entered generally, it must be said, in extreme necessity. . . .

Irish in Parliament

Irish readers the name of Mr. William Osborne Christmas will not be unfamiliar. Mr. Christmas has been residing in Rome for about twelve years, and most of his time since has been devoted to some work or other of charity. He holds a very important honorary office at the Vatican, being private chamberlain, and on days of Papal receptions and pilgrimages he is, in turn, one of the officers on duty. With English-speaking visitors he is very much in request, and when there is a question of seeing the Holy Father or an audience, he spares no pains to render every assistance. Mr. Christmas is a native of Waterford, where he has still many interests, but there seems to be little chance of his future residence in Ireland. He is little beyond the prime of life, buoyant, overflowing with good nature, and is only happy when conferring whatever favor may be in his power. The entire family is resident in Rome, and I cannot omit to speak of Miss Grace V. Christmas, the gifted authoress, whose fascinating writings are so often to be met with in the leading periodicals of this country and America. Her writings are mostly religious, and the story of "The Conversion of Jack Enderby" is entertaining and instructive. More than once she has been offered some very lucrative literary engagements, but as they did not quite harmonize with her religious bent of mind, she thought advisable to decline them. . . .

There are various residents in Rome who, though not born in Ireland, are of Irish descent and are deeply interested in the country. Among these may be mentioned Valentine Patrick Maribus MacSweeney. The Marquis was born in Paris in 1871, and is son of Valentine Patrick MacSweeney, of Macroom, County Cork, where still are the ruins of the old family residence. His mother was Polish, being Emma Countess Konarska. It is not improbable that to his maternal origin is traceable his rare genius for languages. He is said to speak eight modern languages with facility and accuracy. It is certain that he speaks and writes English, Italian and French with the ease and grace of a native. His mastery of the languages is of valuable service to him in his relations with the Vatican, where he was appointed honorary chamberlain in 1895, receiving the title of Marquis in 1896. In the diplomatic service of the Vatican

these three languages at least are, it may be said, indispensable. It is understood he took part in the diplomatic negotiations between the Holy See and Montenegro, and has taken a deep interest in the union of the Oriental churches since the promulgation of the Papal encyclical in 1894. He is also a litterateur, having graduated with honor degrees at the University of Paris, and has since published several works and contributes to the leading periodicals of the world. His efforts in founding the "Cosmos Catholicus," which deals with Catholic subjects and the international affairs of the Holy See, are much to be commended. He is partly editor and hopes to be able to render much service to the Church. The "Cosmos Catholicus" is beautifully illustrated, and is printed in Italian, French and English, the same articles occupying adjoining columns and the same illustrations for all. It is now regarded as one of the most important illustrated magazines in Italy. I cannot omit to mention that he is president of the Committee for Great Britain and Ireland, in connection with the International Scientific Catholic Congress. The Marquis lives in truly princely style at the Palazzo Falconieri, Via Giulia, where he entertains largely, and is always glad to receive Irish visitors, but especially the representatives of the Irish Church. . . .

Ireland has the distinguished honor of giving an abbot to the Italian monastery of Valvisciolo, in the diocese of Terracina, in the person of the Very Rev. Stanislaus White. Father Stanislaus is a native of Derry, where he was born in 1839, and belongs to one of the most influential families in Ulster. In 1893 he was elected superior of the Abbey of Valvisciolo, in the diocese of Terracina, about fifty miles south of Rome, and nominated by Pope Leo XIII., motu proprio, abbot in 1901. . . .

To those interested in the Gaelic revival it will be pleasing news that the cult of Irish was not neglected in the Eternal City. The idea had its origin with the students of the Irish College, who spontaneously gave their recreation hours and vacation time to its study. They were fortunate in having some Irish speakers of their body, and they very readily gave their services. The matter was recognized and a class was established in the college in 1899, and although this study was not obligatory, within a few weeks almost every one became members. . . . In this movement Mrs. Mulhall, the wife of the late Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, the great statistician, is very much interested. . . . Since the death of her husband Mrs. Mulhall has been mostly resident in Rome. She, too, is literary, and has published a work on South America which appeared in 1883. Much of her time is occupied in attending at the ceremonies in the churches and is now a constant student in the Vatican Library, where she is devoting her attention to the study of Irish manuscripts. Socially Mrs. Mulhall is much esteemed at Rome, and her rare intellectual gifts are generally admitted. . . .

To readers of the periodicals and reviews on both sides of the Atlantic the name of Dr. William J. D. Croke will not be unfamiliar. Dr. Croke, though born in Canada some thirty-four years ago, is of Irish descent, and is heartily interested in everything that concerns Ireland. He is a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father was a prominent member of the Nova Scotia bar and member of the Canadian Parliament. His education was acquired partly in Canada and at St. Edmund's College, Douai. He lived some time in England, and in 1899 came to Rome, which has now become his home. Much of his time is devoted to history and archeology, and is now arranged on a "History of the National English Institutions in Mediaeval Rome." Though a prolific writer and constant student, he bears no traces of the book-worm, and in his free time is a most entertaining and pleasant companion. He lives at 15, Via del Leone, and is always glad to be of service to English-speaking visitors, and especially the Irish, whom he regards as his kinsfolk. . . .

When I mentioned the Gaelic revival in the Irish College I readily recalled the name of Father Louis Carew, the representative at Rome of the Reformed Cistercians of Trappists as they are commonly known. Father Louis is Irish of the Irish, and is glad of any movement calculated to elevate his countrymen. . . .

I find I have omitted mention of

Mr. P. L. Connellan. Mr. Connellan was born in Ireland, and came to Rome from Boston in 1869. In 1888 the Holy Father conferred upon him the decoration of the newly established order "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice," and lately has been created a Knight of St. Gregory. A profound student of Roman archeology, he is vastly cultured in the antiquities of pre-Christian and Christian Rome. The Catacombs showed deep thought and patient research. Mr. Connellan is an ardent Irishman, quick to resent when the honor of his country is assailed, bright and cheerful, but a profound thinker as well as a most accomplished writer. He is always glad to see his countrymen at his beautiful home, 6 Via Privata, as is also Mrs. Connellan, formerly of Boston. . . .

The nuns, we have seen, rendered excellent service in foiling the efforts of the proselytizers, and still continue their good work. Of the Sisters known as the Poor Servants of the Mother of God the present superior is Irish, and several members of the community. They teach, visit the sick and give alms. . . . Although the order was founded in England, they are for the most part Irish. . . .

The Sisters of the Institute of Mary, Via Nazionale, were introduced to Rome a few years ago, through Father de Mandato, to combat the inroads of the proselytizers. . . . They are few, but can boast of Irish in their number. . . .

At the Convent of S. Maria Reparatrice, Via Lucchesi, an Irish nun, sister of Mgr. Raymond, was for some time superior and still continues a member of the community. The monsignor is now coadjutor canon of St. Peter's, and resides with his mother, the Countess Raymond, at Via del Pozzetto. It will be remembered he was entrusted with the office of bearing the Cardinal's hat to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, Cardinal Martinelli, on the occasion of his elevation to the Cardinalate. He is still in the prime of life, one would think not very robust physically, somewhat retiring, very devout and may be often seen in the churches before the Blessed Sacrament. Everything in his regard gives much promise for the future. . . .

Near to the Convent of the Reparatrice is the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, which is regarded as the English Church in Rome. The Rev. Basil Maturin, an Irishman, is the Lenten preacher for 1903, and here it may be observed he preached his first sermon after his ordination in 1898. His style is peculiar to himself, and he has an extraordinary command of language and ideas. He is a convert, still comparatively young, and full of life and energy. . . .

FATAL BOATING.

Again the Monday morning papers come to us with their list of fatal accidents. The last has been from a very unexpected point. The drowning of Mr. Lessard, the heroic and able manager of the public swimming baths at Ste. Helen's Island, has been a most surprising event. So many lives he had saved that it seems almost incredible that he should have been eventually the victim of one of his many deeds of heroism. We might repeat, and repeat over again, the warnings that if we have published, especially in our last issue. . . .

In every sphere of life and with regard to almost every kind of sport there are enthusiasts; and boating has a large number of them. People who are what we might call seized with a mild mania for boating imagine that all who do not share in their liking for this amusement are lacking in something sound. They ridicule the stay-at-home young men or young ladies who are not prepared to risk their lives on the waters. They hint at cowardliness and at dullness; they see no pleasure in the park, the mountain-side, or the field. For them "a life on the ocean way," and when there is no ocean at hand, they want it on the river's flood. Yet they do not reflect upon the amount of risk they run and the dangers into which they induce others. . . .

The United States Volunteer Life-saving Board prints a publication called the "Bulletin." This little organ has issued a series of rules, for boys and girls especially, in cases of drowning accidents. The rules are all very fine, and it is a delightful occupation for a scribe, sitting in his office, to dictate them; but when it comes to the practical test the result is generally a fatality. Imagine this for advice:—

Now, to begin with, every boy and

girl who can find a pond or stream big enough to get into should learn to swim, and every one who can or cannot swim should be able to do what is necessary to save those who have become unconscious in the water. Once you can swim there is no jollier game than that of practicing saving your friends. Let all go to the shore or boat but one, and at a given signal let him sit down on the bottom and stay as long as he can, while the others dive to hunt for him. Carry it farther, and, bringing him in, roll him and follow the directions given for artificial breathing until you would be able to do it without thinking. We have seen no jollier crowd than one big family of brothers and sisters who played this game day after day, taking turns in disappearing under water and diving to the rescue from a float made of old boards, and they began it with no idea that it was anything but play. . . .

This is simply an encouragement to those who are not able swimmers to go learn the art, and to those who can swim to run as many risks as possible. We again call attention to the fatal outcome of this practice as seen in the sad event of last Saturday at the Ste. Helen's Island Swimming School. . . .

After setting down as a rule never to go out in any pleasure boat without having life-saving buoys on board, and never to rollick and play games in a boat, or try to fight others, a few rules are given whereby non-swimmers can save themselves when a boat does overturn. Not one in five hundred has the coolness and forethought, in a moment of danger to take advantage of such advice. As for example when we are told:—

"Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamer never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, and keep cool until the rocking danger is past. If overturned, a woman's skirts, if held out by her extended arm, while she uses her feet as if climbing a stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer, by drawing his arms up to his sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing, or treading water with his feet, may hold himself up several minutes, often when a single minute means his life, or throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something—that may bring him help, may at least keep him afloat till help comes." . . .

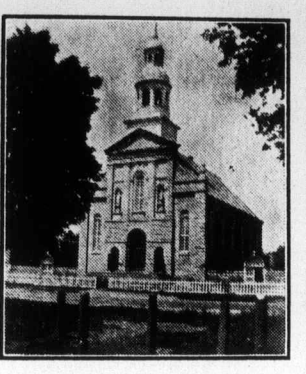
Then come rules for rescuing drowning persons. Excellent rules if you will, provided they can be carried out; but that is the difficulty. Just read them, and say how many of the readers are able to fulfil the conditions laid down. Mr. Lessard was an expert, a professional life-saver, and yet he was drowned, because the one whom he sought to rescue from death mastered him and carried him to the bottom. There are no rules that he did not know, and yet he could not follow any of them in the supreme hour of danger. Here is the advice given:—

"In rescuing drowning persons, seize them by the hair or the collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms. If unmanageable, do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet, then tow them into the shore. If unconscious, do not wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once; first get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or towel to let the water out; get a buoy, box or barrel under the stomach, or hold them over your knee, head down, and jolt the water out, then turn them over side to side four or five times, then on the back, and with a pump movement keep their arms a-going from pit of stomach overhead to a straight out and back fourteen or sixteen times a minute until signs of returning life are shown. A bellos movement pressure on the stomach at the same time is a great aid if you have help. Of course, you will at first loosen collar and all binding clothing. Let some one at once remove shoes and stockings, and at the same time rub the lower limbs with an upward movement from foot to knee, occasionally slapping the soles of the feet with the open hand. Working on these lines our volunteer life-savers have been successful after two hours of incessant manipulation, but are generally successful inside of thirty minutes. Spirits of ammonia to the nostrils, or a feather tickling in the throat, often helps to quicken, but we rarely need anything more than the above mechanical means. Use no spirits internally. After breathing and circulation are restored then hot tea and a warm blanket or bed is of the first importance." . . .

We know of but one really safe advice to give, and it is to keep away from the water. It is time enough when necessity obliges, and pleasure should never induce you to expose your life to such risks. . . .

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH PILGRIMAGE TO LANORAIE

St. Patrick's parish has decided upon holding its annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, lovingly called "Lady Day," in Ireland. . . .



CHURCH AT LANORAIE.

The steamer Berthier, which has been chartered for the occasion, will leave Victoria Pier at 1 o'clock, and returning arrive in Montreal at 8 p.m. The tickets are now on sale at the presbytery, Alexander street, and it is expected that the attendance will be a large one. . . .

ST. ANN'S PILGRIMAGE.

The pilgrimage for men, of St. Ann's parish, to Ste. Anne de Beaupre will be held to-day. The steamer Beaupre will convey the pilgrims to the famous shrine. The advance sale of tickets gives the assurance that the male section of the parish will attend in large numbers. . . .

A JESUIT NOVIATE JUBILEE

As we go to press the members of the Society of Jesus in Montreal and representatives of the Order in outside districts are celebrating the golden jubilee of the foundation of the grand old novitiate at Sault au Recollet. Rev. E. Lecompte, S.J., is the present master of novices, and superior of the house. . . .

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

Why It is a Dangerous Time for the Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:—

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her the Tablets. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the tablets to other mothers as they

cured my baby when nothing else would." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Newly Elected Supreme Pontiff

(Continued from Page One.)

The new Pope was created Cardinal and patriarch of Venice June 12, 1893. He was very learned in the ecclesiastical doctrines, is modest, energetic, a good administrator, an organizer, and a patron of the arts. He has been known for many years as one of the greatest preachers in the Church. . . .

Cardinal Sarto belonged to the ecclesiastical Congregations of Bishops and Regulars, Sacred Rites, Indulgences and Sacred Relics. He enjoyed great popularity in his diocese. He is a modest and agreeable man, highly cultivated, very kind-hearted, and still strong and robust in spite of his 68 years. He has divided his time between study and good works. He began his education at a seminary at Treviso, and continued it at Padua. Pius X. was only 23 when he was consecrated a priest at Castelfranco. . . .

He gave freely of his very small means, often at great self-sacrifice. In 1867 he was appointed parish priest at Salzano, which was considered an important promotion. . . .

In 1875 he was elected chancellor of the Bishopric of Treviso, then spiritual director of that seminary, judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal, and finally Vicar-General. . . .

Pope Leo, who had highly appreciated his cleverness, piety and modesty, appointed him in November, 1884, at the age of 49 years, Bishop of Mantua, where he remained nine years, until 1893, when he was made a Cardinal, and appointed Patriarch of Venice. . . .

Here he distinguished himself as a reformer, suppressing abuses, restoring the dignity of the clergy, and the earnestness of religion. . . .

FIFTY YEARS A NUN.

On Tuesday morning, at the Hotel Dieu, Rev. Sister Delphine Normand celebrated, in the presence of the community, the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession. Mgr. Racicot presided, and delivered the sermon of the occasion. Several members of the clergy also assisted. Among those present were Messrs. J. A. Hartenstein, Daniel Connelly, of North Dakota; Denis Connelly, of West Superior; Moise Normand and Mrs. Normand, of Levis; Mr. and Mrs. J. Gauthier, and several other friends and relatives. The Rev. Sister is a native of St. Thomee, Quebec, where she was born in June, 1833. She entered religious life on the 30th April, 1851, and made her profession at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal on the 2nd August, 1853. In 1876 she took part in the founding of the Hotel Dieu at Chatham, New Brunswick, and during eighteen years she there labored in the cause of religion. In 1894 she returned to the Mother House in this city. . . .

After the religious ceremonies an address of congratulation was presented to the venerable Sister. It was signed by her nephews and nieces, and consists of fervent congratulations and prayers for the prolongation of her years and the increase of her happiness. . . .

What a beautiful lesson for all who live in the world and who complain of the ordeals they have to undergo. Fifty years ago, no doubt, many a heart felt sad when that young girl abandoned life and all its enjoyments, and made the sacrifice of her whole being to God. But God accepted that sacrifice, and has rewarded her even in this world. The consolations that came to her on that jubilee day are such as no one outside religious life can ever know; and in presence of this beautiful example of a life's devotion, we unite our prayers with those of all who surrounded her that day. . . .

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Non-Catholic Ministers Join The Church.

From St. Andrew's Magazine we take the following article:—

"Gone over to Rome" is a phrase familiar to all; it is said of some person almost daily, said with surprise, regret or contempt, according to the views and temperament of the speaker. "Gone over to Rome" is a phrase without a parallel, just as the fact it indicates is unique. "Gone over to the Church of England," or "Gone over to Dissent," and the like have a strange and unusual sound; nobody deems such utterances to be worthy of attention; philosophers pay no heed to them; they occasion no long and anxious discussions; they are not the theme of any literature. But it is otherwise when the text is "Gone over to Rome;" philosophers find speculation irresistible; historians write the record and pass judgment thereon; the fact is made the motive of many novels; whole religious bodies protest, blame and condemn. Yet in spite of all the theories and all the outcry of the world, men and women from every rank of society and from every form of religious belief or disbelief still go over to Rome. The fact that so many conversions to the Catholic faith occur both at home and abroad in the fields of missionary labor is a testimony to the truth of the Catholic Church which can hardly be overrated. It should have great weight with our countrymen who stoutly maintain that facts are facts and that they should not be ignored.

When the English people are confronted with the long list of scholars who have sacrificed much or all for the Catholic faith, the rejoinder made by them is to the effect that there are more scholars equally pious and zealous who remain in the religion of their fathers. This argument has been used by men of note, both for piety and learning, and it has often sufficed to soothe doubts and to quell inquiry. Yet when looked at closely it proves to be a very weak argument. For in considering the actions of men we rightly take into account all possible human motives; taste, imagination, prejudice, learning, position, fortune, education, loss, gain and all other circumstances which can and do influence men should be weighed so far as possible.

Now, it is no libel on human nature to say that a man who finds himself born into good society, possessed of talents and influence, equipped with the best education his country provides, with fame, fortune, ease and comfort waiting to embrace him, should deem himself justified in remaining where circumstances have placed him. If he acts on the homely principle that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," the world, and especially his own particular world, applauds his sound sense. But if such a man voluntarily throws away all his opportunities, if he dares to cast aside his reputation for learning, dares to grieve all who know him and hold him dear; if he embraces obscurity, discomfort and poverty, the majority of men are perplexed, troubled and angry. The average clergyman of the Church of England is such a man when he "Goes over to Rome." Is it not plain that he is a very different man when compared with his fellow-clergyman who remain? And when a man who so acts is not merely an occasional eccentricity, not a surprise sprung upon the public once in a year, but a spectacle of such frequent occurrence as to be a source of constant alarm on the one side and of expectant rejoicing on the other, is it not obvious that there must be some powerful motive at work, some impetuous call, some irresistible drawing which merely human considerations cannot battle against?

Owing to the position of the Catholic Church in England at the present day, stripped of cathedrals, universities, colleges, wealth and social standing, no motive can be reasonably assigned for an English clergyman going over to Rome, save the one and all-sufficing reason that he has discovered that the Catholic Church is alone the Church of God, and that if he will be saved he must join that Church. For this he must turn his back on his family, his university, the glorious cathedral, the historic home endeared by a thousand sacred memories, the matchless version of the English Bible, possible fame and position, and often assured wealth, ease and comfort.

Those who remain keep their hold upon all these things, and granting that they are pious, devoted and zealous, they must be allowed to lack one thing which their convert brethren possess in a marked degree, namely, heroism in religion.

These converts are the sort of men who in times of persecution become martyrs and the leaders of martyrs, and it is fitting that we should think of them at this time, the month in which we especially honor St. Peter. Such a sheaf as that given below, gathered from the fields white unto harvest, is something to rejoice over, something that should make daily prayer for the conversion of our country more earnest and more importunate; it is a sign that this, our land once so devoted to St. Peter and the Holy See, is returning to its allegiance. St. Peter was made the chief of the Fishers of Men because he loved Christ above all things, because he confessed the Divinity of his Lord, because he was obedient and subject to discipline, because in a time of perplexity he turned to his Master and said:—"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The names of the men we give below are in their measure like the great Apostle; for Christ's sake they have left all things and followed Him.

Our remarks have been suggested by a perusal of the following list of some of the non-Catholic clergymen who within the last eighteen months have joined the one Holy Roman Catholic Church.

1901.

Rev. C. H. Arden, late curate of St. Philip's, Girlington, Bradford, was received into the Church on Monday, July 1, at St. Marie's, Norfolk row, Sheffield.

Rev. Hugh Nanney Smith, of Walkley, Sheffield, received into the Church at St. Gregory's, Longton, Straffordshire.

Rev. Martin Cave, curate at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Derby.

Rev. F. T. Roys, of Heysham, near Morecambe.

Rev. Mr. Charleston, moderator of the Established Presbytery of Paisley.

Rev. John Charleson, vice-president of the Glasgow Ecclesiastical Society.

Rev. J. R. McKee, M.A. (Oxon), formerly curate of St. Agnes and St. John Baptist's, Tuebrook, Liverpool, and of Cowley, St. John's, Oxford, was received in Church of St. James, Spanish place, W.

Rev. F. G. Lee, for thirty years vicar of All Saints', Lambeth.

1902.

Rev. Arthur Whitcombe Taylor, B.A., Worcester College, Oxon.

Rev. Cyprian Browning, B.A. (Eaton and King's College, Cambridge).

Rev. John Russell, late of St. Paul's, Cwmillery, Monmouthshire.

Rev. A. C. Heartley, curate in charge of St. Mark's, Jarrow.

Rev. J. T. Gorman, curate of St. Clement's, city.

Mr. M. G. Dunlop, chairman of the bishopsgate branch of the English Church Union.

Rev. Arthur Napier Morgan, B.A., of St. Paul's, Barking.

Rev. James Fraser, late incumbent of the Episcopal Church, Banbury, N.B.

1903.

Rev. Cecil Francis Norgate, lately curate of St. John's, Sutton-on-Plym.

Rev. Charles Walton Davey, B.A., of King's College, Cambridge.

Rev. William Wheeler Hume, lately curate of St. Michael's, Shoreditch.

Rev. Edgar Lee, lately Vicar of Christ Church, Doncaster.

Rev. George Steward Hitchcock, minister of the Unitarian Church, Chatham.

Rev. H. M. M. Evans, late vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch.

Rev. Edward Dudley Elam, M.A., Oxon. For the last two years Mr. Elam has acted as curate at St. Augustine's, Archway Road, N.

MONTREAL'S POPULATION.

The population of the city, estimated up to the middle of 1902, as contained in the annual report of the City Health Department, shows that there are in Montreal 277,829 souls. The religious denominations are: French Catholics, 169,165; other Catholics, 40,549; Protestants, 68,115; making a total of 277,829.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

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Our Boys And Girls.

THE LEGEND ON THE LOCKET.

—From the most interesting volume "Mostly Boys" from the pen of Rev. Father Finn, S.J., we take the following:—"I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door."

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall not soon forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet undecipherable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me:

"Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not the least cold."

"I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer."

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow-flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked! more, like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a locket fashioned in the shape of a heart. She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said. "Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look."

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend—

'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.'

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father. And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place."

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed to, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve—oh, so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three

pine-trees. I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble. I was at her side in an instant; and God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen received the Last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked.

She nodded assent. On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued.

"She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips, and say:—

'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.'

'She died a year ago.'

'Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.'

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

'Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling; Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.'

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence. Edith and she were again united.

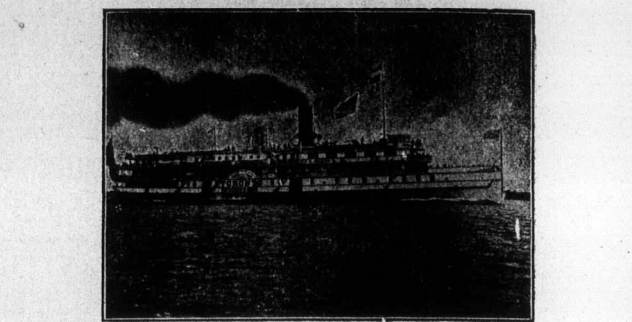
GOOD READERS.—The following incident conveys a lesson to girls which may prove profitable. A writer in Harper's Bazar tells it.

On a trans-Atlantic and trans-Mediterranean crossing not long ago one of the passengers, a delightful woman, whom the entire ship's company had promptly admired on acquaintance, was stricken speechless, about the third day out, by a hard cold which also affected her eyesight. She could not speak for several days, but was fairly well otherwise, and when the situation was understood, her new friends made on ship-board proceeded to minister to her pleasure by reading aloud to her.

Every day she was established on the warm side of the ship in a quiet corner, and readers in turn sat at her side to relieve the monotony of the hours with looks. These kindly friends were of different ages and both sexes, and a listener near noted that only one of the dozen or more officiated was a really good reader. Weak or expressionless voices, nasal or otherwise bad tones, faulty pronunciation of common words, careless slurring of syllables, clumsy handling of sentences to cloud or sometimes, quite miss their meaning—these were attributes of most of the readers. Their listener must have needed all her sense of appreciation of their good intentions, to endure the infliction of some of them. Among the number were three or four young women, and with grief it is said that they combined in each of their performances more of the faults mentioned than any of the others. To read aloud intelligently and acceptably is not a difficult accomplishment to acquire, but it seems to be a rare one among the rising generation. It needs, first, a little concentration of thought on the subject matter of the printed words to get their drift quickly, then practice. I wish every girl who reads this page would try herself in this

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Walter C. Kennedy,
Dentist,
383 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

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Or to **THOS. HENRY,** Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

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SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.
No. 2976.
Dame Josephine Leonard, wife common as to property of Damase Tardif, grocer, of St. Leonard de Port Maurice, District of Montreal, has instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband, this tenth day of July, 1903.
Montreal, July 10th, 1903.
LEONARD & LORANGER,
Attorneys of the Plaintiff.

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GET IT FROM ANY CORNER.

Pastoral Letter of Bishop On Death of Pope Leo

We have before us an admirable pastoral letter by Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Montreal, to the clergy secular, the religious, and all the faithful of his diocese on the occasion of the death of Pope Leo XIII.

Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII. have had several pastoral letters of the same grand and noble character, but owing to the manner in which the ever forcible pen of Bishop Emard traced the life-work of the Pontiff, we deem it a duty to late it for our readers thus:—
"The painful event occurred in deep anguish, days past by the whole arrived. After quite a while you, with us, have dread and in hope, our Father the Pope quietly the Lord and returned a great soul of Pontiff and until his last breath he the world with the intellectual lucidity that eclipse, and a strength was invincible amidst such a frail constitution such a weak body. He full possession of his faculties in a supreme action of signation, still scattering Church and on the workings that so abundantly heart.
"In his last moments rounded by his brothers of our Holy Church by the prayers of the faithful until the last moment that God might still be days of that beloved Pope XIII no longer lives. He is in mourning, and all children, participate in the sorrow. The grief that this

Pastoral Letter of Bishop Emard On Death of Pope Leo XIII.

We have before us a copy of the admirable pastoral letter, addressed by Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield, to the clergy secular and regular, the religious communities and all the faithful of his diocese, on the occasion of the death of the late

caused is universal; and even they who do not accept our faith are ceaseless in their testimonies of sympathy regarding that illustrious Pontiff who, by his noble qualities, his genius and his great works, had long since challenged the respect and admiration of all the peoples of the world. It must be acknowledged, that those marks of filial love and veneration that ascend from all sides towards the Vatican, where so dear a life has gone out, show clearly the place which the Pope occupied at the head of the world, and how greatly, the one whom we lament today had, by the eminence of his virtues and by his personal ascendancy, cast a luster and a prestige on the dignified office wherewith he was invested, even as upon the power the august custodian of which he was.

Is there, Dearly Beloved Brethren, a more solemn occasion whereon to recall the Pope to your memory; the Pope is the most noble, the grandest, the loftiest, the most sublime personage on earth. He is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor direct of the Prince of the Apostles, to whom it was said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock

on all sides of the earth, in the splendor of his high dignity, he made manifest his great virtues and grand actions, we may expect manifestations of piety and evidences of respectful sorrow, such as at this moment surround the bier of our dearly-beloved Pontiff.

"It was a grand day for the Church, that 20th February, 1878, which, closing the period of mourning caused by the death of Pius IX., beheld the election of Cardinal Joachim Pecci to the Pontifical throne. We had the happiness to be in Rome on that memorable date, and we were enabled to behold with our own eyes, that never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, that indescribable enthusiasm, which took possession of the immense multitude of the faithful assembled in the Basilica of St. Peter's to acclaim the newly elected one and to receive the first blessings of the Pontiff, Leo XIII. was truly the elect of God. The Holy Ghost, frustrating all human calculations and previsions, had guided, directed, not to say inspired the selection.

"The new Pope, despite his advanced years and delicate health, was, during a career longer than the

tificate would needs be long and well filled; and the mere enumeration of the principal acts that will leave their impress upon it would suffice to fill us with astonishment. We ask, in wonderment, how a man, even a Pope, could in a few years accomplish everywhere so many and such great things. From the start, that divinely established pilot, that guidance of the heavenly barque of the Church, gave to the vessel, with firm and steady hand, a course from which it will never deviate, and which, amidst the billows lashed by terrific tempests, will shape her serene and beneficent march.

"With an ardent piety, Leo XIII., at the very outset, wished to impart to his administration a character eminently supernatural. He worked not for the earth, nor for this world's interests, but for heaven whither he would lead the souls confided to his care. That thought predominates his whole pontificate. And to render it more practical and to have all the faithful participate in it, he invited the peoples of the world, by frequent letters and eloquent addresses to cultivate in a special manner the great devotions, those best calculated to foster in the heart of man a love of God and an interest in spiritual affairs.

"Under the influence of that Pontificate appeal the devotion of the Holy Eucharist revived and Our Lord Jesus Christ in the sacrament of love, receives more frequently and more ardent homage from men.

"The Blessed Virgin and the sublime prayer of the Rosary, Saint Joseph, patron of the universal Church, the Holy Family, the guide and model of the Christian home, St. Francis of Assise and the Third Order, are so many subjects treated, each in turn, with an unction that recalls the language of the Fathers of the Church. What appeals for prayer, for penance, for the observation of God's laws and those of the Church, formulated especially in the Apostolic letters that announced to us the different jubilees of Leo XIII's reign! And these supplications that he invited the Christian world to make, he wished to have addressed to God on behalf of the Church, whose trials he knew better than do all others, and which he loved with a most ardent love.

"With marvel will history record all that he has done in the Church, for the spread of the Gospel amongst the most barbarous peoples, for the Propagation of the Faith, for the expansion of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. He reestablished the Catholic hierarchy, wherever evil times had caused it to disappear. He created new Episcopal Sees, sent missionaries in all directions; by dint of watchfulness and patience, he put an end to persecution there where it was the furious. He silenced the discord that prevents, delays or weakens the Church's action. A prisoner, on account of the misunderstood rights of the Church, he ceased not, from the depths of his captivity to assert most energetically his claims, and at the same time he feared not to address the nations that were victims of heresy, schism, or even infidelity, the mild invitations of a paternal heart that sought to see realized the parable of the flock and pastor united.

"From that immutable rock whereon in the perfect calmness of his dignity he is seated, rising above all human miseries and vicissitudes, solely occupied with the salvation of souls, he scans with a glance every land in the universe, excepting in his zeal no country and no people. In all quarters of the earth may be seen the fruits of his indefatigable zeal.

"Leo XIII. wished that the Church, through her pastors, should realize as much as possible that teaching mission given to her by Divine Founder and to which he personally assigned no limitations. Leo XIII. was a sage. He loved science and assisted in its development in every sphere and by every means. The education of youth, the principles that should govern it, the rights of the Church in scholastic matters, those of the family, of parents, of children, were all the subject matter of some of the most beautiful letters of the Pope. And we have had our fair share of his teachings in this direction. The youth in our colleges and seminaries as well as in our universities, has been thus more than once the object of his paternal exhortations, and he gave a grand impulse to study in general when he indicated St. Thomas Aquinas as the patron of studious youth. He gave to the study of the Holy Scripture, to that of philosophy and history, most powerful encouragement, creating for such purposes special institutions and opening wide the doors of their libraries. He desired to encourage progress in the natural sciences as well as in the arts, and at the same time that he had erected the celebrated Vatican observatory, he took rank amongst the greatest patrons of painters, musicians, poets, believing it not unworthy of a Pope

to thus promote and to push as far as was possible for him the genius of man in every sphere in which it could exercise a beneficent effect.

"Leo XIII. knew that God had made it possible for nations to be cured, and that to heal the wounds inflicted on society by erring minds, or by the corruption of morals, there are no other remedies than those afforded by the Gospel and no better physician than the Church of Christ.

"In her origin the Church is not of this world, and the end she has in view is away above all temporal interests. Still if she seeks before all other things the happiness of souls and their eternal salvation, she is far from being uninterested in all that may contribute to the material well-being of the nations. The Church is the grand civilizer, she has ever helped along the real progress obtained by the human race; but, at the same time, she has to preserve in society's bosom the rules of morality and the observance of divine laws, the more so that social order cannot be maintained at any other price. Leo XIII. during all his lengthy Pontificate, strove to everywhere, and in every strata of society, cause those true principles, drawn from the Gospel, and without which all would be but confusion and disorder, to prevail. In opposition to the perverse and subversive doctrines that menace union in the home, and happiness in the family, he appealed to the Christian teaching regarding marriage and its indissolubility, and he defended with all his strength the claims of paternal authority to the respect and submission of children. He intervened none the less luminously in those issues, sometimes so violently agitated, between capital and labor, preaching justice, moderation and kindness to the employer, and respect for the laws, including those of ownership, and Christian obedience to the great law of labor, to the employee. He made known the meaning of the true freedom of God's children; he denounced all abuses committed in His name and he crushed out utopian dreams. He established the basis of the Christian constitution of the State, defended civic authority, and reminded the powerful of their duties. He denounced secret societies with their infernal machinations; he frequently proclaimed his love of that peace which he wished to behold reigning on all sides through the medium of truth and of justice. And as nothing escaped the clear vision of his zeal and the ardor of his charity, he pointed out the monstrousness of slavery and encouraged with all his might every step calculated to wipe out its last vestige. His charity for the poor, for the unfortunate of all classes, was boundless; his abundant and oft-repeated alms-deeds, the effective aid that he gave to St. Vincent de Paul societies, the creation of numerous hospitals, one of which was in his own palace in the hour of a terrible epidemic, are so many evidences of the interest and love he bore the unfortunate.

"In a word, Dear Brethren, Leo XIII. was truly a universal Pope, in genius and in works; he omitted nothing of all that, in troubled days like ours, could occupy the mind of the most generous Pontiff and the most loving father.

"And those imposing ceremonials of canonization which he performed as if to seal his pontificate, really seem, through the characters and the lives of those he was pleased to raise to our altars, to epitomize the work of his great life. He glorified each in turn the apostolate of missions, the pastoral ministry, the monastic life, Christian education, labor and the laborer, and even poverty itself.

"And also may it be said that, despite the struggles to be maintained and the persecutions to be undergone, never did the Church present a spectacle of greater vitality, of more rapid expansion, of a more real empire over the nations of the world, and above all of a closer union between her members and her pastors, with her Supreme Head. It is the victory of the Lion of Juda; also is this the predominating note in the unanimous and universal chorus of praises and of admiration that rings around the departed Leo XIII. and in which even those who are strangers to our faith, with their governments and their rulers, so heartily unite.

"Far from being forgotten in the midst of all his zealous preoccupations, more than once has our own country been the special object of Leo XIII's attention. Only of late did he address to us, in the form of an encyclical letter, his teachings and those of the Church in regard to the grave and ever-important matter of Christian education for the young. To him do several dioceses, and even several provinces, owe their existence. It was he who created the diocese of Valleyfield, and since its erection he has not ceased to extend to us abundantly the evidences of his affection and tenderness. Only a few months ago, while fulfilling our

duty of a visit 'ad limina,' which is prescribed by our canons, we had the unspeakable joy of being with Leo XIII. to there celebrate with him his Pontifical jubilee. A few days later, being admitted to his presence, it was given us, in a secret and prolonged audience, to acquaint him with religious condition of the diocese confided to our care; and then, had we the privilege of hearing the counsels of his fatherly affection and above all to receive, with instructions to transmit the same to you, the blessings which in a most touching and loving manner, he bestowed on us; those blessings were added to the many which he so frequently bestowed upon you, on your families, and on our young undertakings. We shall ever recall them as the guarantee of the protection that, from Heaven, the great Pope whose loss we lament to-day, will continue to extend to our diocese.

"Dear Brethren, the pastoral charge, in the responsibility which it imposes, is as fearful as its dignity is sublime. Hence for all of us the imperative duty to wait to heaven our most fervent prayers, in order that the soul of the Pontiff, whom we so loved and so admired, may receive as soon as possible on high the crown of justice and glory, promised as a reward to the good and faithful servant. We will likewise pray that Our Lord may give to the Church, as a successor to Leo XIII. a Pontiff after his own heart."

This beautiful letter is followed by the special instructions for the diocese of Valleyfield in regard to prayers for the dead Pope.

Ecclesiastical Notes

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE. — The following are the appointments and changes at St. Laurent College for the next academical year:—

- Very Rev. M. A. McGarry, C.S.C., D.D., president.
- Rev. A. Crevier, C.S.C., vice-president.
- Rev. J. E. Hebert, C.S.C., prefect of French course.
- Rev. H. E. Vanier, C.S.C., prefect of discipline.
- Rev. R. H. FitzHenry, C.S.C., professor of Belles Lettres.
- Rev. Phileas Vanier, C.S.C., professor of philosophy.
- Rev. Edward Laurin, C.S.C., professor of versification.
- Edward P. Jennings, professor of Syntax.
- Revs. Laurence Broughal, C.S.C., and Edward Mondow, C.S.C., have been transferred to Memvancook, N. B.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.—The following appointments have been made at St. Mary's College, Bleury street for the year:—

- Rev. Father Turgeon, rector; Father E. Schmidt, minister; Father A. Bellemare, bursar; Father J. Lalande, prefect; Professors, Father F. Loiseau, physics; Father Lany, mathematics; Father L. Lalande, Philosophy, second year; Father S. Bellemare, philosophy, first year; Father T. Thidon, rhetoric; Father B. Fond, belles lettres; Father J. Gras, versification; Father A. Dery, method; Father A. Messier, syntax; Father W. Chatrand, Latin elements; Brother Andre de Corsini, French elements, first section; Brother Thomas de Villeneuve, French elements, second section; Brother Olympias, French elements, third section; Father F. Maynard and Father Gravel, recreation, first division; Father E. Guibau, and Father A. Rousseau, recreation, second division; Father S. Bouvrette and Father J. B. Blant, study.

Father E. Labelle leaves the college to go to Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson.

LOYOLA COLLEGE.—The following appointments have been made at the Loyola College, Drummond street, for the coming year:—

- President—Rev. Father Jones.
- Vice-president, Father Doyle.
- Bursar—Father Coffee.
- Professors—Father Fox, philosophy; Father Kavanagh, science; Father McCarthy, rhetoric; Father German, humanities; Father Hingston, first grammar; Father McMahon, second grammar; Mr. D. Hanley, third grammar; Father Dunn, rudiments; Father Quirk, preparatory; Mr. Trohey, special English; Father O'Gara, prefect; Father Joan, prefect; Father Filion, study-master.



MGR. EMARD, BISHOP OF VALLEYFIELD.

Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII. We have had several pastoral letters on the same grand and mournful subject, but owing to the complete manner in which the ever elegant and forcible pen of Bishop Emard has traced the life-work of the great Pontiff, we deem it a duty to translate it for our readers. It runs thus:—

"The painful event expected and feared, in deep anguish, for some days past by the whole world, has arrived. After quite a short illness, which you, with us, have followed in dread and in hope, our very Holy Father the Pope quietly expired in the Lord and returned to God his great soul of Pontiff and of father. Until his last breath he astonished the world with the spectacle of an intellectual lucidity that knew no eclipse, and a strength of soul that was invincible amidst great sufferings in such a frail constitution and such a weak body. He died in the full possession of his faculties and in a supreme action of love and resignation, still scattering on the Church and on the world the blessings that so abundantly filled his heart.

"In his last moments he was surrounded by his brothers, the cardinals of our Holy Church, and aided by the prayers of the faithful who, until the last moment had hoped that God might still prolong the days of that beloved Father. Leo XIII. no longer lives. Holy Church is in mourning, and all of us, her children, participate in her deep sorrow. The grief that this death has

I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." In his character of Bishop of Rome, he is the Bishop of all the Bishops, the Pastor of all pastors, to whom was confided the charge of feeding the lambs and the sheep, that is the care of the entire fold. He is the Head of the universal Church to whom was confided in a supreme manner, the deposit of her doctrine, and the treasures of Christ's grace. He is the infallible doctor, the supreme Pontiff, to whom were given the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. His authority and the powers at his disposal cannot be limited or lessened by any human power. In a word, the Pope is the common father of the faithful, and that supernatural paternity comes to him directly from Christ, that is to say, from God, who entrusted him therewith for the salvation and sanctification of souls.

"The origin and nature of his functions as well as of his prerogatives and the dignity wherewith he is invested, raises the Pope above all the granddeurs of this world in placing him at the pinnacle of the spiritual hierarchy. Is it, then, so astonishing that during his life the Pope holds such great empire over souls and over peoples, and that his death creates in the world such an immense void and awakens such ardent sympathies.

"But when that Pope is called Leo XIII., and that he has just disappeared after a pontificate of a quarter of a century, during which,

twenty-five years of St. Peter, to see disappear, one after the other, save one alone, all those that had been elected; he survived them all. Is not that already a manifest sign of the divine ratification of an election conducted with the assistance of the Holy Ghost—that providential prolongation of Leo XIII's days, even unto an extreme age that became the marvel of the world?

"Joachim Pecci, had in the different phases of his life, as priest, as Bishop, and as Cardinal, exhibited the mastering characteristics of his mind and heart. Well known were his ardent and enlightened piety, his broad and deep wisdom, the unconquerable energy of his will, his capacity for work, his passionate devotedness, his intense love of the Church, and that wonderful gift of discernment which enabled him to judge of and appreciate so justly both men and events.

"The Supreme Pontificate, in investing him with the prerogatives essentially attached to his pastoral charge, was about, in the new Pope, to bring out still more in relief and to render more fruitful for the Church and for souls, his grand virtues and his noble qualities. The man in Leo XIII. was to supply the Pope with those eminent personal gifts, which God dispenses as it pleases Him, and which, cultivated and developed under the action of grace, were to give as a result one of the most glorious and fruitful reigns that history records.

"The complete history of that pon-

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ton and Intermediate Ports.
across Lake Ontario, a trip
ry of the Thousand Islands
e river is unequalled for wild
exciting descent of all, the
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for cool and refreshing night
city of
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Damasks,
Unbleached Table
Damasks,
Table Napkins,
Glass Linens,
Linen Crashes,
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property of Damase
f St. Leonard de
district of Montreal,
a action in separa-
rty against her said
nth day of July,
10th. 1903.
& LORANGER,
s of the Plaintiff.

Rector of Redemptorists On Situation In France.

There is a Christian precept that says if you are struck on one cheek turn the other; there is another that commands us to love our enemies. But these apply to individuals in the pilgrimage of life. When, however, a mighty principle is at stake; when submission to the enemy means recency to the duty of sentinel over the treasures confided to our care by God, without deviating from the principle of loving that enemy, it becomes an imperative duty to resist the tide of evil and turn back the current of oppression. When the hurricane of persecution began to sweep over France, the religious orders bent before its irresistible force as pines to a tempest. They were effaced as far as their homes and property were concerned; they were scattered like leaves in Valambrosa. But there had to be an end sometime to this submission to a tyranny that parallels that of Dometian or Caligula. The bark of State, with Combes at the helm, rode on the crest of the wave, and at each plunge into the trough of a billow it crushed the smaller crafts that held the teachers of youth and the protectors of the unfortunate.

At last a cry of protest was heard, and that cry was backed by stern and solid resistance. "We are in our native land, and here we shall remain," cried out the Redemptorists. A supplement to the "Etoile de la Vendee" contains a ringing address to the people of Sables and Chauve, France, signed by Rev. Pierre Almir Riblier, rector of the Redemptorists of Sables, Sables d'Olonne; and date 4th May, 1903.

It is not possible for us to analyze nor to give a summary of the address, for it is an exceedingly lengthy and complete document; but we cannot avoid drawing attention to the masterly exposition of the rights of property violated by the Government. On this point the address reads:—

"Our real estate belongs not to the congregation, which has never existed civilly, and consequently has never possessed, but to an individual who is as really and as legally the proprietor of it as you yourselves are of your houses and possessions. His titles of ownership are in every way like your own, as true, as strong, as undeniable, and so they have proved till the present day. They are based upon an act of purchase made in good and due form, in presence of a notary, on stamped paper, in consideration of a sum agreed upon and counted out, in beautiful ringing crown-pieces.

"And, all at once, it is pretended that these titles, now five years old and hitherto legal and valid, are no longer of any value, are no longer legal. A liquidator-sequestrator is named, our poor furniture is seized, seals are placed upon our property and all without previous examination of the courts of justice and contrary to every principle of equity. We are, however, neither robbers nor bankrupt, nor are we defunct. We have paid for our ownership and paid all taxes demanded of us. Property, according to the Declaration of the Rights of Man, is a sacred and inviolable right, and no one can be deprived of it." (Art. 17.) That is true for others; but for us not."

This is followed by an argument that cannot but have force beyond words in the eyes of every right-thinking logical man. Here it is:—

"You are not authorized," they say to us; "your property does not belong to you. It belongs to no one, therefore? It belongs to the State, and the State seizes it." What would you say if to-morrow, turning your own argument against yourself, the socialist upstarts in power would decree that all the property of capitalists, manufacturers, merchants, farmers and mariners not authorized belonged not to them, is, in fact, owned by no one, therefore must be made over to the State? What would you say if they proceeded to take it from you, place it under seal and sell it? What would you say if, having dispossessed you of everything, they turned you out would be protests, not only passive, on the street? Ah! for once there but active, passionate, bloody! Revolvers would go off, while the liquidators and their accomplices would flee in terror. It will come to that, believe me, and soon! That is logic. To-day we are plundered; to-morrow it will be you. The pretexts are the same, and there is no reason why they should pause. Whoever thinks of demanding authorization for manufacture, commerce,

agriculture and fishing? Since you are not authorized, your goods do not belong to you; they belong to the State. This is the conclusion that the Socialist government of to-morrow will draw.

Then comes the magnificent passage upon the outrage against Liberty. What a magnificent appeal! It seems no longer an humble priest of a great order who pleads at the bar of authority for mercy; it is the ringing declaration of a Mirabeau in the tribune, or a Verginaud pouring forth his imperishable floods of passionate eloquence, in the hour of the bitterest animosities and the maddest upheavals of society. And to make the comparison still stronger does the priest again appeal to the "Rights of Man," as in the days of the Terror, the so-called friends of Liberty, the idols and predecessors of Combes appealed to the same political evangel. He triumphantly quotes from it "Liberty consists in the power to do whatever is not hurtful to others." (Art. IV.) And he asks: "In what do we hurt others?" Ah! that series of questions and the crushing answers. Such an appeal is worthy of the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, the Massillons of the days France's greatest eloquence.

We will pass over that part in which the great Redemptorist unfolds the picture of the outrage against Religion, and that in which he stigmatizes the outrage against Legality. While these two points, so well taken and so amply treated, may yet form the subject matter of another article in this column, they are too complete to be treated in such a brief review as our space permits. But we cannot omit, to-day, his exposition of the outrage against Humanity. By a "magnanimous condescension" they have been accorded fifteen days to quiet their convent and disperse. Then he adds: "They have closed our church. They have forbidden us to preach under pain of judicial prosecution; they have taken the most tyrannical measures against us. A parish priest cannot engage our services without exposing himself to the loss of his salary and to having his church closed. A landlord cannot afford an asylum to three of us at a time without rendering himself liable to a fine of from sixteen to five thousand francs, and from six days to a year of imprisonment. A father of a family, having three children religious in the same order, cannot harbor them together without incurring the same penalties.

"The ranks of the secular clergy, in which we might find work and bread, are interdicted us. Secularization is, it seems, impossible as long as Redemptorists exist on any part of the globe. On the side of hope, no prospect. We are, like Cain, branded on the forehead with an indelible mark and obliged either to flee abroad or to live as wanderers on the soil of our native country."

Such the picture as drawn by that master-pen, and drawn from life. Then comes the brave, the more than heroic declaration of their determination. Listen to it:—

"Facing this hard and bitter alternative, we call to mind that it is better to obey God than men; we say to ourselves: 'The law that exiles us is tyrannical, impious, hypocritical, brutal. It is, then, no law. We are in our native land, and here we shall remain. Let violence do against us what it will. We will endure it without provocation, without faint heartedness, with courage and resignation for God. Right will be on our side, and a day will come when it will have the power of force. We shall constitute ourselves the defenders of poverty, of liberty and of religion, those three great goods of man, that form at the same time the three foundations of every society. Champions of legality which in our regard, they abuse to the last degree, we shall become by our resistance to oppression, a lesson and an example to Christian France. May she understand it and, by an act of indomitable energy, overthrow her persecutors!"

Rarely has anything as noble, as complete, as logical, and as powerful as this address came from the pen of ecclesiastic or layman. Our only regret is that we are unable to give it in its entirety. But, as we have said, we will have again occasion to dwell upon parts of it—especially on those that deal with the outrages on Religion and on Legality. The Redemptorist takes the government's own ground, uses its own authorities, ascends its own tribune, and thunders in its ears the irrefutable, the crushing proofs of its injustice, its tyranny and its lack of common consistency. It would be enough to touch the heart of the coldest tyrant and to sway the soul of the most bitter foe of religion and of authority. In any tribunal in the world the plea would confound the oppressors, in the eyes of humanity, and of posterity, it will be their accusation and condemnation.

A Non-Catholic View of Friends In Heaven.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

On Sunday last Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell preached a sermon in the St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church, on the subject of the recognition of friends in Heaven. A report of the sermon appeared in the "Gazette" of Monday morning, and as we have no other means of ascertaining the terms and scope of the address, we take the report as published, expecting it to be a correct synopsis. It is not usual with us to reproduce the sermons of the non-Catholic clergy, firstly, because so many of them are of a controversial character, and we do not see any good to be attained by newspaper controversy, and secondly, because their views often conflict so much with our own that we could not well give them publicity without pointing out what errors are found in them—and this is an unnecessary and unpleasant task. However, there are occasions when, taking a fresh departure, a clergyman of a non-Catholic church, presents very beautiful thoughts and as a rule those thoughts savor of Catholicity, although they fall short of the entire truth.

Preaching from a text in the Second Book of Samuel: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," Dr. Campbell spoke of the example of King David, on the death of his child, as one that every Christian parent should follow.

"When the Lord took unto Himself the child of David he did not complain, but saw good in the will of the Lord. His people could not appreciate their King's way of treating his loss; his sublime trust in God was above their comprehension. In similar circumstances, we should school ourselves to submit to the will of the Lord. Even the servants of the King could not understand how he could go on with his usual functions, not giving himself up to secret mourning and lamentation. In our day we think that the mourners of the deceased should shut themselves up for a certain length of time out of respect to the dead, refusing to see any one, and putting aside all their daily duties. Why should this be?"

This is a fitting rebuke to those who go into all manner of extravagant expressions of grief, and who soon calm down and forget all about the dead.

"David knew that his child was safe, and that one day he should see him again; therefore, he was content to wait and be patient. This is the spirit in which we all should face that grim spectre, death. Our friends departed are only away from us for a brief time. We shall see them again; therefore, why grieve for them. They are better off and some day we shall recognize them in heaven."

There is the proper submission to the will of God. An innocent child dies; we know its soul is in heaven; and we know that what God has done has been for the child's good and for our own. Submit then to God's will, and prepare by a pure life to enjoy that child's restored love in Heaven. This is the moral of the sermon. Then comes this fine passage:—

"It is not to be wondered at that the heathens mourned their dead, for they were without the light of God and His great comforting message, but there is not the same excuse for Christians. Our friends change not to us, and when we cross the shore where the Lord is to be the centre of the great family circle, all those who held their trust in Him will greet us."

There is Christian Faith and Hope and Trust in this.

"The Scriptures say our knowledge will be increased and surely this means we shall recognize our friends in heaven whom we have known and loved on earth. Memory clings to persons rather than things; it is generally through persons that we recognize things, so it is to be believed that memory will yield up its store of recollections of those who fought the good fight, and died before us. When Jesus said that 'And he shall rise again,' He must have implied that we should see the risen, else what comfort would their resurrection be to us. This belief in the recognition of separated ones is the instinct of the human race, and were it not to be gratified at last in heaven, surely it would not have

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been instilled into the heart of man."

This is all admirable, and in as far as it applies to children it is a very Christian expression of the assurance in their happiness and in the great "union hereafter." But it is here that the Rev. Doctor stops short. When it comes to the question of older people, all that the good preacher says is perfectly true; but there is still more to be said in order to complete that truth. We must not forget the dead—true; we must not grieve inordinately for them—true; we must have faith in God and hope in a union with them in Heaven—true. But we have another duty to perform for them. We must pray for them "that they may be relieved," and that they may the sooner reach heaven. But this is not in Rev. Dr. Campbell's Faith; let us only pray that some day he may so believe and then, in the perfection of faith, complete his beautiful sermon.

Annual Retreats In Religious Life.

This is the season of the annual retreats for the clergy of the diocese and for the various religious communities. As we announced elsewhere, the first pastoral retreat opens to-morrow, the 9th August, while the second one will open on Sunday, the 23rd August. Apart from the retreat of the secular clergy there are those of all the communities. At this hour the mother houses are filled with nuns of the different orders. Christian Brothers and priests of the various communities. They are flocking into the city to take part in this great annual event in the life of the religious.

It is during the annual retreat that the heads of a community make all the changes for the coming year, designate for each one the post of duty during the approaching twelve months, and regulate all the questions of discipline and such like that claim their attention. It is at this time that the great spirit of obedience, which constitutes one of the three principal vows of the religious, is most obvious. A Christian Brother, a Sister of the Congregation, or a member of any other community leaves the scenes of last year's labors, possibly the place where years have been spent and deep friendships have been formed, and comes to the Mother House for the general retreat. The last day of the retreat is that on which all changes are announced; and that person may hear the mandate to go to some other end of the land, to some foreign country, or to some most unwelcome climate; and that mandate

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1903.

Our Curbstone Observations

In Halls of Parliament

AFTER writing this I am inclined to wonder if the readers ever "lobbying." If not no idea of what a thing game it is—it beats ping-pong combined. I found a definition for the "lobbying" as a basis for an Enquirer's Worcester says: "a hall passage serving as a room. The lobby of the Commons" (Burke); Lobby "To frequent the lobbies of legislation, for the purpose of securing the votes of a favorite bill (Law) 'a come to Albany to lobby bank charter' (N. Y. C. Enquirer); Lobby member who frequents the lobbies of House of Legislation in influence the action of the (Greely)."

This is what is meant by and we have the industry, sion, or trade (or whatever like to style the occupant ing) both in Quebec and naturally the latter House lation, having to do with more extended area and touch with more numerous er-interests, may be said t greater amount of lobbies have had occasion, during career of observation to a curbstone and to penetrat ant-chambers of the House m. I have stood ar large lobby, leaning against lars and watching the con going of the various busy each of whom very probab der the impression that t future of the Dominion de on him alone. I will tak sion, as an example, for it too confusing to attempt my observations in gener to.

IN THE LOBBY.—It was m., half an hour before th of the House for the after ting. I fortified my back ing it against one of the granite columns, exactly i the Post Office, and midwa the entrances to the two ridors. There was a buzz of voices, and a confusion steps, each distinct from but all creating a chaos o The tall Dominion police doors seems to enjoy the sene and to participate i imation, just about as would take part in the bu base—not more so. The cials, or messengers, whos it is to give information take in cards, and to keep to call upon the police assistance when order declin kept, would serve as very ometers whereby to gauge or importance of each pass dual. Up the main entran by the side door to the lo a serious, preoccupied look the messengers put on a appearance, bow exceedi and clear the way; the stiffens up and looks at t birds on the capital of the lar—it is a Cabinet Minist on his way to his private prepare for the coming st number of gentlemen rush the wicket, get letters and tear the letters open, scatt velopes on the floor (work women next day at 50 morning), and dive into th leading to the mysterio within—they are members ment. Then one of these i been "hanging about" t and enters into an animat sation with them—they are sion from his constituency for some favor or other. lot of smiling, hand-shakin remarks, loud laughter, le the member as scold and by the chorus he has arov Finally two or three bow hands, shuffle off towards one come back for a last is probably better acquain the M.P. than are the oth moment they link arms, t very confidential communic delegate goes off saying, "sir," and the M.P. bows h way with a cheery, "I wor old man!" The delegatio

Y. AUGUST 8, 1903.

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Observer

In Halls of Parliament

After writing this heading I am inclined to wonder if any of the readers ever did any "lobbying." If not they have no idea of what an interesting game it is—it beats chess and ping-pong combined. I may as well find a definition for the term "lobbying," as a basis for any observations. Worcester says: "Lobby (n.)—To frequent the lobbies of a house of legislation, for the purpose of influencing the action of the members or of securing their votes for some favorite bill (Law) a committee has gone to Albany to lobby for a new bank charter." (N. Y. Courier and Enquirer); Lobby member, (n.) one who frequents the lobbies of the House of Legislation in order to influence the action of the members. (Greely).

This is what is meant by lobbying, and we have the industry, or profession, or trade (or whatever else you like to style the occupation or calling) both in Quebec and in Ottawa. Naturally the latter House of Legislation, having to do with a much more extended area and being in touch with more numerous and vast interests, may be said to have the greater amount of lobbyists. As I have had occasion, during my long career of observation to get off the curbstone and to penetrate into the ante-chambers of the House of Commons. I have stood around the large lobby, leaning against the pillars and watching the coming and going of the various busy people, each of whom very probably was under the impression that the entire future of the Dominion depended upon him alone. I will take one occasion, as an example, for it would be too confusing to attempt to record my observations in general or in toto.

IN THE LOBBY.—It was 2.30 p. m., half an hour before the opening of the House for the afternoon sitting. I fortified my back by leaning it against one of the polished granite columns, exactly in front of the Post Office, and midway between the entrances to the two inner corridors. There was a buzzing sound of voices, and a confusion of footsteps, each distinct from the other, but all creating a chaos of sounds. The tall Dominion policemen at the doors seem to enjoy the changing scene and to participate in the animation, just about as a statue would take part in the bustle at its base—not more so. The two officials, or messengers, whose business it is to give information, and to take in cards, and to keep order, and to call upon the policeman for assistance when order declines to be kept, would serve as very great barometers whereby to gauge the value or importance of each passing individual. Upon the main entrance and in by the side door to the lobby comes a serious, preoccupied looking man; the messengers put on a very busy appearance, bow exceedingly low, and clear the way; the policeman stiffens up and looks at the carved birds on the capital of the great pillar—it is a Cabinet Minister who is on his way to his private room to prepare for the coming sitting. A number of gentlemen rush in, tap at the wicket, get letters and papers, tear the letters open, scatter the envelopes on the floor (work for charwomen next day at 50 cents per morning), and dive into the corridor leading to the mysterious region within—they are members of Parliament. Then one of these is stopped by three or four persons who have been "hanging about" the lobby, and enters into an animated conversation with them—they are a deputation from his constituency looking for some favor or other. There is a lot of smiling, hand-shaking, witty remarks, loud laughter, led off by the member as soloist and joined in by the chorus he has around him. Finally two or three bow, shake off hands, shuffle off towards the door; one comes back for a last word; he is probably better acquainted with the M.P. than are the others. For a moment they link arms, there is a very confidential communication, the delegate goes off saying, "All right, sir," and the M.P. bows himself away with a cheery, "I won't forget, old man." The delegation "came,

and saw, and conquered," it retires, and the M. P. draws a long breath of relief. He meets a fellow-M. P. in the corridor, "who are the fellows?" asks the latter; "oh, constituents, as usual," answers the M.P. "Well, what is it all about?"—"Hanged if I know; they're satisfied any way and that'll do for this session." This is not lobbying really. This is honesty coming to seek legitimate assistance, and subterfuge cheering up the spirits of the expectant ones in order to get rid of them.

THE REAL LOBBYIST.—The dozen bells ring in all ends of the Building. The Clerk and Deputy Clerk flit from their offices to the Chamber, clad in long robes and loaded with books. The Sergeant-at-Arms enters the Speaker's apartments, takes down the golden mace, shoulders it like another Goliath of Goth, while the Speaker dons his three-cocked hat and flowing gown. The procession of two proceeds to the Chamber. The galleries are flung open, the spectators flock in. But all this does not interest me. Yonder I see two or three men in watchful conversation. Soon one sends in a card. A member comes out, clears the way for them; they pass inside, and a moment later the members go into the House and returns accompanied by a Minister. Then a hurried and whispered conversation goes on; one attempts to draw out some documents from his pocket; the Minister makes a sign for him to not do so at that moment. Finally, the members say, "the committee meets at 10.30 tomorrow morning; be on hand." The Minister will do "his share," and suddenly remember that he is needed in the House. The three strangers depart; they halt in the vestibule and compare notes, form plans for the morning, and finally go away, with a look of grave importance on their brows. These are lobbyists. They have come up to secure the passage of some Bill in which they are interested, and have taken the preliminary steps to pave the way—in a word have been pulling the first wire.

AT THE COMMITTEE.—Needless to follow along the list and to describe all the other lobbyists. There are some that hunt in pairs; there is here and there alone one, like a stray beaver, going about the business all by himself, and displaying no end of anxiety and nervousness. But the next morning is the time when the gentlemen, mentioned in the last paragraph, get in their work. They are on hand at ten o'clock. They are at the door of the committee room. They button-hole the members of the committee as they come in and such an amount of urging, and nudging, and promising, and threatening, and praying, and bullying, and cringing, and—well, "wire-pulling" is the only term you never before saw nor ever did you dream of in your wildest night visions. Then the committee gets into action. The Bill comes up, it is examined, described, turned inside out, advocated, opposed; all wrangle about it. Finally, we will suppose, it goes through, and is to be reported—possibly—with amendments and possibly with none. The committee adjourns, the lobbyists shake hands with the friendly M.P.s, and then all go off, full of hope and joy, with a gleam of triumph in the eye, and a terrible volubility on the tongue. All go off, I said, to have lunch, or to "take something." That is the process of lobbying in the rough. Of course, each individual lobbyist has his own special methods and manners, and all are not of the exact same type. Then there are professional lobbyists who have no special axes of their own to grind, but who, "knowing the ropes," make it a business to push matters for the less experienced promoter—for a slight consideration. And this is a very profitable business as long as it lasts.

Such some of my humble observations in the lobby of the House.

Sodality of the Jesuit parish and the Foresters' baseball team for a purse of \$200; a tug-of-war between the Foresters of the South and West Sides and one between the police and fire departments for a purse of \$150 each, and a prize Irish jig and reel contest for a purse of \$125.

A SACRILEGIOUS FRAUD which has aroused indignation, has recently been perpetrated in Alsace-Lorraine, where two men have been peddling to credulous peasants an alleged "divine" letter signed "Jesus, Mary." They pretended they had discovered this letter in the grotto of Lourdes. The swindlers have been arrested.

SANITATION.—On this important matter a Catholic contemporary says:—

The London County Council's by-laws in the matter of spitting, throwing waste paper or refuse of any kind into the streets, etc., are now in force. Under these laws, no waste paper, refuse, broken glass, or even advertising handbills may be thrown down or left on the streets, under a penalty of forty shillings fine. No person shall spit on the floor, side, or wall of any public carriage, public hall, public waiting-room, or place of public entertainment, whether admission is had to such by payment or not, under a penalty of forty shillings fine. Another useful rule is persons who clean windows, or do painting work, or the like, at a height greater than six feet from the ground below, must have a support to prevent falling, while the worker, if he transgresses, risks a fine of twenty shillings and the employer five pounds. Of the three heads, that relative to the unsavoury habit of spitting publicly is one that will do most good, for even not considering questions of health, we doubt if ever anyone but the spitter looks on the action and result with aught but natural disgust. For that law, at least, the L.C.C. deserves esteem.

PROF. SMITH'S FEARS.—The Ottawa "Free Press" says:—Dr. Goldwin Smith expresses the fear that the advent of Irish Home Rule would mean the empire's suicide. It is recorded that he had similar fears prior to the accomplishment of Confederation with regard to Canada. Confederation has tended to fan the dormant life of the Empire into action. It is needless to say that peace in Ireland would remove the sole source of danger, and the one weak link in the chain which constitutes the binding force of the Empire.

INNOVATION AT A HANGING.—The miscreant Dougal, who was hanged on a recent Tuesday for what is familiarly termed the Moat murder, did not pass his last moment on earth in peace, says the London "Universe." It is reported we were not there and cannot say for certain, that the chaplain, as the murderer stood for the last moment, called out aloud to him: "Dougal, are you guilty or not guilty?" and that, no answer being given, he repeated the question, which then elicited an answer in the affirmative. We cannot see what purpose was served by the chaplain's query, if it was made, since it was plain to all that the man was guilty. Anyhow it is a most unpleasant innovation in the dread details of an execution to have, as it were, an appeal made to the criminal by a fellow-man just at the last moment of life. Had the incident happened in a Catholic country, and been brought about for the laudable end of enabling confession even late, we fancy an outcry would have been made that would for a day have drowned that of the passive registers.

DIPLOMAS FOR NUNS.

Two Franciscan Sisters successfully passed this year's examination in pharmacy at the College of Pharmacy attached to the California State University, and received their diplomas from President Roosevelt on his recent trip to Berkeley, Cal.

IN HONOR OF A PRIEST.

A movement is on foot in Liverpool to erect in that city a statue of Monsignor Nugent, better known as Father Nugent, and widely respected for his life-long services in the cause of temperance as well as in the rescue and protection of destitute boys and the reform of juvenile criminals. One of the originators and promoters of the statue movement is Mr. Cohen, an ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and a Jew.

France's Catholic Revival.

By "CRUX"

MOST interesting and very timely subject has just come under my attention, suggested by an account of a lecture that I read in a French paper. The lecture was entitled "France's Catholic Revival," and was delivered by the now famous Dominican orator, Rev. Father Gaffre. It was at Dijon that the lecture was given, and the audience consisted of the elite of French society in that section of the country. Before touching upon the lecture itself, I will say a word about the lecturer.

The name alone of Pere Gaffre brings my mind back ten years when that great preacher—the most eloquent I have ever had the fortune to hear—delivered his series of Lenten sermons in Notre Dame, Montreal. I can recall as vividly as if it were only yesterday that Easter Sunday afternoon, when Father Gaffre preached to ten thousand, or may be more, members of the faithful on the glorious subject of the Resurrection. The picture remains so impressed upon my mind that the name of the preacher always suggests to me the scene which he depicted of the crucifixion and which he contrasted with that of the Resurrection. There was a charm and a magnetism about the orator that carried the soul away, that caused one to sweep over the vast expanse of intervening centuries, and to assist, as it were in reality, at the tragic events that marked the close of Christ's career on earth. Never before did I hear aught like it; never again do I expect to hear from the lips of any public speaker, be he preacher or other. Two seals have set indelible pictures of the scene on Calvary upon my mind—one that great chapter in Ben Hur, the other that sermon of Father Gaffre. No wonder, then, that I should have been attracted by the name and the subject. So much then for the lecturer; now turn me to the subject-matter of his lecture.

Before dealing directly with that mastery exposition of the situation in France to-day and of the reviving spirit of Catholicity in the land, we may be permitted to consider briefly the present conditions in France—especially as far as regards Catholicity. It is not necessary to recall the Law of Associations, nor its evil fruits; no more need we dwell upon Combes and his infamous mission; these are all so many things well known to the public. But we will glance at the Catholic attitude in recent years.

During the last half century the Catholic spirit of France has been as deep-rooted and as fervent as ever; but, like the coral insects, a way down in the ocean, unseen by the eye of the ordinary observer, the adepts of masonry and the members of all the continental secret societies; have been building up, cone over cone, the reef of irreligion. Its summit tops at last the surface of the waters; and the Catholics, confident in their strength, feeling a trust in the immutability of the Church, merely looked on and made no great united effort to destroy that menace to their future. Soon shrubs and grasses grew upon the reef, and trees sprouted and an island appeared, peopled with beings of action, filled with the inclinations of destruction, and while the Catholics foresaw to realize the danger, it was too late to avert it. Even then the great Catholic body of France went on, keeping "the even tenor of its way," and allowing those nefarious influences abroad and to crush all that came under them. Still did a species of confiding lethargy exist, and while the Catholics foresaw many evils ahead, yet they hesitated to arouse, to defend themselves to assert their rights. They knew that the enemies of all religion and of authority were capable of going to any extreme, if only they dared do so; but they never dreamed that they would dare.

Encouraged thus by the lack of endeavor on the part of the element they wished to destroy the enemies of religion went on from outrage to outrage, until, within recent months they shocked the entire civilized world by the audacity and wickedness of their tyrannical action.

And yet the Catholics of France were content to complain, but not ready to act.

A pause has come; Combes and his followers have done their worst; they have run to the end of their rope and have forfeited the sym-

thy of every respectable element in the world. And now that they draw breath, in order, probably, to continue again, with greater vigor than ever the crusade of persecution, the Catholics of France are stirring into life, are combining, are getting ready for a fray that has become a necessity; and one movement in this general revival of courage and life is that exemplified in the action Pere Gaffre at Dijon.

Turning now to the lecture, I will translate therefrom a few extracts that will give an idea of the spirit that is being awakened in that land of religious turmoil.

As the audience noticed the arrival of Father Gaffre, dressed in a black soutane, instead of wearing the white Dominican garb, to which they were accustomed, but which French law forbids, the lecturer seized on the incident to introduce his lecture. He said:—

"You are surprised to see me in black. I am wearing mourning for my departed liberty; but fear not, my courage is not dead; I bring it under this garb to aid the untiring fense of our unscriptural rights." Then he proceeded:—

"Yesterday, we might well have said 'Poor France.' She is a prey to the parties that make crumbs of her energy and multiply her divisions; monarchists, socialists; oh, how many titles, how many factions. What clashing on all sides! What oppositions to all things good!

"But to-day no such cry. I behold standing on a common platform men of views as opposite as the poles. Royalists of olden stock extend the hand of fellowship to advanced democrats; Jews, Protestants united with fervent Catholics in one grand and national protest. A new classification now simplifies the chaos of differences and of classes. There are henceforth but two categories of Frenchmen—Persecutors and Persecuted."

I will not attempt to reproduce the wonderful passage in which he draws the contrast between the sentiments, aims and characters in these two classes. After seeking for a name that might fittingly apply to the policy of the "men of the hour," he discovers that the only one suitable is "Renegadism." He styles this new "ism"—"the hatred of religion, of religion in general, but above all of the religion that we profess. And as the renegades who govern us belong to the Catholic religion, this their system is an official hatred for that same religion." This first part of the lecture deals entirely with the horrid picture of "Renegadism." The second part displays the brighter side, and in it the orator indicates the means of successfully opposing the destroying course of this phantom of "Renegadism." Above all does he advocate "a robust faith and a charity capable of every sacrifice."

Then he appeals to them for courage in the assertion practical and universal of that faith and that union. He points out how he and others have been robbed and persecuted. But if the Government has snatched him from religious life and driven him into the world against his will, he will make use of that force freedom from religious rule to assert his rights as a citizen and to enter the arena of combat against the system of destruction that has been imposed on France.

It is this spirit, and by such means, that France will arouse to her dignity and Catholic strength will yet win the victory.

WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

From N. B. a subscriber writes:—Enclosed find one dollar subscription for the "True Witness" from May 24, 1903, to May 24, 1904.

Please excuse my neglect in not remitting sooner, but it was unavoidable. I hope you did not think I was going to drop the paper, for I could not do without it. I have stuck by the "True Witness" since 1870 with only one short interruption.

A. C.

A subscriber from Western Canada writes:—

"The 'True Witness' is—and if you will permit me to say so—has been for some time in a very fine literary condition; it is one of the very best that comes into the house, where a great many papers and magazines find their way, and we would miss it very much if we were deprived of it. Let me then thank you, and at the same time express my appreciation of the work it is doing as a messenger of Catholic spirit and high literary ideals."

From the great Northwest a subscriber writes: "Please find enclosed \$1.00 for one year's subscription, from June, 1903, to June, 1904. Please excuse delay in remitting amount. Wishing you every success in your good work which should receive the support of every Irish Catholic."

J. K.

Gerald Griffin's Centenary.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

On the 12th December next the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gerald Griffin will be celebrated. It is to be hoped that the name and fame of that lovable writer will not be ignored by Irish people all over the world when that day comes. It would be a fitting occasion for a grand concert at which several of Griffin's delightful songs might be sung; or a lecture upon his life and works be given; or his drama of "Gisippus," or even "The Colleen Bawn," a dramatization of his "Collegians," a story now running in the "True Witness," might be produced. One of the recent commentators in the American Catholic press says:—

"As a poet, however, he cannot be fairly compared with James Clarence Mangan, whose centenary was celebrated early in the year, and who is perhaps the most individual of all the Irish bards of our time—an own brother in his art to Edgar Allan Poe."

There is no comparison to be instituted between Mangan and Griffin; they are absolutely dissimilar in every sense. Mangan was dreamy, grand, oracular, mystical; oriental in his translations and ossianic in his original pieces. Griffin was intensely religious, mild, nature-loving, delicate, we could almost say holy in his love-inspiring muse. Nor was Mangan at all like Poe. The sole resemblance might be in the gloomy spirit of nightmare originality that each possessed. But Mangan's "Nameless One" was a picture from life, Poe's "Raven" a picture from an opiate dream. Mangan was entirely original, Poe posed as original with borrowed plumes. The peculiar metre and rhythm of the "Raven" were conceived by Mrs. Hemans; the spirit of "El Dorado" was imitated from Longfellow's "Excelsior"; the "Bells" were translated from a page of Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity." The reverse with Mangan; he often wrote most original pieces—such as "The Time of the Barmicides," "Sailing Down the Bosphorus," and others—and pretended that he had translated them. Very unlike both was Griffin; but equally excellent in his own domain.

There are few poems in English more delicate in description than Griffin's "Matt Hyland," and it is one of the longest that he has attempted. Then his shorter poems are all gems; miniatures in which nature is reproduced in all her varied beauty, or else some grand religious sentiment, or some passionate expression of pure love radiates. "The Sister of Charity," "Kate of Gornavella," and "Sweet Adare," are samples of a muse that should be immortally revered by the children of Erin and the lovers of song.

When yet a young man Griffin forsook his literary career, just as he was beginning to reach the level of fame and prosperity. He renounced the world, at the age of thirty-five, and entered the Order of the Christian Brothers at Cork. The remainder of his days were spent in the humble occupation of teaching little children. In 1840 he died, and was buried in the graveyard of the Christian Brothers; near Cork. He was long remembered as the holy and mild Brother Joseph. But he will be much longer remembered in the world as the author of so many delightful productions. And one of the most admirable accounts of his work and his career, is the "Life and Letters of Gerald Griffin," by his brother, Dr. Griffin, published in 1846. The letters are most charming, and in them one can easily trace the changes that took place in his mind, his aims, and his disposition as he glided from the glitter of the world into the silence of the religious life that he had selected.

CONSCIENCE.

I care not for the outer voice
That deals out praise or blame;
I could not with the world rejoice
Nor bear its doom of shame—
But when the Voice within me speaks
The truth to me is known;
He sees himself who inward seeks—
The riches are his own.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Notes and Gleanings

A MONSTER PICNIC.—The large scale upon which Catholic organizations in large cities in the United States conduct their outdoor gatherings, may be inferred from the fact 50,000 tickets have been issued for annual picnic of the Catholic Order of Foresters of Chicago, to be held at Elliott's Park to-day.

The committee has provided games, races and contests of every kind, for which business men and members have contributed prizes. The contests will include a match game of baseball between the Young Men's

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Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In going over another bundle of letters, and one in which I did not expect to meet with anything suited for publication, I came upon the following:—

"Quebec, 19th May, 1878.

"Dear Friend,—
When last I saw you at the door of old Laval, as you were leaving for the West, you promised to write me a few lines as soon as your destination would be reached. You have not done so, or, at least, I never got the letter. That is too bad, for I am not too sure of your address. If I were I would send you the manuscript copy of my "Chateau Richer." Mr. Boyle, of the "Irish Canadian," has seen it and he was good enough to publish a very flattering notice. However, I find that I fell into Griffin's strain, as you will see when you read it.
There is a strange phenomenon of the mind that puzzles me and that I have more than once experienced, and each time it comes on me I feel as if I were:

"Skirting now the wilds of madness."
It is this. A subject, like that of "Chateau Richer" flashes upon me and I feel a desire, an impulse to write upon it. I drop into a meter that suits perfectly for a time, then after a few stanzas I find it difficult to keep to that meter. Finally, I am sailing along giving expression to thoughts that seem to me most original, and couching them in language that appears very appropriate. All at once it dawns upon me that somewhere, or some how, at some time that I cannot fix, I had either written something similar, or had dreamed it, or had read it.

The feeling passes away, and I complete my work. Later on, when the fever of composition has died out, I take up that piece to re-read it, and I find, to my dismay, that I really had seen it some place in the past. I am not able to recall when or where, but the feeling haunts me.
It was the same with this "Chateau Richer." If you take Griffin's "Matt Hyland" you will observe the same meter, in many cases the same rhyme, but in no place the same ideas. Was I then actually copying from memory's impressions, or was I perfectly original. Upon my soul I believed myself original, and yet I would never blame the critic who would declare my piece to be an imitation. Have you ever had this experience? It is a very queer one.

A friend in Baltimore sent me last week a poem, which I enclose. He asks me to give him the name of the author. I cannot. I never saw it before, I never heard of the author. But whoever he is, he is a marvel. I know you read all Scott last winter when you had that injured hand and could do nothing else. You must be familiar with all his characters, and they are surely fresher in your mind than in mine. You will enjoy this. If you know who wrote it please let me know in your coming letter — so long in coming.

"There is nothing new in dull, old Quebec, I still frequent the sanctum of the 'Daily Telegraph,' and take an evening stroll out to the Monument des Braves. I like that scene, especially at sunset, coming in the St. Foy road; it always seems to me that some artist must have had a say in fixing the old Charlebourg spire exactly where it stands, and in stringing Beaufort along the shore in such a serpentine manner. But that will do for scenery; you know it by heart.

"John D. still hopes to win his case with the Peter street millionaire, and he walks St. John street as proud as Tippe Saib or Hyder Ali, when they were meditating a descent on the Carnatic. John always asks for you and usual adds, as a complimentary comment upon your character 'good fellow, by George.' That is a big compliment from big John. Well read this poem, and let me know who wrote it, if you know; and if you don't know, then let me know that you don't know, and you will confer a blessing on yours

Sempiternally

J. J. GAHAN."

I will not make any comment upon this letter nor on that brilliantly

gifted Irishman who wrote it. In days of old, thirty years ago, the then readers of the "True Witness" were charmed with his essays: over the signature of "Tir-na-oge." He died two years ago in Baltimore, where he had gone on a lecturing tour. He was a poet, an orator, a journalist; but, unfortunately most of his work was done in fugitive manner, and only saw life in papers of the hour. So much the worse for our literature, for he produced many a sparkling gem. I will, however, take the liberty of reproducing the poem in question. Probably none of the readers ever saw it, and many of them may be familiar with Scott. The author was a writer called Charles Swaine; but who Swaine was is more than I know.

SCOTT'S DEATH.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls
The summer boughs among,
When Beauty walks in gladness forth,
With all her light and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep
Upon the lovely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death,
Were out upon the gale.
For he whose spirit wake the dust,
Of nation's into life,
That o'er the waste and barren earth
Spread flowers and fruitage rife,
Whose genius, like a sun, illumed
The mighty realms of mind,
Had fled forever from the fame,
Love, friendship of mankind.
There was wailing on the early breeze,
And darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak,
and pall,
A funeral train swept by,
Methought, St. Mary shield as well!
That other forms moved
Than those of mortal brotherhood,
The noble, young and fair.

Was it a dream? How oft, in sleep,
We ask, "Can this be true?"—
Whilst warm Imagination paints
Her marvels to our view,
Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown
To that which we behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things
Whose meanest garb is gold.

Was it a dream? Methought
The "dauntless Harold" passed me by,
The proud "Fitzjames" with martial step,
An dark intrepid eye;
That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there,
A mourner for his sake,
And she, the bold, the beautiful,
Sweet "Lady of the Lake."

The "Minstrel" whose Last Lay was o'er,
Whose broken heart lay low,
And with him gallant "Waverly,"
With glance and step of woe;
And "Stuart's" voice was there, as when
'Mid fate's disastrous war,
He led the bold, ambitious, proud,
And brave "Vich fan Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit,
The "Domine" stalk'd past,
And "Bertram"—"Julia" by his side
Whose tears were flowing fast,
"Guy Mannerling," too, moved there,
o'erpowered
By that afflicting sight;
And "Merrill's," as when she wept
On Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave "Monkbarns" approached
Amidst the burial line,
And "Ochiltree" lent on his staff,
And mourned for "Auld Lang Syne,"
Slow march'd the gallant "McIntyre,"
While "Lovel" mused alone—
For once "Miss Wardour's" image left
His bosom's faithful throne.

With coronach and arms reversed
Forth came "McGregor's" clan,
"Red Douglas" cry pealed shrill and loud,
"Rob Roy's" bold brow looked wan;
And fais "Diana" kissed her cross,
And blessed its sainted ray,
And "Wae is me," the "Ballis" cried
"That I should see this day."

Next rode in melancholy guise,
With somber vest and scarf,
"Sir Edward, Laird of Ellislaw,"
The far-renowned "Black Dwarf,"
Upon his left in bonnet blue,
And white locks flowing free,
The pious sculptor of the grave,
Stood "Old Mortality."

"Ballour of Burley," — "Claverhouse,"
"The Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret,"

Whose woe might not avail;
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger block,
As from a conflict won,
And pole "Habakkuk Mucklewrath,"
Who cried, "God's will be done."
And like a rose, a young, white rose,
That blooms 'mid wildest scenes,
Pass'd she the modest, eloquent,
And virtuous "Jeanie Deanes,"
And "Dumbidikes," that silent laird,
With love "too deep to smile,"
And "Effie," with her noble friend,
The good "Duke of Argyll."

With lofty look and bearing high,
Dark "Ravenswood" advanced,
Who, on the false "Lord Keeper's" mien,
With eye indignant glanced,—
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn,
'Neath covert close and sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts,
The "Bride of Lammermoor."

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen,
Of light and sun, steep near,
The "Knight of Ardenvoir" and he
The gifted Highland seer,
"Dalgethy," — "Duncan" — "Lord Montith,"
And "Ronald" met my view—
The hapless "Children of the Mist,"
And bold "MacConnell—Dhu."

On swept "Bois Gilbert," — "Front-de-Boeuf," —
"De Tracy's" plume of woe,—
And "Coeur-de-Lion's" crest shone near
The valiant "Ivanhoe,"
While soft as glides a summer cloud,
"Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca," peerless
Daughter of a Jew.

Still onward like the gathering night
Advanced that funeral train,
Like billows when the tempest sweeps
Across the shadowy main;
Where'er the eager gaze might reach,
In noble ranks were seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail, and crest,
And woman's beautiful mien.

A sound thrilled thro' that lengthening host;
Methought the vault had closed
Where in his glory and renown,
Fair Scotia's bard reposed;
A sound thrilled thro' that lengthening host,
Which from my vision fled;—
But, ah, that mournful dream proved true—
The immortal Scott was dead.

THE DANGERS OF WORLDLINESS

This was the subject of the discourse of the Rev. Father Cox, O.M.I., at St. Patrick's Church, Fremantle, recently. Taking for his text the words of the Epistle:—"Every best gift and every perfect gift is from above," he took the opportunity of pointing useful lessons on setting more value on what affects man's everlasting well-being than on what affects only his brief existence in this world. As his remarks may be profitable to some of our readers we give the report we have received of them:—

Men, he said, who are wise with a wisdom that is not of this world value spiritual gifts more than earthly. When we hear St. James declaring that the most desirable gifts are those that come from above, we should wish to be inspired and moved by that heavenly wisdom which will lead us to appreciate those gifts and seek them. There are, indeed, counter attractions, and against these we should guard ourselves, lest we should fail to seek the best and perfect gifts destined by God for our sanctification and salvation.

The Church recalls to the mind of her children during the Paschal season St. Paul's exhortation:—"If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth."
St. James and St. Paul write in the same sense, instructing us not to follow after what is destructive of our spiritual life, not to walk in the path of wickedness or folly, and not to lose sight of those things that draw us to God, and that are conducive to eternal life. These apostles would persuade us to set greater value on the interests of our souls than on our bodily comfort or earthly advantage; they exhort us to be desirous of the spiritual gifts of grace by which our soul is beautified, strengthened, and enriched—gifts coming down from Heaven, which must be sought by prayer and holy living. St. Paul tells us that the life of the fervent Christian is "hidden with Christ in God."
We should not be surprised at the earnestness with which the apostle addresses us, when we consider the

sad neglect and worldliness of many Christians. How many there are who are given up to a worldly sense; whose only motive of action is worldly gain, distinction, or esteem; who form their judgments on worldly principles, who frame their conduct by human respect and worldly maxims, and who view everything that happens in a worldly light! How many undutiful parents too there are who would bring up their children to be only citizens of this passing world, without that training which prepares them for everlasting life, and without leading them by word and example to aspire to earnestness in God's service now that they may become citizens of heaven hereafter! Men, alas, are led astray by the things of earth, as it may be said that in many cases the world is their idol. The world's esteem, worldly distinction, worldly prosperity and fashion, worldly advancement, worldly riches and pleasures are so many idols before which they fall down. "Behold," says Isaiah, "they are all in the wrong, and their works are vain; their idols are wind and vanity."
Why are they wrong? They are wrong because they serve the world rather than God; as David says:—"They are all gone aside, they are become unprofitable.
They have not called upon the Lord. They have been created to give glory to God, but they give him only the second place in their hearts. Therefore are they wrong, because they neglect to fulfil the conditions of their salvation. They neglect prayer, and the duties of religion, and in many ways they offend God. Our Lord asks:—"What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?"

There is great danger in worldliness of this kind, because the soul in them becomes enslaved by it. These worldly persons are not easily impressed by spiritual considerations; and even if they are at times convinced of their folly, they have not the will and the courage to turn from the broad way of the world to embrace the cross of Christ, to practice self-denial and piety.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Sufferers from this Disease are in Great Pain and Should Not Experiment With Other Medicines.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.
The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left unfiltered and foul, and the kidneys are left clogged with poisonous impurities. Then come the backaches that mean fatal kidney disease. Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by enriching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that makes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont., has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the "Sun" he freely gave the particulars of his case: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland, "sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered severely for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a cure for kidney trouble, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to make their good work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestige of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had a single symptom of the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word in their favor."

As a curative medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never yet been equalled. They build up the blood and nerves, give new strength and enable the body to resist disease. Among the complaints cured by these pills are rheumatism, nervous disorder, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, indigestion, anaemia, lung troubles, and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

The Stings Of the Non-Catholic Press.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The world is aware of the unhappy outcome of the marriage of the Infanta Eulalie and Prince Anthony of Montpensier; it is also a matter of notoriety that the Princess sought to have her marriage annulled by Rome in order that she might remarry with a person she loved; likewise it is known that on the occasion of the silver jubilee of the late Pope's coronation she sought an interview with the Holy Father, for the purpose of asking him to declare her marriage void. These are all three plain facts that need no elaboration. There is also a fourth one; the Pope refused to receive her or hear her application, on the very excellent grounds that the Church could not tolerate such a thing as a plain divorce with right to re-marry. The law of the Church is there, and not even the Pope could or would disobey it or ignore it. And she, as a Catholic Princess knew that; and in applying to the Pope she should have been aware that the Head of the Church could not give ear to any such petition. Such is the simple story. It is one that needs no explanation from a Catholic standpoint. It was tantamount to an insult to the Holy Father to propose such a thing; and she risked the refusal, in full consciousness of what she was doing; and he could not but feel the indignity of the insinuation contained in the fact of such an application—insinuation to the effect that the Holy Father might be weak enough to grant her request.

Not so, however, does the "Illustrated Buffalo Express" tell the story. Its correspondence is from Madrid, July 10th, and it takes the precaution to state that it is "copyright, 1903, by Curtis Brown." Well, Curtis Brown need not hedge in such a contribution with any copyright. Its value is very small, for, after all, it is a long jumble of false deductions, and equally false insinuations concerning the late Pontiff. Here is how that correspondent writes:—

"Infanta Eulalie, joyous and beautiful, once the guest of the United States at the Chicago World's Fair, has decided to give up all hope of church sanction to her separation from her husband as long as Leo XIII. lives; but I understand that as soon as there is a new Pope one of his first privileges will be a personal interview with the gay princess, who is young enough in spirit to be the sister instead of the aunt of the present King of Spain and who would like a chance to marry again, without offense to Rome. Her recent interview with Leo was not a pleasant one for the princess, as His Holiness looked upon her rather coldly; and in revenge she has observed on various occasions lately that the prisoner of the Vatican has begun to show his years to such an extent that his judgment cannot be depended upon."
The fact is that the princess was piqued and shocked because she could not have her way at the Vatican, and she has allowed her tongue to play too freely. Her idea that because the Pope declined to serve her whims his judgment could not be depended upon, is quite the reverse of what every sane and reasonable person has thought. In fact any people who have taken the trouble to think of the case have all concluded that the Holy Father rather displayed very sound judgment. However, the worst insinuation in the foregoing is that of the correspondent, who leaves it to be understood that another Pope would grant that which Leo XIII. refused. Never was he so mistaken. For no Pope, neither Leo, nor his successor, nor any other one, past, present, or future, could countenance a divorce with permission to re-marry. Nor is that insinuation any worse than the following, which closes this precious copyright contribution:—

"A few months ago the princess, accompanied by some friends and a large train of servants, went to Rome in order to be present at the festivities which were being organized in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Pope's coronation, and on that occasion she was the cause of a rather sensational incident, for, having been invited to a solemn Mass in

Saint Peter's, at which the Pope officiated in person, she refused, with haughty phrases pronounced in a loud voice, to occupy the seat assigned to her among the royal princes, because she found that the Duke Robert of Parma, brother-in-law to Don Carlos de Bourbon, the pretender of Spain, was also there. Perhaps it is owing to the scandal which this incident produced in the Vatican that, when shortly afterwards, Dona Eulalie went to supplicate the Pope to annul her marriage with Prince Anthony of Montpensier, Leo XIII. declined to accede to her petition."

This would lead us to suppose that the Pope's coldness towards the Princess was due to a petty annoyance on his part because she had raised some trouble on that occasion—trouble of a mere ceremonial character. It would also have us lose sight of the fact that the Princess came to Rome for the direct purpose of securing, by hook or by crook, a sanction to the request she had made. This was the predominant consideration with the Pope, not the minor question of a precedence at an assembly or any other like detail. What was evidently uppermost in his mind was the fact that a Princess wanted him to sanction her breach of the moral laws of the Church. And this is the manner in which outside correspondents try to sting the Church and to fling discredit upon her Head, and American journalists set such value upon these contributions that they have them copyrighted.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the United States Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

- Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.
- Nos.
- 732,085—S. M. Barre & C. Mignault, Winnipeg, Man. Pasteurizer.
- 732,170—T. O. Chouinard, Quebec, P. Q. Electric switch.
- 732,898—Louis Savaria, Montreal, Que. Nut lock.
- 733,403—Joseph Laurin, Maison-neuve, Que. Shoe sewing machine.
- 733,419—Norbert Perrault, Ottawa, Railway crossing gate.
- 733,617—Narcisse Boulanger, Lac Noir, Que. Pipe wrench.
- 734,053—Jules Ernest Fortin, Montreal, Que. Thermostatic alarm.
- 734,287—Fr. Xav. Vallee, Glen Iver, Que. Brush-clearing implement.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

However a man is gifted, whether for active enterprise of thought or charity, there lies around him a world of opportunity. So far behind are we socially, morally, intellectually, that one might be forgiven if he supposed the world were made but yesterday and nothing had yet been done. Does not ambition fire us to help the despairing, starving, sinking people around us? If a few more years be added to our life, would we not strive to put something right, to sweep out some little corner, to awaken some soul to see and rejoice in the growing light.—Vatican Star.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

Rev. J. J. Curran, pastor of Holy Saviour Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., who took an active part in the negotiations looking to the settlement of the last miners' strike, and whose congregation is made up almost exclusively of miners, has warned his parishioners that depression in trade and business may be looked for within the next two years, and that they should try to lay something by for the hard times. He says extravagances are running riot.

PARISH CRITICS.

Some Catholics speak disrespectfully of their pastors, criticize their sermons, ridicule their manners, make known unnecessarily and exaggerate their failings, condemn the administration of the parish, etc., etc. They do this frequently, not only in the presence of other Catholics, but also of Protestants. They give great scandal and commit grievous sin thereby.—Catholic Columbian.

CHAPTER X
HOW KYRLE DALY HEARS OF THE HANDSOME CONDUCT OF HIS FRIEND HARDRESS

Previous to Anne Chute's departure from the cottage of all the arrangements for her marriage with Hardress had been fully agreed upon. A formal ceremony had been performed before her return to her castle. The singularly unaccountable behavior of her husband, during the course of wooing, had led her to a condition of distrust and perplexity. She still loved Hardress with an anxious and uncertain affection, such as she should feel for a mysterious being who had fascinated her will, but whose real nature she yet remained in troubled ignorance. Fame moves her wings so swiftly that she has got a tale to tell of marriage, soon spread abroad far and wide. The which it reached the castle, Daly was sudden as it vied.

He had gone down to the farm for the purpose of settling, and was returning to spend the Little Christmas. It was about noon when the gate at Castle Chute of the dwelling house stood and several figures appeared broad stone steps. They distant to be recognized, glanced with a beating heart at the sleeping chamber of his mistress. The shutters were unclosed, an evident that Anne Chute more become a resident in order to be assured of the belief, young red on his horse as far as vanguard of Mr. Normil celebrated in an early parish history. That individual found in the act of liberating pig, after payment fees, informed him of the Castle Chute, a fortnight of its young heires and he rode on, unwilling himself with any lengthened station on this subject who the shrewd eye of an Irish All his former passion returned an instant, and with an which surprised him. It was the labor of his life since interview with the young named, to remove her quies his recollection, and he himself that he had, in a gree, succeeded. He was not in the romantic and mischievous position, that true love never nor decays, even when hope it. He knew that there were effeminate and sensitive who, having once permitted aginations to become deeply ed, are afterwards weak enfeebled that impression, even it is making inroads upon health and peace; but such were the objects of his pity his esteem. He was neither a nor a voluptuary in the II, therefore, he had discovered any one of those rational agations, on which his love would, had been erroneously taken. If he had discovered that was, in reality, unworthy place to which he had raised do not say he would at once ceased to love, but he would certainly have experienced much difficulty in subduing the agitations of the passion. But not the assistance of such a tion; and it was only after and vigilant exercise of his firmness, that he had reduced mind to a state of dormant quality.

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW KYRLE DALY HEARS OF THE HANDSOME CONDUCT OF HIS FRIEND HARDRESS.

Previous to Anne Chute's departure from the cottage of her aunt, all the arrangements for her marriage with Hardress had been verbally agreed upon.

He had gone down to the dairy-farm, for the purpose of shore-shooting, and was returning in order to spend the Little Christmas at home.

In order to be assured of the reality of this belief, young Daly spurred on his horse as far as the caravansary of Mr. Normile, already celebrated in an early part of our history.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Connolly. "I believe 'tis no secret to you, Daly, or any other acquaintances of mine, that I owe more money to different friends than I am always willing to pay—

OF WARNING. Curran, pastor of Holy Trinity, Wilkesbarre, Pa., a distinctive part in the negotiations to the settlement of the strike, and whose name was made up almost exclusively, had warned his agents at depression in trade that they were to be looked for within a few years, and that they were to say something by ferreting out the riot.

OF CRITICISMS. Critics speak disrespectfully of the manner in which the parish, etc., and it was only after a long and vigilant exercise of his habitual firmness, that he had reduced his mind to a state of dormant tranquillity.

Opportunity, therefore, was only needed to rouse it up once more in all its former strength. That opportunity had now arrived, and Kyrle Daly found that the trial was a more searching one than he had been led to think.

He had not ridden far when he heard loud bursts of laughter, and the tramp of many horses on the road behind him.

"Connolly, how are you? How are you, Doctor? Mr. Creagh-Captain," touching his hat slightly to the latter, "what's all the fun about?"

"Foolish! It is the best story I ever heard in my life. Eh, Captain?" Captain Gibson replied by an excessive roar of laughter, and Hyland Creagh protested it was worthy of the days of the Hell-fire Club.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Connolly. "I believe 'tis no secret to you, Daly, or any other acquaintances of mine, that I owe more money to different friends than I am always willing to pay—

so, if I should come to borrow money of you, you had better keep it in your pocket, I advise you. But so happened, that we spent the other evening at a friend's in the neighborhood, who could not afford me a bed, so I went to hammock to Normile's inn.

"Pat," says I, "tell your mistress not to mention it; and Pat," says I, dropping to a whisper, "I am a prisoner." "Very well," says Pat aloud, and bowing as if I had given him some message.

Daly closed his lips hard, and straightened his person, as if to relieve an internal pain. The circumstance accounted for the enigmatical silence of his friend. But what a horrible solution!

the hair, and another by the throat; and such a show as they made of him before five minutes I never contemplated. But here was the beauty of it. I knew the law, so I opposed the whole proceeding. "No rescue," says I; "I am his prisoner, gentlemen, and I will not be rescued; so don't beat the man!—don't toss him in a blanket!—don't drag him in the puddle!—don't plunge him in the horse-pond! I entreat you! By some fatality my intentions were wholly misconceived, and they performed exactly the things that I warned them to avoid."

"I think," said Kyrle with a smile, "that you ought to come and take my opinion on it some day or other."

"Ah, ha!" replied Connolly, shaking his head. "I understand you, young lawyer! Well, when I have a fee to spare, you shall have it. But here is the turn up to my house. Est ubi locus—how I forget my Latin! Daly, will you come up and dine with me?"

The party separated, Kyrle Daly and Creagh continuing to ride in the same direction, while the rest wheeled off by a narrow road.

"What wedding?" asked Kyrle, in some surprise.

"Why, have you not heard of it? Miss Chute's wedding."

"Yes. Everything I understand has been arranged for the ceremony, and Creagh tells me it is to take place next month. She would be a magnificent wife for any man!"

"And—a—of course you heard who it is to be the bridegroom?" he said with much hesitation.

"I think," said Kyrle, governing himself by a violent exertion, "you must have been misinformed. Hardress Creagh, is, as you say, my friend, and he cannot be the man."

Daly closed his lips hard, and straightened his person, as if to relieve an internal pain. The circumstance accounted for the enigmatical silence of his friend. But what a horrible solution!

pediments to such a marriage. He is her cousin." "Pooh, pooh, that's a name of courtesy. It is only a connexion by affinity. Cousin! Hang them all, cousins on a string, say I—They are the most dangerous rivals a man can have. Any other man you can call out and shoot through the head. If he attempts to interfere with your prospects, but cousins must have a privilege. The lady may walk with a cousin (hang him) and she may dance with her cousin, and write to her cousin, and it is only when she has run away with her cousin, that you find that you have been cozened with a vengeance."

While Creagh made this speech, Kyrle Daly was running over in his mind, the entire circumstances of young Creagh's conduct, and the conclusion to which his reflection brought him was, that a more black and shameful treason had never been practised between man and man.

"I will horsewhip him!" he said within his mind; "I will horsewhip him at the wedding feast. The cool, dark, hypocrite! I suppose, sir," he said aloud turning to Creagh, with a smile of calm and dignified courtesy, "I suppose I may name you as an authority for this?"

"Certainly, certainly," returned the old duellist with a short bow, while his eyes lit up with pleasure at the idea of an affair of honor. "Stay a moment, Mr. Daly," he added, as the young gentleman was about to quicken his pace. "I perceive, sir, that you are going to adopt, in this business, the course that is unusual among men of honor. Now, I have had a little experience in these affairs, and I am willing to be your friend—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Creagh, I—"

"I cannot, thank you."

"Well, I'm sorry for it, Creagh, you're not going?"

"Yes. Very old friends."

"Do you not dine at his table, and sleep under his roof from day to day?"

"How am I take this, Mr. Daly?" "As you will!" exclaimed Kyrle, driven wholly beyond the bounds of self-possession, and tossing a desperate hand towards the duellist.

"Not yet, please the fates," Creagh said, in his usual restrained tone, while Kyrle Daly galloped away in the direction of his father's house.

"It is very strange," he said, "notwithstanding. There are many im-

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW KYRLE DALY'S WARLIKE ARDOUR WAS CHECKED BY AN UNEXPECTED INCIDENT.

A joyous piece of news awaited Kyrle Daly at the door of his own home. Lowry Looby met him on the avenue, his little arms outstretched, and his huge mouth expanded with an expression of delighted astonishment.

"Oh, Master Kyrle!" he said, "you're just come in time. I was goin' off for you. Hurry in—hurry in, sir! There's a new little sister within waiting for you this way."

"And you mistress, Lowry?" said Kyrle springing from his horse, and tossing the reins to the servant.

"Thank Heaven, indeed!" echoed Daly, hurrying on, with a flushed and gladdened face, towards the hall-door. Everything of self, his disappointment, the treachery of his friend, the loss of his mistress, and his dilemma with the duellist, were all forgotten in his joy at the safety of his mother.

The door stood open, and the hall was crowded with servants, children, and tenants. In the midst of a hundred exclamations of wonder, delight, and affection, which broke from the lips of the group, the faint cry of a baby was heard, no louder than the wail of a young kitten. He saw his father holding the little stranger in his arms, and looking in its face with a smile, which he was vain endeavoring to suppress.

The moment Kyrle made his appearance at the door, the uproar was redoubled. "Kyrle! Kyrle! Here's Kyrle! Kyrle, look at your sister—look at your sister!" exclaimed a dozen voices, while the group at the same moment opened, and admitted him into the centre.

"The door of Mrs. Daly's sleeping-chamber opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold, looking rather anxious. She ran hastily through the hall, got a bowl of water in the kitchen, and hurried back again to the bed-room."

"Why doesn't she come?" said Mr. Daly. "The little thing cries so, I am afraid it is pinched by the air."

"I suppose she is busy with my aunt O'Connell and her patient yet," said Kyrle.

A hurried tramping of feet was now heard in the bed-room, and the sound of rapid voices in anxiety and confusion. A dead silence sunk upon the hall. Mr. Daly and his son exchanged a glance of thrilling import. A low moan was the next sound that proceeded from the room. The husband placed the child in the arms of the old woman and hurried to the chamber door. He was met at the threshold by his sister, Mrs. O'Connell (a grave-looking lady in black), who placed her hands against his breast, and said, with great agitation of manner:—

"Charles, you must not come in. Why so, Mary? How is she?"

"Winn," said Mrs. O'Connell, addressing the old woman who held the infant, "take the child to the kitchen until the nurse can come to you."

lor, Charles. Recollect yourself now, my dear Charles, remember your children—"

"The old man began to tremble. "Mary," he said, "why will you not answer me? How is she?"

"She is not better, Charles."

"Not better!"

"No, far otherwise."

"Far otherwise! Come—woman, let me pass into the room."

"You must not, indeed, you must not, Charles!" exclaimed his sister, fingering her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears. "Kyrle, Kyrle—speak to him!"

Young Daly caught his father's arm. "Well, well," said the latter, looking round him with a calm, ghastly smile, "if you are all against me, I must of course submit."

"Come with me to the parlor," said Mrs. O'Connell, "and I will explain to you."

She took him by the arm, and led him, with a vacant countenance and passive demeanor, through the silent and astonished group. They entered the parlor, and the door was closed by Mrs. O'Connell. Kyrle Daly remained fixed like a statue, in the same attitude in which his aunt had left him, and a moment of intense and deep anxiety ensued. The rare and horrid sound, the scream of an old man in suffering, was the first that broke on that portentous stillness.

It acted like a spell upon the group in the hall. They were dispersed in an instant. The women ran shrieking in various directions. The men looked dismayed, and uttered hurried sentences of wonder and affright. The children terrified by the confusion, added their shrill and helpless wailings to the rest. The death cry re-echoed in the bed-room, in the parlor, and in the kitchen. From every portion of the dwelling, the funeral shriek ascended to the Heavens; and Death and Sorrow, like armed conquerors, seemed to have possessed themselves by sudden storm of this little hold, where peace and happiness had reigned so long and calmly.

Kyrle's first impulse on hearing his father's voice, made him rush to the bed-room of his mother. There was no longer any opposition at the door, and he entered with a throbbing heart. The nurse was crying aloud, and wringing her hands at the fire-place. Mrs. Leahy, the midwife, was standing near the bed-side, with a troubled and uneasy countenance, evidently as much concerned for the probably injury to her own reputation as for the affliction of the family. Kyrle passed them both, and drew back the curtain of the bed. His mother was lying back quite dead, and with an expression of languid pain upon her features.

"I never saw a case o' the kind in my life," muttered Mrs. Leahy. "I have attended hundreds in my time, an' I never saw the like. She was sitting up in her bed, sir, as well as I'd wish to see her, an' I just stepped to the fire to warm a little gruel, when I heard Mrs. O'Connell calling me; I ran to the bed, an' sure there I found her dying! She just gave one moan, 'twas all over. I never heard of such a case. All the skill in the world wouldn't be any good in such a business."

Kyrle Daly felt no inclination to dispute the point with her. A heavy, dizzy sensation was in his brain, which made his actions and his manners resemble those of a person who walks in his sleep. He knelt down to pray, but a feeling like lethargy disqualified him for any exercise of devotion. He rose again, and walked listlessly into the hall.

Almost at the same moment, Mr. Daly appeared at the parlor door, followed by his aged sister, who was still in tears. The old man glanced at his children, and waved his hands before him. "Take them from my sight," he said, in a low voice; "let the orphans be removed; go now, my children, we never shall be happy here again."

(To be continued.)

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

Household Notes.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS. — Leather chairs and leather bindings can be brightened by being rubbed with a cloth which has been dipped in the white of an egg. If in covering a kitchen table with oil-cloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the oil-cloth cracking and make it wear three times as long. A little paraffin-oil rubbed on with flannel will clean a greasy sink. To clean silver spoons, knives and forks in every-day use, rub with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda, and polish with a piece of chamois leather. A bit of blue in the water in which glass is washed adds much to its brilliancy. If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard, and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust, no matter how much it is put in water. Oil cloths should never be washed in hot soap-suds. They should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. This may seem expensive, but it pays in the end. Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg-stains on silver. To stone raisins, free them from stems, place them in a bowl, cover with boiling water, and let them stand two minutes. Pour off the water, and open the raisins, when the seeds may be quickly removed. A zinc bath-tub may be polished with kerosene. Have the tub dry before using the oil, cover one small place at a time with the oil, rubbing it well with a brush and then with a cloth. When all has been gone over, wash the tub with boiling water. Lampwicks soaked in vinegar a short time before being used will give a much better light. To prevent the piano from the effects of a damp room, place a small lump of unslaked lime in a bag and place inside the case. To obtain an enamel finish on your white clothes, add half a teaspoonful of borax to one pint of boiling starch. The best and easiest way to toast bread is to lay the bread on an asbestos pad, and place directly over a hot fire. Place a lump of sugar in the tea-pot when putting it away. This will prevent it from becoming musty. The gem cakes, or large ones, either, will not stick to the pans if flour is slightly dusted over the greased cake-pans. When washing blankets or other woollens, dissolve borax in the hot water, then make a suds by using any good laundry soap. Rub the article to be washed with the hands; do not use the wash-board. All woollens may be kept soft, and will not shrink by this method. Always rinse in warm water. A tablespoonful of borax to five gallons of hot water is about right for the suds.

Notes for Farmers.

A correspondent of the New York "Sun," writing from Kansas, a week ago, says:— This is threshing time, in the wheat belt. Harvest is practically over. Since June 20, when the reapers began to buzz on the lower side of Oklahoma, the rush has been on. The work has been rushed day and night. The farmers in some places wanted to use the self-binders and wagons all the time, so they hired two sets of men and two sets of horses. One shift went on at 7 in the morning and worked until 6 in the evening; then the other worked until morning. The latter, when darkness came, hung lanterns on the harness of the horses and on the machines, then went on with the cutting. Full moon came during harvest this year and helped out wonderfully. So the farms were quickly sheared of their golden fleece. The merriest of the laborers were the college boys who sought the harvest fields by hundreds. Fresh from the class room they were among the sheaves, donning blue overalls and wide straw hats costing 10 cents each at the country stores. After the day's work was over they sang college songs. Now for the threshing comes the automobile of the plains. It is a huge clumsy affair, with wheels six feet high and tires 15 inches across. a canopy over the long boiler and a platform in the rear, where stands the blue-clothed chauffeur. He guides the machine with a wheel like his city cousin and he toots his warning whistle with as keen a delight in the antics of the country horses. But what a train he takes behind him! The other day a traction engine and its equipment went through the streets of Kansas City. Where it came from nobody knows—or why it was so far from the grain fields could not be told. But 500 people gazed in wonder at the strange procession. This sort of thing is common here, and often in the still prairie night the hoot and roar of its passing awakes the population. This is its equipment: First, the huge, lumbering engine from whose smokestack pours a roll of black soft-coal defilement; next an odd-shaped teetering coal wagon on two wheels; then a towering separator, or threshing machine, big, red and rattling; behind this a house on wheels; then a water wagon and last a buggy, in which slowly rides the proprietor of the outfit, so to speak, in his private car attached to the rear of the train. "Something to be proud of, ain't it?" said Tom Whitney as he halted the train at the foot of a hill while the engineer raised the steam pressure to the climb. "I've been working years to get this together. Cost me \$3,000—\$1,800 for the engine and separator and the balance for extras. I've got ten good men in that there cook shanty and a cook who can beat th' band. If I don't make money this year it ain't my fault." He will make money all right—all the threshers will this year. They have a trust, a combine, a "community of interest." All through the spring they have been holding meetings behind closed doors in the country towns, arranging for the coming of the harvest. Heretofore every farmer has made his own contract with the thrasher and every thrasher has charged what he pleased. As a result some made only trifling wages; others lost money. Practically every thrasher in the

Apurehard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

be made. I do this in winter as well as in summer. Each night a window in each room should be lowered from the top at least two inches, and raised as much. Stained or hardwood floors, with a few rugs spread where needed, are much more healthful than carpets, and can be cleaned with less work. If everything of a germ-holding nature were discarded, much sickness might be prevented.—Woman's Home Companion.

Notes for Farmers.

The new method is better than the old. On the former an endless belt with slats across carried the straw up an incline and two boys kept busy pushing it away. The modern machine has a long zinc or iron tube like a huge telescope. At its base is a fan which is kept in motion and sends a blast up the tube carrying straw and dust with it—hence "wind stacker." The man at the bottom guides the pipe, pointing its end in various directions so as to make a perfect stack. It accomplishes this too. In other ways is there great change in the modern threshing methods. The old-time farmer stood beside the machine and caught the grain that flowed in a red-brown stream in a half bushel measure. Then he lifted it to his wagon and kept the tally on a board. The modern machine takes the wheat as it comes from the cylinder, cleans it, puts it in a tube high above the top of the machine, weighs and measures it, then lets it run into the wagon. There is no more of the tedious fanning-mill process that tired out the boy of the earlier generation. Nor is there a band cutter at the start of the machine's work. A self-feeder attachment does all that, and from the minute that the bundles, tied in twine by self-binders, are pitched at the gaping mouth of the separator until the farmer drives to the elevator with his load of clean wheat, leaving the straw behind, the hand of man has not been called into use. The machine does it all. Out in Ellis County were raised 2,000,000 bushels of winter wheat this year. The first acre of wheat ever produced in the county was in 1876, when Hill Wilson, now of Topeka, put in ten acres. It was sod wheat, but it did well and when it was ripe he wondered how he would be able to cut it. Not a reaper could be found within sixty miles. Near him was a colony of Russians and he received a call from their leader. "I will cut your wheat," said he, "for \$2 an acre." It was all the wheat was worth, but Mr. Wilson had to agree. The Russian brought all the women of the colony to the farm and with hand sickles they cut the grain while in their arms and aprons they carried it to the little granary. To-day Ellis uses 2,000 extra laborers to cut the wheat its soil grows. With such a development in what was once an arid country is it any wonder that the farmers prosper? It costs \$8 to plant, harvest and market an acre of grain. This year Ellis County will sell \$1,200,000 worth of grain that cost only \$800,000 to raise. This means \$400,000 profit for 5,000 people, or \$80 for every man, woman and child in the county. That is the way a wheat crop counts out West. The threshers who are making themselves well to do out of the present wheat crop have invested only about \$1,800 on an average. If they can thresh 1,000 bushels of wheat a day for fifty days they will pay for their machine and outfit. Next year they will make an equal amount, for the Kansas wheat crop shows no indication of diminishing. This is the remarkable record of the past decade:—

Table with columns Year and Bushels, showing wheat production from 1890 to 1896.

Table with columns Year and Amount, showing statistics from 1897 to 1903.

The work of planting, cutting and threshing this great harvest is becoming more interesting every year, and the final task of getting it to market is more puzzling each autumn. This fall there will be hundreds of thousands of bushels heaped on the ground under the open sky for weeks at a time because of the inability of the shippers to secure cars.

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

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ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in the hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmett Quinn, Rec.-Sec.; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



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NOTES

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS times during the past few years we written about the dangerous and otherwise, of the Sunday amusements. It required not of a prophet to foresee that that would eventually result in the liberty, or rather the that parents gave their young people. We could almost say encouragement that the youth and female—received from the should be the proper and guardians over them. It was fore, not as much with a few surprise as with one of pain learned, both in Church and that our good Archbishop obliged to raise an emphatic protest, in warning, and in action. The pastoral letter, subject of these abuses, we read in some of the churches Sunday, and expained in one one that has been evidently derived from His Grace by the circumstances to which he allude. We have no intention reproducing the entire letter know that its contents are intended for those who are present at fault, and for the locally designated. But, we aware that from various quarters the city people flock on Sunday these so-called gardens and in a manner that is contrary to the letter as well as to the God's law. Such a letter could not have been written and published by His Grace except on the strongest provocation. His naturally kind, forgiving and tolerant dispositions causes shrink from hurting the feelings of the most humble; but, he also, grand courage of his Apostolic and much as it may clash with personal feelings, he never from that duty when the law imposes it upon him. We may here mention that in the East End of our city its outskirts, where thousands of people congregate on Sunday, and far they carry on amusements usually in disaster. Strong must be the provocation that would oblige His Grace to issue this letter. It is intolerable a scandal. There is no sin worse than that of God punishing more severely. And often this sin receives chastisement, even in this life, not then, any longer provoking the Lord. Watch honor and reputation of your children. You are Christians, not in your midst, habitually breathe of paganism. Then, to come down to par the Archbishop says: "A dangerous amusement, the alcoholic drinks, have already too much headway in every corner of society. Do not, the fearful responsibility, of on those evil inclinations, developing them by means of tematic encouragement." The dangers are pointed out an appeal is made to the good people of the city. There is one passage we must omit; it is the one that deals the primal source of these dangerous amusements, the neglect the Mass, to abandon sacraments, to ignore the truth, to destroy the family to weaken, if not extinguish, the light of good morals." And all these things, which are the cause of the scandal, are the result of the very Church doors,

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