

Description
Cement, and
ite Floors.

make a bargain, High
that is why we are sure

Supervised by Special

REID & CO.,

IG-STREET.

ber!

ber!!

duction Shares

pay YOU

um

OR A

LIFETIME.

Safe Investment.

RISK).

F. SHARWOOD,

Station Agent,

JAMES STREET

MONTREAL

M

E.

one hundred and nine

te land. Within six

illage, having good

smith shops, wheel-

eamery, Post Office,

a place of Protest-

schools, about the

from R. R. Station,

ours ride from Mont-

R. R. The place is

buildings are large

as repair. A large

anged for two fami-

be a desirable place

orders, or for a gen-

a country home for

mmner. There are al-

ary orchards; with a

y of wood for a life-

the farm will carry

twenty cows and

rticulars apply to

MELLADY,

ndridge, P.Q.

oft

rnness

make your hands

as soft as silk by

using a little of

it. You can

keep your hands

soft as long as it

is used.

REKA

ess Oil

see the name

on the wrapper.

everywhere

at all times.

190

which

The True Witness



Vol. LII, No. 18

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & C. CO., Limited,
250 Bay Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of
Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland
and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in
advance.
All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Wit-
ness" P. & C. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

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.

Lessons of Our Mail Bag.

A FRENCH PRIEST.—Gentlemen,
—Please find enclosed one dollar, and
send for one year your excellent pa-
per, the "True Witness," to
Your devoted,
F. T.

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.—The
Editor "True Witness," Montreal.
Dear Sir,—Please send me a sample
copy of your paper with rate of
subscription per annum.
R. M.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC.—The Edit-
or "True Witness," city. Dear Sir,
—Please discontinue sending the
"True Witness," as we do not wish
to subscribe for it for another year,
and oblige,
Yours truly,
M.

We leave our readers to form
their own conclusions.

A SAD LESSON.—In the daily af-
fairs of life, in a large city espe-
cially, we meet with countless les-
sons that are calculated to make us
reflect upon the dangers and the
miseries by which we are surrounded.
But, at times, we come in contact
with some particularly striking ex-
ample, and the impression it makes
is not easily effaced. The other even-
ing we witnessed a scene, enacted
upon one of the leading thorough-
fares of Montreal.

It was Saturday night, and half
the inhabitants of the city seemed to
be abroad on the streets. St. Law-
rence street was brilliantly lighted
and densely thronged—the hour was
between nine and ten of the even-
ing. A young girl possibly not
more than twenty years of age, came
staggering along in a fearful state
of intoxication. She was laughed
at, scoffed at by the thoughtless,
heartless crowds of young men who
loitered along the sidewalk. In her
zig-zag course she stumbled, fell,
got up again, and finally launched
into a drug store, to there again col-
lapse. That she had no friends a-
round was evident. There was no
policeman within call, and when the
patrol wagon, that had been tele-
phoned for arrived, she had already
been carried off; and by whom? and
to where? Who was she? There was
no person to inquire. What became
of her that night? No person—save
those who took her away—will ever
be able to tell. Was she an innocent
young girl, who had by an accident
fallen into this state of helplessness?
We do not know. Certainly she was
too young to have been long endur-
ing to vice. How, where, under what
conditions did she finally awaken
from her trance of misery? The secret
is her own and that of those who ac-
companied her. But be the answers
to these questions what they may,
the fact remains that very lately
that girl had a mother and a fa-

ther—she may still have them for
aught we know. She was "some-
body's darling," the pride of some
fond heart, the innocent, hopeful,
joyous being that saw life dawn
full of promise and happiness. Did
such thoughts enter the minds of
those who took her away? We hope
so; but it is not likely. Did anyone
in that great throng think such
thoughts while the sad scene was
being enacted on the public street?
Possibly; but not one had either the
courage or the charity to extend a
protecting hand to the one that
was standing dizzy upon the verge
of an awful abyss. We are all very
careful when the lives, the reputa-
tions, or the futures of those dear
to us are at stake; but "the cold-
eyed many," as the poet styles the
great public, have no sympathy, no
care, no encouragement, no protec-
tion for others in like difficulties.
The lesson came to us as a terri-
ble warning. Here is an immense
city, thronged with churches, homes
of education, houses of refuge, asy-
lums for the weak, the wavering, the
fallen, filled with thousands of good
people, with thousands of citizens,
each individually virtuous, kind and
generous; yet, in the great street
where the lights are like day and
the passers-by are like ants going
to and fro around the ant-hill, we
do not find one man to stand be-
tween a young victim of misfortune
and the almost inevitable fate that
her own rashness invited. There is
a something sadly wanting some-
where in society; there is a screw
loose, as the saying goes, and it is
high time that it should be located
and remedied. There are associa-
tions for the detection and punish-
ment of crime; but where is the asso-
ciation for the prevention thereof? It
is not when the harm has been done
that zeal should be demanded, but
rather should it be exercised in pre-
serving innocence and rendering im-
possible the fatal ending

"HOME RULER'S" LETTER.—
Elsewhere we publish a lengthy and
at the same time a very timely let-
ter signed "Home Ruler." While we
desire to emphatically express our
agreement with the writer in all
that he advances by way of argu-
ment in favor of greater enthusiasm
for the cause of Ireland, we desire
to call attention to a few facts that
we deem of sufficient importance to
be mentioned. That the old-time
enthusiasm of the truly patriotic
stamp, is not as great amongst the
younger men as it was in the years
gone past, no reflecting person will
deny. The men who kept the flame
of Irish patriotism burning in our
midst, in the days of the Land
League, and during subsequent agita-
tions, have either passed from the
scene, or are still the few who con-
tinue the good work in our midst.
The younger generation, with great-
er advantages than were ever enjoyed
by those of the past, cannot be said
to exercise a proportionate influ-
ence nor to possess a like spirit.
Twenty, fifteen, even ten years ago
the Irish cause was not as popular
as it is to-day; yet we can vividly
recall the various associations, such
as the Young Irishmen's L. and B.
Association, and others, gathering
together funds that were counted not
by dollars, but by hundreds of dol-
lars, and placing them at the dis-
posal of the chosen leaders in Ire-
land's constitutional struggle. There
may be several reasons assigned for
this apparent weakening that the last
few years have brought. But we
think that the real cause has been a
spirit of indifference engendered by
that very confidence which the men
of the older generation created. Ac-
customed to see these men take the
initiative on all occasions of national
moment, the younger men have
grown used to the part of calmly
looking on, or applauding; but un-
fortunately confining their participa-
tion to such passing expressions of
approbation.

An occasion is at hand when a
change can well be effected: when the
embers may be fanned into a fresh
and intense fire. The approaching
visit of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P.,
and Mr. John Dillon, M.P.,—both
members of the Irish Parliamentary
Party in the Imperial House of
Commons—will afford an opportu-
nity for all to participate actively in
the mighty struggle now going on
in Ireland. And when these gentle-
men shall have returned to the scene
of battle, beyond the Atlantic, we
will still have the United Irish
League, a branch of which Montreal
possesses, to keep up the enthusiasm
and to perpetuate the work.

If we glance at the state of affairs
in the Imperial domain at this mo-
ment we cannot fail to perceive that
the opponents of Irish Home Rule
have been actually driven to their
last trench. When, in this dawning
century, it became necessary for Mr.
Balfour's Government to have re-
course to coercion; when the records
of Ireland's courts prove the coun-
try to be more peaceful, more law-
abiding, and more crimeless than
any other section of the Empire;
when we find Mr. Wyndham obliged
to back down from his policy of
"proclaiming" unoffending districts;
when we read of a Government re-
fusing, in a whole session, one day
to discuss Irish affairs, and at the
same moment taking up subjects af-
fecting Uganda; when we behold the
Irish Party, in a body, leaving the
House of Commons, and making it
impossible for legislation to be car-
ried on by a Government backed up
by an overwhelming majority; when
we find the King of England so dis-
heartened about the condition of Ire-
land and so discouraged with the
perpetuation of unjust rule in that
land, that he has actually to inter-
fere and to demand that his consti-
tutional advisers take his advice and
put a stop to this absurd discrimina-
tion against a long-suffering race;
when all these signs are upon the
horizon, it is evident that we are on
the verge of some great political
upheaval and that the result cannot
but prove beneficial to Ireland, and
ensure the ultimate and early tri-
umph of her cause. The decisive hour
is coming and this is the moment
when all lovers of the old land, (el
true descendants of the "Ancient
Race" should revive their patriotic
fever, and join hand in hand to as-
sist in the mighty struggle now go-
ing on and over which, visible to the
naked eye looms the Genius of Li-
berty. This is a time, and this an

hour when that prophetic appeal of
McGee, penned forty years ago, ap-
plies to the circumstances and the
men:—
"Come noble Celts, come take your
stand;
The League, the League will save the
land,
The Land of Aith, the Land of
Grace,
The Land of Erin's Ancient Race."

A CALUMNY EXPLODED.—"The
Advance," a local paper published at
Macleod, Alberta, N.W.T., has an
editorial of strange significance. That
organ says that, in the course of a
political speech made at Macleod, by
Mr. Fowler, of New Brunswick, that
gentleman "averred that these re-
verend gentlemen (the Catholic parish
priests of Quebec) included in the
lists sent in the names of people
who had long left the country and
perpetrated similar frauds to an ex-
tent that gave the Province of Que-
bec additional representation in Par-
liament at the expense of the other
provinces." Then after commenting
upon the silence of certain political
leaders present, the writer adds: "We
are loath to believe and do not be-
lieve that anybody of Christian cler-
gymen could be so depraved as to
deserve what is thus publicly
charged against them. On the other
hand consider by whom the charges
were made and what are we to
believe?"

We make reply, believe as you say
you do, that the whole affair is
false from start to finish. We have
nothing to do with the political as-
pect of the question, but we say em-
phatically that, be they Liberals or
be they Conservatives, be they Catho-
lics or be they Protestants, who-
ever set forth seriously such an ar-
gument must be stupid blockheads
and men absolutely devoid of any
knowledge concerning the very funda-
mental basis of our representation
according to the British North Amer-
ica Act. Were the population of
Quebec to increase by a million, or
were it to decrease by as many, in
neither case would it affect the Par-
liamentary representation of this
province. According to the Act of
Confederation Quebec must have a
fixed and unchangeable representa-
tion. This province has been grant-
ed sixty-five members in the House
of Commons. That number cannot
be increased, nor can it be dimin-
ished. The representation of all the
other provinces is based upon that,
and they revolve around it as do the
planets of a constellation around a
fixed polar star. If the population
of another province increases, its re-
presentation will be augmented, but
always in the proportion that sixty-
five bears to the population of Que-
bec. Therefore, the priests of Que-
bec, if it were their desire to in-
crease the Parliamentary representa-
tion of this province, would be de-
feating their own purpose by pre-
tending to have a greater population
than does really exist.

Mgr. Duhamel Celebrates His Twenty-Eighth Anniversary.

The Catholic population of Ottawa
celebrated in a worthy manner the
28th anniversary of the Episcopal
consecration of His Grace Archbishop
Duhamel. On Tuesday of last week
at 8.30 o'clock pontifical High Mass
was celebrated in the Basilica. The
attendance was large. The distin-
guished prelate was celebrant at
High Mass. The deacon was Rev.
Father Pare, curate of Buckingham.
Rev. Father Lavergne, curate of St.
Anne's parish, Ottawa, was sub-de-
acon. Mgr. Routhier was assistant
priest. The deacons of honor were
Rev. Canons Plantin and Campeau.
Archbishop Duhamel was the recip-
ient of a number of congratulatory
letters and telegrams.
After Mass a conference of the as-
sembled priests was held, at which
the Archbishop presided.
Mgr. Falcone, Papal Delegate, was
present, and joined with the priests
in extending to the Archbishop the
congratulations of the day.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Last Wednesday evening at the
Catholic Sailors' Club was what
many of those present called it "St.
Anthony's Evening." The concert
was under the auspices of St. Anth-
ony's Court, Catholic Order of For-
esters. So many attended that the
hall was crowded, and a large num-
ber were disappointed, because there
was no room for them. The fol-
lowing clergymen were present: Rev.
A. A. Gagnier, S.J., Rev. G. C. Mc-
Fenna, Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.
J., Rev. Father McShane and Rev.
Father Shea.



MR. A. F. O'CONNELL.

Chief Ranger A. F. O'Connell, who
occupied the chair, made a capital
speech. He thanked the audience for
their presence. He was glad to see
that the hall was crowded last sea-
son the concert given by St. Anth-
ony's Court attracted the largest au-
dience of the year; and this season
the concert has kept up the record,
so far as he was able to judge from
the appearance of the hall. Referring
to the remarks recently made
by the president of the Club, Mr. P.
B. McNamee, regarding the law un-
der which five dollars was deducted
from the wages of any seaman who
had the misfortune of being arrested
for being absent from his ship with-
out leave, the money to go to the
man who arrested him, he said that,
owing to its being abused, the law
should be changed without delay.
There were other grievances also
from which seamen suffered; and
these ought to be redressed. The
sailors should organize like the men
of other occupations. If they did
they would soon receive justice. The
miners' strike which had just termi-
nated showed the power of organiza-
tion to vindicate the rights and dig-
nity of labor. (Applause).

The following took part in the pro-
gramme, which was very well select-
ed, and which was heartily enjoyed:
Miss Brennan, Miss Quinn, Miss Jo-
sie Harrington; Messrs. W. Murphy,
J. Slattery, M. P. Mullarky, A.
Hamilton, Brodden, Parnell, J. Mc-
Shane, J. E. Murray, Mr. and Miss
Laing, J. Jackson, W. Harding, A.
Jones, and the Orpheus Quartette;
Seamen: Geo. Chrimes, Wm. Musker,
Corinthian; J. Rictus, Montcalm;
Hugh Boyle, Pomeranian; James Hal-
ley, Lake Simcoe; J. Cochrane, Alex-
andrian; Miss Oxtan was the accom-
panist.
The entertainment closed with the
singing of "God Save Ireland."
Next Wednesday's concert will be
under the auspices of the Imperial
Army and Navy Veterans.

Conversion of England

The reunion of the Guild of Ran-
som, London, Eng., taking place at
this period of the year was held in
Westminster Hall on St. Edward's
Day, when a numerous company were
present from 6.30 to 10.30 p.m. The
programme consisted of a concert
and an address by Father Chase,
formerly Anglican rector of All
Saints, Plymouth.
Father Chase, in the course of a

most interesting lecture, said he felt
considerable diffidence in appearing
before a Catholic audience, for as a
convert, he felt that many of those
present, clergy and laity, knew much
more than he did about the prospect
of the conversion of England. They
might ask themselves on looking on
this great country how it was possi-
ble that all its people would ever
again become Catholic. Humanly
speaking, it seemed impossible, and
he was not going to tell them he
thought it likely the English people
would reconcile themselves to the
Catholic Church. But there was
hope that amidst all the divisions
of increasing sects and the multiply-
ing of parties in the Church of Eng-
land—there was hope that, amidst
all these divisions and the breaking
up of the various systems of reli-
gion, that the Church of the Living
God would stand out as the one
form and system of religion, as the
one single united and strong society
in which men could find the worship
of God.

They were all certain the Church
of God would be the same amidst all
these changes, and their hopes were
that men of good-will would cling to
the Church with an earnest desire
and longing for its unity when noth-
ing was left of the sects, established
or disestablished, that were around
them. But they must not suppose
that simply because the English peo-
ple were getting a better idea of the
externals of Catholic worship, be-
cause they found the people more
tolerant, because they assimilated
Catholic doctrine with their own reli-
gion, that thereby England was being
quickly converted. In this pro-
cess going on there was no doubt a
great deal to encourage them, but
much that was going on was not a
movement hurrying the English peo-
ple to the Catholic Church; it arose
from the disintegrating of all au-
thority outside the Catholic Church.
He very much questioned whether
people adopting under such circum-
stances the practices of the Catholic
Church, and accepting much of her
doctrines, came any nearer the
Church. Some of those persons
would say they had all her doctrines,
and Protestant clergymen had come
to him and told him they believed
all he believed, yet they remained
where they were, and he, by the
grace of God, was where he was. It
was difficult to see how people who
would accept no authority in reli-
gion could get any nearer the Church,
although they might accept many of
her doctrines, and even declare they
had got them all.

What they, as Catholics, earnestly
prayed for was that these people
might receive the grace to accept
these doctrines, not because they had
found them out through one source
or another but because they were put
forward simply and solely on the au-
thority of the Church of God. When
these people said they believed the
doctrines of the Catholic Church, but
would submit to no authority at
all, he could not see how they were
nearer the Church. To be Catholic
they must accept these doctrines on
the authority of the Catholic Church
(applause).

Ordination at the Cathedral.

At the Cathedral of St. James,
Montreal, the following have been
ordained by Archbishop Langevin of
St. Boniface:—
Minor Orders—Harrisburg diocese,
W. P. O'Callaghan; New Orleans, W.
J. Heffernan.
Deacons—Montreal diocese, N.
Houle; St. Hyacinthe, A. P. Tru-
deau; Springfield, J. A. Brochu, P.
E. Casey, J. J. Roberts; Manches-
ter, L. J. Brodeur, J. J. McNam-
ara, D. J. Cotter, L. T. Laliberte;
Burlington, E. D. Hickey; Provi-
dence, T. H. Tierney; London, J. P.
Dunn; St. Boniface, A. M. Ferland
and C. Poirier; Ottawa, M. J. Guil-
bault; Sioux City, H. J. Dries; Chat-
ham, R. Hawkes; Monterey and Los
Angeles, A. I. Eling.

The sad, discouraged Christian who
feels his shortcomings and the degen-
eracy of the times in which he lives
so overwhelmingly as to take away
his peace and joy needs to get out
into God's pure air on some errand
of mercy.

The Native Minstrelsy of Ireland.

By "CRUX."

It was originally my intention to drift away, at the point now reached, from the work so far now quoted in the first and second articles of this series; but, having been requested, for special reasons, to continue on that admirable essay for, at least, a few more paragraphs. Consequently, without any interruption, we will proceed with this review of Irish literature in its poetic or bardic branch.

Ossian's poems and Mangan's translations from the Irish, may be regarded as fair specimens of the old and later poets of Ireland. And as far as the latter are concerned, it may be well said of Mangan, what was once remarked of a celebrated French translator, that it is doubtful whether the dead or the living are most obliged to him. Ossian is stamped with the freshness of national fancy—the latter translations with the allegory of national prostration and trembling hope. And both are pregnant with the history of their respective periods. In the latter voice and pen are stifled; and the muffled wail of a trampled nation sounds like a death-knell upon the ear. We see the Penal laws in full operation, and the native population stricken to the earth, but still living in the hope of a better day. We see the national religion burned, and a price set upon the head of its priesthood. We become acquainted with the intrigues and struggles to get these priests educated in distant lands by the Garonne and Guadalquivir, and we see them consoled on their return in the fastnesses of the mountains, and the caverns of the rugged shore. Yet amid all these adverse circumstances, Ireland did not manifest an indifference to the spirit of song in this day of her dolor, nor a want of taste for its cultivation. Still was she, as in the olden time, the mother of patriot bards; and though a price was set on the minstrel's head as well as upon the priest's, every valley resounded with the praises of ancient heroes—elegies for the martyred brave—dark curses for the native traitor and the ruthless stranger—proud invocations of the Genius of Liberty—and passionate aspirations for the glory and independence of Erin.

And thus we perceive the existence of a native minstrelsy in Ireland, from the landing of the Milesians almost to our own time, in one unbroken wreath of song. We have sketches of more than two hundred Irish writers, principally poets from the days of Amergin, the chief bard of the Milesian colony, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Their poems are, in many instances, still extant, from the hymns of St. Columba to the lamentation of McLag, the biographer, and family bard of Brian Boru; and still downward to the dreamy allegory of the proscribed poets of the Penal Days. The stores of native minstrelsy which Ireland possesses, both in the memory of her people and the cabinet of the antiquarian, are astonishing, when we consider the characteristics of her history, and the condition of her people, for the last seven centuries. Rome had tost her ballads long before she reached the zenith of her power. Macaulay remarks that, in spite of the invention of printing, the old ballads of England and Spain narrowly escaped the withering blight of years and the Scott was but just in time to save

the precious relics of the minstrelsy of the Border. In truth, he adds, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their own ballads, were the Greeks. But we think Ireland equal to Greece in this respect, as far as the comparison can be instituted. Since the pagan days when Bride was the Queen of Song, her bards have been ever scrupulously venerated; and their productions cherished with a traditional love which Greece never surpassed; and her people have been as true to this ballad-worship in the days of her distress as in those of her glory. The influence of the old bards on popular tastes and habits is still observable. Not many years ago the rustic schoolmaster was elected by a species of poetic tournament.

The rage for street ballads is another trace of their influence. But this is the only point of resemblance between the present and the past. The street ballad of to-day will not bear comparison with the racy, vigorous minstrelsy of old. Nothing but the deathless love of song in the Irish could have saved the precious relics of her bardic muse from the hand of time, the torch of war and the still more destructive influence of foreign conquest. Seldom has the successful invader spared either the life or literature of the fallen land. The Caliph Omar burned to ashes the magnificent library of Alexandria when he captured that city. The Persians burned the books of the Egyptians, and the Romans of the Jews, the philosophers, and the Christians. The Jews in turn destroyed the books of the Christians and the pagans, and the Christians again, the books of the pagans and the Jews. The Turks destroyed the grand libraries of Constantinople; the Spaniards the painted histories of Mexico; and such also was the fate of the national records, and literature of Ireland which fell into the hands of the English conquerors. Its ruin was inevitable, but the relics are numerous and beautiful, reminding us of the porticoes and stately columns which shine through the ashes of Pompeii.

Since the reign of Elizabeth Ireland produced twenty-six poets in the Gaelic language. Some of these were of a high order, and of distinguished attainments. The lives of the bards would form no inconsiderable portion of Irish history, from the influence which they exercised in the direction of its events, and in stimulating the spirit of resistance. The strains of O'Gulme, the bard of Shane O'Neil, often flung the stirrup-lancer of Ulster like a falling rock upon the armies of Elizabeth and gathered round the national standard the hesitating chiefs of the North. Angus O'Daly's war song of the Wicklow clans prompted the O'Byrnes to many a fierce raid, from their mountain fastnesses, against the clan London of the Pale, carrying destruction across the English Border, under the chieftainship of the famous Feagh MacHugh. The martial muse of O'Mulcovry, the ward of Briefny and laureate of Ireland, summoned Clan Connaught to the battle field against the invader, and helped to inspire that determined and protracted struggle which ended only with the death of Bryan O'Rourke. But there is one serious drawback observable in the strains of these an-

cient bards, and a glance at titles of their productions will render it apparent. Their sympathies were more national than Irish, more clanish than national. Not that they loved Ireland less, but that they loved their Sept more. We have appeals to the O'Neills and O'Donnells of the North, to the O'Byrnes and McCarthys of the South, to the O'Moores and O'Byrnes of the East, to the O'Connors and O'Rourkes of the West; but unfortunately, seldom an appeal to the spirit and energies of universal Ireland, except when some great victory inspired the national voice, and lifted it up to higher hopes and grander aspirations. But this is scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider the rivalries of the clans, and the constant struggles for ascendancy and personal aggrandizement—the natural result of the feudal system upon the warm and impulsive character of the Irish people.

Passing over some apt quotations from Mons. Thierry concerning the minstrelsy of ancient Ireland, we come to another phase of the subject. The calumnies uttered against the character of the bards may be easily traced to the political influence which they exercised over the people. When the sword of O'Neil was broken, the minstrelsy which had made it start from its scabbard still lived and moved the pulse of the nation's heart. When the battle-axe of Tyrconnell had rusted, the strains which once nerved the arm of the fierce gallowglass still hung on the people's lips, and kept alive the spirit of national resistance. The warrior's strength dies with him; but the poet's power ever stirs like an immortal prophecy. The bards of Ireland were persecuted because they excited hopes of national independence, as the ancient minstrels of Spain sang her struggles against the Moor, or the minstrels of Scotland the Border-battles of the Percy and the Douglas.

It has been well said that poetry has an influence not to be measured by arithmetic, nor expressed by syllogism. And we know no instance in which this is so true as with reference to Irish minstrelsy. Great poets are the legislators of the empire of the heart. The poetry of Spain flung back the Moor from the Astorian mountains to sigh for his fallen power by the banks of the Guadalquivir, and the fountains of the Alhambra. Centuries of suffering, instead of crushing the national spirit, but kindled it into higher resolves, and prompted it to deeds of nobler daring. Religion is ever a powerful element in a national struggle, and no unerring source of poetic inspiration. When Tasso lived, Europe throbbled from end to end with religious excitement. The sword of the Ottoman was at her throat, and her own members were arrayed against each other, while she trembled for her safety on the brink of ruin! It was then that the victory of Lepanto burst like an inspiration over the religious genius of Tasso; and the moral grandeur of his muse, in which he almost stands alone in his glory, shows how much religion may effect for poetry. Ireland had all the benefit of this inspiration in her warfare and in her muse, and though it has fallen to secure for her what it did for Spain, the enthusiasm which it evoked has preserved the same faith unshaken—the same feeling unsubdued.

The Doukhobor Exodus

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

It appears that the now famous band, or tribe of Russian fanatics, known as the Doukhobors, have undertaken to "trek," as they say in South Africa, and their intended course is towards the Yukon. Why they should go north to such a cold climate, when they are unwilling to prepare for even the comparatively mild winter of Manitoba, is something that no person can understand, and possibly they do not know themselves. The story of their movements has been concisely told, in an interview, by a gentleman who is conversant with these people and their peculiarities. He states the matter thus:—

"There seems to be a general movement from all the villages, and their population was, in every case, very much depleted. In some I would find only a few families, while in one the only living thing to be seen was a dog. It was impossible to judge whether they intended to come back or whether they considered it immaterial what became of their worldly goods. I looked into the communal granary of one village and found one thousand bushels of grain, besides flour. At length I came to a village, forty miles from Yorkton. About five thousand Doukhobors were congregated in the village and little knots were gathered, all discussing one matter earnestly. I was informed the people had gathered here "to make a big prayer," preparatory to going on a pilgrimage looking for Jesus." There were women, children and old men assembled there, as well as the younger men, and all appeared to have their minds centered enthusiastically on the one subject. Last Thursday I returned to Yorkton, and about twenty-five miles from that town I passed a large body, comprising probably 1,100 Doukhobors, heading toward the south. They were straggling along for two miles, carrying their sick and children. Their provisions consisted of a peck of bread for each person. I found the bread to be of the very coarsest kind, made of whole wheat, bran and all. It was as hard as bread can possibly be and they ate it, after dipping it in the water in the sloughs. They were barefooted, and wore nothing but cotton clothing, as their religious principles prevented them from wearing woollens or any other animal products. Their provisions cannot possibly last them for more than a few days, when they will be absolutely destitute."

There is something very mysterious and strange about these people. That they are a most undesirable class of immigrants no person will deny. As to their religious convictions, it seems to us that they are queer mixture of Protestant Christianity and of Paganism of the Oriental stamp. This perpetual seeking for the Lord savors very much of Protestantism, while their migratory propensities ally them with a race from which they not improbably sprang. It must be remembered that they are Russians; and Russia is the land of strange mixtures as far as population goes.

Possibly some of our readers will recall De Quincey's famous history of "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe." It is one of the most graphic pieces of composition that ever came from the pen that traced the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." He tells of a Chinese tribe that at the beginning of the 17th century found its way across the Russian steppes and finally settled on the banks of the Volga. After one hundred years of residence in Russia, under the sway of the Czars, the children of this Tartar tribe suddenly conceived the idea of going back to China. So secret were their preparations that even the watchfulness of Russia's authorities failed to discover the plot. One morning they vanished, to the number of one hundred thousand. They fled southward. The Russian and Cossack soldiers found about twenty villages deserted. Over the Siberian steppes and then over the Tartar plains and the vast desert extending to the Chinese wall, they left a track marked by the bones of mules, horses, cattle, men, women and children. They left the banks of the Volga on the 3rd February, and reached the Ely river, the Chinese boundary on the 12th September. They were pursued through the frozen regions of the North by the Cossacks, and were met at the end of thousand Doukhobors were congregated who took them to be invading enemies, and attacked them furiously. In fine, of the one hundred thousand, not more than thirty thousand reached the home of their forefathers. It seems to us that the spirit drove this Tartar tribe, backwards and forwards, in their "Anabasis and Katabasis," as De Quincey calls it, must have been the same that is now driving the Doukhobors from land to land.

An Instance of What Some Converts Have to Endure.

The following advertisement appeared in a New York daily paper:—

Wanted—A position as teacher of French or as a companion in a family of respectability, by a young lady who has been turned from her home on account of embracing the Catholic religion; the highest references exchanged. Address W. T., 258 "Herald."

It is a general rule not to believe every advertisement that appears, particularly in the Want Column of the daily press; but this one seemed so unique that I thought it worth while to look it up. Sure enough, it did not state the truth or probably one-tenth of the truth. Behind those few fugitive words is a history of petty persecution—a soul full of trouble, years of affliction from the dearest ones on earth, and well-nigh a broken heart. She was a young lady of twenty-three years. Her family is one of wealth and social position. Her father is a lawyer of distinction. When she was young she was sent to a convent to be educated. Her father knew that there was no place where his daughter would grow up in an atmosphere of virtue and where her character would be so well developed as under the training of the devoted teachers she would have in a convent. He, however, laid the most solemn injunction on the Sisters when he placed his daughter with them that they should not in any way influence the young lady in her religion. He need not have been so explicit and exacting in his instructions, for the Sisters make it a rule, anyhow, not to interfere in any overt way with anyone's conscience. The young lady remained some years in the convent, and after graduation went to her father's home. She did not forget the quiet, peaceful, edifying, religious atmosphere of the convent. It was a picture of an earthly paradise in the young woman's mind. As she entered society the contrasts were continually forcing themselves on her soul, and an eager longing for the peace and virtue of a Catholic life, with the sacraments and Holy Communion, was awakened in her soul. She could not resist it.

When she informed her parents of her purpose of becoming a Catholic the storm burst upon her. In deference to their wishes she postponed her reception into the Church, but her determination to become a Catholic was unalterable. As the days went by the persecution began; it continued in a thousand and one petty annoyances, dark looks, denunciation of things Catholic, and those secret heart-thrusts from the ones she loved best. All this made her life almost unbearable in her own home. Finally, she became a Catholic. Then, in solemn conclave, the alternative was given to her to leave the house and be disinherited and disowned forever, or to repudiate the Catholic Church.

In her own conscience there was no choice. She went out of her father's house to face the world with only a few dollars in her pocket and no friends to turn to in a great, heartless city. She accepted a small room in a boarding house and set herself with courage born of her reliance on God and her conscience to earn her own living.

The advertisement in this paper was almost the last resort. She had only a few dollars left. All this happened in New York in this age of enlightenment and our boasted atmosphere of civil and religious liberty, and in a devout Protestant family who still believe in the right of private judgment.

It is only another instance of a deep-rooted antagonism to the Catholic Church, and another evidence of the fact that the movement which has for its object the explanation of the truths of the Catholic Church is necessary in all parts of the country. If this can happen in the city of New York where there are so many intelligent Catholics of social position, what might not happen elsewhere? But if the doctrines of the Catholic Church are presented in so attractive a way that their reasonableness is evident there will be less bigotry, and antagonism such as this young lady has suffered from will be a thing of the past.

The following letter has this moment been received in the mail:—

"My dear Father Doyle:—
"In loving gratitude to Almighty God for the great gift of our faith and for the opportunity of practising it in all places where I have been in my worldwide travels, I enclose my check for five hundred dollars for the Catholic Missionary Union. You will kindly credit this to a 'Chicago Gentleman' and leave my name out."
A. P. DOYLE.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. OWEN MCGARVEY.—It is with sentiments of deep regret and of sincere sympathy that we record the death of one of Montreal's old and most highly respected and universally-beloved citizens, in the person of the late Mrs. Owen McGarvey. The parishioners of St. Patrick's missed a familiar face and an un-failing presence at all the services of the Church, especially at Grand Mass each Sunday and Holyday, when the late Mr. Owen McGarvey was called to his reward, and now that his beloved, faithful and devout

partner in life has been summoned to follow him beyond the tomb, the same feeling will be manifest—for she too, was an equally faithful and constant attendant in the church that they both loved so well. Mrs. McGarvey was a model woman in every acceptance of the term. In domestic life, as a parishioner, and as a member of charitable associations her death has created more than one void in our midst. The vacant chair by the home-hearth, the unoccupied place in the family pew, and the empty seat in those assemblies where the faithful and charitable ladies of our nationality congregated to perform works of untold merit, will long speak eloquently to all who knew her, of the virtues of the deceased, and will, at the same time, preach silent sermons in which each one will hear an invitation to remem-

ber her goodness and to pray for her soul. The funeral, which took place on Tuesday, from her late residence, Lagauchetiere street, to St. Patrick's Church, was very largely and representatively attended. Apart from her immediate surviving relatives and the great concourse of friends and acquaintances, the various orders in the city were represented, while all the schools and academies sent their contingents to swell the number of mourners and to bear testimony to the worth and merits of the departed lady. The chief mourners were Mr. J. Cooper, of Lindsay, Ont., her brother; Mr. Owen McGarvey, of Ottawa, a nephew; Mr. William McNally, her son-in-law, and the latter's two sons. The surviving children left to mourn the loss of such a good mother, are

Mrs. William McNally and Miss Annie McGarvey. In extending to them this humble expression of our condolence and sympathy we desire to unite with them and with the Church, of which she was such an exemplary and faithful member, in a prayer for the repose of her immortal soul.

MRS. O'REILLY.—The oldest woman in Montreal passed away on Sunday evening last at her residence, 644 St. Antoine street. Mrs. O'Reilly was in her 94th year, and was hale and hearty up to an hour before her death, which was as sudden as it was unexpected. She was born in Cavan, Ireland, and came to Canada 75 years ago. She had been a resident of Montreal for over a quarter of a century.—R.L.P.

Great Mind Small in

Mr. William Mathewson the "Saturday Evening" made a study of a subject not fall to interest all scores of examples other we could furnish selected as illustration attention, still he has to subject so well that it would either amplify or cut has given the public. Vore, simply reproduce interesting sketch with it: private introduction: "One of the natural men is that curiosity regarding the personal those persons who have tallly high above their ever we read or hear of and especially when we with his history, we form a picture of his l-ture to which the con- tual man is often ver- ing. Often we refuse the strange, unsatisfy- our own fond creation, the great man is found one—the intellectual g- cal dwarf. As a rule- timate the height and

What Some Have to Endure.

advertisement ap- York daily paper- tion as teacher of companion in a fam- ily, by a young lady rned from her home embracing the Catho- highest references ex- s W. T., 358 "Her-

rule not to believe that appears, the Want Column of out this one seemed thought it worth up. Sure enough, it truth or probably truth. Behind those is a history of a soul full of affliction from the earth, and well- heart. She was a twenty-three years, e of wealth and so- r father is a lawyer hen she was young a convent to be ather knew that e where his daugh- p in an atmosphere ere her character eveloped as under e devoted teachers in a convent. He, most solemn in- isters when he plac- with them that they y way influence the e religion. He need explicit and exact- ions, for the Sis- le, anyhow, not to vort way with any- The young lady ars in the convent, ion went to her fa- did not forget the ifying, religious at- vention. It was a ly paradise in the ind. As she en- ontrasts were con- nenselves on her r longing for the e of a Catholic life, ata and Holy Com- ckened in her soul. ist it. ed her parents of coming a Catholic upon her. In defen- es she postponed the Church, but to become a Cath- ole. As the days culation began; it ousand and one dark looks, denun- Catholic, and those l from the ones ll this made her able in her own e became a Cath- onic convale, the ven to her to nd be disinherited ver, or to repudi- Church. eience there was no out of her father's world with only a pocket and no in a great, heart- accepted a small ge house and set ge born of her re- her conscience to ng. at in the paper at resort. She had left. All this hap- k in this age of our boasted at- and religious libe- Protestant fam- ve in the light of

ther instance of a nism to the Cath- another evidence e movement which e explanation of Catholic Church is arts of the coun- appen in the city re there are so Catholics of social ight not hap- en the doctrines of h are presented in y that their ranc- ent there will e antagonism such has suffered from the past. ater has this mo- in the mail-- Doyle-- tude to Almighty gift of our faith unity of practising ere I have been in els, I enclose my red dollars for the y Union. You will e to a "Chicago ave my name A. P. DOYLE.

Old - Time Reminiscences.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Dan. McCarthy lived for years on the Chelsea road—he has long since gone to his rest, and few people to-day will remember him. He was not a very conspicuous character, nor did he play any important part in the affairs of the country. In fact, his principal business or occupation was to act as foreman in the lumbering shanties. He had served the late John Egan in that capacity, as he had also served several other old-time lumbermen on the Ottawa. He was naturally a rough and ready fellow, but he had a big heart and he was at most devout Catholic. The reason why I specially recall him is because he was a fervent believer in ghosts and such like supernatural apparitions, and his faith in these was due to a ghost that he once saw and with which he had held converse for some time. At least this was his own explanation of the case, and I suppose I have no right to doubt his word. He was very fond of telling how he saw that remarkable disembodied creature, and it was on one of the occasions, when he was in humor to tell his personal experiences, that the incident I am about to record took place. It was the year of the great fire, when the entire country was a prey to the conflagration, the year 1870, that Dan. was acting as foreman upon the farm of a gentleman who resided some five or six miles outside the city. If any of the readers can recall that time they will not fail to have a vivid recollection of the universal destruction to timberlands, farm houses, crops, and even fences and fields that took place. One night in August the sky was red from horizon to horizon. It looked as the end of the world were at hand. The country was scorched; the forests were laid low; a fearful wind, augmented by the fire itself, fanned the flames into a conflagration and the cinders, sparks, pieces of wood were carried miles upon the wings of the tempest. Every person was up-and watching; no one dared to go to sleep in case he might be burned alive, or suffocated in his slumbers. Barns, out-houses, dwellings were all guarded, and the fire was seen to leap, on several occasions, across the river, and commence another conflagration miles away from the scene of the burning. It was on that night, and during such scenes, that Dan. McCarthy sat by a fence on the road-side, with four or five companions, chatting, and watching the sheds and barns, ready to pour water on the spot the moment a fire would start. While thus keeping up the vigilance the men amused themselves smoking and chatting. At last Dan. got at his stories, and amongst others his great ghost story. As a lad I was around enjoying the universal excite-

ment, and when it came to a matter of story telling I certainly was delighted. I sat down with the others, and Dan began in a most graphic manner to tell how on a certain dark night he was walking along this very road, and how he sat down, as they were then doing, to cut a pipe-ful of tobacco and have a smoke, when from the field behind he heard a strange noise. On looking up he saw a fearful looking creature, half man, half beast, having long horns on its head and fire in its eyes. He was about to jump up and run when the creature spoke in hollow and sepulchral tones, bidding him sit still and listen. He described the creeping feeling that awe causes, especially to one in the dark and in the presence of something unnatural or mysterious. He was a good story-teller and he stirred us all into a state of excitement—a subdued excitement of the kind that forbids one to stir lest a movement would cause some ghost to spring up. He was in the full swing of his eloquent account of how the horns gradually vanished, the head assumed the proper shape and proportions of a human head. The voice grew more familiar, till at last he recognized it as that of a man with whom he had worked two years, and who had been found dead in the woods. We had just reached that point when the interest was the greatest, and when all were on the "qui vive" for the remainder of the adventure. As Dan was describing his own feelings, we were startled by a rumbling, shuffling sound behind us, a snorting noise, and a huge head, capped with long horns and encasing two flaming eyes appeared over the top log of the fence, and immense mouth gave a bellow that sound like a fog-horn, or a score of human beings in distress.

It would be no easy matter to describe the shock that followed, the scramble, the rush, the separation and the disappearance of each one in some direction or other, Dan was the swiftest and readiest of all, and possibly his former experience added wings to his flight, for he was soon lost in the gathering gloom. I was too frightened to run, and I stood crying upon the road. At last, when all had gone, and I was entirely alone, and I saw that no further attack was intended by the ghost, I picked up courage to look towards the fence—and behold! There stood, large as life, and frightened almost to death by the fire that was raging on all sides, a huge ox belonging to a neighboring farmer.

That night ended Dan's ghost stories—whether because they had been frightened out of him, or subsequently laughed out of him I never learned.

Great Mind, Small in Body.

Mr. William Mathews, writing in the "Saturday Evening Post," has made a study of a subject that cannot fail to interest all readers. While scores of examples other than those we could furnish the writer with selected as illustrations of his contention, still he has treated his subject so well that it would be a pity to either amplify or curtail what he has given the public. We will, therefore, simply reproduce this highly interesting sketch with its very appropriate introduction:

"One of the natural instincts of men is that curiosity which all feel regarding the personal appearance of those persons who have stood mentally high above their fellows. Whenever we read or hear of a great man, and especially when we are familiar with his history, we unconsciously form a picture of his looks and stature to which the contrast of the actual man is often very disappointing. Often we refuse to substitute the strange, unsatisfying reality for our own fond creation, especially if the great man is found to be a small one—the intellectual giant a physical dwarf. As a rule we overestimate the height and bulk of our

heroes and endow them, if attractive, with superhuman beauty or, if hateful, with ugly and repulsive looks. It was this feeling which made the people at Yarmouth, England, when Nelson, delicate in body and insignificant in appearance, was passing over the quay to take command of his first ship, exclaim, "Why make that little fellow captain?"

During Napoleon's first campaign in Italy in 1796, the Italians were greatly surprised at his personal appearance. His short stature, his pale face, the sickly thinness of his frail body, which seemed consumed by the fires of his genius, but was in reality made of muscles of steel, seized the imagination of the people by the contrast they presented to his dazzling feats of arms. It was a novel and startling experience to find that direct and penetrating glance, that abrupt, imperious gesture, that laconic speech and pre-emptory and absolute tone—all which bespoke the man born to command—associated with such a dwarfish and attenuated frame.

It is a singular fact that while nothing would seem to be easier than to ascertain the exact size of great men yet it is really difficult and often impossible to do so. How long did "the grand Monarch," Louis XIV. pass for a large man, being described as such by courtiers and historians! Yet the measurements of his skeleton some years after his death revealed that he was under the

average size. Napoleon III., while on the throne, was depicted as majestic in figure. We now know that he was very short, little more than five feet high.

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

What to do when Baby is Fretful and Sleepless.

It is wrong to take up a wretched baby from the cradle and walk it up and down the floor all night. It demoralizes the infant and enslaves the parents. Baby does not cry for the fun of the thing; it cries because it is not well—generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested, its skin hot and feverish. Relieve it and it will sleep all night, every night growing stronger in proportion. Just what mothers need is told in a letter from Mrs. E. J. Flanders, Marlinton, Que., who says:—"I cannot say too much in favor of Baby's Own Tablets. They have worked like a charm with my baby, who was very restless at night, but Baby's Own Tablets soon brought quiet sleep and rest. I shall never be without a box while I have a baby." Baby's Own Tablets cure all minor ailments of little ones, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They are sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or you can get them by mail, post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A Sermon To Medical Students.

Addressing the medical students of Laval University, Montreal, on the occasion of the celebration of the feast of their patron saint, St. Luke, the Rev. Rene Labelle, S.S., said:— This feast which you are celebrating requires no explanation at my hands. You are impelled to honor it by the Catholic sentiments which animate you. You have come here to celebrate it freely and spontaneously. For you there is no conflict between science and religion. On the contrary, they are two sisters who understand each other, and whom you love. The feast, therefore, of one is the feast of the other. What shall I say to you, if, owing to the sacred edifice in which we are gathered, I omit from my sermon the commendations which you deserve? I shall say to you: Deserve them always by taking care never to separate, in your future careers, what should always be united—faith and knowledge. To be brief, I shall recall to you the wise words of a Catholic scientist who was perhaps the cleverest man of the last century, as he was certainly one of your most illustrious masters— Pasteur—when, filled with emotion, he attended the ceremony of the placing of a commemorative tablet on the little house in which he was born: "Look upward, and go upward." Look upward! What does that mean? It means that you should seek God, for God, though hidden, exists in every science, as the Seraphic Doctor admirably says: "Patet quod in omni re que cognoscitur, invenitur latet ipse Deus." Whatever may be the field of your investigations, philosophical sciences, natural, medical, or others, God is there, as the First Cause and the prime source of all truth. You should therefore look higher than individualities, kinds, species, and particular facts; you should look aloft to principles and primordial causes; you should soar to the Infinite; and the Infinite is God. You, especially, who analyze this wonderful organism in the depths of which the soul is at work without ever letting itself be seen, who dissect the members, who decompose the tissues, who take hold of the fibres one by one, and who go to the first elements, to the mother cell, to the living atom; do not leave religion at the door of the laboratory, but bring it inside as a companion necessary to science in order to enable it to discover the majesty of the Creator in His works, and to your labors the guarantee of fruitfulness. You have studied the history of the human mind; you have counted its numerous hallucinations, its daily falls; and its moral failings; you have heard the hollow words: "We have no soul; I have not found it at the end of my scalpel." Behold the sad lot of proud and faithless science; as it sees nothing beyond matter, it believes that it is matter that engenders the mind; it invents sophisms; it lies to itself. Look upward, and do not lose your souls or your God. Be determined to rise in your profession; for mediocrity is a thing to be feared, especially in this age of intense progress, passionate research, and restless activity. Every force, physical, scientific, social and moral, is called into requisition in these days; and the talent that rests in indolence finds grace neither before God nor before man. You must bestir yourselves. Life is action; inertia is shame. Well, I know that you do not want to increase the number, already large, of mediocre beings; and that you would eagerly repeat the words of Caesar: "I would rather be first in a village than second in Rome." But then, you must make hard work the law of your lives. Yet, if hard work is necessary in order to attain any real superiority, so also is virtue; and it was this thought which the illustrious Pasteur had doubtless in his mind when he said: "Go upward!" Virtue is, in fact, the first of the sciences. In the midst of intellectual labors it is like the star towards which the prow of the ship is turned. Woe to the vessel that is not guided by this directing orb of the high seas; it hastens surely to destruction. Was it not Socrates who said: "Every knowledge, without the knowledge, is harmful," and did not Plato pronounce this dictum: "All knowledge that is separated from virtue is but an aptitude for doing evil." These maxims are considered to be admirable in the mouth of a pagan; but when the Church preaches them, the reply is: "Why, virtue is only money, honors, pleasure, anything but itself." "Virtue post numeros," said the Latin poet. Such will

not be your language; for with a higher intelligence, you have a loftier conception of life. Money, honors, pleasures, are not the aim of your labors nor the end of your lives. If you have the ambition to reach a position of honor in society, it is only in order to strive better to promote social welfare and your own future destiny. And this is why you put the knowledge of good which is virtue, above all other knowledge. To raise yourselves up, prayer is necessary. Prayer is an elevation of the heart of God. If you practise prayer you will grow proficient in knowledge and in virtue, those two weapons necessary to the conquest of time and eternity.

The Perils of School Life.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

(Continued.)

We have followed the pupil from almost the cradle into the classroom and have seen him fairly on his way to education. We must now leave the young boy to the care of his teachers. It would be no easy matter to follow him through all the perils of school-life; for they are proportionately as numerous and as serious as any to be met with in after life. In fact, we might say that the dangers which surround the young in school days are more important than those that arise upon the pathway of life. In the first place, the young lad is less capable of contending with them than is the man; and in the next place, school days constitute the period when the foundations for the future are laid. Be it the development of the physical, or the moulding of the moral forces, the avoidance of premature weaknesses of constitution, or of early laxity of religious or moral character, it is evident that what the boy is the man will probably be. Hence the immense importance of those few years. Were we to attempt indicating the dangers to be met with and to be avoided, the obstacles to be overcome, and the struggles to be endured we would scarcely ever end the list. Yet, no list of the same could be looked upon as universally applicable, for the dangers are not the same for all. Much depends upon individual characteristics, qualities, capacities, qualifications, and accidents. It is rare that two boys are found to require the exact same treatment in every particular. So we will not attempt to lay down any cast-iron law, nor to trace any imperative rule of conduct. But we must leave all these things to the experience and knowledge of the teachers.

Since then, the duties of teachers are of such paramount importance, it stands to reason that they deserve all the support, co-operation and encouragement that it is possible to accord them. Parents too often forget that the teacher takes their place as far as the child is concerned. If then, the parents find it such a difficult task to train, rear, and educate their child or children, what must not be the teacher's task when he is obliged to represent the parents for a score or may be two score of young persons? And he must assume all the responsibilities of parents without having the natural love for the child that can only be found in the breast of the father or mother. He is obliged to cultivate an affection for the child, a sentiment that he cannot be expected to possess for the offspring of strangers. He is forced to do violence, as it were, to himself in each particular case. And despite all this, he generally fulfils the duties of the parents as well as if he were the Heaven-appointed and responsible guardian of the child—and in some cases he does it much better than the parents themselves.

We have flung out this hint concerning the teachers merely as a matter of justice. We know how very poorly teachers are remunerated; we know that they too often lack that appreciation which their lives, their sacrifices and their labors deserve. Yet, if they are not thanked by a grateful public, at least they should not be treated with direct ingratitude. If there are perils in school life the child that is happy enough to have avoided such dangers and their after-consequences should not forget that the teacher has been the prime factor in such success, and that to him the approval of parents and the recognition of pupils is even more than the gold or silver of his paltry stipend.

Millionaire Education.

From "L'Oncle de Chicago," of Andre Laurie, the following account of the Wabash Seminary for young ladies—or rather of the young ladies themselves—is given. It is Mme. Bertoux, a French lady, whose daughter was sent to the seminary who speaks. She relates her experiences to the French Consul at Chicago. We reproduce it merely as a sample of what may possibly be the case in more than one house of education, where the daughters of the moneyed-lords of the great Republic congregate to display the evidences of their parents' wealth rather than to acquire the knowledge which would serve them in life. Here is the text: "My daughter arrived at Wabash seminary and was astonished when she took her place in class to find that all the scholars, without exception, the young ladies of her own age, were dressed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon as if for an opera—silk and lace dresses, hats with feathers, and, even worse, diamonds in their ears, at their necks, on their fingers. My daughter, according to our custom, was dressed as befitting her age, in a modest wool gown, and, you can believe me, without other jewelry than her own freshness. All the class stared at her and exchanged unpleasant remarks. The lesson over, a young person extravagantly adorned, approached my daughter, and, scanning her from head to foot, in a superior tone, asked: "What time is it by your diamond watch?" "I have no watch in diamonds, mademoiselle, but a little metal watch. It is 3 o'clock." "You are slow. It is ten minutes after 3," replied the young lady, showing a superb watch and chain, the former encrusted in the richest diamonds. "My watch cost \$400 without the initials," she added.

"I am delighted with the information," replied the French girl. "The other, not seizing the irony, continued: 'For the initials alone cost \$60. See, "A. P." My name is Ada Pigott.' "Silence! "And your name?" "Marguerite Bertoux." "Marguerite; rather a pretty name. If my name was your I would ask my papa to give me a brooch in diamonds, with the flower for subject. But without doubt your father does not make enough." "I do not know and I do not care to know," replied Marguerite. "A neighboring girl— "It is not possible— "A third: "Have you any bracelets? Why do you not wear any? I have twenty-two."

"A cry of horror from many throats. "Why, you have no rings. How can you go out? Have your parents a carriage?" "Then the little French mademoiselle loses patience. "No, young ladies, I have no rings, no bracelets, nor laces, nor carriages. But I have what you seem to lack—good manners." "General stupor."

"We are not well-mannered enough for mademoiselle. That is too much. We who have diamonds and carriages. My father is worth twenty millions. My mother has a casket of pearls. My dresses are from the Rue de la Paix. If my parents knew what kind of beggars from foreign lands are admitted at Wabash seminary they would soon take me away."

Mme. Bertoux was so astonished, she tells the consul, that she accompanied her daughter to see for herself the strange "Wabash seminary." Her impression was that the girls were but "diamond covered rustics," with nothing but the dollar in their heads, not knowing how to talk of anything else."

We do not pretend to decide whether the foregoing is an exact statement of the conditions therein represented, or merely a caricature of the manners and habits engendered by unlimited command of wealth. But we are happy to remark that this lady does not speak of a Catholic institution and we know that in all the broad union she could not find one of our fortunate homes of education wherein a like condition of affairs could be found. Be this exaggerated or not, there must be a certain degree of foundation for it. No wonder, then, that so many of our non-Catholic neighbors from across the line, select our Canadian Catholic convents for the training and education of their daughters. The contrast is so pronounced that it would be needless to dwell upon it.

The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.
Dublin, Oct. 25, 1902.

IN THE COMMONS.—Considerable liveliness was witnessed in the House of Commons on the 22nd October, arising out of the question of fixing a day for the discussion of the Irish administration.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman intimated that he supported the demand of the Irish members for a day to be devoted to such a discussion, because though the question was supremely an Irish one, the Prime Minister had refused to give a day at the request of the Irish members, but would give it only if an Englishman or Scotchman asked for it.

Mr. Balfour took this as a demand for a day for a vote of censure, and said in that case he would agree to fix next Wednesday. Incidentally he raised a storm by alluding to the Irish members as a "section" of the Opposition, and later on he made matters worse by amending the phrase to one of "a faction."

Warm repudiation came from the Irish benches, and Mr. Balfour's twisting of C. B.'s words led to an equally warm repudiation from the Liberal leader.

Mr. William O'Brien said that if the Irishmen were not going to get a day it was quite possible that they would take it (loud Irish cheers).

Mr. Balfour suggested that the Irish Party should submit their motion, and then the Leader of the Opposition could say what course he intended taking, and then the Government would decide as to giving a day for the discussion.

THE FLANAGAN TRAGEDY.—In the House of Commons on 22nd October, consequent upon a ceaseless fire of questions from the Irish benches, the Chief Secretary was driven to promise that he would hold a sworn inquiry into the lamentable case of Mr. Flanagan, J.P., driven mad in one of Wyndham's prisons; and he further promised that he would secure the fullest publicity for the proceedings of the court.

COERCION IN SLIGO.—The case against Mr. B. M'Ternan, T.C., was concluded on 18th Oct., when the Removables delivered sentence.

The presiding Sweep, Brown, said they had gone over the evidence carefully in this case. It was out of the question to ask them to hold that this was a case of friendly interference. It was a clear case of conspiracy, and they convicted Mr. M'Ternan on all three counts in the summons, and ordered him to be imprisoned for two months with hard labor in Sligo Jail. On each count the sentences to run concurrently.

Mr. Tarrant—that is practically two months.

Mr. Brown—Yes; two months' imprisonment altogether, with hard labor.

CASTLE DENOUNCED.—At nearly all the meetings of the London branches of the U. I. L. held on 19th Oct., resolutions were passed condemning the action of the Government in their disgraceful treatment of Mr. J. O'Donnell, M.P., both in Ireland and the House of Commons, and expressing appreciation of Mr. O'Donnell's action in the House of Commons on Thursday evening.

"SLIGO CHAMPION."—The gratifying announcement is made that the "Sligo Champion," which under Mr. P. A. M'Hugh's management, made things so warm for the enemies of the people's organization in the West of Ireland, is again being published, and this week the Nationalists of Sligo, Leitrim, Roscommon, and the large area over which the "Champion" casts its great influence, will be able to welcome back their old and indomitable friend.

In the interruption, caused by recent legal proceedings against Mr. M'Hugh, the "Sligo Nationalist" ably and fearlessly kept alive the fighting spirit inculcated by the "Champion." The "Nationalist" is now merged in the "Champion." Its career was short, but brilliant—and in the manner in which it was produced at a moment's notice and under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty constituted a record in provincial journalism.

COERCION IN LIMERICK.—At

Rathkeale Quarter Sessions on 21st Oct. the appeal case of Mr. Samuel Harris, hon. secretary East Limerick Executive United Irish League, against the sentence of six months' imprisonment imposed on him by the Coercion Court at Newcastle West, was heard before Judge Adams. A large force of police was drafted into the town to preserve order, but notwithstanding that contingents of people poured into the place in sympathy with Mr. Harris, there was not the slightest disorder. Mr. Harris was prosecuted some time ago under the Crimes Act for an alleged intimidatory speech at Knockaderry, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for the same, and a further three months in default of giving bail for future behavior.

His Honor, in giving judgment, said considering the character of Harris and the peace of the county, His Honor would amend the sentence by making Harris a first-class misdemeanant to serve the term imposed by the magistrates.

In the appeal of David Sheehan, sentenced to two months' hard labor and four months in default of bail, His Honor confirmed, but removed the hard labor. Both defendants were allowed out to give themselves up. Harris was chaired by the people in the Square after the sentence. The Rathkeale band played him to the station. There was great excitement, but the interference of the police was not required.

TIPPERARY SENTENCES.—Delivering judgment on 22nd October against Mr. Denis Kilbride, ex-M.P., and Mr. J. A. O'Sullivan, Judge Moore said that as regards Mr. O'Sullivan's case he did not concur with the local magistrates in their decision. He found him guilty only on the second count. He could not find anything on perusing Mr. O'Sullivan's speech that could be attributed to boycotting, but he was undoubtedly guilty of intimidation. Mr. Kilbride, he considered, was guilty on both counts. After a long lecture he ended by saying:—Having regard to the mild tone of Mr. O'Sullivan's speech he would commute the sentence to three months, but would confirm the sentence as against Mr. Kilbride.

SOME MEETINGS. Cork, 19th October.—A largely attended meeting was held to-day at Ballinassig for the purpose of furthering the objects of the United Irish League. Amongst the speakers was Mr. Eugene Crean, the Parliamentary representative of the division. A large force of police attended.

Middleton, 19th October.—To-day a very large and influential meeting of the merchants, shopkeepers, and workmen of the town, as well as of the farmers of East Cork, was held at Middleton, under the auspices of the Cork Young Ireland Society, to enlist the public sympathy and support for the National monument to be shortly erected in Cork. The local bands, brass and fife and drum, paraded the town before and after the meeting, and a large number of police from outlying stations, with some Cork detectives, including a Government notetaker, watched the proceedings.

On Sunday, 19th October, a highly successful public meeting was held at Killanny for the purpose of establishing a branch of the United Irish League. Representatives were present from Dundalk, Louth, Rochestown, and Carreragh. Considerable enthusiasm prevailed. The Carreragh fife and drum band attended and discoursed a selection of National airs.

CRIMELESS LIMERICK.—Limerick, 20th October, His Honor Judge Adams opened the Quarter Sessions at Rathkeale to-day, and was presented with white gloves in the absence of criminal business.

ARMAGH NATIONALISTS.—That the Armagh Nationalists are determined to keep the old flag flying was fully demonstrated by the meeting held last Sunday by the Armagh executive U.I.L., at Derrymore. Delegates were present from Lington, Portadown, Lyle, Derrymore, Kilmore, and Cornikilgar. A series of very important resolutions were unanimously passed expressing deep regret for the death of Mr. Michael

M'Cartan, whose name had always been the synonym of fidelity to the Nationalist principles; that arrangements be made with the central Council in Dublin for the holding of a public Nationalist demonstration as soon as possible; that an immediate and energetic effort be made to send a generous subscription from North Armagh; condemning the policy of Mr. Wyndham in making the Irish executive servile to the interests of the landlords, who had publicly flouted his advice for the settlement of the land purchase question; congratulating the members of Parliament, newspaper editors, and others who have been sent to gaol by Removable magistrates, and pledging the United Irish League of North Armagh to an immediate response to the appeal for a National Defence Fund. It was further resolved to send delegates to the Emmet celebration to be held in Belfast in May next.

SCENES IN BELFAST.—Belfast, 19th October.—There were exciting scenes at the Belfast Custom House steps this afternoon during the progress of the usual services held under the auspices of the Belfast Protestant Association. The different sections of the Association, headed by Arthur Trew on the one hand, and by Gailbraith and the principal supporters of Mr. Sloan, the member for South Belfast, on the other hand, assembled in large numbers at three o'clock. Trew and his followers took up a position on the north side, and the Sloanites on the east, and both parties opened with prayers and hymns. At the conclusion of the benediction, Trew gave his benediction, and then proceeded to deliver a political address, denouncing the Sloanites as traitors to the cause of Protestantism. The opposition crowd then rushed towards his platform and set up a vigorous boohing. Trew endeavored to make his voice heard above the din, but was unsuccessful for several minutes. At length, during a brief lull, he shouted out that he had got a telegram from Sloan, M.P., asking to meet him at Dee street Hall on Sunday night, but he (Trew) would not do so, because he knew he would be murdered by the mob. Colonel Sanderson had said that Sloan got into Parliament on his (Trew's) back, and he (Trew) assured them that Sloan would come out on his back as he went in. Trew then called on his friends to take up the collection, at the same time challenging the Sloanites to interfere at their peril. The challenge was promptly accepted, and while the collection was proceeding a free fight took place, collecting boxes and sticks and other weapons being used freely. Several of the Sloanites endeavored to lay hands on Trew, but were prevented by a little crowd of sympathizers, who made a circle round the dethroned founder of the Association. A number of people on each side were injured, one man being knocked down and brutally kicked. He was subsequently treated at the Royal Hospital. The intervention of the police ultimately caused a cessation of hostilities, and Trew continued his harangue, indulging in vile epithets, both as regards Sloan and his followers and Catholics. He said if the latter attempted to hold a demonstration next year in the city in honor of the Rebel Emmet he (Trew) would do all he could to prevent it, and was prepared to go to jail for so doing.

At a later stage, when the rival meetings were dispersing, there was a renewal of the riotous scenes. It will be remembered that Trew was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment about a year and a half ago for inciting an Orange mob to attack a Corpus Christi procession in Belfast.

THE LANDLORDS.—The Landowners' Convention, which was held lately in Dublin, having by a sweeping majority rejected the proposal for a conference between chosen representatives of landlords and tenants, the agrarian war in Ireland, must necessarily go on under conditions embodying another element of bitterness. It was all the work of the big political Anglo-Irish landlords, the Abercorns, who really do not want a settlement of the Irish land question—men who draw princely incomes from other sources than their Irish estates, and who, as Mr. John Dillon, M.P., has said, are not Irishmen at all, but Englishmen. The bulk of the smaller resident landlords, who feel the pinch of the situation, would be only too glad to embrace the opportunity of bringing the disastrous conflict to a close if they were only left to themselves. The large number of them who have already expressed their unqualified approval of a conference furnishes abundant proof of this, but they have been overborne by the bosses, and will probably have to submit to the

consequences. In some quarters the hope is still entertained that a conference may come off; but it should be remembered that the leaders of the tenants have from the first declared that they will enter into no conference with unauthorized and unrepresentative landlords. The finding of the Landowners' Convention—in itself something in the nature of an organized conspiracy directed against the rights and interests of the people—is in strict conformity with the best traditions of the English garrison in Ireland, whose uncompromising selfishness and unreasonableness has wrecked and ruined the unfortunate country cursed with their existence.

THE LAND PROBLEM.—In a pamphlet just published Mr. Michael Davitt recommends that a national conference should be summoned to consider the land question, not as a rival, but as a necessary supplement to the practical proposal made by Captain Shawe-Taylor, and he suggests as a representative and competent commission to carry a scheme of final land settlement into effect Mr. Thomas Sexton, the O'Connor Don, Mr. Land Commissioner Murrrough O'Brien, Lord Castletown, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., and Mr. James M'Cann, M.P.; embracing, as he says, the most eminent financial experts, the ablest landlords, staunchest Nationalists, and trusted loyalists of the country. Pending consent to an amicable conference on the part of the landlords, however, he thinks there must be no pause in the vigorous agitation. "An armistice," he declares, "is not needed for this purpose, more especially when the Dublin Castle allies of the landlords' party are filling the prisons with the leaders and lieutenants of the popular movement. Peace in this, as in other righteous conflicts, will come the sooner by a vigorous prosecution of a just and necessary war."

Hints to the Laity.

Painfully irritating at times is the conduct of some Catholics in the discharge of their religious duties. Nor is it a matter of surprise that pastors feel called upon to scold concerning them. The wonder is that they manage to contain themselves so admirably under the circumstances. For in many cases these individuals show less respect in the House of God than do visiting non-Catholics.

As an example of the class to which we refer might be cited those who sweep past the holy water font without deigning even to notice it. The one-legged prayer crowd in the rear who cling around the confessional boxes during Mass, but are rarely ever seen there at any other time throughout the year. The stiff-knee and weak-back class who never genuflect and never kneel erect. The self-opinionated people, who when seated, assume positions between a stage pose and a bar-room lounge. Presumably they know the Mass by heart, for rosary or prayer book is never seen in their hands. It would not do, however, to question them.

Such persons, it is hoped, are never taken as devotional types of the real Catholic. To say the least of them in charity, they are a strange set. But, bad as they are, they are better than those who constitute the irreverent rush. These are the people who in approaching the rail to receive Holy Communion make one imagine they are pursued by fire. With swinging arms they push and crowd and shuffle until the whole aisle is in commotion. There is nothing about them to indicate devotion or reverence. Their action is that of persons in public gatherings seeking advantage of ingress or exit.

Now, all this is most reprehensible. There is no act the Catholic laity can perform weighted with more solemnity than the reception of the Blessed Eucharist. They are receiving the Body and Blood of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ Himself. The same as was crucified on Calvary. This they believe, this they profess. But how out of keeping with both are their actions. On the contrary, do not the latter indicate indifference, irreverence and insult? This should not be. It would not if the guilty parties had a proper appreciation of the solemnity of the act they were about to perform. And until that is done there is little hope of having the offensive evil corrected.—Church Progress.

ROAD TO SUCCESS.

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort.

Cancer Cured at Lourdes

Mrs. Notterman, who for fifteen years has been well known to the surgeons of the Cancer Hospital, in London, where she has had two operations performed, has just returned from a pilgrimage to Lourdes, France, with a wonderful story of the cures effected at that shrine.

Father Eskridge of St. Francis' Church, London, testifies to the woman's apparently hopeless condition when she started for the celebrated French city. "The doctors had completely given her up," said he, "and I had anointed and prepared her for death. I regard her cure as miraculous." This is the woman's own story:—

"I arrived at Lourdes on Friday and bathed that day, but it had no effect. On Saturday I got up at 5 o'clock and went to Holy Communion. At 7 I arrived at the baths. I was very reluctant to enter, but prayed to heaven and plunged in.

"A terrible sensation overcame me. I thought death was at hand. I accepted my fate. Although suffering dreadfully, I prayed to God to let me die at once rather than go back not cured. Immediately I made this act of resignation all the pain left me.

"When I left the bath the belt I had been wearing over the growth was no longer needed. It fell off me. I came home, knowing that I was cured of my terrible malady."

The woman has presented herself at the Cancer Hospital, and the astonished surgeons have certified that she is no longer suffering from cancer.

THE SQUIRE'S RECOMMENDATION.

A kind-hearted squire dismissed a gardener who used to steal his fruit and vegetables. For the sake of the man's wife and family, however, he gave him a testimonial worded thus: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years and that during that time he has got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

The New Apostolic Delegate To United States.

Washington, D.C., Nov. 1, 1902.—Mgr. Frederick Z. Rokker, secretary of the Apostolic Delegation, received a telegram recently from Mgr. Falconio, announcing that he had been appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States to succeed Cardinal Martinelli, who was recalled to Rome last May. Mgr. Falconio is now in Ottawa, and will remain until Nov. 15. He will arrive Nov. 20, and will be installed the following Sunday with a solemn High Mass at St. Aloysius' Church.

Mgr. Falconio is a member of the Franciscan Order. He will be the third representative of the Pope accredited to the American hierarchy.

The new delegate is a native of Italy, and was born in 1842. He came to this country in 1860, and joined the Franciscans at Alleghany city. In 1864 he became naturalized, and in the presidential election of 1872 he voted for General Grant. He afterward came to Washington and met the famous President, who gave him his photograph with his autograph thereon. Mgr. Falconio still retains this treasure.—Boston Pilot.

The Pope and Irish People.

The correspondent of the New York "Freeman's Journal," writing from Rome, under date of October 25, says:—Pope Leo last week received Sir Thomas Esmonde, the bearer of an address of congratulation on the Pontiff's jubilee signed by both Catholic and Protestant members of the Irish Parliamentary party.

The Holy Father received Sir Thomas with the utmost graciousness and kindness, and asked him a number of questions about Ireland and Irishmen that showed the interest which he takes in the affairs of the country. He looked well, and expressed his gratification at the tribute of reverence and devotion from the Irish people which Sir Thomas presented to him, and spoke of the fidelity of the Irish race throughout the world to the Faith. He gave his blessing to Ireland to the Irish people at home and abroad. He went on in an impressive way to speak of the unity of the Irish people. The Irish race in Ireland and scattered

throughout the world were a model to Catholic nations. He then inquired about the condition of the Irish people at home, and expressed his fervent hope for the cessation of their troubles. He promised to transmit an official reply to the address, at the earliest moment, to the Chairman and members of the Irish Party.

Sir Thomas Esmonde was impressed by the alertness of the aged Pontiff, and his great foresight, keenness, and knowledge of affairs when speaking of Irish matters. He was gratified to find the Holy Father possessed of much vigor for his years. He expressed his deep gratitude for the Sovereign Pontiff's expression of sympathy with the Irish people in their affliction, and his appreciation of the work of their representatives.

The address presented to His Holiness the Pope by the Irish Parliamentary Party was handsomely illuminated and engrossed and was enclosed in a silver casket. It is in the Irish language with an accompanying translation in Latin, the former being illustrated in Celtic, and the latter after the 12th century style; both are remarkably handsome specimens of the art and in contrast, the Celtic is far and away the superior style of the two, the ancient symbolism of a religious nature being faithfully adhered to, not only on the objects introduced, but in the design and form of the work.

The title is on a panel in the shape of a cinque foil, a plant that in nature protects its flowers during storm, like a mother sheltering her child. Ireland, a beloved daughter, having found refuge in the Church during many storms, is symbolized by a circle surrounding the cinque foil. The intervening space is filled in with shields containing the arms of the provinces and the Capital, with the Pontifical Arms at the head, and pictures of two of the earliest Christian Churches in Ireland, St. Flannan's at Killaloe, and St. Columba's in Donegal, held on either side by interwoven animal forms typical of life eternal. The coloring is in beautiful harmony, the prevailing tones being those of the Pontificate. The address is on the second page in three panels, with border work of the interlaced form containing many beautiful interlaced crosses and animal forms, of the earth, air and sea, representing Faith and the Universe. The title page of the Latin translation is in the form of a trefoil, within a circle signifying the Godhead—three in one, the niches containing the emblems of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, "the Hand of God in the clouds," "the Lamb of God," and the Dove descending. A shield containing the arms of Ireland occupies a prominent position on this page. The address on the last page is inscribed on three panels also conveying the thought of the Trinity. The ornament consists of vine leaves and trefoils, emblematic of strength and joy. Each column being supported by the symbols of the Evangelists—Matthew the winged man; Luke the winged lion, and John the eagle. The four leaves are united by cords and tassels of silver and gold and are bound by a covering of Irish poplin, also in the Pontifical colors, the whole forming a very handsome scroll. It has been designed and illuminated by James M'Connell, who has closely followed the traditions of ancient Celtic art, both in conception and beautiful finish, fully sustaining his already well known reputation.

The Parnell Monument

Before sailing for home last Friday, Mr. John E. Redmond said: "Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens has been engaged upon the model of the monument for nearly two years, and it is now complete. In a letter, Mr. St. Gaudens says: "After a great deal of time and study devoted to which form the monument should take, I have concluded that it should be a pyramid of forty or fifty feet in height, composed of gray Connemara marble, with a colossal statue of Parnell at the base in front, in the act of speaking by a table, over which is thrown a large Irish flag." "The pyramid is to represent Ireland. The four sides will contain symbols cut into the marble in gold, expressive of the four provinces of Ireland. Around the base of the pyramid the names of the fifty-two counties will be inserted.

The Parnell Monument

"My idea in designing this monument has been that it should be simple, impressive and austere, in keeping with character of the Irish cause, as well as of Parnell. The cost of the monument will be \$50,000."

Mr. Redmond is highly satisfied with the model of the monument, which he is taking with him back to Ireland. It will be the greatest monument in the Irish capital.

NOVEL READING.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

GEORGE ELIOT.—Although in these few articles upon the reading of novels by Catholics, we mapped out short sketches of five leading writers of romance—Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Lytton and Beaconsfield—before dealing with the last mentioned, we wish to dot down a few remarks concerning the chief female novelist of English literature—George Eliot. We do so at this stage, because we consider that our young people are far more likely to be tempted to read her works than those of the great literary statesman whose romances were a mere tissue of political and diplomatic intrigues. Besides George Eliot has had, for years, a powerful sway in the realm of light, or imaginative literature, and she has had the unfortunate faculty of leaving deep impressions upon those who read her works. We say "read," because any person, of sound judgment and sane morals, who has studied her books cannot but come to the conclusion that she painted worlds as false as the one in which she lived, and that she prepared her readers for lives as fruitless and as wretched in their ending as was her own. In this instance we cannot separate the life of the writer from the works that she has given to the world. To ignore her own career would be to omit the key to her so-called principles to neglect the mainspring of her false coloring and still falser reasoning. We know of no writer of fiction, be it in our age or in any other one, more dangerous and more to be avoided than George Eliot; and the fact of her being a woman makes the matter still worse.

Mary Ann Evans was born in 1820, and was from her infancy an exceedingly clever child. In her early school days she developed talents that were not to be expected in a girl or woman—in fact, they were masculine in their vigor and extensiveness. She had a wonderful aptitude for the study and acquirement of languages, as well as for the art of English composition. She was destined no doubt to become a great writer, and her subsequent career, when she entered the field of romance and assumed the name of George Eliot justified the most extravagant prophecies that could have been made regarding her. She wrote early and wrote well; that is to say, from a literary point of view. One eminent critic has justly said: "Standing as an impassable barrier, morality warns us that, value George Eliot as we will, from the literary standpoint, no success can excuse her disregard for social virtue."

The translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus" appears to have been her first serious work and, at the same time, the foundation of her anti-Christian principles. From 1852 to

1859 she was an assistant editor of the "Westminster Review." It was then she met the infidel essayist, George Henry Lewes. Their subsequent career together—putting into practice the false ideas of morality which they preached—ended in the personal dishonor of the weaker one. It was in 1857 that she wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life," a work that at once stamped her as a dangerous—an able and therefore still more dangerous—person. In 1859 she began her course of novel writing with "Adam Bede." This is the first, and possibly the strongest of all her works. It created a reputation for her, and set her at once in the first rank of English novelists.

A list of her principal novels gives an idea of her industry. "The Mill on the Floss," (1860); "Silas Marner," (1861); "Romola," (1863); "Felix Holt," (1866); "The Spanish Gypsy," (1868)—this one in verse; "Middlemarch," (1872); "Daniel Deronda," (1877). It is said that she consulted over one thousand volumes to write this book. Her last work was "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," in 1879. At the end of her life she married Mr. J. W. Cross—but only lived one year in actual married life.

Brother Azarias says: "George Eliot cast off the shreds of Christianity that had hung about her when she first began to write, and in her later works suppressed all Christian influence as false and pernicious. Here is the fountain whence flows the poison permeating this gifted writer's later works." Why Brother Azarias dwells specially upon her "later works" it is difficult to say, for his estimate of them applies equally to all her important writings. In fact, the poison can be traced back to her very first production "The Life of Jesus."

Our reason for thus drawing attention to George Eliot and the danger of his novels is two-fold; firstly she decidedly ranks, in a literary sense, amongst the great English novelists, and she leads by long odds in the phalanx of female writers of romance; secondly, we have found literary associations, classes and circles, all Catholic and all under the direction of Catholics, wherein George Eliot is studied. It is quite possible that they argue to the effect that it is her style and perfection that are studied; but these cannot be made a subject of study and criticism without that the students read her novels. And no person can read them without becoming, more or less contaminated. Hence it is that we believe the works of George Eliot should be strictly forbidden in all Catholic circles. We can live without their dazzling literary splendors—we may die morally in consequence of their marked corrupt-on.

evil the workingman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice." The laborer is not a piece of machinery to be purchased at the least possible cost, and thrown aside as worthless when it is of no further use. Nor is he a mere animal needing provision for bodily wants only. He is a man with God-given faculties, of high and noble dignity, having the most sacred relations and owing the most solemn duties to his Maker, and having spiritual and mental aspirations that require to be satisfied just as much as the wants of the body."

THE MESSENGER, amongst other interesting articles, has a trenchant one upon the attack recently made upon the American public schools by the president of Harvard University:

"It is fortunate," says the writer, "that Dr. Eliot's diatribe against the public schools was not uttered by a Catholic. It would have so excited the whole country that some American Combes would have called for an Associations Law and closed up all our establishments. But we are used to being startled by President Eliot. With all due allowance for his sensationalism, we think it is unjust to the public schools.

Why should they be arraigned for not doing what they are forbidden to do, and what their very nature prevents them from even considering? They are purely secular, and their object is to impart exclusively secular knowledge. The ladylike morality which it is proposed to inculcate in the schools, such as kindness, gentleness, cleanliness, punctuality, etc., can never be expected to wrestle with such grim problems as the impurity, drunkenness, dishonesty, gambling, political corruption, disregard of human life, etc., which Dr. Eliot considers to have invaded the republic, and for which he holds the defects of the public schools responsible. Religion is the only power that can cope with such disorders, but by Dr. Eliot and his associates religion is debarred from the schools. It is not the schools, but it is he and other educational experimenters who are to be held accountable for the condition of affairs which he notes. To clamor for more money is to imply that the subject matter of the school curriculum is badly taught, and that the teachers are incompetent because of insufficient remuneration. What else does more money mean if it is not to spur them on or to replace them by more efficient teachers? Catholics have always considered that the opposite is true; that the subjects studied are generally good enough—or were until lately—and the teachers most devoted. Only one thing they object to, and that is the want of moral teaching, which is absolutely impossible without religion. We are quite willing to accept the schools as they are if that one gap is filled. For such a shrewd man the proposition to heal all these ills by more money is so illogical and unbusinesslike that one can scarcely regard it as serious. In this single year we have spent for 17,000,000 pupils more than \$236,000,000, exclusive of the interest on \$576,000,000, which the school-houses are worth. Ten thousand times that sum would not be excessive if it could help the morality of the country, but if it has hitherto only resulted in the harvest of crimes which he points out, then it is unreasonable to ask for more. Something is wrong with the methods. To change the metaphor, the commonest quack will discontinue the medicine which is killing the patient. Even his word will not be sufficient to assure us that money is the panacea."

The origin of the feast of Our Lady of the Snow is given in "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," by S. J., who, referring to the basilica of St. Mary Major, says:—

"This is one of the largest and noblest religious edifices of the Christian world; it is also probably the first church of our Lady publicly consecrated in Rome (though some think this distinction belongs to Sancta Maria Antiqua in the Forum), and, after the basilica of Loretto, is the greatest and most important of our Lady's sanctuaries. Its ancient name was Liberian Basilica, because of its consecration by Pope Liberius in A.D. 360. It is also known as Our Lady of the Manger, from its possessing the relics of the Holy Manger, in which our infant Saviour was laid; Our Lady of the Snow, because of the miraculous event mentioned below, to which it owes its origin. St. Mary Major, because it ranks above all the churches of our Lady in Rome, and (after Loretto) in the world. The traditional story of its foundation is as follows: A Roman patrician named John, who owned the property on the Esquiline hill, where the basilica now stands, had married a pious lady, and, having no children,

he and his wife resolved to make our Lady heiress of all their property, and sought in prayer for some intimation of her will as to its disposal. One night both were bidden in their sleep to build a church on the Esquiline hill, on a spot which they would find on the following morning marked out in the snow. This happened on August 5, A.D. 358. As August is the hottest month of the year in Rome, the fall of snow at that season could only happen by miracle. The snow, which they had found on the following morning, was the purport of Our Lady's expressed wish, and found that the Pope had himself received a command from our Lady to co-operate with the pious couple in the work enjoined them. The Pope, accompanied by the clergy and people, repaired to the Esquiline and there found the ground white with snow and a plan of the future church clearly traced thereon. The basilica was begun forthwith, and completed in 360. Some recent writers think that this story rests on insufficient evidence, and observe that it is not found in the long dedication poem inscribed in marble by Sixtus III. It is, however, retained in the lessons of the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, August 5, and so is not without some authority. In the Borghese chapel of the Basilica the miraculous snowfall is commemorated every year on August 5 by a shower of white rose-leaves from the dome during High Mass."

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY magazine, "published by the students," is a very creditable review, filled with good and well selected reading. From the Rector's Commencement Address a few passages may be quoted:—

"Thomas a Kempis tells us that in all things we must look to the end; 'In omnibus respice finem.'"

"Evidently he does not refer to the proximate end; which is indeed usually kept in mind. For instance, the end of the scholastic year is, at least in this case, a proximate end. Where is the student who forgets it, notwithstanding the cares and distractions of his studies, recreations, and even examinations? If he could, he would emblazon the town with the date. The memory of loving parents and devoted teachers is almost as vivid in this respect; and who can blame them, in view of the sacrifices which the scholastic year entails? What Thomas a Kempis means, then, is not the proximate, but the ultimate end, and this gives the maxim a paramount importance; for the means are constantly, universally, pushing that ultimate foolishness; the dismal lot of the reprobate. Hence again, profound ignorance of the real nature of things present; as nothing can be rightly known, except in the light of its ultimate end. Allow me to apply this maxim to education, and fix your mind on its ultimate end. Now, what is the ultimate end of education? The word 'education' in itself, as we all know, means the leading from one thing to another, educere. What is that other point? Is it simply the making of a living, or food and raiment? These are means, surely not the ultimate end. Is it simply the harmonious developing, training and perfecting of the physical, intellectual and moral faculties? That is, indeed a great deal; but it is only the process of education, not its ultimate end. You do not train for the sake of training. What, then, is the ultimate end of education? It is, to quote Scripture, 'the plenitude of Christ, imparted to the children of God.' In other words, it is the deification of God's adopted children. And, note well, this is true, not only of what is termed religious education, but of education in the full sense of the word; for there is only one kind of education, and religion is of its very essence. 'A system of education,' says Cardinal Manning, 'not based on Christianity, is an imposture.' It is not education; it cannot educate the people. Call it instruction, if you will; but in the name of Christianity, and also of truth, let it not be called education. You might as well call the tower of Babel the way to heaven. All this may be a 'hard saying' to the worldly-minded; but it is the truth. And so, that is the ultimate end God has in view in the education of His children, the angels included: the end Christ has in view in the education of all mankind; the Church in the education of all nations; and the University of Ottawa in the education of all those whom Providence has confided to her care."

MOSHER'S MAGAZINE sustains the above standard reached by previous numbers. An article by the Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., is in an enjoyably literary style.

(Continued on Page Seven.)

Business Cards

T. J. O'NEILL,
Real Estate Agent,
180 ST. JAMES STREET,
If you want to buy a property, want to sell your property; if you want to exchange your property, want your rents collected, your taxes, insurance, repairs and renting attended to, call or write for terms. Special attention given to properties of non-residents.
Prompt Returns. Moderate Charge.

M. SHARKEY,
Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent
184 and 178 NOTRE DAME ST.,
Montreal.
Valuations made of Real Estate. Personal supervision given to all business. Telephone Main 771

CARROLL BROS.,
Registered Practical Sanitarians,
Plumbers, Steam Fitters,
Metal and Slate Roofers.
795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine Street
Drainage and Ventilation especially.
CHARGES MODERATE. Telephone 188

CONROY BROS.,
228 Centre Street,
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters
ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL
BELLS, etc.
Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Services

TELEPHONE 3833.

THOMAS O'CONNELL
Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints
Oils, and a fine line of Wall Papers,
Cor. Murray and Ottawa
STREETS.
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER
RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STORE
CHEAP.
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
C. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter
PLAIN and DECORATIVE
PAPER-HANGER.
Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
Residence 645, Office 547, Dorchester street, east of Bleury street. Montreal.
Bell Telephone, Main, 1405.

DANIEL FURLONG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK,
54 Prince Arthur Street.
Special rates for Charitable Institutions.
TELEPHONE EAST 47.

LAWRENCE RILEY,
PLASTERER.

Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866.
Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Park street, Point St. Charles.

CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH BELLS
Chimes and Pools,
Best Superior Castings and Tins. Get our price.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Baltimore, Md.

MENBELL BELL COMPANY
TROY, N. Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY ESTAB. 1857.
Churches, Pools and Chimes Bells.
We make the best quality bells and castings.
Write to Oakes & Co., 77, FANBURGH ST.,
New York, N. Y.

SAVE
YOUR EMPTY BAGS.
Use of BROTHER'S "LIX" Self-Heating Flour will save the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags of self-heating flour, 10 splendid gilt frames 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags of self-heating flour, 10 splendid gilt frames 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be substituted for one six pound bag. BROTHER'S "LIX" is a 12 lb. bag. Montreal.

Catholic Magazines for November.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a readable number. The leading article is a timely "Vindication of the Rights of the People" in connection with the recent strike of the American coal miners. Says the writer:—"In the first place, the chief contention in the strike was the right of the miners to unite into labor organizations not merely for self-protection against existing injustices, but for the attainment in the future of healthful living conditions that have been denied them. The operators denied the miners the right to organize. In their interview with President Roosevelt they spoke of the illegality of the miners' organizations. They refused to arbitrate with any representative of the Unions."

"As to the legality of Trades-Unionism there can be no manner of doubt. It is admitted on all sides; it is denied only by those whose purpose seems to be to reduce honest labor to galling slavery. Leo XIII., in his historical encyclical "On the

Condition of Labor," not only teaches the right of labor to organize, but he urges organization after the manner of the mediaeval guilds as a means of self-protection. It is only by combining that the miner in Pennsylvania has secured even the shadow of a decent livelihood. Any one at all familiar with the conditions in the mine regions knows what hardships labor there has been subjected to. The greed of capital has nowhere been so evident as in the anthracite coal mines. When it was found that the American coal miner would no longer submit to galling conditions, the operator invited to the coal regions hordes of European peasants whom centuries of wrong had debased to the lowest stages of mental and physical squallor, and he tried to lower the scale of wages and break the power of the unions by pitting these human slaves against honest labor."

If the strike has taught any particular lesson it has taught that there is no such thing as absolute ownership in such sense that a man can

do as he pleases with his property irrespective of the rights of others. An exaggerated idea of ownership on the part of many has done more to breed Socialism than any other one thing. We shall probably hear no more of the claims of "the Christian men to whom God in His Infinite Wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country." In the exact sense of the word any ownership must of a necessity be limited in its nature. If a man is owner of a stick of dynamite, he cannot explode it in a public thoroughfare where the lives of others are endangered. If he owns a house, he cannot grind the faces of his workingmen. He must make such provision as is necessary for their physical safety. "There is a dictate of nature," says Leo XIII., "more imperative and more ancient than any bargain between man and man: that remuneration for labor must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." And again he writes: "If through necessity or fear of a worse

AFTER THREE YEARS

MR. JOSEPH ROCHETTE RECOVERED FROM RHEUMATISM.

Suffered Much Agony, His Limbs Failed, and His Strength Left Him—Hope for Sufferers.

Only those who have suffered the pangs of rheumatism know how much agony the sufferer has to endure. The symptoms vary, but among them will be acute pains in the muscles and the latter sometimes much more. At times the patient is unable to move himself, and the slightest sound aggravates the pains and outward application of any possibly cure rheumatism must be treated through the medicine yet discovered by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We have tried these pills never before even the most stubborn rheumatism. Mr. J. B. Rochette, in an interview with "L'Avenir du Nord," offered

Business Cards

J. O'NEILL, Estate Agent, JAMES STREET.

SHARKEY, and Fire Insurance Agent, 725 NOTRE DAME ST.

HOLL BROS., Practical Sanitarians, Steam Fitters, etc.

ROY BROS., Centre Street, Gas and Steam Fitters.

O'CONNELL, Household Hardware, Paints, etc.

RAY and Ottawa TREETS, PLUMBER, and HOT WATER FITTER.

O'BRIEN, and Decorative Painter, AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER.

L FURLONG, and Retail Dealer in VEAL, MUTTON and PORK.

RENCE RILEY, STERILIZER, and Plastering, Repairs of Plastering.

ROB BELLS, CHURCH BELLS, Chimes and Pools, Superior Copper and Tin.

BELL COMPANY, Y, N. Y., and WAY, NEW YORK CITY.

YOUR EMPTY SACKS, TONS OF PEOPLE'S XXX, etc.

Our Curbstone Observer.

ON SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THE other morning I was standing on the curbstone of Sherbrooke street when a band of boys came along on their way to school.

I soon fell to musing over the lot of these lads, and as I had been reading the articles from one of your contributors on the "Perils of School Life," I was inclined to ask myself some pertinent questions.

IN THE CASE OF GIRLS.—While I am on this subject, I may as well say a word about the girls. There is nothing more delightful than to meet with an accomplished, educated lady.

Catholic Magazines for October

(Continued from Page Six.)

"Ye who would, pagan-like, build man's littleness into divinity, see rather with Dante how God has dignified our humanity by uniting it so closely to Himself!"

THE ANNALS OF STE. ANNE de Beaupre contain good and profitable reading.

CONSCRIPTION LAW IN ITALY This evening, writes the Rome correspondent of the "Freeman's Journal," under date of October 8, Vox Urbis was at a very curious dinner party in Rome.

In His infinite veracity. This act of faith is excellently meritorious for it implies the sacrifice of our reason of which we are so justly proud.

THE GUIDON, an illustrious monthly, published at Manchester, N.H., presents its readers with an interesting assortment of literary products.

"A moderate preference for angling is a gentlemanly trait. It is an accomplishment which benefits one more than medicine. The reverend prelate of Boston, Archbishop Williams, can guarantee this conclusion.

Premium TO Subscribers.

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

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

FRANK J. CURRAN

B.A., B.C.L., ADVOCATE... Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James Street, Montreal.

New Books

AND New Editions.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture; for the use of Catechists and Teachers. By the Right Rev. F. J. Knecht, D.D.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or How to prepare a Sermon. By the Rev. Bernard Feehey. 12mo. net \$1.25.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles with Commentary. By the Rev. James McSwiney, S.J. 8 vo. net \$3.00.

The Triumph of the Cross. By Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Edited with introduction by the Very Rev. John Proctor, O.P. net \$1.35.

The Little Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Frederic P. Garesche, S.J. 12mo. net \$0.60.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. By the Right Rev. Abbot Lewis Blossius. Translated by the late Bishop Coffin, C.S.S.R. 16mo. net \$0.20.

A Mirror for Monks. By the Right Rev. Abbot Lewis Blossius. 16mo. net \$0.20.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction: "Instructio Spiritualis." By the Right Rev. Abbot Lewis Blossius. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. Second edition. 12mo. net \$0.75.

A General History of the Christian Era. For Catholic Colleges and Reading Circles, and for Self-Instruction. By the Rev. A. Guggenberger, S.J. In three volumes. 8vo.

Vol. I. The Papacy and the Empire; with a table of Aryan Languages and ten colored maps. \$1.50.

Vol. II. The Protestant Revolution; with four colored maps. \$1.50.

Vol. III. The Social Revolution; with six colored maps. \$1.50.

The Life of Bartolome de Las Casas and the First Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History. By the Rev. L. A. Dutto. 12mo. net \$1.50.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. Being the Life and Times of the Ven. Servant of God, Dom. John Roberts, O.S.B. By the Rev. Dom. Bede Camm, O.S.B. 12mo. net \$1.25.

Lucius Flavius. An historical tale of the time immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem. By the Rev. Jos. Spillmann, S.J. 12mo. \$1.50.

The Place of Dreams. Four stories by the Rev. William Barry, D. D. 12mo. net \$1.00.

The Marriage of Laurentia. By Mario Haultmont. 12mo. net \$1.60.

B. HERDER,

17 S. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.

AFTER THREE YEARS

MR. JOSEPH ROCHELETTE RELEASED FROM RHEUMATISM.

Suffered Much Agony, His Appetite Failed, and His Strength Left Him—Hope for Similar Sufferers.

Only those who have suffered from the pangs of rheumatism know how much agony the sufferer has at times to endure. The symptoms often vary, but among them will be found acute pains in the muscles and joints.

proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mr. Rochelette says:—"For nearly three years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. The pains seemed at times to affect every joint, and the agony I endured was terrible.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in every civilized land, and their enormous sale is due entirely to their great merit as a medicine. They cure all such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, nervous headache, kidney ailments, neuralgia and the weaknesses that afflict so many women.

you to try something else which he may say is "just as good." See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box.

End of a Fine Career.

The murder is announced of the brother of Sir Alfred Moloney, Governor of Trinidad, who has been occupying the post of British Resident in Northern Nigeria, for the past year.

"Captain Moloney was formerly in the Royal Irish and South Staffordshire regiments, but resigned his commission early in the nineties, since when he has served in a military capacity in various West African quarters. His life and his death are but another proof of the good work of Irishmen and Catholics in the Imperial service, work that even at the present day has found many, and most, British Governors of the Celtic race.—R.I.P."

Imaginary Thoughts.

"My children," said an old man, as he lay on his deathbed, "I have lived long, toiled hard and worried much. But as I look back upon my life I find that my greatest troubles have been those that never happened."

How many men and women would have to make the same confession! Life, as a rule, is made twice as miserable as it need be simply by imaginary troubles. The disposition to worry is one of the most unfortunate mental traits or habits with which a young woman can start in life. It is generally such a needless burden—as needless as the sack of meal which the Irish farmer carried on his back, as he rode home in his cart, to lighten the labor of his horse. Imaginary troubles seldom come to pass—in a form, at any rate, as bad as we have imagined, and yet they are the most depressing and wearing mental ills with which many people have to contend. It is the bridges we never cross that give us our worst troubles in rushing torrents and frightful chasms.

One of the happiest purposes that a young woman can form, on entering upon the serious business of life, is the resolution not to worry—no, to hatch as few imaginary troubles as possible. Make the rule never to be distressed about anything that such a calamity is going to happen. This would not, of course, exclude preparation for any possible trouble, but it would prevent that premature and generally unnecessary suffering which helps to make so many heads gray before their time.

FATHER LEPORE'S AIRSHIP.

Father Felix M. Lepore, pastor of the Mount Carmel Italian Catholic Church, Denver, Col., has been notified by the committee in charge of the \$250,000 prize for airship competition by Metz of London that his machine is one of the three so

far accepted for the race out of hundreds of applicants. The inventor will not describe the details of his ship. There is no doubt of its success," said Father Lepore enthusiastically. "I never before studied so long on an invention, and as soon as the vessel is completed it will be as easy for me to fly from here to New York as to walk five miles."

JEW BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

M. Pollonais, editor of "Gaulois," solemnly adjured the Jewish faith and declared his conversion to Catholicism at the Church of St. Thomas Daquin, Paris, on last Wednesday. General Recamier and Duchess Bearn were his sponsors.

MR. REDMOND RETURNS TO IRELAND.

Mr. John E. Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, who came over to attend the United Irish League Convention in Boston, sailed on Friday of last week on the Celtic for home. He was accompanied by his wife and son.

John Dillon, M.P., and Michael Davitt, who accompanied him to this country, will remain here until Christmas working in the interests of the Irish cause.

Whoever considers distinctly what the delight of knowledge is, will see good reason to be satisfied that it cannot be the chief good of man; all this, as it is applicable, so it was mentioned with regard to the attribute of goodness. I say, goodness. Our being and all our enjoyments are the effects of it; just is itself absolutely due to God, so also it is necessary in order to a further end, to keep alive upon our minds a sense of His authority, a sense that in our ordinary behaviour amongst men we act under Him as our governor and judge.—Bishop Butler.

THE POOR SOULS.

Hearst thou a sad voice pleading, Calling on thy name with grief? "Why dost thou forget my need? Why refuse to me relief? Did I not, through years unbroken, Spend my heart's best love on thee? Now do thou, in grateful token, Pray for me, O, pray for me!"

Father, mother, may be calling; Wilt thou list to them in vain? Couldst thou know their woe appalling, Couldst thou judge their bitter pain; Then wouldst thou, with glad acclaiming, For their freedom constant pray, Mindful that thou, too, in pleading, Wilt upraise thy hands one day!

—Anacrusis, O.S.F., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

No experience will ever reveal to us what changes are yet to come to us, or what now growth or pruning we shall have. We know not what a day will bring forth. We can become familiar with a landscape; we know where to find the waterfall and the shady ledge, where the violets grow—in spring and the saxatras give forth its odor; but we never can become familiar with our life-landscape; we can never tell where we shall come upon the shady dell, or where the fountains will gush and the birds sing. That is with God.

Happiness is cumulative as misery is. Happiness has no limits, as Heaven has neither bottom nor bounds—and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love. Seek to mingle gentleness in all your rebukes; bear with the infirmities of others; make allowances for constitutional frailties; never say harsh things if kind things will do as well.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

IMPROVED OTTAWA SERVICE

Lv. Windsor Sat. 8.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 1.10 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 7.10 p.m. Ar. Ottawa, 11.45 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 1.35 p.m., 7.00 p.m., 10.40 p.m. Lv. Place Viger, 5.35 a.m., 5.45 p.m.

QUEBEC SERVICE

(From Place Viger) 10.30 a.m., 1.20 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 11 p.m. Week days. Sundays only. Daily

Springfield, Mass. and Sleeping Car

From Windsor St. 7.45 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office

139 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Leave Bonaventure Station

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" daily at 9 a.m. or at Toronto at 4.40 p.m. Hamilton 5.40 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 7.45 p.m., Buffalo 8.20 p.m., London 7.45 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., Chicago 7.20 a.m.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK

Shortest Line, Quickest Service.

3 Day trains, daily except Sunday, each way. 1 Night train, daily each way.

Lv. MONTREAL 12.15 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 7.35 p.m.

Ar. NEW YORK 8.30 p.m., 10.00 p.m., 7.30 a.m.

Daily. (Daily, except Sunday.)

MONTREAL and SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

Through Coach Parlor and Sleeping Car Service.

Trains leave Bonaventure Station 9 01 a.m. week days and 8.40 p.m. daily.

FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CITY TICKET OFFICES,

137 St. James Street Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

THOMAS LIGGET'S CARPETS

Excel in Novelty and Cheapness

2474-2476 St. Catherine Street,

Catholic Sailors' Club, MONTREAL

A special meeting will be held in the rooms of the Club, corner of St. Peter and Common streets, on Friday, Nov. 17th inst., at 3 p.m.

Every member is requested to attend, as business of an important nature will be transacted.

M. A. PHELAN, Secretary.

Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME.

Concert Every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MATS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. Main 2161. St. Peter and Common Sts.

Thomas Ligget's CARPETS

Decorate Hundreds of Beautiful Homes.

2474-2476 St. Catherine Street.

A Lady Teacher Wanted

Wanted for Holy Cross Catholic Separate School, Macleod, N.W.T., a lady teacher holding first or second class certificate; salary, \$500 per year; average attendance, 30 to 35; school-house close to Church and railway station; a mile and a half from town. Address John Ryan, secretary Holy Cross School, Macleod, N.W.T.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1902.

CROWNS of the WORLD'S RULERS

A Wonderful Exhibit of Fac-Simile Copies of All the Crowns Worn by Leading Rulers of the World.

Each Crown is full size and an exact reproduction of the original as to color of metal, size, cutting, color, brilliancy of setting of its priceless jewels. It is the most attractive and unique Historical Art Exhibit ever attempted, and coming, as it does, at a time when Crowns and Coronations are in the thoughts of almost everyone, it cannot fail to be received not only with interest, but with enthusiastic appreciation.

POPE LEO XIII.

Amongst the Crowns being exhibited at THE S. CARSLY Co., LTD., none are more interesting than the

Tiara and Sceptre of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

It is a marvel of beauty and of intense interest to everybody. It alone attracts thousands of people. To cover the cost of the Booklet which we give away, containing an illustration of each Crown, along with a short, concise historical description, and other expenses, a small entrance fee of ten cents for adults and five cents for children will be charged.

The Exhibit is on the FOURTH FLOOR, adjoining Mail Order Department, and will be opened Tuesday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

Waterproof Specials.

Remember there's wet days in store for you; you can defy the elements with one of Carsley's Raincoats.

Ladies' Waterproofs.

Ladies' Rubber Coats in Blue, Black, Drab shades, plain back, flare sleeves, turn down collar. Carsley's special \$2.35

Ladies' Rubber Coats in Gray and Drab shades, yoke back, wide sleeves and large turn down collar. Carsley's special \$5.75

Ladies' New Heptonette Coats, tucked back and front, wide sleeves, with new collar in Drab and Gray shades. Carsley's Special..... \$8.25



Men's Waterproofs.

Men's and Young Men's Fine Waterproof Coats, strongly sewed, wide slanting pockets. Carsley's Special..... \$5.65

Men's and Youths' extra fine Waterproof Coats, strongly sewed, silk velvet collar, slanting pockets, equal to custom made. Carsley's Special..... \$2.00

Men's and Youths' extra quality Rainproof Overcoats, in Dark Gray Striped Tweed, slanting pockets, sewn with silk, silk velvet collar. Carsley's Special \$15.75

Winter Dress Goods.

How is it possible to sell such beautiful Dress Goods so low in price is heard on all sides in the Dress Goods Salon. If you knew the magnitude of THE BIG STORE'S buying power you'd understand how.

"WOOL FRIEZE"—Heavy All-Wool Frieze Dress Goods in pretty shades of Oxford and Gray. 54 inches wide, makes a very stylish winter costume. Carsley's Special..... 59c

"SNOWFLAKE"—Beautiful Snowflake Dress Suiting, all wool, elegant effect, full range of Fall and Winter shades, 54 inches wide. Carsley's Special..... \$1.00

"EROMA"—New Black Eroma Cloth Dress Goods all wool, rich finish, makes a stylish tailor-made costume, 42 inches wide. Carsley's Special..... 55c

"POPLIN"—New Black Poplin Dress Fabric, all wool, rich finish, makes a beautiful costume, 45 inches wide. Carsley's Special..... 75c

BLACK DRESS GOODS

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street, Montreal

J. J. & S. J. J. & S.

DUBLIN Pure Pot. Still Whisky

J. J. & S.

Is appreciated for its fine quality, age, mellowness and palatability. Commands the highest price in the Markets of the World.

Is appreciated for its fine quality, age, mellowness and palatability. Commands the highest price in the Markets of the World.

More Home Knitters Wanted



THE HOME MONEY MAKER

To Work at Their Homes Under the Direction of

The GLASGOW WOOLLEN CO.

37 MELINDA ST., TORONTO,

To Fill Large Contracts—Good Wages Easily Earned.

We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple, and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide, requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of Workers let us hear from you promptly with the Contract, order form, and remittance, as a guarantee, and we will send machine and outfit to begin work at once.



OUR METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS

We wish to secure the services of families to do knitting for us in their homes. Our method is the same as adopted in England. We are the introducers of this plan and the largest knitting concern in Canada.

After long experience, we have been able to produce an Automatic Machine by which all kinds of seamless knitting is now done by our Family Machine, thereby enabling anyone of ordinary intelligence to quickly learn to do the work from the instruction Guide. All we require is that you use the machine according to directions. The Machine being made expressly for this purpose, and the operation so simple, it cannot possibly make a mistake in its work. The great demand now is for Bicycle Stockings, Woodmen's Socks, and Motormen's Mittens, and as we are unable to supply the demand, have taken this method of advertising for more help.

The large export trade to the North-west Territories, British Columbia, and the British Colonies, furnishes an unlimited demand for our goods, and, with the combined co-operation of the many families we are employing, together with the large amount of knitting we are able to turn out, by which we save rents, insurance, interest on capital, etc., enable us to undersell any manufacturers of this class of goods, and we have sale for all the knitting we can have turned out.

The price we pay for finished bicycle stockings is \$10.00 per hundred, or at the rate of 10c per pair; woodmen's socks, 5c, and motormen's mittens, 12c a pair. All other work in proportion to size.

The machine can be operated by any one of a family, and at our prices any energetic family should be able to maintain themselves comfortably, and in time be a source of independent comfort.

Our plan is to send out each machine to beginners with a sock or stocking partially knitted, and remain in the machine ready to be continued, and also enough yarn to knit one pair of sample socks or stockings and a simple and complete instruction Guide, showing how the work is to be done. When the samples have been finished and returned to us satisfactory, we send a quantity of yarn, which you knit and return, likewise when finished. We prepay charges on all work one way, and our workers pay return charges. The work, as we have stated, is simple and rapidly done, the machine having a capacity of ten thousand stitches a minute. We have many persons now in our employ who can knit from twenty-five to thirty pairs of socks or stockings a day, and where the time of a family is devoted to the work, you can readily see that \$15.00 or \$20.00 per week can be easily earned.

We furnish our workers all the materials, yarn, etc., free, and everything that is necessary for the work. We are furnishing the machines only for the exclusive use of those desiring to take employment with us, who must, in order to become a member, send us this Contract Order Form, properly signed by them, and at least one good reference, and remittance accordingly, to give us the necessary assurance that the quantities of valuable yarn we may send from time to time will not be wasted or misappropriated. Our interests are mutual, and this confidence must be established if we are to succeed. We guarantee fair dealing and prompt payment for work, so do not ask us to deviate from our terms, as we cannot make a distinction with one and not another; besides, we are doing an extensive business, and must be governed by business principles.

The manufactured price of the machine is \$15, and positively will not be sold to any others than those who will agree to do knitting for us.

If at any time after you commence, and have done an amount of work equal to the purchase price and wish to discontinue, we will take back machine and refund the amount paid for same, after deducting cost of our expense only.

There is a Large Demand by the Trade for this class of work. Our workers can depend upon it year after year, and if you engage with us (whole or spare time) we will keep you supplied with work as long as you do us satisfaction for us and return it promptly. We extract our work from us with large quantities of valuable yarn, and as we give

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER COMPANY.

references as to our honesty and integrity, we must ask you to do the same, in order that we may know with whom we are dealing.

We have, in as brief a manner as possible, endeavored to show you what our work is, and we simply say as to the machine, it is just what we represent it to be, and will positively do everything we claim for it, or refund the money. Each machine, securely packed with an outfit, is set up for work, thoroughly tested, and a sock or stocking partially knitted before boxing and shipping. Should you decide to engage with us, it will be necessary to send us Cash Contract Order Form, properly signed by you, and at least one good reference with the remittance, accordingly, upon receipt of which we will forward machine and outfit ready to commence.

GLASGOW WOOLLEN CO., 37 Melinda Street, Toronto

Our References—Express Companies, Banks, or Toronto Business Houses.

If you wish to examine the machine and see the material before undertaking the work, you can do so by sending \$3.00 as a guarantee of good faith, and to defray expense of shipping, and we will send everything to your nearest express company, leaving a balance of twelve dollars to pay the agent and 25 cents for the return charges on the money to us.

We are so frequently and unnecessarily asked if one can learn to knit without a teacher. We say Yes; it requires no teacher; any person of ordinary intelligence who can read the instruction Guide can learn to knit at once.

ORDER FORM

\$15.00 Cash Contract Order Form.

To the Glasgow Woollen Co., 37 Melinda St., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I desire to do the work as described in this advertisement, and enclose \$15 to pay for one Automatic Knitting Machine, together with material, instructions, and everything necessary for the work, the same to be sent to me by Express, CHARGES PREPAID.

It is understood and agreed that any time after I have done an amount of work equal to the purchase price, \$15, and wish to discontinue, that the Glasgow Woollen Co. will take back the machine and outfit, and after deducting their expense, refund me the amount paid for same.

Sender or head of family (if possible) must sign here:

Full name

P. O. Street

County .. Prov.

Nearest Express Office is at

For reference I name the following person:

.....

Be sure to use this form when sending your remittance for the machine and outfit, which you must fill in and have signed by at least one good reference in the proper place. Tear off and return to us, and also state here how much time you can devote to the work; also how you wish to be paid, weekly, monthly, or as you send in the work.

Send your remittance by Express, Money Order, Registered Letter, or Post-Office Money Order, and we will promptly forward machine, outfit, and simple guide for doing the work. This is the best offer ever made for the benefit of Canadians who want to work and make money at home.

SRULERS
Smile Copies of
Leading
ld.
ion of the original as to
g of its priceless jewels.
n Exhibit ever attempted.
Coronations are in the
received not only with in-

KIII.
CARSLY CO., LTD., none
His Holiness
to everybody. It alone
away, containing an illus-
historical description, and
adults and five cents for

Specials.
you: you can defy
ats.
en's
waterproofs.

and Young Men's Fine
proof Coats, strongly sewn,
le slanting pockets, Car-
Special, \$5.65
and Youths' extra fine
proof Coats, strongly sewn,
velvet collar, slanting
pockets, equal to custom made.
Special, \$2.00
and Youths' extra qual-
ity proof Overcoats, in Dark
Striped Tweed, slanting
pockets, sewn with silk,
collar. Carlsley's
Special \$15.75

Goods.
Dress Goods so low
oods Salon. If you
buying power you'd

heavy All-Wool Frieze
s of Oxford and Gray.
stylish winter 59c

Beautiful Snowflake Dress
ect, full range of Fall
es wide. \$1.00

Goods
e cos-
55c
ric, all
inches
75c

FILLED.
Co.
LIMITED.
mes Street, Montreal

J. & S.

Whisky

S.

age, mellowness
highest price in

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE
NIGHT
OF
THE
MISSION.

"Oh, grandad, I have such good news for you! I am to be in the choir at last, and next Sunday at vespers you shall hear me sing. Aren't you glad, grandad?" And Gerald Crighton, a bright-faced, curly-headed boy, about twelve years of age, threw down with a bang his pile of well-worn school books.

"Easy, lad, easy," came a weak voice from a corner of the tiny room, where sat an old man, busily working away with various colored straws, which he was deftly weaving into a pretty little basket. "I'm afraid you'll spoil your books."

"Oh, no, grandad," replied the boy, as he went over and knelt lovingly down by his grandfather's knee. "They're used to that, and I feel as if I just have to do something to show how happy I am. May I tell you all about it, grandad, before I get the supper?"

"By all means, Gerald," replied the old man, laying a kindly hand on the boy's head. Anything concerning his harum-scarum young grandson interested him.

"Well," Gerald began, "Father Brady came into our class-room this afternoon and called me out. When we got in the hall he said that someone had told him that I could sing. And then he asked me if I would like to join the choir. He is going to lend me a cassock and surplice until I can earn money enough to get them. There is going to be a mission next Sunday, and won't I feel fine up there singing before all those people. Now, grandad, I'll get the supper."

And while our little friend is thus occupied, we shall describe somewhat more in detail these two important characters of our simple tale.

Patrick Kiernan and his little grandson, Gerald Crighton, lived together in a tiny thatched cottage just outside the small New England village of R—.

They were a queer contrast, folks said—the boy so merry and frolicsome, and his aged relative so solemn and, it was believed, sometimes even crabby and hard to get along with.

But Patrick cared not for gossiping tongues. He had promised Gerald's mother, on her death-bed, that he would care for the boy as long as he was able, and would bring him up in the Catholic faith. So far, the promise had been faithfully kept.

The lad had grown to be a bright, happy boy, rather too frisky and given to playing tricks on innocent victims, but, without the pride and comfort of Patrick's old age. Of temporal gifts, he was blessed with a singing voice of rare power and sweetness, but which, unfortunately had no cultivation; for Patrick was poor and could not have afforded to send the child to one of the great singing masters of Boston, the nearest large city, even had he ever reflected on the desirability of such a plan, which he had not.

Gerald's one wish was to be among the choir boys of St. Monica's, the Catholic Church of R—. He knew he could help them out in singing the psalms and hymns, but Father Brady had never given him the chance, so what could he do about it? Though not of a particularly kind disposition, he was far too much so to beg this privilege.

"Anyhow, grandad knows I can sing, and God knows it, and if He wanted me to be in the choir, He'd find a way for me to get there." And with this bit of reasoning, Gerald would forget the matter for the time

being, and exert his imagination as to how he could possibly make a little more money for "grandad."

For, as we have said, they were poor, and Patrick, who was now too old and infirm for any hard labor, sat in his arm-chair all day long, making baskets, an occupation he had learned when a boy, while Gerald attended the parochial school part of the day, devoting the remainder to doing odd jobs for the neighbors, who were always ready to help the aged man and dutiful lad any way they could.

So we find them on the evening of our story open—humble, yet happy, resigning themselves in all troubles and difficulties to the good God, and trusting to Him for the bare necessities of life.

The supper was soon prepared. Patrick Kiernan and his jubilant young grandson drew up their chairs to partake of it, the latter continuing to chatter on the subject which was uppermost in his mind right then—his much-desired appointment to the choir.

Patrick listened in silence for a few moments, and then, seemingly after deep thought, he said soberly:

"Gerald, my boy, I hope you won't let the blessed gift that the Almighty has seen fit to give you make you proud. Promise Him that you'll always use it for His service, and then do your best. Oh! that your poor dear mother could have lived to see the day! What fathers are to preach the mission, lad?"

"The Redemptorists. And I heard Mr. Phelan, the sexton, say that he thought people would come from miles around, as this is the first mission they have had in many a day."

"Well, well, my lad, we all need a stirring up to God's service once in a while, don't we? But come, Gerald, clear away the dishes now, and we will say our rosary. Poor old grandad is not as strong as he used to be, and he gets tired early after the close of these long summer days."

"Oh, you're strong, grandad," replied Gerald hastily, who could not bear that his precious old grandfather should show signs of falling health. "You're strong," he repeated, "only you've been working a lot to-day, and it's natural for you to be tired. I sold your three baskets this afternoon to some ladies at the Benson Hotel, and, I declare, I forgot to give you the money. Here it is," and the boy placed three shining half-dollars in Patrick's hand.

Not many moments later the cottage was in darkness and its occupants sleeping soundly.

That night Gerald dreamed that Sunday had come. He thought that, kneeling before the altar, donned in cassock and surplice for the first time, the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him and, in the sweetest of tones, said:

"I am pleased with you, my child, but you must sing for me."

Gerald thought he discerned just the faintest possible accent on the word "me" in the sentence our Blessed Lady had spoken. Then, while in imagination, he was contemplating the beauty of his August Queen, the vision disappeared, and he awoke to find himself in his own little cot at home, with the morning sun streaming in at his window and the sound of a clatter of dishes coming from the next room, where Patrick was fumbling about in his careful, deliberate manner, preparing the breakfast for his young grandson before sending him off for the day.

Gerald sprang from his bed, soliloquizing on the lateness of the hour; for it was past eight o'clock, and he feared being tardy for school.

Very often during the day, however, did he think of his pretty dream of the preceding night, and his mind dwelt particularly on the words of our Blessed Mother: "You must sing for me."

Would he do Her bidding and benefit Her, or rather the souls of Her children, by his voice?

We shall see.

R—, surrounded by shady lawns and bordered on one side by a little rippling stream, stood Ferncliff, the summer home of Mr. Foster, a wealthy gentleman of Boston.

Every spring, about in May, the house was opened up and thoroughly cleaned in preparation for the coming of the owner, with his gentle young wife and fairy-like little daughter, Aline.

The Fosters were Catholics; that is, Mrs. Foster and Aline were, and it was the one trial of their loving hearts that the head of the family had not been to the Sacraments in a long, long time.

Mr. Foster was not a bad man. On the contrary, he was a kind and devoted husband and father, honorable towards his neighbor and charitable to the poor, by which last he was greatly loved and respected. But business cares seemed to have driven from the poor gentleman's mind and affections all remembrance of our dear Lord and His commands; and it was with deep sorrow that Aline and her mother were obliged to go to the Holy Sacrifice Sunday after Sunday without Mr. Foster, who, at that time, would be comfortably seated in his cosy study, reading the morning papers.

Aline had been often told that by prayer alone could her dear father be won over to right, and therefore the pious child trudged to Mass every morning, even during the severe winter weather. "Papa must be saved," was her one stimulant when she was tempted to yield to an inclination for a trifle longer sleep in the comfort of her downy bed. It often seemed to the little girl as if the dear God were indeed deaf to her earnest petitions. Then her guardian angel would whisper softly to her words of courage and perseverance, dispelling her doubts and misgivings. And Aline was also strengthened by the thought of St. Monica—how this holy woman had prayed thirty years for the conversion of her son, the great St. Augustine, and at last her prayer had been answered. To Aline thirty years seemed almost a life-time; "but," she assured herself, "God will not make me wait as long as that, and even if He does, He'll help me to be patient, I'm sure."

One bright June morning, when the Fosters had been settled at Ferncliff for some weeks, Aline, returning from Mass, ran into the sunny breakfast room, where her father and mother were leisurely finishing their coffee.

"What do you think, mama," she exclaimed joyfully. "A mission is to be opened in the church Sunday, and the Redemptorists are to preach it! Those are the priests who have a church near us in the city. You know them, don't you, papa? One of them came to our little Ellis when he was dying, and we liked him so much."

At the mention of the dear little boy who had left them for a better world a year or so ago, Mrs. Foster dropped a tear, while her husband vouchsafed a hasty, "Yes, Aline, child, I remember the good father you speak of," and quickly left the room, under pretense of giving some important directions to the gardener, who conveniently passed the window at that moment.

After his exit, Aline removed her light straw hat from her pretty auburn curls, and, sitting down near the open door, she gazed wistfully after her father's retreating form.

"Oh, mama darling," she said softly, "don't you wish that papa would make this mission? I prayed to the dear Sacred Heart to-day for that intention. May I go to the sermons, mama?"

"We'll see, dear. They usually give special instructions for the children, and, of course, you may attend these. Pray without ceasing for your papa, Aline. This may be the very occasion God has chosen to bring His lost sheep back to Himself."

"Yes, mama, indeed I will," replied Aline earnestly. Then she went out to feed her pigeons, while Mrs. Foster sat down at her desk to write some letters, after first ringing for Deborah, their tidy waitress, to remove the breakfast dishes.

The remainder of that week passed rapidly. Sunday came, a beautiful bright day, as far as the weather was concerned, and destined to be so in many other respects also.

Aline Foster was very happy. She was to accompany her mother to the Solemn High Mass at eleven o'clock. This in itself was a source of delight to her pious little heart. To kneel there before the altar, with its numerous sparkling tapers and fragrant flowers, and to listen to the sweet music, while her thoughts were raised to her Adorable Saviour sacrificing Himself to His Eternal Father for the sins of the world—all this was to Aline a veritable Heaven. And to-day a new attraction was in store for her—the opening of the mission.

Indeed, so happy and light-hearted was the little girl that, after breakfast, she actually found courage to follow her father into his study, and there begged him to go to church with them that morning. So earnestly did she plead that Mr. Foster was moved in spite of himself, though rather impatient at her persistency, and, pushing her from him gently, he said:

"Perhaps to-night. Now run and play."

Aline thanked him prettily with a kiss, and ran to tell her mother the good news.

St. Monica's was crowded to overflowing at the last Mass that day, and at the close of the service one and all firmly resolved that nothing short of inability to get to the church should prevent them from attending every sermon which would be delivered by that eloquent young preacher.

Yes, Father Cassidy had touched his hearers, and he had hopes of reaping a great harvest of souls during his stay in R—; but little was he aware of the great aid which was to come to him from a most unlooked-for quarter.

"Wasn't it grand?" exclaimed Aline, as she and her mother walked slowly up the dusty road towards their home. "And didn't the choir boys sing lovely!" (Aline did not always use the most correct English, especially when she was particularly in her reference to anything.)

"You should say 'well' instead of 'lovely,'" corrected Mrs. Foster. "Yes, dear, the boys are really improving."

Some hours later, when the good lady was describing the scene of the morning to her husband, she said:

"Aline was almost enchanted with the boys' singing this morning, and I noticed how much stronger and better their voices sounded than usual. One in particular seemed to be inspired. I could hear his voice above all the others. I saw that old man, Patrick Kiernan, in one corner of a pew. He seems to be very devout. The little grandson, Gerald Crighton must be ill, as he was not with Patrick as usual to-day. If you have time to-morrow you might walk down to their cottage and see if anything serious is the matter with the boy. I have heard from several sources that they are poor, but thoroughly respectable and deserving."

Around seven o'clock that evening Mr. Foster began to be very uneasy. He remembered with vexation that he had as good as promised Aline to attend the mission service, and he had not the heart to disappoint his daughter, much as he would have liked to back out the last moment.

"No, I must go," he concluded. "And, after all, it will not be so terrible an ordeal to go through. I can sit at the back of the church, and if the sermon is very awe-inspiring I can think of some business matter and so lose the greater part of it."

I hope our young readers will not be horrified at this unholly reflection on the part of Mr. Foster; but they must remember that he had forfeited the grace of God by sin which rendered him, in a great measure, in the power of the devil, and when we are in this deplorable state it is hard indeed to keep our thoughts reverent.

"Are you ready, papa?" called the

merry little voice of Aline from the foot of the stairs leading to his room.

"Coming, my daughter," answered her father, and so they started.

On arriving at the church they found the entrance already thronged with people who, by degrees, were forcing their way into the pews. Much to Mr. Foster's annoyance, he and his wife were pushed along with the crowd, and finally ushered into one of the very front pews, where he would be obliged to catch every word the preacher might utter.

Before long the church bell rang, after which the long line of red-robed altar boys entered, followed by Father Cassidy, who said a short prayer, and, ascending the pulpit, began his sermon.

We do not wish to try the patience of our young readers by a recital of all Father Cassidy said that night, for we suppose that they are eager to reach the end of this story. But, in order that they may more fully understand the after events which will be related, we will set down a few points of his discourse.

The subject chosen was "Jesus, the Good Shepherd." He spoke impressively of our dear Lord; of His attributes as man; of His glorious mission on earth; of His great desire for the salvation of poor sinners, and of the great malice of those that will not be converted in spite of all He has done for them.

As the zealous young priest concluded with a beautiful appeal to all his hearers to turn to their Good Shepherd with truly contrite hearts, many heads were lowered and strong men coughed to keep back the sobbing rising in their throats.

Aline was crying softly, and, on glancing timidly up at her father, she perceived with pleasure that his face wore an earnest, thoughtful expression, as though his heart were moved; but he still remained seated while many of the congregation had fallen on their knees in the exceeding love and fervor of their souls during those moments.

Two little boys are engaged in lighting the candles for the Benediction service, which is to follow, and presently the soft notes of the organ are heard, as a short prelude is playing.

Then through the arches of the lofty edifice rings out a voice. Such a voice! Clear, full and mellow. Surely they are favored by a miracle and have an angel in their midst. One and all hold their breath. Oh, the pathos of those tones, as every syllable comes forth clear and distinct of that beautiful hymn, "Jesus, Jesus, Behold at Length a Time." It seems to the enraptured listeners as if every word is invested with a new meaning, and their love for the dear God is increased a hundred fold.

But finally the last note died away. It was finished, and as many curious persons (Aline among the rest, it must be admitted) gazed up into the chancel from whence the voice had come, they saw nothing of note. The usual crowd of black-robed choristers had not yet entered, but a little curly-headed boy in a cassock much too large for him, was laying a sheet of music on the miniature organ, and surely he could not have been the soloist. He was far too small to be possessed of such a voice! No, it must have been an angel, and at least one happy little heart came to that conclusion. But we are wiser on this point, for we know that Gerald had sung his first public solo, and presently we shall see that he indeed sang it for Her.

The Benediction was over, and the people were wending their way homeward.

In the cosy sitting-room of Ferncliff Mrs. Foster and Aline were seated, nearly overcome with joy, for, wonder of wonders! papa had gone to the Sacrament of Penance at last!

Some hours later Mr. Foster returned to his home, and on learning that his wife and little daughter were still up, he went to bid them good-night and to be congratulated on the happy change that had so lately taken place in his regard.

"It was the voice that did it," he declared repeatedly, "and I must have that boy, whoever he is."

"Was it a boy?" asked Aline incredulously. "I thought it was an angel."

Then they all laughed and went to bed.

Bright and early the next morning saw Mr. Foster on his way to Patrick Kiernan's little cottage.

He had attended an early Mass, received Holy Communion and had succeeded in obtaining from Father Brady as much information as he desired concerning the instrument of his conversion, for as such he considered the owner of that angelic voice, which, together with the grace of God, had wrought so marvelous a change in his soul the evening before.

"Yes, it was Gerald Crighton, Patrick Kiernan's grandson," Father Brady had said, "and I fear you will find it very difficult to carry out your plan of adopting him. The boy is devoted to his grandfather, and I am sure he would never consent to leave the old man and accompany you as your son, even if he knew his condition would thereby be bettered. If you really believe you are indebted to the lad, and wish to help him, you can do nothing better than to pay his way through college. He is a bright, industrious lad, and would make good use of God grant you may do the right thing."

We will not repeat the whole conversation between Mr. Foster and Gerald. Our space is limited. Sufficient it is to say that the former was more than pleased with the frank, pleasant manner of his future protegee.

"You see, my boy, you have done me a great service," concluded the gentleman, after he briefly related to the astonished Gerald the circumstances which had led to his visit, "and I should like to repay you. What would you like best to do if you had plenty of money?"

"Well, sir," replied Gerald without hesitation, "I should like to be a priest—a missionary priest." Then he added in a lower tone, lest his grandfather, who was in the next room, might hear what he was about to say: "But who would take care of grandad? He's been a good friend to me, grandad has, and I couldn't leave him alone."

"We'll fix that all right, my lad," replied Mr. Foster. "Grandad can come, if he will, to live with us; and my little sunny-haired girl will help to cheer him up when his dutiful young grandson is away at college."

After his benefactor had taken leave that day and Gerald had explained to Patrick all that had been decided upon, at the same time obtaining his consent to the desired plans, the two knelt reverently on the tiled floor, thanked God for the good fortune that had so unexpectedly come to them.

And now many years have passed since the events just related took place.

Mr. Foster, his wife and good old Patrick have long since been called by our dear Lord to their eternal reward.

Gerald is an old man. His hairs have become silvery in the service of the altar and his life work is nearly over. But he has spent his time well.

No doubt many poor sinners on the brink of despair have been brought back to the right path by his prayers and preaching, and for this last office his beautifully rich and musical voice has stood him in good stead.

Aline is happy—surrounded as she is by a flock of children, many of whom call her grandma, thereby revealing to us that she, too, is considerably advanced in her journey towards eternity.

On these occasions they delight in talking of by-gone days; of life at Ferncliff after Gerald and Patrick had become as members of the Foster family. Then there will invariably be a prolonged silence on the part of the old priest. He is thinking, and his thoughts dwell on a certain much-to-be-remembered night in June long ago—the night of Father Cassidy's mission—the night he sang for Her—B. E. H., in the Young Catholic Messenger.

FIREMEN OF BOSTON AND THEIR CHAPLAINS.

CONVENTION of the Massachusetts State Firemen's Association was held October 16 in Boston, at which an address was given by the Rev. William St. Elmo Smith, of the Fathers of Mercy, attached to the French Church of St. Vincent du Paul, New York, and chaplain of the New York Fire Department.

We append Father Smith's address: "The chaplaincies in the department date back to March 28, 1899, the week following the disastrous fire of the Windsor Hotel, when men and women were bidden before their Maker without any preparation whatever, such was the rapidity of the conflagration. The usual fire lines had been formed, and the clergy from the near-by Cathedral found difficulty to break through the ranks to minister to the injured and dying, so the commissioner, who was the Hon. J. J. Scannell, thought of having chaplains recognized among the uniformed force. He reasoned that the army and navy had their chaplains, and even the houses of the Legislature, where there is no danger, and if these needed them, surely men who are called out day and night to the unexpected and the many risks attending their arduous duties, where so many are exposed to lose their lives, not to mention the wants of the many who are huddled together in the congested tenements of New York, where many are yearly smothered or burned, it would be a consolation for the firemen and people to know that near by the priest and minister are ever on the alert to cure to their spiritual rescue.

"The work was to be done without any compensation whatever, so we procured for ourselves horse and carriage, uniforms, and all the accoutrements of a fireman. We rank as battalion chiefs, with the device of two trumpets surmounted by a cross upon our helmet.

"The city assigned to us a driver from the uniformed force. Recently, under our present administration, the commissioner, Hon. Mr. Sturgis, has kindly presented each of the chaplains with a horse and carriage. "In our rooms is installed a fire alarm in communication with headquarters, and all fires are registered within the rectory, besides a bell that hits the stations. There is also a telephone, to keep us warned in case of emergencies.

"We respond to all third alarms in the city proper of New York. Fourth alarms send us anywhere in Greater New York, which includes Brooklyn. Second alarms bring us in the business district below Fifty-ninth street. I have responded to as many as three third alarms in one night, which makes it a trying work sometimes, especially as I must be fasting from midnight so as to be able to celebrate my Mass in the morning.

"At the alarm, our drivers who live in the nearest fire house to our rectory, drive over for us to find us ready at the door, with rubber boots and coat on. With utmost speed we reach the fire, penetrate the lines, and move about as close to the men in danger as possible, often lending a hand to carry the line to the hottest place. At first the men found it queer to see the clergymen so near them.

"One night I heard firemen swearing and cursing, as firemen sometimes can do. One of them bumped up against me. I called his attention to the language he was using. 'Who the h— are you?' he said. 'Oh, I'm Chaplain Smith.' The men fell back, and I assure you the silence that followed was impressive.

"On a Sunday afternoon in the thickly populated East Side a fireman was injured and brought into a saloon, followed by the worst of rabbles. I administered the last rites of the Church to the dying hero: every head uncovered, every knee bent, and who can tell the influence it had on that hardened mob?

"Such scenes, I must say, are frequent. It was in the cold of winter at a huge fire consuming chemicals, Fireman Daniel O'Connell, of Engine Company 6, fell headlong from a roof to the rear yard. For a few moments it seemed as if he was doomed to be roasted alive, but several of his comrades, at the eminent risk of their own lives, carried him unconscious through the dense and

pungent smoke of the burning drugs to the street. While awaiting an ambulance, I administered restoratives, and during a spell of consciousness, heard the dying man's confession. It was a weird and impressive scene. There, amid the roar and rumble of a dozen snorting engines, the glare of the flames, and the heavy clouds of suffocating smoke that rolled from every opening in the building, stood a dozen fire ladders and policemen with bare heads forming a semi-circle. Within this space I knelt, my ear close to the dying man's lips. Suddenly the fire department searchlight turned its bright light on the reverent group and held it there motionless, while I gave Extreme Unction to the fireman, whose eyes were fast closing. Surely such a sight as this must have a salutary effect upon the brawny men who risk life and limb daily in the performance of duty. The knowledge that far below stands the anointed minister of God ready to give the consolation of religion in case of fatal accident, must undoubtedly steady the foot and nerve the arm of this fire fighter as he plies his perilous vocation in mid-air.

"Besides attending to the spiritual wants of the men, it has been our good fortune to save many lives. Not long ago my fellow chaplain, Mr. Wallley, who responded to the third-alarm fire of the Morton House, proved himself a hero in saving, unaided, from certain death, two young men who were taken unconscious to the hospital.

"The presence of chaplains at a fire is not only comforting and assuring to firemen, but it has a quieting effect upon the inmates of burning buildings. Hysterical women often subside when the chaplains appear, or when they hear of their presence in the house. Frequently lives have been saved by taking the injured in our buggies to the hospital—injured who otherwise would have to wait for an ambulance and suffer by the delay.

"I might tell you of what was accomplished at the explosion of the Murray Hill Hotel, the disastrous fire of the Park Avenue Hotel, where we worked over many days, and eased somewhat their last agony as they closed their eyes forever. One last incident. This was at the horror of the telescoping train from New Rochelle into the Grand Central Station. By telephone I was summoned on the first alarm; reaching down into the tunnel, ghastly in the extreme was the sight that met my eyes. Clusters of men were hanging from the windows of the car, faces black with congestion, held fast in their futile efforts to escape.

"A feature in connection with our work has been the service of the coffee wagon at big fires. We had noticed how the men, hungry and thirsty, many of them not eating a mouthful in their long hours of fire fighting, felt faint and exhausted, were sorely tempted to accept strong drink that was slipped among them, so we made arrangements with a ladies' temperance society, who furnish us gratis with coffee and refreshments.

"Besides our presence at fires our work consists in visiting the men in their quarters. We talk individually with the men, and many a fellow is fortified in his resolutions for good, or a return to God is made by the chance a man has to confess his sins by taking him apart in the officers' rooms.

"Weekly we made an official visit, accompanied by the chief or battalion of the district. Men stand in line, give the formal salute, and listen to an address from both of us. The call is concluded as we pass down the line and give each man a hearty shake of the hand. We might say that the opportunity for practical temperance is unlimited, and much has been accomplished.

"We follow the men everywhere as much as possible, at their hard fighting in fires; their home difficulties are communicated to us; sit out for the trials for firemen held every fortnight before the commissioner, notice the tendencies of men, their weaknesses as they are unfolded at their trials. Often chiefs and superior officers tell us of the faults of men who may be threatened with punishment or expulsion from the ranks for oft-repeated delinquencies. We speak with them and endeavor to better their spiritual life, feeling convinced that if that is right, all will be well. For you know that in bottling with fire, brute force is much in evidence; and wanted on these occasions, and so when men are constantly called upon to bring out animalism, the tendency is to submerge the spiritual, that God-spark which is given to man to fit him for the august presence of his Creator."

DEPRAVITY'S PROPAGANDA ON THE STAGE.

It is said that the world is daily growing more corrupt, and it is to be feared that there is ample cause for such an unpleasant statement. However, there is a bright side to the picture, and if society is on the decline there is no stint of endeavor to prop it up and to redeem it. That a regular propaganda of vice is daily and hourly carried on is not a matter of surprise. The Devil is as active, and may be more so today, as ever he has been, and the Church, that has ever been arrayed against him and his works, is just as potent, a vigilant, and as determined at this hour as ever she has been throughout the centuries. In a recent number of the Boston "Republic," Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, editorially calls the attention of all Catholics on this continent to one of the latest efforts being made to destroy the morals of the rising generation and to undermine the influence of the Catholic Church. He says, in one place, that "The Republic" calls upon "its brother-journals in all parts of the country to set forth in its true light this travesty of holy scenes and holy personages." In view of the fact that Canada, and especially Montreal, may be treated to the exhibition, and similar ones, to which the article refers, we feel it our duty to reproduce the principal portions of that wise and timely warning. The Editor thus writes:—

"It would seem that Miss Julia Marlowe's managers might have selected a play which show forth her abilities as an actress without shocking the sensibilities of Catholics. This they have done, in a most grievous manner, in "Queen Fiammetta," which is now completing a two weeks' run at the Hollis Street Theater.

Its author, Catulle Mendes, is a Parisian poet of Portuguese descent, whose literary flights have carried him in a direction quite opposite to the soarings of Santos-Dumont. Mendes is more at home in the Inferno than in the Elysium. He is not only depraved himself, but he exalts and teaches depravity. He has beauty at his command, but it is the beauty of serpents and of panthers, of sinister, cruel passions that writhe and crouch in the dark recesses of our nature. The French courts have taken notice of his shamelessness. He counts his victims among the gilded women of Paris.

To minds like his, religion is unintelligible. The only form of beauty which they comprehend is that of Circe and the Sirens. The Madonna's loveliness escapes them. The Church, aiming to subdue and regulate passion, presents itself to them as a savage tyrant and their response to her lofty admonitions is that attitude of violent which is so familiar in the Latin countries.

This is the spirit in which Catulle Mendes has drawn his picture of Bologna during the Italian Renaissance. The leading figures of his play are Churchmen—a cardinal, who is Cesar Borgia under a slight disguise of name—a young friar, who consents to assassinate a queen—a Grand Inquisitor, who decrees in the name of the Pope himself the tragic and cruel catastrophe. Over this wicked consumption the Cardinal in his red robe presides like a consecrated Mephisto. Worldly intrigue, fanaticism, intolerance,—these are the aspects of Catholicism which are exhibited to the spectator of this play. Borgia, Ravaignac, Taque-mada, such are the figures selected as typical of the Church.

Even the comedy scenes are irreverent. The spirit of this degenerate Latin plays about holy things with a curious fascination, as if waspish my had its own intrinsic delight. In the second act we see a convent chapel, in which the gay queen, Fiammetta, tempts the young monks with songs and dancing and inflames their pure hearts toward a longing for the pleasures of a court not renowned for its innocence. These monks nuns throw off their veils and resume it with the coming and going of the abbess, as one doffs and dons a mask. The whole scene is a satire on the supposed hypocrisy of convent life, relieved only by a spurious pity for the unhappy inmates.

Catholics know that such a picture is false. The face of almost any and refutes it. There is no laughter more rippling and true of

ring than that of the religious sisterhoods in the hours of recreation which they all enjoy, and the cloister contains far more of true happiness than the Venusberg.

Nothing of this, however, appears in Miss Marlowe's play. No religious figure in it is quite innocent and sincere, except the abbess, who is the subject of ridicule and, moreover, insignificant. Certain grisly incidents of religious history are shown, as if this were all there were to it. By this process of selection one could compose hymns from Voltaire and piece together profane sentences may be literally true and yet profoundly untypical, and this is the case with "Queen Fiammetta." It does not even afford a just picture of Renaissance Italy, which had its saints as well as its artists and brigands. No one denies that the paganism of the Latin blood asserted itself boldly at that period and that the spirit of a Nero and a Claudius sometimes crept into the gown of a Churchman. It reappears occasionally in modern times (let us say contemporary Paris), in the robes of a poet or a prime minister. Yet poetry is not essentially licentious; nor is persecution the whole study of a statesman.

But "The Republic" is not dealing especially with Catulle Mendes. It cannot prevent foreign authors living in the Paris of Combes and Waldeck-Rousseau, from giving shape to their own interpretation of religion, however base and blind it may be. But it can and does warn American Catholics to shun these imported exhibitions. It calls upon its brother-journals in all parts of the country to set forth in its true light this travesty of holy scenes and personages. Only a few years since, religious themes were avoided in the drama, by an unwritten rule which rested on the doubly sound foundation of prudence and good breeding. If we may not appeal to a lost sense of courtesy, an instinctive reluctance to give offense, in the breasts of the theatrical managers of to-day, we may at least entreat their prudence to take heed of our objections and our numbers. We are some twelve to fifteen millions in this country, chiefly collected in the cities, where theatrical troupes seek their patronage. A united voice of protest on our part might result in a revival of the old principle of forbearance and the speedy retirement of this bigoted production by the unspeakable mocker Mendes."

THE SENSATIONAL LIES OF THE SECULAR PRESS.

READERS of newspapers supplied with European correspondence by the Press Publishing Company were recently treated to the following choice morsel of news, especially cabled, and displayed under "scare" headlines:

"Paris, August 30.—Louis Probst, a government engineer, asserts that most of the water used to heal the pilgrims of Lourdes does not flow from the grotto where the Virgin is said to have appeared but is brought from a river in a neighboring cave through subterranean pipes, said to have been secretly laid by monks years ago. Engineer Probst occupies a high position here and is a firm believer in the Roman Catholic religion.

"A year ago he took his wife, who is afflicted with a malady the doctors had pronounced incurable, to Lourdes expecting a cure by a miracle, but as soon as she plunged into the tank she died.

"While the arrangements for her funeral were being made the engineer spent several days in observation. He noticed that the water used in the bottling department did not taste like that in the grotto and it occurred to him that the enormous quantities consumed could not be furnished by the scant grotto spring. Afterward he got a quantity from the grotto to investigate, and now he has made a report, in which he gives a chart of underground channels and analysis showing different chemical elements in the water. Last year nearly 3,000,000 pilgrims went to Lourdes, and the monks in charge contributed \$250,000 to St. Peter's papal fund besides buying more lands and buildings.

"Lourdes was a mere hamlet fifteen years ago. To-day it is a beautiful, solidly built city of 80,000 inhabitants."

Rev. J. Van der Hayden, of the University of Louvain, says in the "Catholic Sentinel," that this dispatch contains more lies than sentences.

"Of course," he says, "any one who puts implicit faith in all that he reads in his favorite newspaper, especially when the news come by special cable, as did the above, had his belief in the Lourdes' shrine considerably shattered, after perusing this sensational item.

"Indeed, who could be better qualified to expose the monks' clever canalization scheme than an engineer, and a government engineer at that! Moreover, he is an exception to the common run of present day state officials in France; he is a firm believer in the Roman Catholic religion. Hence, he could not possibly have acted in his denunciation out of hatred or malice towards the Church. If it had not been added that he was a firm believer, it might have got into the head of the sceptical newspaper reader—a rare bird nowadays—that the fellow with the "high position" was a common fraud of the Professor Muller type, the learned Bavarian pedagogue who attacks the Church, as per his own acknowledgment, for revenue only. Not very long ago, Professor Muller expressed his willingness to give up his anti-religious zeal and to devote himself to scientific subjects entirely, if the Bavarian bishops would but be pleased to drop in a few shekels, when he would pass the hat around among them.

"All grounds for doubting the truth of the great piece of information were eliminated by the careful stating; that Louis Probst was a government engineer, that he was a firm believer in the Roman Catholic religion, that he occupied a high position.

"But alack and alas for all the titles of Louis Probst!

"He is neither an engineer, nor a Catholic nor a man with a high position, according to the ordinary standard of a 'high position.'

"He is a common, every day clerk, in an obscure dry goods store, of an obscure provincial town. All the engineering he ever did consisted in measuring out yards of calico for his employer's customers.

"His Catholicity is as wide of the mark as his engineering, for he is a member of the Lutheran church, and one of the most venomous anti-Catholic agitators of his district.

"His wife may have been sick, and she may have plunged in the water of the grotto; but she certainly did not die there, for she is alive and well.

"The observations he made while the wife, supposedly dead, was being prepared for burial, might as well have been made, for the purpose of the lie, thousands of miles away; they would have had equal value—viz., none at all.

"The Superior of the Lourdes Fathers did not at first condescend to notice the foolish inventions of a notoriety-seeking humbug. When he did, on account of the immense publicity given to the fake, the famous engineer came out with the startling retort—that the Fathers had in the meantime done away with all trace of the incriminated canalization, making the proof of the fraud impossible to him.

"The idiot did not reflect for a moment that if the channels existed no more, neither could the enormous quantities of water continued to be furnished. Up to date no one heard that the flow diminished in the least.

"If the monks contributed \$250,000 to the Peter's Pence, they certainly did not make the Press Publishing Co. correspondent, nor Mr. Probst, the confidant of that little transaction.

"The good Fathers very likely contributed their modest share to the Papal Fund as it is every Catholic's filial duty to do; and the veracious and omniscient correspondent multiplied that contribution by a thousand, just as he multiplied the population of Lourdes by ten.

"Indeed, a town that shows only an increase of six or seven thousand in fifteen years would not deserve to be made the object of a yarn of the dimensions above stated; but for the sake of a beautiful, solidly built city of eighty thousand inhabitants, one may do something."

WALTER C. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 758 Lagardiere (Palace St.) Two Doors West of Beaver Hall, MONTREAL.

CRIMES OF THE TONGUE.

R. H. T. SUTTON in a recent address, at a banquet, held under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, speaking of "Crimes of the Tongue," said—

"We are all so busy with the cares and pleasures of the world that we are prone to forget our own imperfections, like the man St. Paul spoke of, who beheld his countenance in the glass and presently went his way and forgot what manner of man he was. We are apt to take our ideas of ourselves from the image reflected in the mirror of public opinion, and it is only serious illness or approaching death that brings us to a full realization of our wrong-doing. It therefore behooves us to study ourselves carefully, in order to eliminate that which is objectionable from our lives and to cultivate that which is good.

"It is the duty of every member of our organization to exert his influence for all that is manly and good and to oppose with the same zeal all that is lacking in these essentials. But few men, indeed, have escaped with un wounded conscience from the sins of the tongue. The tongue, in large measure, shadows forth the true character of man, showing whatever good or evil he possesses in life. There is to-day no other existing social evil which disturbs so much the friendly relations between men or renders the domestic life of men and women so unhappy as the crimes of the tongue.

"And it is not alone the members of the so-called weaker sex who indulge in this crime, but strong-minded men as well. There is no other crime that becomes so quickly uncontrollable, and there is no other reform which would elevate society more. It is falsehood and slander that cause perpetual strife among kindred, and develop the fullest bitterness of hatred between man and man. Then, Sir Knights, let us, in our efforts to do good, make a bold crusade against this most dangerous enemy to the soul.

"Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in a single year the aggregate pain, sorrow and suffering they cause a nation are but microscopic compared with the sorrows resulting from the crimes of the tongue. Place, if you will, in one of the scales pans of justice the evil resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other, the grief, tears, and suffering caused by the gossiping tongues of those who are supposed to be Christians, and you will be amazed to see how quickly the former will shoot high into the air. At the hands of thief and murderer few of us suffer either directly or indirectly, but from the careless tongue of friend or the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free?

"Shakespeare said, more than four centuries ago, 'Be ye pure as ice or as chaste as the unsunned snow, you cannot escape calumny.' The same is true to-day. No human being can live a life so good, so pure, as to be beyond the reach of malice or immune from the poisonous emanation of these tongues. The insidious attacks upon one's reputation, the loathsome falsehoods by which they seek to ruin character, are like the insect parasite which kills the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthy the piercing of the poisoned thorn, so insignificant the separate acts in their meaning, that one cannot be on guard against them. Ah! the dynamite gun, with all its deadly and destructive power, cannot be compared with the slanderer's tongue. The gun kills bodies only; the tongue kills character and reputation. The gun does its work alone; each loaded tongue has many accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once; the full evil of the tongue passes down through ages and it is supposed to trace it to its finality.

"Then, Brother Knights, let our promises of brotherly love serve to prevent us from indulging in the crimes of the tongue; let us try to remember the good things we hear about each other and reject the slanders. Let us also be free and Christian-like in our forgiveness of those who inflict wrongs upon us, for the man who has not the spirit of forgiveness in his heart cherishes an enemy who may yet arise to slay him. We should be sparing in our condemnation of others, for who of us is assured of his own salvation?

"To those who have been slandered, I could do no better than quote the language of our Blessed Redeemer, when He said: 'I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that calumniate and persecute you.'

They called her small, dark-haired, great mournful eyes, such deep black circles under County Kerry the companions knew of her she toiled from early at night in one of the which are so frequent England States of A them, she received in pittance, of which the went to the dear one land. But what was in that? Nothing, such of every three was do "Kerry" worked her with the rest in this which is often found the Irish character. T ence between her and ions lay, perhaps, in the which she hedged hers her companions, wit hearts, respected it.

During the short each day, no one was than "Kerry" to hear lead across the sea, n share in all joys and for herself, she seldom ter. In fact, she seen the world, save that ings found their way one at home. At rar letter came, having h queer, foreign writing, girls next saw her the pious redness, about forbad questioning.

Was there any little It could be traced to opportunity to lighten some poor soul? "Ker After hours she could ing along with the rest compartment of on establishments called Boarding Houses, and when the meagre supp finished, she disappear seen again until retirin was she after her har work. Perhaps if you poor invalid in the ne came of an evening to ly life, sometimes to saved from a scanty m answer you. Perhaps t ter, so lonely in the corner could tell. the sanctuary lapp see when she entered and harder to pierce the s its feeble rays. Surel peep over the shoulder white angel with the g would be satisfied.

There was one differ her cot and the rest. was a tiny picture of And many of her comp ed that she had a spe to the saint. When sh her short night prayer turned lovingly toward picture. When any of came to her with their would invariably send poster-father of the Ch finally was it whisper or Brigid's mother wa poor lonely girl would hand steal into hers an ple words, "I am sure will give her a very h am praying hard for h

This reminds me of larity which the keen were surprised to obsery"—a great dread of ever a weird tale of a being told, "Kerry" way unseen, and were ed, she would fairly s self, and look so pitte questioner would forbe further.

For three years, day and week after week, steadily to her labor, of her companions of slender the little form. Then, after an unusua ter, she found herself. But many had greater she had much to be at. All events, she was tated for work, and it most important consid

The wind was howlin the poor rectory. The heaped high in the w and the white flakes w ing through the air. Above all the counti knock, clear and rever

CRIMES OF THE TONGUE.

T. SUTTON in a re-address, at a banquet, under the auspices of the Sons of Columbus, speak of "Crimes of the tongue."

KERRY.

They called her "Kerry," this small, dark-haired girl with the great mournful eyes, underlined with such deep black circles. She came from County Kerry that was all her companions knew of her. Like them, she toiled from early morn till late at night in one of those tall mills which are so frequent in the New England States of America.

housekeeper, who was making her final nightly rounds, candle in hand, from sheer force of habit, settled her cap and smoothed down her apron, then cautiously approached the door. "The good Father," she reflected, "is safely tucked in bed with a severe cold. But were this a sick call!"

"Kerry" (let us know her now as Kathleen) was prepared for death and received the last Sacraments of the Church. Before she, breathed her last, however, the dying girl asked for a little packet that had been under her pillow. Opening it, she gave the two letters which it contained to the priest.

Christianity And Knowledge.

One of the most notable events in the history of Washington was the discourse delivered on a recent Sunday morning at St. Patrick's Church by the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, and a member of the coal strike arbitration commission, says the "New Century."

of the soul, as the essential and indispensable element in all real progress and improvement. His thought has been but partially realized, but the tendency of civilization for nineteen hundred years has been in the direction in which Christ has walked and lived as a doer and teacher.

Society Directory.

- A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, Vice-President; M. McCarthy, M.P., President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec-Secretary; 1525F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

SURPRISE

SURPRISE

SURPRISE

is

SOAP

Pure Hard Soap.

SURPRISE

SURPRISE

Household Notes.

DISHWASHING. — All dishes should be scraped before washing. A small wooden knife is best for this purpose. Bread and cake bowls, or any dishes in which flour or eggs have been used, are more easily cleaned if cold water is put into them immediately after using, or washed at once.

Clear up as you work; it takes but a moment then, and saves much time and fatigue afterward.

Never put pans and kettles half filled with water on the stove to soak. It only hardens whatever may have adhered to the kettle, and makes it much more difficult to clean. Keep them full of cold water, and soak them away from the heat.

Kitchen knives and forks should never be placed in the dish water. Many err in thinking it is only the handles which should not be wet. The practice of putting the blades into a pitcher of very hot water is wrong, as the sudden expansion of the steel by the heat causes the handles to crack. Keep the knives out of the water, but wash thoroughly with the dish cloth, rub them with mineral soap or brick dust, and wipe them dry. Keep them bright, and sharpen often on a sand stone. The disadvantage and the vexation of dull tools would be avoided if every woman would learn to use a whetstone, and where and when to apply a little oil.

Milk will sour quickly if put into dishes which have not been scalded. They should first be washed in clear, cold water, then in hot soapy water, then rinsed in clear boiling water, and wiped with a dry, fresh towel. Do not forget to scrape the seams and grooves of a double boiler.

Ironware should be washed, outside as well as inside, in hot soapy water, rinsed in clean hot water, and wiped dry, not with the dish-cloth, but with a dry towel. Dripping pans, scotch bowls and other greasy dishes should be scraped and wiped with soft paper, which will absorb the grease. The paper will be found useful in kindling the fire, and is a great saving of water, which is sometimes an object. A tablespoon of soda added to the water will facilitate the cleaning.

Kitchen mineral soap or pumice stone may be used freely on all dishes. It will remove the stains from white knife handles, also the grown substance that adheres to earthen or tin baking dishes, and the soot which collects on pans and kettles used over a wood or kerosene fire.

Tins should be washed in hot soapy water. Rub them frequently with mineral soap, and they may be kept as bright as when new. Sauce-pans and other tin or granite dishes browned by use may be cleaned by letting them remain half an hour in boiling soda water, then rubbing with a wire dish-cloth or stiff brush.

A new tin coffee pot, if never washed on the inside with soap, may be kept much sweeter. Wash the outside, and rinse the inside thoroughly with clean water. Then put it on the stove to dry, and when dry rub the inside well with a clean dry cloth. All the brown sediment may be wiped off in that way, but a soapy dish cloth should never be put inside.

Keep a granite pan near the sink to use in washing vegetables, and use the hand basin for its legitimate purpose. Pare vegetables into the pan, and not into the sink. A strainer or an old quart tin pan with small holes in bottom is a great help in keeping the sink clean. Pour the coffee and tea grounds, use dish water, and everything that is turned into the sink through the strainer first, and then empty the contents of the strainer into the refuse pail.

Never use a ragged or lousy dish cloth. The lint collects round the sink spout, and often causes a serious obstruction. A dish mop is but, for cups and clearest dishes, but a strong linen cloth should be used for anything which requires hard rub-

bing. Wash the sink thoroughly, flush the drain pipe often with hot suds or soda water, wipe dry and rub with a greased cloth or with kerosene. Keep it greased if you wish to prevent its rusting.

Cremation is the most satisfactory way of disposing of kitchen refuse. But if there must be other disposition made of it, keep two pails and use them alternately, cleansing each as soon as emptied.

Wash dish towels in cold water with plenty of soap, and rinse thoroughly in cold water every time they are used. If left to dry without washing they will be sticky to handle and have a disagreeable odor. If the dishes be well washed, rinsed and drained the dish towels will require no rubbing. It is easier to take care of three or four which have never been left to become grimy than to wash one after it is stained and saturated with grease. Towels used in this way may be kept sweet and clean without boiling or drying in the sun.

With a little care in observing these hints, and always using clean, hot, soapy water, changing it as soon as greasy, dish washing would be robbed of half its terrors. And after the work is done, if the hands be carefully washed with castile soap (not with strong washing soap) and wiped dry, no unpleasant effect upon the skin will be felt. A little vinegar is good to counteract the effect of the alkali in the soap.

The usual order is to wash glasses first, then silver, and next china, leaving the cooking utensils until the last, but some reverse the order, because the cooking dishes are emptied first and food hardens on them, and because it is better to do the hardest thing first, and because, if delicate articles are washed in a crowded sink, there is danger of breaking.

Hot, soapy water may be used to wash china, silver and ordinary glass. Cut glass is liable to crack in hot or cold water, so warm should be used. Rinse all other dishes in clean hot water and wipe with clean, dry towels.

In putting glasses into hot water they should be dipped in edgewise, so that the outside and inside are heated together. This will prevent their cracking.

Wash every part, outside and inside, of every dish with the cloth. Use the mop if dishes are too small to get hands into.

Scrub your boards and tables with mineral soap; scrub with the grain of the wood, then rinse off thoroughly with the ends. If the table has leaves, lower them, and wipe around the hinges each time. Let no dirt collect in the seams. Ammonia water will take the grease spots out.

Keep a good supply of small holders, large coarse towels to use about the over and fine crash towels for wiping dishes, and glass towelling for glass. Keep a damp towel on the table when cooking, for wiping the hands. Avoid the habit of working with sticky or floury fingers, or using your apron for a hand towel or oven holder, or using the dish towels about the stove.

These hints and suggestions are given by one who has always like to wash dishes, and who thinks it not beneath the dignity of any woman to learn to do such work in the very best manner, and that no apology is needed for acknowledging a taste for this much-abused portion of domestic work.

Virtue is not more exempt than vice from the ills of fate, but contains within itself always an energy to resist them, sometimes an antidote to soothe.

SYMINGTON'S

EDINBURGH

COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble as water. In small and large bottles, from 10c.

GUARANTEED PURE.

Notes for Farmers

The harvesting of the root crop is in progress at the Ottawa Central Experimental farm. This work will be completed next week, and then the laborers will be employed in draining and making general preparations for the winter.

Whenever time is afforded draining is resumed. It is considered well spent money to improve the fields in this way. Many thousand tiles have been utilized on the Central Experimental Farm, and the cost is speedily made up by improved crops.

Farmers when constructing drains should not fail to keep a plan of such, as it may prove invaluable as reference at a future time.

The various officers of the farm have been at home nearly all the past month. The season for tours of inspection and lecturing has concluded and there is less outside work for the professional staff. Important investigations are carried on in the different departments.

During the past week Dr. Fletcher attended the annual meeting of the Ontario Entomological Society in London. Mr. Grisdale and Mr. Hay were in Toronto on business.

Twenty varieties of two-rowed barley and 30 varieties of six-rowed barley were under test in 1902 at the Central Experimental farm. The six leading varieties in each were:

Two-rowed Barley.	
	Bush. Lbs.
1. French Chevalier	68 16
2. Danish Chevalier	64 8
3. Canadian Thorpe	62 24
4. Kinver Chevalier	60
5. Gordon	55 40
6. Fulton	55
Six-rowed Barley.	
	Bush. Lbs.
1. Blue Long-head	74 8
2. Yale	73 16
3. Trooper	65 40
4. Stella	65 40
5. Odessa	65
6. Mensury	64 8

Last year the six leading varieties of two-rowed barley were:

	Bush. Lbs.
French Chevalier	55 10
Danish Chevalier	47 4
Canadian Thorpe	46 2
Beaver	45 10
Standwell	42 84
Clifford	41 12

The three leading varieties last year were also the three last this year. The much larger than in 1901. This was the case in all grains, French Chevalier, Danish Chevalier, and Canadian Thorpe, which were foremost the last two years, are productive sorts of barley with stiff straw and loads of grain from 3 to 4 inches long. The variety is not subject to rust. The weights of grain per bushel is in the neighborhood of 51 and 52 lbs.

Observations have been made on two-rowed barley over a period of seven years to ascertain what varieties have permanent merit. Nine good sorts are:

	Bush. Lbs.
French Chevalier	46 6
Jarvis	45 7
Clifford	44 44
Harvard	44 21
Dunham	44 16
Beaver	43 39
Danish Chevalier	43 31
Canadian Thorpe	43 26
Logan	42 88

These nine varieties differ little in average yields. The list contains the three varieties that have yielded largely in 1901 and 1902.

Some of the varieties of two-rowed barley are of interesting origin. Samples from Europe, United States and Hybrids produced by Dr. Saunders are tested with a view to increasing the yield and obtaining a high yielding seed for the farmers. Following are six comparatively new varieties, none (except Standwell) of which, however, have appeared among the heaviest yielding grains: Oregon, from United States; Besthorn's Kaiser and Fitchel Mountain from Germany; Plumage from Norway, and Standwell and Invincible, two varieties produced as hybrids by Garton Bros., of England. Dr. Saunders himself has produced the following 17 hybrids: Feaver, Bolton, Clifford, Dunham, Fulton, Gordon, Par ev, Jarvis, Leslie, Logan, Monev, Nepean, Paer, Pelham, Rigid, Sidney and Victor. Many of these are productive and farmers could not do better than introduce them on their farms.

The six best varieties of six-rowed barley in 1901 were:

	Bush. Lbs.
Odessa	41 3
Mensury	39 8
Stella	38 43
Claude	36 43
Monro	35 80
No. 8 from Norway	34 18

Stella, Odessa and Mensury were the best grains in 1901 and 1902. Odessa and Mensury have a good average for seven years according to the computation made with all grains on the farm.

Nine leading brands for that period are:

	Bush. Lbs.
Mensury	51 29
Claude	50 44
Mansfield	48 44
Odessa	48 19
Argyle	48 11
Yale	43 35
Trooper	47 4
Common	46 35
Royal	46 32

Some new sorts of six-rowed barley are Princess Sialoff from Germany; No. 8 from Norway; Chinese Hulless, Hordeum Chusk, and Sialoff Spring from Washington.

Dr. Saunders has produced the following hybrids, some of which are among the best yielding sorts: Albert, Argyle, Brome, Claude, Empire, Sarsfield, Lytton, Muwo, Rugent, Parkin, Phoenix, Pioneer, Royal, Stella, Success, Summit, Trooper, Vanguard and Yale.

Canadians are generally interested in the agricultural display made in foreign cities. At present the one at Cork is discussed more than any other, many having seen it. The products were arranged principally by Mr. W. Hay of the Central Experimental farm, when he was in England and erected the coronation arch. The extent of the Cork exhibit is not so large as that of the one at Wolverhampton, nevertheless, the chief industries of Canada are represented in an artistic and impressive style. Those who have been on the scene were reminded of the handsome Experimental farm exhibit at the Central Canada Exhibition.

The exhibit is primarily commercial, but none the less interesting for that, and is intended to bring the products of Canada before the consuming public and in that way stimulate a demand for them. Canada has wonderful natural resources, and it is to display these to those hitherto unacquainted with them that the Agricultural Department has been represented at all the great exhibitions of late years.

Some of the leading brands of the chief Canadian food products, consisting of meat, fruit and vegetables, such as chicken, turkey, goose, duck, corned beef, pig's feet, ox and lynch tongues, potted meats, sausage, roast meat, etc.; raspberries, strawberries, cherries, damson plums, apples, greengages, currants, Bartlett pears, Crawford peaches, egg plums, etc; wax string beans, tomato catsup, etc., are seen. Imperial cheese, honey, beaver oats, Swiss food, artistically decorated tables weighed down with plates containing tempting specimens of Canadian apples, and numerous selections of fruits bottled in antiseptics, are displayed.

Canada has unrivalled facilities for fruit growing, and once her fruits enter into competition with those from California and elsewhere, their superiority is easily seen. There is a flavor from the Canadian fruit due to the temperate climate of the country in which they are produced and which is retained even when bottled and tinned.

The agricultural exhibit consists of a wonderful display of cereals both in straw and in bottles, and artistic fountains of corn in sheaves, arches and bunches. This portion of the exhibit has an especial interest for Ireland, which imports large quantities of fodder, hay and oats, Indian corn and peas from other countries, the home supply not being equal to the demand. If we remember that Canada to-day stands in the first

place in the Corn Exchange for the excellence of the produce, we can understand that trade with her must necessarily be as advantageous to the consumer as the producer. The wheat belts of Manitoba have hitherto been better known than those of any other part of Canada, but soon we may expect to find the more distant parts of Canada, like the valley of Saskatchewan, competing with it, and with the supplies which come from the valley of the Danube, Russia and the States. Oil paintings representing seed-time, harvest and threshing operations in the Canadian Northwest are distributed along the walls and are framed by wheat sheaves.

A great glass case acts as a cold storage chamber and contains frozen chickens, bacon, Cheddar cheese, apples, butter, eggs, maple sugar, etc. Specimens of wood of every sort, pine, maple, birch, elm, cedar and numerous other varieties in various states, some showing the natural grain, others the effect of staining or polish, line the walls, and amongst them are placed massive and effective paintings representing lumber operations life on the prairies, etc. Photographs of various trees indigenous to Canada, framed in the wood of the special trees they portray, give an added interest to this portion of the exhibit. Specimens of spruce wood, a pulp wood, are also shown, which in the future promises to prove one of the most valuable of Canada's products, as the manufacture of paper has now become a thriving and a valuable industry.

JOHN MURPHY

& CO.

Ladies' Tailoring. Parisian Dressmaking

Of Interest to Every Lady.

Our purchase at "snap" figures of part of a large importer's stock of All-Wool Dress Goods is now on sale on our first floor at such special and exceptional prices as to merit the immediate attention of every lady in the city. The collection is composed entirely of the latest and finest weaves of Fall Novelties for 1902, and large as the quantity is, 10,000 yards, the values are so far out of the common run that it is not likely to remain long on our counters.

10,000 YARDS FINE ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS, comprising among lines, the following, to clear, as follows:

- Finest All-Wool Canvas Cheviots, assorted colors. Regular value \$1.25. **Sale Price 75c**
- Finest Colored All-Wool Cheviots. Regular value \$1.25 and \$1.35. **Sale Price 75c**
- 500 yards Fine Costume Cheviots, assorted colors. Regular value \$1.00. **Sale Price 65c**
- 1,000 yards Colored Costume Serges, all finest wool. Regular value 75c. **Sale Price 45c**
- 35 yards Finest Silk and Wool Dress Goods. Colors: Gray and Black. Worth \$1.25 to \$1.75. **Sale Price 50c**
- Black Silk and Wool Crepon. Worth \$1.25. **Sale Price 50c**
- Black Tucked Canvas Cloth. Regular value \$2.50. **Sale Price \$1.00**
- SPECIAL FOR BLOUSES:**
- Black Batin Venetian Cloth. Regular value 75c. **Sale Price 50c**

Country Orders Carefully Filled.
Samples Sent by Mail.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2342 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street.

Terms Cash.....Telephone Pp 2740

Roofs of Every Description

Asphalt, Cement, and Vulcanite Floors.

If Low Prices make a bargain, High Quality doubles it, that is why we are sure of our own ground.

All our work supervised by Special Experts.

GEORGE W. REID & CO.,
785 CRAIG STREET.

Rubber! Rubber!!

Rubber Production Shares will pay YOU

100 Per Centum

Annually

FOR A LIFETIME.

Absolutely Safe Investment.

(NO RISK).

Write me immediately

WILLIAM F. SHARSWOOD,
Mexican Plantation Agent,
180 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

PHILIP MELLADY,
North Stanbridge, P. Q.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can keep these in line—make them last twice as long as if ordinary oil.

EUREKA
Harness Oil

Makes a new looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand hot weather.

Sole distributors in Canada—All places.

Made by IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

.....190

The True Witness P. & P. Co., Limited
P. O. BOX 1188, MONTREAL, P. Q.

I hereby authorize you to send me THE TRUE WITNESS for which I agree to pay to your order at the rate of One Dollar per year.

Signed.....

Address.....

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance

Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year
City and Foreign, \$1.50 per year.

THE TRUE WITNESS

IS PRINTED AND

A Monthly

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Canada, \$1.00; United States
and France, \$1.50; Belgium
advance.
All Communications should
be sent to "P. & P. Co., Limited,"
MONTREAL.

EPIS

If the English-speaking
people, they would so
powerful Catholic papers in
work.

NOTES

THE LIBRARY QUESTION

question of the selection for the proposed Montreal library is again before Council; and the major Catholic aldermen seem disposed to the idea of recognition of the Church in that matter. And those or the recognition of the Church in this context hostile to the proposal the Irish Catholic section community the same right are freely granted to the section of it. The struggle right, and fair play as still far from being as this province is compared another column we print from the pen of one of our special correspondents on the subject.

MR. TARTE'S SUCCESSION

last the Cabinet change necessary by the resignation of Tarte have been announced. His successor is Ex-Mayor Prefontaine; but his successor is not Mr. James Sutherland, who loses the head of one of two great spending departments, the Government, New Brunswick, and Ontario. We have had occasion to Prefontaine's conduct in able instances; when he is right of Irish Catholics in the majority, and when they claim to receive the hands of the Harbinger. Nevertheless, we hope that he may yield enough to change his regard to the rights of the Irish in this province.

ST. PATRICK'S PASTOR

Rev. Martin Callaghan, St. Patrick's, celebrated his first Monday. The occasion was commemorated by the parish of St. Patrick's School, Alexandria, by whom this worthy priest held in affectionate since he first became connected with the parish, years before his present position as pastor. "True Witness" join with us in heartily wishing him a successful mission.

MISSION OF THE GERMANS

for English-speaking people has been going on this week at the Church of the Gesù. It is well attended, and is bearing fruit in spiritual results.

OUR GREAT MEN'S GRIEF

representative of the "Globe" paid, as is his custom, to the Catholic cemetery, St. Paul's Day, and as on previous occasions, wandered by the last great Irishman, Dr. O'Connell. It is quite near that of the French-Canadian leader.