

The True Witness



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THE NEW CENTURY.

By Our Curbstone Observer.

This year, considering that it was an exceptional New Year, I noticed a remarkable falling off in the old-time "calls," possibly "coffee" is responsible for much of it. However, it is evident that the customs of the former years are being gradually eroded by the electric pressure of our progress; some of them are to be regretted, others are just as well with the centuries that are dead; I am not going to moralize, much less be very lengthy in these few observations. It is a season when people like a little of every good thing going, but they do not want an overdose of any one of them in particular. What most attracted my attention was the form of the New Year's greetings. "A Happy New Year;" "many happy returns," were as usual the salutation and reply; but, as a rule, each one had something to add concerning the "new century"—and the most general observation was to the effect that none of us are likely to be present when the next century dawns.

To my mind this is about the most powerful and practical sermon—if properly understood—that could be preached. In fact, each one, on that occasion, delivered, without thinking of it, a regular sermon, and each one equally heard one—without, in all probability, paying any attention to it. What an overwhelming reflection! I actually believe that were we to dwell too much upon its awe-inspiring truth, the majority of us would go mad. It is well that the world is so busy, that men are not allowed by circumstances to pause sufficiently long to become entirely absorbed in any one great conception. Campbell never wrote anything more true and more beautiful than his "Pleasures of Hope;" right was he that "Distance lends enchantment to the view." No matter how depressed we may feel, Hope ever springs up in the bosom and sheds an illuminating ray upon the veiled avenues of the future. In youth we live in hopeful anticipation of long years of life and happiness; sometimes that hope is realized, often it is shattered. In middle we feebly look onward to a vigorous old age and while common sense and experience teach us that this hope is much more likely to fail us than to become a reality, still we cling to it, and are contented. And when "age comes on with its winter," we still hope on; we seem to feel that the term of our career should be like the horizon that ever recedes as we advance. But end there must be some time or other; sooner or later—and probably sooner!

I have observed that even the most unimaginative of men live principally on the imagination. Perpetually building up castles in the air that the hand of reality knocks to pieces, they go on from year to year, never, for a moment, reflecting upon the precipice along whose brink they walk. It is only when we come down to cold and mathematical calculation that the fearful truth arises like the "Phantom of the Threshold" that the genius of Bulwer so graphically describes. The twentieth century began the other day; within its last hour shall ring, in all human probability not one of us will be in the land of the living. But if that were all, we could console ourselves with the thought that one hundred years is a long time, and that we will have ample occasion to enjoy this life. However, unfortunately this general conception is only the shadow of that which each of us may entertain. The man of thirty to-day cannot expect to see 1970; the man of forty can scarcely expect to see 1950—the mid-century; the man of sixty is certain to be in the silence of the church yard when 1940 dawns; the man of seventy may fairly calculate that 1930 will find his place vacant. And so on we might go, until we reach to monogenerations whose hours may be counted.

Here then is the reflection suggested to me by the birth of a century; I will suppose that I am president of a company, and that as such I sign a lease, which is to expire in 1950. Will that lease be renewed at the expiration of that term? I cannot say. All I know is that when that term is reached, if our company still exists, another president will have to sign a new lease, or renew this one. As far as I am concerned I will then have spent a number of years in the cemetery; my very appearance will be forgotten; the signature I now give will be unrecognized by any one interested; and my name, itself, will have no significance, will awaken no memories, will be an empty sound—and still half the century will scarcely be over.

These are sombre observations, you may say; if so it is the situation you must blame and not me. I cannot help it if this is the first, last and only century that I will ever see come into existence. I would be very glad to be writing paragraphs for the "True Witness" in the year 2000; but, while the "True Witness" may still flourish at that time, and be a forty-eight page daily, still I will not be around to enjoy its prosperity or contribute to its success.

RELIGIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS.

PRIEST IN CONFESSIONAL.—At the mission for women in Baltimore one of the priests was on the line of St. Francis de Sales and there was a large gravitation to him in the confessional, says a correspondent in the "Catholic Columbian." The other was more austere in the pulpit—probably having the sterner duty to perform—but sweet and tender in the confessional, if the women had only known it. Two Jesuit Fathers had active charge of the men. One was a young, stout man, with a beautifully white and symmetric forehead, and a most determined and emphatic manner, full of sincerity and precision. The companion priest was an older man resembling what we associate with the hermitage, a spiritual veteran who has emerged from many a fiery trial into a gentle serenity, but most pathetic eloquence when discoursing on the things of God, anon terrible and consoling, as the discipline rose from the portrayal of hell to the delights of heaven. I think the men made no marked difference in seeking absolution from these Fathers, as the women did in their week.

PRINCESS TO BE A NUN.—Princess Clarentina, the third and youngest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, will soon enter the convent. This she has desired to do for two

years past, but was deterred by the protests of her father. The Princess is said to be a charming person.

BIRTH FOR FATHER CHIDWICK.—Father J. P. Chidwick, who was chaplain of the battleship Maine when she was blown up in the harbor of Havana, has been assigned to the cruiser New York. It is understood that Rear-Admiral Rogers, whose flagship the New York is to be, made a special request that Father Chidwick be assigned to his ship.

SALOONS OPEN ON SUNDAY.—The Very Rev. Dean McNulty made a tour of the saloons of Patterson, N. J., on Sunday last, after Mass, and found a number of them selling liquor. It is expected that he will make complaints against some of them to-morrow.

POPE AND CENTENARIAN.—One of the many picturesque and interesting incidents, says a Protestant newspaper, of the Holy Year was the recent reception by Leo XIII. of Donna Carolina Tanturelli, an aged lady from Perugia, who attained her hundred and first year early in January last. On account of her great age the Pontiff granted her a private audience. Much to his surprise, Donna Carolina reminded him that they first met in her late husband's

house in 1850, "fifty years ago," and, added she, "We were neither of us very young then." The Pope, who is only nine years her junior, was greatly amused.

CONVERTS ORGANIZE.—An organization composed of a number of men and women of New York city and vicinity who have been converted from Protestantism to the Roman Catholic faith has just been formed in that city. The organization was effected when twenty-two recent converts met at the Church of the Paulist Fathers to informally discuss the suggestion which had been made by several of the most prominent ones, looking to the establishment of some sort of an association wherein those who had given up their former religious connections might find mutual benefit.

The object of the organization is to give the members an accurate knowledge of the Catholic religion and to stimulate them to the regular practice of its duties; to propagate the Catholic faith by personal example and social intercourse, by the establishment of Catholic libraries, by the circulation and distribution of Catholic literature and the support of non-Catholic mission work for the bringing of other Protestants into the fold; to foster fraternal relations among converts and to assist those who have made sacrifices for the faith.

CATHOLIC SAILORS.—The Sailors' Catholic Club, Charlestown, is the latest enterprise undertaken by the charitable bureau of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of that district. The superintendent will be Albert G. Ayres, who has conducted a similar establishment in Montreal.

A PROTESTANT ON CATHOLIC PIETY IN IRELAND.

An Irish Protestant, writing from his native land to the editor of the "Church Times," laments the fact that the Protestant Church in Ireland shows up not merely badly, but almost ludicrously when compared with the Catholic Church in Ireland. His words are so fraught with interest that we cannot refrain from putting them before our readers. He says:—

It is admitted all round that the Church of Ireland is not "a joyful mother of children;" she has quality, but not quantity; she does not attract the bulk of the population. To understand the reasons for this one must know Irish history thoroughly, not superficially. But as a matter of common sense, look at the matter thus. In a fair-sized Irish country town, what do you find? You find the Roman Catholic Church with a daily morning service—the Mass at 8 o'clock regularly; you find a convent of nuns, a sufficient staff of clergy, a well-equipped and organized staff of workers all round. Look at the other side of the picture: the Irish Church with a mere handful of people; two Sunday services of necessity scantily attended; as a rule, no week-day services; the fabric looked like a jail. How does all this strike the ordinary thoughtful Roman Catholic? He reflects on his religious privileges, his daily worship, the church always open for private prayer; the religious community, in addition to the secular clergy, always in evidence, engaged in perpetual devotion and works of charity. He hears the Angelus bell twice a day. He is constantly reminded of his religious duties and privileges in one way or other. He has a great respect for many or most of his Protestant neighbors, but their form of worship does not attract him, it is too infrequent, too cold, too bare. He is aware that they dare not have a cross on or behind the altar, and this shocks him. He knows they never go to confession, and that gives him another pang. He has no desire to change his form of religion, which has outlived Queen Elizabeth in Ireland, Oliver Cromwell, William III., and the penal laws of some hundred and fifty years' duration; to hold to it is with him a matter of national sentiment as well as of religious duty. It is better to realize all this.

The writer strongly exhorts the leaders of Protestantism in Ireland to live a fuller life, to abandon the negotiations on which they have subsisted for the last three hundred years, to give up the barren controversies which have imparted no

healthy warmth, and to strive to make a new departure on Catholic lines, as these lines are understood by English Ritualists. We fear this well-meant advice will scarcely be entertained by the worthy thick-skinned Protestants of the Emerald Isle. Of all hopeless, lifeless systems Irish Protestantism seems to us to be the most moribund and decayed.—London Universe.

TAXATION OF CHURCHES

On this subject the New York "Sunday Democrat" remarks:—

The efforts of infidels and secularists to tax all church property show an insensate hatred of religion. Those who advocate this measure from sheer hostility to Christianity would accomplish nothing in the way of gratifying their spite, even if they did succeed in imposing whatever burden the taxation of churches might impose on Christians. For churches would still be maintained, be the expense small or great, and Christian worship still continue.

If the sword, the stake and the hangman's rope could not in past times prevent Christians from holding fast to the truth and confessing their faith in the face of torture and death, no pecuniary burdens that the enemies of Christianity can now impose will deter Christians from acting as Christians have acted in all ages since Christ came into the world and established His Church.

And, as all the persecution waged against Christianity only serves to disseminate it more widely, to take root more firmly, and in the end to multiply the number of true disciples, so the petty malignity of taxing churches—whose influence for good upon public or private morality, and in promoting whatever is pure and true and amiable among men, cannot be concealed—would not fail to drive over to the side of Christ and His Church many who are now indifferent or lukewarm.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The following generous action of a wealthy Catholic is recorded in one of our exchanges:—

With a big white apron tied around his waist John D. Crimmins, the millionaire contractor, of New York, on Christmas Day, acted as the host to the 300 inmates of the Home for Aged Persons, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor. It has been Mr. Crimmins' custom for the last four years to give a Christmas treat to the institution. There was plenty of turkey, chicken, roast beef and eatables. Mr. Crimmins' three sons and four daughters aided him in waiting on the tables. Mr. Crimmins was greeted on every side with "God bless you" when the dinner came to an end, and the three cheers which were proposed for him were given with all the strength the feeble voices could muster.

THREE CENTURIES were spanned by the lives of more than a score of men and women in the United States this week. Twenty and more of the aged ones were reported well. A canvass made by telegraph by a New York newspaper, revealed this fact. It showed that there were more centenarians of Irish birth than of any other.

These centenarians are well over the hundred mark of the years. Mrs. Mary McDonald takes the lead, being 129 years. Documentary evidence and their own stories leave no room for doubt as to the authenticity of the figures. There are many who are more than ten years over the one hundred mark, and those who are only 101 years old are the children of the company.

They all have theories of longevity of more or less value. The only rule on which they agree prescribes abundant food and plenty of sleep.

On an average, between 150,000 and 160,000 Italians leave their native land every year to try their fortunes in the United States. Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. This flow of emigration being excessive and unwarranted, the Italian Chamber has just passed a Bill with the object of checking it.

According to recent estimates there are not less than 80,000 lepers in the Philippines. Leprosy, it is said, was introduced in 1633 when the Emperor of Japan sent a ship with 160 lepers to the Philippines.

PERSECUTIONS IN CHINA.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan in a recent pastoral letter gives the following harrowing picture of the persecution of Catholics in China. His Eminence says:—

We have received from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and from other sources, some details of the sufferings endured by our fellow-Catholics in China. The members of the mystical body of Christ, whether in England, in France, in Italy, in India, or in China, "being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another" (Rom. xii). They are knit together, in one faith, that they "might be mutually careful one for another. And of one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it" (1 Cor. xii). This is sufficient reason to interest you in the history of the persecution which is still raging in China. The social upheaval in China is mainly and primarily a revolt against Christianity. The ambassadors of the King of Heaven had been maltreated and massacred long before those of earthly Powers were threatened in the historic siege of the Legations. Persecution is, indeed, always latent in China, and in its most recent phase was roused into activity by the encroachments of foreign Powers, notably Russia and Germany, on Chinese territory, by the reactionary policy of the Empress Dowager, and by the encouragement given to secret societies as instruments for combating the reforms promulgated by the reigning Emperor, Kwang-shi.

The murder of the two German missionaries in Shantung—made the pretext for seizure by Germany of a Chinese port—shows how well the soil was prepared, even antecedently to these causes, for the more extensive movements that followed. The danger to which Christians in China were likely to be exposed in consequence of foreign aggression was thoroughly realized by those interested in the missions, and was pointed out in a leading article of "Illustrated Catholic Missions," as far back as the number of that journal for May, 1898. The action of Germany in seeking territorial compensation for the murder of missionaries was especially referred to as likely to lead to "the identification in the heathen mind of western religion with western politics." This is literally what has come to pass, rendering the present upheaval doubly formidable as a combination of fanatical fury with political hatred of foreigners.

The earnest outbreak on a large scale was the persecution in East Szechuen, which desolated the missions of that Vicariate Apostolic in the months of September and October, 1898. Here a local brigand placed himself at the head of a movement organized by the secret societies, partly directed against the reigning dynasty and partly against foreigners and Christians. One episode was the destruction of the mission of Long-sheychen, and the cruel martyrdom of eleven Christians. Father Hwang, a native priest, was put to death by the brigand Yu-man-tze, and Father Frey, a priest of the "Missions Etrangères," was only released after a captivity of many weeks in his hands. Harrowing as were these atrocities, they were far surpassed by those perpetrated in the following year, 1899, characterized by one French missionary, Father Clerc Renaud, of East Kiang-Si, as "unseen terrible." He tells how in the prefecture of Kwang-san-fu two districts had been annihilated, four residences burnt, 200 orphans scattered, and 3,500 Christians plundered of all they possessed. Father Guillaume, of Shin-henn, writes to his Bishop, the Vicar Apostolic of Kwang-tung, that he had been a fugitive since June 27th, owing to a rising of the "Triad," who were burning Catholic and Protestant villages indiscriminately to the cry of "Death to foreigners!" In North Shantung a terrible revolt, headed by the "Big Knives," or Boxers, broke out on November 4th, when 350 Christian villages were wiped out, and numbers of their inhabitants massacred. The heroic catechist, Wan-Kwen-Sie, of Nan-chwan, was martyred on November 5th. On being asked if he was a Christian and bravely answering in the affirmative, both his ears were first cut off, in

succession, after which he was beheaded. Even greater was the constancy shown by eleven Christians at Kiang-cheng, for they were scourged, torn with pinners, hung up by their hair, and fastened with red-hot chains. Bishop Renaud, again, writing from Che-Kiang, where 14 chapels were destroyed and 1,400 families ruined, tells of the sufferings of three young Christians, one mutilated, blinded, and killed, the second buried alive, and the third, a catechist, named Abel, first mutilated and then slain. Here the missionaries had escaped with difficulty, and the crisis was described as "excessively grave." Terrible as was the year 1899, it was but the prelude to the still greater horrors and more widely spread devastation of 1900.

As yet a certain amount of protection had been afforded to the foreign missionaries, and though fugitives in many places, their lives had been spared. In 1900 all suffered indiscriminately, and bishops, priests, and nuns were called on to lay down their lives and consummate the sacrifice made in spirit from their earliest vocation. The full history of that terrible persecution will only be known on the Last Day, but even the skeleton outlines now before us are sufficient to show that the heroism it called forth has never been surpassed in any age of the Church. The bare statistics available up to date are as follows: In Manchuria, the great northern province confided to the charge of the Paris Society of Foreign Missions, Bishop Giffon, Father Ernest and John Li, a native priest, Sisters Ste. Croix and Albertine, with 300 native Christians were burned alive in the Cathedral of Mukden on July 3, 1900. At other Manchurian stations the Society has to deplore the loss of Fathers La Rav' Georgeon, and Alex. Hia (a native), Bourgeois and Le Guerec, Viaud, Agais and Bayart, all slaughtered during the course of the same month. In North Pe-chi-li, among the Lazarists of the Metropolitan province, Fathers d'Addosio, Dore, Chavannes, Jarrigues, Peter Nie and Bl. Ly, Andrew Ly and Thomas Pao lost their lives, and with them died Sister Jaurias, at the age of 60, after 45 years of her long life spent in China. Of these, Father Jarrigues and his native colleague, Father Bartholomew Ly, were burnt alive in the conflagration of the Tung-tang or Eastern Church, at the end of June. The same fate overtook Father Dore, while saying Mass in the Si-tang or Western Church, dedicated to Our Lady of Dolours. Father d'Addosio was killed in the streets by Prince Tuan's soldiers, while seeking to make his way to the Pe-Tang or Northern Church; and Fathers Peter Nie, a native Lazarist, Andrew Ly and Thomas Pao, native secular priests, were either burnt or cut down. Father Chavannes died of small-pox during the siege, and Sister Jaurias of the hardships endured in its course. In addition to these victims two Marist brothers, the visitor and the director, while heroically trying to cut the electric wire of a mine intended to blow up the Pe-tang, were killed by the explosion, together with several workmen. In the Jesuit missions of South Pe-chi-li, Fathers Isore, Andlauer, Denn, and Margin have been massacred, with 3,000 native Christians. In South Hunan the death-roll records the names of Bishop Fantosati and Father Gambaro, cruelly tortured on July 6, and of Fathers Cesidius and Stephen, all Franciscans, in Shan-Si, Bishop Grassi and Bishop Fogolia, Fathers Elias and Balat, with seven nuns of the Franciscan Order, perished at different dates. In Mongolia, Bishop Hamer, and Fathers Heirman, Mallet, and Segers, are numbered among the victims of the persecution. Of the number of native Christians slaughtered no estimate is possible. At Mukden 1,000 were beheaded; in Mongolia, many hundreds suffered besides those already enumerated.

Numbers, probably thousands, must have been massacred in Pekin during the siege of the Legations, either in their houses or in the streets; as their cries and shrieks were heard by the besieged Europeans in an awful night of terror, when a whole quarter of the city was ravaged with fire and sword. But even the death-roll, long as it is, gives but a partial idea of the sufferings undergone by these poor people. Throughout the

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TIMELY REMARKS About Church Collections.

The 'Irish Canadian,' in its last issue, under the caption 'Pennies on the Plate,' says:— On a Sunday evening, not very long ago, we sat in one of our city churches, and as the congregation gradually filed in and the church became filled, one could not but be struck with the air of comfort and even elegance that seemed to mark the people as a whole. Now it may strike our readers just here, that if we were attending to our devotions, we should not have noticed our surroundings, that that elegance or ingenuity is unessential; so we will just say in passing that we noticed these things incidentally, and also that the people point to our remarks, the social status of the people, at least financially, in this particular case, is necessary.

CLERICAL CELIBACY.

'Clapper-Clawing' is the comparatively mild term with which Samuel Butler used to express the tornadoes and waterpots of vituperation that used to be directed by certain controversialists against the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. This suggestive form of abuse is now happily left to the supporters of the Slattery and Ruthven type and to such-like scavengers and camp-followers of the clerical profession. For many years thoughtful Protestants have been experiencing a gradual change of mind and heart with regard to what Hallam, in his 'Constitutional History,' terms this 'most ancient and universal rule of discipline.' A leading article in the Melbourne 'Argus' of March 11, 1896, urged the Anglican Bishop Gore to 'in future let the young unmarried men be selected for the wilds instead of the married ones. They don't want parsonages or furniture,' continued the writer; 'a bicycle and a portmanteau would constitute all their belongings, and fresh young enthusiastic workers would do more good and infuse more energy into a district in a few months than could be accomplished in as many years by an elderly gentleman encumbered with wife and children—to say nothing of the home. Which is a mild plea for a young celibate clergy on the ground both of energy and economy.

seminary's missionary museum. In one group of callers was a young man of about 20 years of age, an extreme type of the Parisian dude, who had glanced rather superciliously at some of the pictures and curiosities, and entirely ignored others. Approaching Father Girod when the other visitors had left the hall, this youth looked the priest squarely in the face, and asked: 'But, after all, Monsieur l'Abbe, I should like to know why Catholic priests don't marry.' Father Girod simply turned toward an Annamite picture representing the awful agony of Blessed Cornay, whom the executioners were setting into pieces, and replied: 'Look there, young man, and tell me whether, when one has a wife and children, one is apt to have a taste for that kind of life and death.' The dandy did look, and then, respectfully asking permission to shake the priest's hand, wished him good luck and retired.'—New Zealand Tablet.

KIDNAPING A MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

On Tuesday evening of last week, about eight o'clock, Eddie Cudahy, the fifteen-year-old son of E. A. Cudahy, the millionaire pork-packer of Omaha, Neb., was kidnaped near his father's house and carried off by two men in a buggy to a deserted building some five miles out of the city. His father was informed by a letter from the outlaws that he must leave \$25,000 in gold at a certain lonely place and his son would be restored to him; if he failed to do so they would destroy the boy's sight with acid and turn him loose as a warning to other rich men whose children they intended to kidnap. Mr. Cudahy, believing the scoundrel to be in earnest, obeyed their orders and deposited the coin at the spot indicated by a white lantern fastened to a stick, and then drove home. His boy was released by the abductors a few hours later, near his father's house, and he told the story of his capture and confinement. Mr. Cudahy immediately made public offer of a reward of another \$25,000 for the arrest and conviction of the criminals, or of \$5,000 for any one of them, \$15,000 for two or \$25,000 for all three, as it is supposed that no more than that number were engaged in the plot.

EVERY CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN SHOULD POSSESS A COPY OF 'THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS'

For all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year, Compiled by a Religious, under the immediate supervision of Rev. M. Rouxel, P. S. S., Professor of Moral Theology, Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada. It contains Liturgical Prayers, Indulgences, Devotions and Pious Exercises for every occasion, and for all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year. 718 pages, 4 full page illustrations, flexible cloth, round corners. Price 75 cents.

HALL CAINE'S PROPHECY.

One of our leading Catholic exchanges from England gives a brief summary of the author Hall Caine's optimistic forecast of the coming century. It may be interesting as a matter of curiosity—but we have learned to place but little reliance upon Mr. Caine's opinions. The Catholic editor says:— 'Grounding his belief on the events of the century which just closed, Mr. Hall Caine ventures to predict that the century upon which we are about to enter will be 'The Century of Humanity,' and that it will recognize the principle that all forms of violence are wrong and useless, that the morality of a nation ought not to be lower than the morality of the individual; that it is a false and un-Christian theory which teaches that

the laws applying to man in his individual character do not apply to him in his national character; and that it is wrong to commit murder in whatever form, because to kill is to outrage a natural law. The general attitude with regard to international affairs will, Mr. Hall Caine thinks, undergo a change, and it will be perceived that while the people individually have been for nineteen hundred years converted to Christianity, the people as nations have during all that time been for the most part utterly pagan. We wish we could share Mr. Hall Caine's optimism as to the disappearance of international conflicts. It is not long since all our daily papers were assuring us that the Hague Peace Conference would be a landmark in the history of humanity, and we have only too much reason to know how great has been the havoc during the comparatively brief period since it was held.'

PRISON STATISTICS.

The annual report of the Minister of Justice has been issued. It contains the following statistics in reference to the inmates of penitentiaries. It says:— The average daily population of the penitentiaries is shown by the report of the inspector of penitentiaries during 1899-00 to have been 1,430. The population of the various penitentiaries on June 30, 1900, was as follows: Kingston, 570; St. Vincent de Paul, 447; Dorchester, 226; Manitoba, 112; British Columbia, 90. This population was made up as follows: Convicts under 20 years, 125; from 20 to 30 years, 619; from 30 to 40 years, 359; from 40 to 50 years, 199; from 50 to 60 years, 79; over 60 years of age, 43. The duration of sentences was as follows: 2 years, 201 convicts; over 2 and under 3, 54; 3 years, 271; over 3 and under 4, 11; 4 years, 114; over 4 and under 5, 12; 5 years, 293; over 5 and under 6, 2; 6 years, 38; 7 years, 140; 8 years, 17; 9 years, 10; 10 years, 82; 11 years, 1; 11½ years, 10; 12 years, 23; 13 years, 2; 14 years, 29; 15 years, 26; 16 years, 2; 17 years, 2; 18 years, 1; 20 years, 15; 22 years, 1; 23 years, 1; 25 years, 4; 25½ years, 1; 30 years, 1; life, 62.

TO FIGHT CONSUMPTION.

With the opening of the new century Canada will witness the inauguration of a most active campaign against tuberculosis, particularly that phase of the disease commonly called consumption. Preparations are now being made for a conference between representatives of the medical profession and other prominent citizens throughout the Dominion, to be held at Ottawa, under the joint patronage of the Governor-General and Lady Minto, during the third or fourth week of January next, to decide upon certain measures to stay the ravages of the dreaded disease and to effectively combat and prevent its spread in the Dominion of Canada.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 30th December 1900. Males 368, females 50. Irish 189, French 184, English 20, Scotch and other nationalities 25. Catholic 376, Protestants 42. Total 418.

A DESERVED MEMORIAL.

His Lordship Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, unveiled a handsome granite Celtic cross, some twelve feet high, over the grave of Mr. Neil Gillon, in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Airdrie. The cross bore the inscription: 'Erected by Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, in memory of Neil Gillon.' Mr. Neil Gillon was a self-made Donegal man residing in Airdrie about which district he made most of his money. He gave \$25,000 to His Eminence Cardinal Logue, who was at that time Bishop of Raphoe, for the purpose of erecting the Letterkenney Cathedral. Mr. Gillon died, we believe, almost before the first sod was cut for that object.

W. G. KENNEDY ...Dentist... No. 758 PALACE STREET, Two Doors West of Beaver Hall Mill.

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COLONIAL HOUSE PHILLIPS SQUARE. Great Annual CLEARING SALE! During the MONTH OF JANUARY, beginning WEDNESDAY, the 2nd, HENRY MORGAN & CO., will offer their entire stock (with the exception of Standard patterns, Wernicke's Bookcases, etc., which they are bound by contract to sell at fixed prices), at discounts unprecedented in the annals of their business.

Furniture. Some articles of Furniture, the quality and price of which should be of interest: 3582 BEDROOM SUITE, Quartered Oak, \$75.00, 33 1-3 per cent. 3210 BEDROOM SUITE, Genuine Mahogany, \$100.00, 33 1-3 per cent. 6304 BEDROOM SUITE, two pieces, Bird's-Eye Maple, \$120.00, 33 1-3 per cent. 302-4 BEDROOM SUITE, Quartered Oak, \$115.00, 50 per cent. 3605 CHEFFONIER, Genuine Mahogany, \$75.00, 40 per cent. 295-12 WARDROBE CHEFFONIER, Quartered Oak, \$40, 40 per cent. 10011 WARDROBE CHEFFONIER, Quartered Oak, \$37.50, 25 p.c. Odd Bedsteads, taken from Bedroom Suites, ranging in price from \$40 to \$175, in Oak, Bird's-Eye Maple and Mahogany; Group 1—your choice \$5.00; Group 2—your choice \$6.50; Group 3—your choice \$8.00; Group 4—your choice \$10.00.

WALL PAPER AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

WALL PAPERS for small Halls, Dining Rooms, Kitchens and Bedrooms, with 9 and 18 inch Borders and Ceilings to match, at 12½c, 15c, 17½c, 20c and 25c. These to clear at 10, 20, 25, 33 1-3 per cent. discount. WALL PAPERS for large Halls, Front Bedrooms, Reception Rooms, with 18 inch Borders to match, at 25c, 30c, 35c, 45c and 50c. These to clear at 10, 20, 25, 33 1-3 and 50 per cent. discount.

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THE DRINK HABIT

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W. A. WAYLAND, GENERAL MANAGER.

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LLON—Many glad to read mber of a fam- ontréal. The calion, brother of Hancock, the Mining Com- in satisfaction in of his election "ountain" of g to say edit-

William Seal- the Anaconda portant event. The matter Mr. Scallon's is but a per- or it is of sur- It indicates who control the Anaconda take heed of selecting a ons who will dical would dis- onitions. of our own in Butle only compre- the sterling and is in needs and inally, and nally, and confidence and who came to s and who, iends, began of the law. the hardest of the state- for was con- in the profes- ands, with an honorable not changed to his friends was twenty recognized as solute trust, an aggressive, a to a plain An- more than ministered to; where facili- ties are such as to make it easy for the priests to be at the call or beck of any or all, night or day; and yet these people so waited on and at- tended could give a collection of coppers.

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The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of the 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.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....JANUARY 5, 1901

THE DELPIT CASE

When a question of law, be it civil or ecclesiastical, is still "subjudice," and frequently when it becomes "res judicata" we do not feel it our duty to enter into the merits or demerits of the case.

It has been repeatedly stated, both in Catholic and Protestant daily papers—that the "Pope has annulled the Delpit marriage;" that the "Sovereign Pontiff has granted a decree annulling the marriage;" and this same assertion in various other forms.

Without entering into any lengthy dissertation on the subject, we will reduce the situation to a couple of clear-cut propositions.

In the Catholic Church marriage—or matrimony—is a sacrament; if there be no sacrament there can be no marriage. Any other bond is a mere civil contract, that comes not under the cognizance or recognition of the Church.

We said that the Pope did not and could not "annul" a marriage. If there be no sacramental matrimony, there can be no Catholic marriage, consequently, he cannot annul that which does not exist.

We do not purpose entering into the facts of the now famous Delpit case, which has given rise to all these errors of exposition.

One would imagine, to read this correspondent's ill-informed views,

elements of a sacrament were lacking, therefore, no sacramental union was contracted, consequently, no marriage in the eyes of the Church—and in the eyes of God. There are impediments which, of themselves, cause the nullity of a marriage. If they exist, even without the knowledge of the parties, the marriage is null all the same; the only difference being that their ignorance of such impediments existing preserves them from the sinfulness of the union—provided they separate on learning the presence of such impediments.

RANK BIGOTRY.

In Monday night's "Star" we find the following despatch, which we insert exactly as it appeared:—

POPE EXTENDS HOLY YEAR IN ORDER TO REPLENISH THE PAPAL TREASURY BY ATTRACTING MORE PILGRIMS TO ROME.

Rome, December 31. (Special to the Star).—The announcement that the Holy Year had been extended six months caused considerable surprise, as it was understood that 1900 had quite come up to the expectations of the Vatican authorities in respect of the number of pilgrims, and the amount of contributions to Peter's Pence.

"The Pope, it is said, is of the opinion that the world almost immediately will commence a series of seven lean years in respect to international trade and commerce with a consequent falling off of Peter's Pence.

"Special efforts, therefore, are necessary to replenish the Papal treasury, and one of these is the Pope's plan for attracting more pilgrims to Rome by prolonging the Holy Year."

We doubt very much if bigotry could invent, prejudice engender, or falsehood perpetrate anything worse than this despatch. Yet it comes direct from Rome, from a special correspondent (we are expected to suppose) of a widely-circulated Canadian paper, and it is unblushingly given to no less than twenty-five thousand Catholics to inspire them with feelings strictly at variance with those that the closing hours of a great century should create in them.

One would imagine, to read this correspondent's ill-informed views,

that the celebration of the Holy Year, by the Catholic Church, was on a par with those fairs or bazaars that are announced to last a week, but which—for the sake of getting rid of a superabundance of things saleable—are extended for a few days longer. In other words, the dominant note of this unqualified piece of slander is the grasping, money-grubbing, aim which it attributes to Leo XIII. Just imagine an old man of ninety, who, at best, could not expect to enjoy for an hour the faded wealth that he is said to be thirsting for, belying all the events of his most eventful career, and coming down from the lofty station of Christ's spiritual Vicar upon earth to the level of the stock exchange, or the Monte Carlo system of advancing the interests of the Church Preposterous as it may seem, still there are men sufficiently devoid of original matter, or reliable information, to write such stuff, there are papers sufficiently bigoted to give it full publication, there are men sufficiently ignorant or prejudiced to believe it, and there are Catholics sufficiently mean to encourage it—to the prejudice of their own organs—by supporting the medium whence it comes.

For all Catholics, and all fair-minded, high-principled Protestants no argument by way of refutation is necessary; and for the one who could publish, and the few who would believe the fable, their bigotry is too ignorant to be reasoned with and their ignorance is too prejudiced to be combated. To represent the Pope as a gatherer in of millions, and as a man making use of his office and of this year's exceptional circumstances in order to heap up treasure, comes with a very bad grace from men who aided in robbing the papacy of its temporal power and its rightful estates and revenues, who hedged the Pope in with such a variety of restrictions that he is and must be an actual prisoner in his own palace.

But why make any further comment? Our readers know well what the nature of such comments would be. The mercenary soul that can see only dollars and cents in the grand spiritual effects of all the repentances, all the communions, all the church visits, all the Masses, all the pilgrimages, all the indulgences that the special privileges of this Holy Year give rise to, and all of them that might be missed were the jubilee not extended, is deserving of a pity that cannot but be tempered with a certain degree of contempt. He is surely not of those who will ever derive inspiration from the imperishable encyclicals of Leo, nor any special benefits from a contact with the shrine of the Apostles.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HIS GRACE'S ADDRESS.—Always eloquent, always timely, always appropriate, always elegant and delicate, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi's short address, delivered in the Cathedral, before the "Credo," at Monday-Tuesday's Midnight Mass, will be read with pleasure by our readers for whose benefit we translate it. His Grace spoke thus:—

"To Christ Redeemer let us give this twentieth century that now commences! Such the cry which, at this solemn hour, escapes from my heart.

Is He not, in truth, the Master and the Father of this century? "Pater futuri seculi." Let the glory thereof, even unto its last day, be given to Him. "Regi saeculorum immortal at invisibili, soli Deo, honor et gloria!" For truly is He a King. The cross to which—nineteen hundred years ago—He was nailed, torn, bruised, blood-bespattered and thorn-crowned, proclaimed His Divine Royalty to the universe. "Jesus Nazarene Rex." The Jews protested, but Pilate made answer, "What I have written, remains written." And ever since that buried crucified One, soon to become Death's conqueror, challenged for all time the respect and adoration of the human race. No being on earth ever exercised such a complete sway. Fire and sword, implety, sarcasm, schism, heresy, hypocrisy and hatred vainly combined their efforts, they helplessly failed. Christ continued to be adored as the Divine Ruler of the intelligences and the wills of individuals and of the peoples. Everywhere and ever was He loved, more than a father, or a mother, more than life itself, more than everything; He was loved even unto death, and by millions, throughout the ages did the martyrs flock to pay to His Divinity the tribute of their blood. Yes, Christ-Redeemer is King. Infinite is His Power. By Him were all things made; and nothing of grand or stable was made by other than He. Come, then, Christians, and adore Him while avowing fidelity to His teachings and His law. To-day He repeats to the world that which he once

said in presence of the poor people of Judea: "Come to Me all ye who suffer, ye who carry heavy burdens, and I will relieve you." Sublime, but strange words; the strangest, perhaps, that ever fell from human lips.

"Neither Socrates, nor Plato, nor any sage, nor any legislator of antiquity could have dared say what He said; because, in truth, only a Man-God could have said the same with truth. And who else ever enjoyed the thought, the ambition, the hope of consoling and uplifting all beings that suffer. "Omnes," do you hear that? Every person; there is no exception.

"All! all! The abandoned orphan, the homeless and hungry poor, the sick moaning upon their beds, the just man oppressed, the friend abandoned and betrayed, the sage, tormented by his fruitless researches for truth, the tempted soul, the sinner ashamed of his crimes, and to all these and all others does Jesus Christ address that astounding invitation.

"Come to Me; and nineteen centuries are there to prove the truth of how He can keep his word. As He was in the past so will He be in the future.

O Good Master, O Powerful Friend, O Incomparable Benefactor, O Saviour, O Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life in one, we place all our confidence in thee. To whom else can we go? You possess the words of eternal life even as the words of supreme consolation.

My brethren, the century that has just closed has at times been called the century of Mary. It would appear that Jesus Christ had desired for His Mother a glorification surpassing that of all preceding centuries and a more satisfactory realization of the prophetic words pronounced by the Virgin herself: "All the nations shall call me Blessed." The day that beheld the infallible Church proclaim the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the 8th December, 1854, will remain one of the most celebrated days in the history of Time.

"The Son's work of Divine Love has been accomplished, and we are satisfied. To-day a new century is born; throughout the entire world should it be the century of the Sacred Heart!

"Adorable Heart, may you be loved, thanked, and served as you deserve to be; touch all sinners and bring them back to the path of duty, in order that by your blessed action all minds may return to the union of Faith; may the laws of our Church be respected; may peace reign in all our homes; may grace reign in all our hearts. This diocese belongs to you; you know it; this country is yours; keep them and protect them. Open out, O Divine Heart, give us a refuge, and may we all perpetually remain therein; thus will the joys in this valley of tears be the prelude to the unending joys of eternity—Amen."

CENTURY ALLUSIONS.—In all the five Irish Catholic parishes of the city appropriate allusions were made, on Tuesday, to the passing of the century. The occasion furnished a very beautiful subject for the pulpit, and each of the pastors delivered a few remarks that are calculated to remain fixed, like the memory of an epoch, in the minds of their parishioners.

REV. BROTHER ARNOLD.—Who does not know good Brother Arnold? Every person, old and young, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, will be glad to learn that he is in perfect health and enjoying his residence in a milder climate to his great heart's content. A friend of his, in this city, received a New Year's letter from him, in which he states that he is in the enjoyment of better health than he has had for years, and that the mild, balmy, snowless climate of St. Louis agrees with him in every sense. The "True Witness," amongst thousands of Canada's citizens, rejoices that Brother Arnold is so well and so pleased with his present home; and wishes him a happy and health-blessed New Year—and many a year to come.

THE IMMIGRANT STONE.—The stone that so long has marked the last resting place of so many Irish immigrants, whose days were cut short by the terrible fever scourge, has finally been removed from amidst railway tracks, fences, switches and sheds, to a not much better situation, in the heart of St. Patrick's Square, near the Wellington Bridge. How, or by whom removed, we have not yet learned; all we know is that the translation was done with very little noise, and less ceremony. So much had been said, so many protests had been made by our various societies, when the question of the transfer of that monumental stone to some other site, was first mooted, that we expected to have heard

something about the matter when the event would actually take place. The silence is very peculiar, to say the least. Every one appears to disclaim any responsibility. We are not criticizing the fact of the removal; on this point we had our say many months ago, and there is no need of repeating what we then wrote, especially as no one in particular seems very interested in the affair. All we desire to do is to draw a very patent lesson from the matter; it teaches us the futility of all the loud protestations, warmly debated opinions and positive resolutions in the presence of that apathy which, like a reaction, seems to set in once the fever-heat of the initial movement has been allowed to die out. We trust that the change may prove satisfactory; otherwise it would be very regrettable.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.—The murderer of the German representative in China has been beheaded in the open street of the capital. The execution was as blundering an affair as could be expected, while the friends of the assassinated Consul as well as the officers of the German army took part in the miserable spectacle. Russia and China have come to an understanding concerning certain provinces of the Celestial Empire. Apart from these two meagre phrases we are not prepared to say much about the whole affair. The twentieth century dawns upon a convulsed China, it may set upon a shattered Europe. This may be but the beginning of the end. The greatest menace to the world's tranquility is the fact that China is learning all the improvements in the art of war that the Western nations possess. A week, a day, an hour may bring some startling revelation, a peaceful transition, or an earthquake shock of excitement. The situation will be carefully watched for the future.

SOUTH AFRICA WAR.—We do not pretend to know much about what is now transpiring in South Africa. To judge by Lord Roberts' return, and Kruger's European trip, we could simply conclude that the situation is all changed, that war is over, and that the Transvaal matter is settled. Yet, the daily, we might also state, the hourly press despatches detail most extraordinary events in South Africa—extraordinary in as much as the war that was threatening in its commencement has been pronounced over—still reinforcements are needed; still political friends of the Boer are sanguine of some ultimate success, and they cheer the little command of DeWet. What is the meaning of all those apparent contradictions? It is evident that the war is not over, nor is it likely to be finished for some time. We would not be astonished to hear of another Canadian contingent being requested to proceed to Cape Town. In fact, we would be surprised at nothing, not even at a Boer occupation of Cape Colony, and a renewal of all the past year's hostilities. Why is it, or how is it that DeWet still defies and baffles the concentrated efforts of the best British generals in South Africa, in his erratic fights and spasmodic advances? When we learn that the last Boer has laid down his arms we will consider it timely to express an opinion upon a subject that is beyond the power of man to regulate.

BIGOTRY DISAPPEARING.—In former days, and even down to our time; no more bigoted, anti-Catholic time, there was no more bigoted, anti-Catholic section of America than the State of Massachusetts. As an evidence of how the close of the nineteenth century has been marked by a visible movement away from the domain of prejudice, we need but quote the following:—

"Massachusetts," says the Irish "Standard," is gradually getting rid of its puritanical bigotry. Philip J. O'Connell, a Roman Catholic and the son of Irish parents, has been elected Mayor of Worcester, despite the fact that every daily paper in the city opposed him politically. Springfield has a Hayes for mayor, Taunton has an O'Hearn, Salem has a Hurley, and Boston would have had a Collins, were it not for the jealousy of a rival, who divided the Democratic vote. The Celts of the Bay State are coming prominently to the front on their merits. O'Connell, of Worcester, is a staunch member of the A.O.H."

PUBLIC INSTALLATION.—A public installation of the officers of St. Gabriel Court, G.O.F., will be held on Jan. 7th. Addresses will be made by prominent citizens, and, with the assistance of past and provincial officers, merit and good will is on the order paper, the talent for the evening having already been secured.

PAROCHIAL NOTES.

REV. P. J. BRADY.—Although we were aware, prior to the announcement made to the daily press, of the appointment of Rev. P. J. Brady—late chaplain of the female prison—to the pastorate of St. Mary's parish, in succession to the late lamented Father O'Donnell, still in such matters we prefer to allow the official statement to be made before publishing the information that we possess. In this instance, as in every other one, since the advent of Mgr. Bruchesi to the archiepiscopal throne, the appointment followed almost immediately upon the creation of the vacancy. In this do we see another of the many evidences of His Grace's administrative activity. On Sunday next Father Brady will take official possession of his new parish, and will preach his initial sermon at High Mass. The members of St. Mary's congregation will long miss the kindly presence of Father O'Donnell, but they will find a deep consolation in the fact that his successor is one whose noble qualities of heart and mind are certain to endear him to his new parishioners. We wish him every possible blessing, at the opening of a century, the dawning of a year, and the commencement of his new career in this grand field of sacerdotal activity.

REV. FATHER McDERMOTT.—It is with deep regret that we learn of the illness of Rev. Father McDermott, who has been acting pastor of St. Mary's during the late Father O'Donnell's illness, and since his death. It would seem as if Father McDermott had taken greatly to heart the untimely death of the noble priest and friend to whom he had been named as assistant; and this shock combined with the immense amount of work and the responsibility entailed, contributed considerably to his present sickness. It is to be hoped that a few days will see him again perfectly restored to health and strength.

REV. FATHER KIERNAN.—We learn with great pleasure that Rev. Father Kiernan returns to our archdiocese and to this city, and that he will replace Father Brady, as chaplain of the female prison. The change from Sheenboro to Montreal will doubtless be gratifying to Father Kiernan; his sojourn amongst the pines of Pontiac will have served as a builder up of energies, and while we feel confident that he leaves behind him many pleasant memories and sincere friendships, still, to a man of his well known ability, the atmosphere of a large centre must be more congenial than that—pure as it is—of the rocky regions of the Upper Ottawa.

OUR LORD'S STATUE.—From time to time we receive many evidences of how selfish some men become, even in the presence of gradually accumulating millions; but rarely have we read a more affecting piece of news than the following extract from a Roman letter:—

"In view of the Solemn Homage to the Divine Redeemer with which the Catholic world is inaugurating the new century, a colossal statue of Our Lord, of the form already approved by the ecclesiastical authorities for the purposes of this act of devotion, is to be erected upon a lofty crest of the Sabine Mountains. The selected site stands at the height of about 4,000 feet above the sea level and can be clearly distinguished from Rome, from the Campagna, and from the Mediterranean, commanding also the whole tract of country occupied by the Sabine group.

"The statue will be placed in close proximity to the little village of Guadagnolo, which occupies the highest summit of the elevation known as 'the Mentorella,' being situated on the top of a precipitous and almost inaccessible crag of rock.

"The village, perched like an eagle's nest on this cloud-encircled spot, was founded by the famous house of the Conti, who gave four Pontiffs to the Church. It has the reputation of being one of the poorest towns in Italy, and certainly contains a most poverty-stricken population, who subsist by raising maize on the barren hillsides, banking up what little soil there is into terraces for this purpose, and by tending the herds of goats which find pasture among the rocks."

SEVEN IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.—We have no comment to make upon the following despatch from Wilkesboro, N.C. Mrs. Newton McCann gave birth to four children, two girls and two boys, last week.

Eighteen months ago she gave birth to three. All seven are well and hearty.

It is said that this beats the world's record. Seven children in less than two years.

There is only one person in the world to whom we may be severe. There is one who deserves it, and on whom we may vent all our severity, and that person is our own self.

God is so good that He never sends us a cross without providing a Crossman to help us carry it.

Local

DR. HACKBERRY.—Friends of Dr. Hackberry in Irish Catholic circles are anxious to learn that the Western Hill occupies a professional medical position.

C.M.B.A.—All of this organ to learn that a member, M. has been again Deputy of the Sec. The appointment of the Supreme I. Haynes. The tulates Mr. F. for a second year. He is enthusiastic m

C.O.F. ST.—At a special Court, the following unanimously a

Whereas,—A. has thought p our midst our much respecter F. O'Donnell, Resolved, Th St. Mary's Co Order of Forc assembly felt sympathy deceased, and consoled by the exemplary and the deceased tend our sorrow and assoc who mourn our Christian com Resolved, Th Court attend that our char days an consolation for of the deceas "True Witness ester."

M. D. P. J. T. M. Co The election Court was held corner of Cra Thursday eve The results w J. Ryan, C. C. R. H. F. lected; John (re-elected); J. (re-elected); J. (re-elected).

BRANCH 54 ing, the 2nd enthusiastic C.M.B.A., was hall, corner C Grand Depu pontier, and I J. McDonagh, present. The installed for sident, Jno. dent, Geo. Pa dent, T. Brac tary, F. McGo ing secretary, crotary, J. D McDonnell; n guard, E. Br man, J. McK Mahon and G sentative to neltus O'Brien, J. D. Co Speeches we uties Oostigan gratulating t elected such a coming year. Resolved, t O'Brien, feeli death of Rev. late spiritual On the mo'di Candon, secon dent, Geo. Pa resolutions i opted —

Whereas,—I call to his et teemed spirit O'Donnell, b Resolved, t members of heroby tender ter of our lat deep and hea sad afflictio Resolved, i inserted in t Branch, and Miss O'Donn "Witness" and publication.

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provinces w been destroy escaping by refuge, at the worldly good been pillaged ravages fields devast industry was little village mulation of volume. Son records will, and compiled never be othe incomplete. T to the loss of some, have and lives of instant, chur ages, and ho charity and ruins by the this verifiab entered i tate of the Cardinal in Throughout all the work has been over sea's catastro

Local Notes.

DR. HACKETT ILL. — The many friends of Dr. Hackett, so well known in Irish Catholic circles, will be pained to learn that he is seriously ill at the Western Hospital. Dr. Hackett occupies a prominent place in the medical profession of this city.

C.M.B.A.—All members and friends of this organization will be pleased to learn that the enthusiastic veteran member, Mr. Patrick Flannery, has been again appointed Supreme Deputy of the Grand Council of Quebec. The appointment was made by the Supreme President, Mr. John J. Hayes. The "True Witness" congratulated Mr. Flannery on his appointment for a second term of three years. He is a sincere, zealous and enthusiastic member of the Order.

C.O.F. ST. MARY'S COURT, 164.—At a special meeting of above Court, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas—An all-wise Providence has caused proper to remove from our midst our worthy brother and much respected Chaplain, the Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of St. Mary's Court, No. 164, Catholic Order of Foresters, in special meeting assembled, do tender our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of the deceased, and pray that they may be consoled by the recollection of the exemplary and Christian virtues of the deceased clergyman. We also extend our sorrows to the Rev. pastors and associate priests of our city, who mourn the loss of a faithful and Christian companion.

Resolved, That the members of this Court attend the funeral in a body, that our charter be draped for thirty days and a copy of these resolutions forwarded to the relatives of the deceased and published in the "True Witness" and "Catholic Forester."

M. DUNN, P.C.R., P. J. TOMILTY, C.R., T. MALONE, V.C.R., Committee on resolutions.

The election of officers of the above Court was held in St. Mary's Hall, corner of Craig and Panet streets, on Thursday evening, Dec. 20th, 1900. The results were as follows: John J. Ryan, C. R.; John O'Rourke, V. C. R.; H. F. McEniry, Sec.-Secy. (re-elected); John Kilcullen, Fin.-Secy. (re-elected); Thos. O'Rourke, Treas. (re-elected); E. J. C. Kennedy, M.E. (re-elected).

BRANCH 54.—On Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst., a large and most enthusiastic meeting of Branch 54, C.M.B.A., was held in the branch hall, corner Craig and Panet streets. Grand Deputies Costigan and Carpenter, and Recording Secretary P. J. McDonagh, of Branch 26, were present. The following officers were installed for the ensuing year: President, Jno. Condon; 1st vice-president, Geo. Pattinagle; 2nd vice-president, T. B. Glanville; recording secretary, P. McGovern; assistant recording secretary, M. Hart; financial secretary, J. D. Cogan; treasurer, T. McDonnell; marshal, T. Meaney; guard, E. Brennan; trustees, J. Gorman, J. McKee, J. J. Parsons, M. Mahon and Geo. Pattinagle; representative to the Grand Council, Cornelius O'Brien; alternate representative, J. D. Cogan.

Speeches were made by Grand Deputies Costigan and Carpenter, congratulating the Branch for having elected such efficient officers for the coming year.

The retiring president, Cornelius O'Brien, feelingly referred to the death of Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, the late spiritual director of the branch. On the motion of President John Condon, seconded by 1st vice-president Geo. Pattinagle, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas—It has pleased God to call to his eternal reward our esteemed spiritual director, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, be it therefore

Resolved, That we the officers and members of Branch 54, C.M.B.A., hereby tender to Miss O'Donnell, sister of our late spiritual director, our deep and heartfelt sympathy in her sad affliction; be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the minutes of the Branch, and that a copy be sent to Miss O'Donnell and to the "True Witness" and "Irish Canadian" for publication.

PERSECUTIONS IN CHINA.

(Continued from Page One.)

provinces whose communities have been destroyed, the survivors only escaping by flight to some place of refuge; at the sacrifice of all their worldly goods. Their houses have been pillaged and burned, their property ravaged and destroyed, their fields devastated, the fruits of their industry wasted and spoiled. Each little village has suffered an accumulation of woes that might fill a volume. Some day or other these records will be partially recovered and compiled, but the history can never be other than fragmentary and incomplete. The missions, in addition to the loss of life among their personnel, have seen the results of years and lives of labor annihilated in an instant, churches, schools, orphanages, and hospitals, monuments of charity and beneficence, reduced to ruins by the savage fury let loose in this terrible reign of terror. Having entered into the harrowing details of the massacres and ruin, the Cardinal in concluding says:—

Throughout a great part of China all the work of the Catholic Church has been swept away in one universal catastrophe. The amount of the

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

A touching, timely and eloquent sermon was preached on Sunday last, by Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., at St. Ann's. The subject of the new century was one well calculated to bring out some of the preacher's fine ideas and eloquently expressed sentiments. But even more remarkable, in one sense, than the sermon, was the list of announcements which preceded it. In accordance with a time-honored custom in St. Ann's parish, the list of Masses for the dead that are to be said each week is read. The reading of that list is in itself a beautiful sermon. It is an evidence of how truly minded is the Church of her dead. Names of men and women, long since gone to their eternal rest, and the majority of whom are entirely forgotten—save by their immediate relatives, and by the Church—come up with a mournful familiarity. As these names are called out from the pulpit, the faithful can summon up, in imagination, many an old acquaintance whose presence was so conspicuous in days now dead, whose absence is equally striking upon the reminding influence of this memorial announcement. With the figures and features of those long gone, it is easy to conjure up the scenes through which they lived—and they work in which they participated. From oblivion's deep grave, the powerful, yet ever tender voice, of the Church summons them to arise. Truly, the custom is a noble one.

The choir, seconded by a very competent orchestra, rendered Father's beautiful "Messe de l'Assomption," in a manner that caused many pleasant surprises to hundreds of visitors from other parishes. Prof. Shea, the organist and director, has long since made for himself a reputation as the best of his kind in the city. The Mass, which is replete with solos, duets and choruses, is grand and majestic in style and full of difficult passages which would tax the vocal ability of professionals. The Kyrie, with its solemn and weird strains, was rendered in a manner that was inspiring, while the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, in every particular, were interpreted with all the zeal and fervor that follows earnest work and enthusiasm. The solos were exceedingly good. St. Ann's may justly be proud of its soloists. The introduction of the boys by Prof. Shea, no doubt, evoked a great deal of laudatory remarks, must have been very gratifying.

At a recent meeting of the Church-wardens of St. Ann's parish, Rev. Father Strubbe, the zealous pastor, submitted the financial statement for the past year. It speaks volumes for the administrative ability of the pastor, and is well worth more than a passing glance. It is as follows:—

NOTES FROM ROME.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.—So often have we referred to the unreliable nature of all despatches concerning the Pope's health, that we purposely avoid the subject as much as possible. But the following incident, related by a resident correspondent, in Rome, will serve to illustrate our thought. He says:—

"About ten days ago the Holy Father, while examining a very fine silver lamp, presented to him by a group of pilgrims, unfortunately dropped the heavy piece of plate, which grazed his left foot, slightly injuring a toe. After a few days, a slight irritation set in, and Professor Mazzoni was called, who merely bandaged the little wound and pronounced it of no importance, however. This was the 'serious operation' which some sensation-loving journals gravely asserted to have been performed on the Pontiff. Professor Mazzoni, in a brief interview which I had with him, authorized me to emphatically contradict the statement that he had been obliged to perform a second operation on the Pontiff."

AMERICAN SAILORS IN ROME.

The week before last Leo XIII. descended into St. Peter's, where nearly eight thousand pilgrims from Latium and the Roman province received the Holy Father with an enthusiastic ovation, in which a party of 120 young American sailors, led by their officers and displaying the "Stars and Stripes," joined with characteristic heartiness. They were part of the crew of the United States training vessel Dixie, lying off Naples, and had purposely come up from the latter port in order to receive the Papal Benediction. And this the Holy Father bestowed upon them with his usual benevolent cordiality, repeatedly raising his hand in Benediction as he was carried past the group of kneeling sailors, and the American flag was lowered respectfully before the Pontiff.

PHOTOGRAPHED PILGRIMS.—A

writer from Rome says that perhaps the most interesting souvenir in connection with the present "Anno Santo" will some day be the magnificent collection of groups of different pilgrims taken by the Papal photographer Chev. de Fredericis. This gentleman, who is a veritable artist of the camera, has photographed, free of charge, several hundred groups of pilgrims from every part of the world, each in their distinctive costumes, and intends to present the Holy Father with the complete collection, which will form a sort of photographic history of the Jubilee Year pilgrimages. Looking over these interesting pictures, it is more easy to form an exact conception of the pilgrimages than by perusing mere statistics, and this compendium of the ethnographic characteristics of every race and nation in the world, gives us an approximate idea of the essentially Catholic character of the true Church, which unites in its motherly embrace the children of every clime.

If instead of a gem or even a flower, we would cast the gift of a noble thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving an "idea" and gems must give.

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NOTES FROM ST. GABRIEL PARISH.

At a general meeting of the past and present Church-wardens of the Oeuvre and Fabrique of St. Gabriel's held on January 3rd, 1901, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That we tenderly condole with his relatives and parishioners of St. Mary's in their sorrow and affliction; be it further

Resolved, That said resolution be entered on the record book of St. Gabriel's parish, and that copies be transmitted to the relatives and to the parishioners of St. Mary's, as a token of respect and veneration for the true priest, who has gone to his heavenly reward, and who was revered by the Irish people of the city of Montreal, and particularly by the parishioners of St. Gabriel's.

(Signed) HENRY ARMSTRONG, JAMES BURNS, PATRICK O'BRIEN, JOHN LYNCH, JOHN CONNOR, J. J. ELLIS, GEO. McAFFEE, ED. O'BYRNE, WM. O'MEARA, P.P.

At the same meeting, Mr. John Ryan, 68 Coleraine street, was unanimously elected a church-warden for the year 1901.

ONTARIO'S POPULATION.

Toronto, January 3.—In view of the taking of the census in the spring the Registrar-General's guess of the population of Ontario is of interest. The estimate is 2,302,705 plus the excess of births during the year just closed and the immigration of last season into New Ontario, making a total of probably 2,350,000.

WINTER NAVIGATION.

The St. Lawrence River Navigation Company, Limited, has been formed in London, Eng., for the purpose of operating all winter a line of ice-breaking steamships between Montreal and Quebec. Prominent English and Canadian capitalists are interested in the company, which has a capital of £500,000 (\$2,500,000). The vessels, it is understood, will probably leave Quebec and Montreal simultaneously, in which case they will meet about Three Rivers, each thus having only half the journey to travel. Next winter, it is said, may see the scheme in operation.

HINTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Commenting upon some appropriate remarks of a Catholic writer, one of our exchanges says:— "What the Catholic editor needs to know most of all is how to meet the thousand and one expenses of the paper when its readers fail to pay their subscriptions. This seems to strike the nail on the head. What a happy people the Quakers must be; with their 'thee' and 'thou,' their sombre and quaint garments, their solemn faces and their serious carriage! Their official organ, 'The Quaker,' has the following paragraph, which contains a grand lesson for all other Christians:—

"I seldom lose anything by a subscriber failing to pay what is due; I collect one hundred cents on the dollar, and get it promptly. I do not have to wait for my money or to send out appeals for it. The Friends, you know, are a debt-paying people, and if it were known that a man took his church paper and refused to pay for it, his character would be seriously damaged among those with whom he is associated."

What a pity that the Catholic editor dare not say as much! Were this a Quaker organ, instead of an Irish Catholic one, it would have long since had a magnificent

DENIS HANDRAHAN.—The joyful

sounds of the bells ushering in the new century had scarcely ceased when the grim-reaper death spread its wings out and summoned away another of the old landmarks of the city in the person of Mr. Denis Handrahan, of Churchtown, County Cork, Ireland. The deceased was returning from the Midnight Service at St. Anthony's Church, Christmas morning, when he slipped on the sidewalk and fell, sustaining severe injuries. The ambulance from the General Hospital was summoned, and the injured man taken there. Everything that medical aid could do was done, but his spirit departed after a few days' suffering, congested with the brain being set in. The deceased at the time of his death was in his 70th year. The funeral took place from his residence, 237 St. Martin street, Thursday morning, at 7.15 to St. Anthony's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul by Rev. Father T. Heffernan. The singing of the Gregorian chant by Messrs. Casey, Proulx, Bissonnette and Cuddy, being very impressive. The interment was at Cote des Neiges Cemetery.—R.I.P.

JOHN CONNICK.—As the last

hours of the nineteenth century were sinking into oblivion, the Angel of Death summoned Mr. John Connick to the Throne of the Giver of Life and Death to receive the reward of a well-spent life. The deceased was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1819. He emigrated to this country in his young days, and may justly be called one of the pioneers of this "Canada of ours." The funeral, which took place on Thursday morning, to St. Anthony's Church, was largely attended. At the Church the body was received by Rev. J. E. Donnelly, R.P., and after the customary prayers, the Rev. Father, assisted by Rev. M. L. Shea, as deacon, Rev. T. Heffernan, as sub-deacon, commenced the solemn Requiem Mass. The choir, under the direction of Mr. E. F. Casey, rendered

PORTIONS.

In the ceremonies of initiation a paddle was used, having on one side a blank cartridge. The user of the paddle accidentally turned the side with the cartridge attached and the wad was imbedded in Deason's thigh. Two days after the ceremony Deason died of blood poisoning.

Mrs. Deason brought suit to recover damages, alleging carelessness on the part of those who participated in the initiation. The case was recently decided in favor of the widow. The jury gave her \$4,000.

MRS. BYRNE.—Sincere sympathy

is felt with Mr. Samuel Byrne, the well known Irish Catholic journalist of Montreal, in the sad bereavement which has befallen him in the almost sudden death of his wife, Marie Delima Cayer. Death was due to meningitis, from which she had suffered only a few days. A couple of months previously she had suffered from a serious attack of pleurisy, from the effects of which, however, she had completely recovered, owing to the skillful care of Dr. Laphorn Smith, her regular physician. The body was buried in her native parish of Alfred, Ont., in the presence of her sorrowing husband, her parents, and three sisters. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Cure, the Rev. Father Lombard, who afterwards pronounced the Absolutions.

Mrs. Byrne had endeared herself to a large circle of friends by her un-failing affableness, her unvarying good-nature, and her gentle and kindly disposition. She was 31 years old when she died. She was a devout and exemplary Catholic.—R.I.P.

JAMES O'KELLY.—This week we have also to chronicle the death of an old subscriber, Mr. James O'Kelly, which occurred last week in Ogdensburg, N.Y. Deceased was highly respected in his district, and was a welcome visitor at many a fireside.—R.I.P.

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HELPING THE PRIEST.

Dr. Egan, in one of his chats in "The Ave Maria," allows the fellows at the club to talk on the Catholic paper. We extract this passage:— "I don't understand what you mean by saying that a priest who does not encourage a Catholic paper cuts the ground from under his feet!" exclaimed the young mechanic. "You don't! Put yourself in the priest's place. Public opinion does not keep people Catholics or Christians, does it? Public opinion does not respect a man for his belief; it rewards what it sees of his acts. I know Cubans who go to Mass regularly in Havana. Why? It is bad form not to do so there, but 'among the Yankees one may do as one pleases.' That illustrates what I mean. The priest has here only a spiritual hold on the people. Public opinion will not strengthen it, fashion is against it; expediency is not, as a rule, with its all English literature is against the spiritual as presented by him; the press regards it with tolerance, but does not understand it; the great bustling world does not help it. Really, it seems to me that when the Holy Father recommends the Catholic press as he does, he shows an insight into conditions of which less inspired men are ignorant."

Cardinal Newman seems to have referred to the same view when he said:— "Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect and then leave it to exercise its new power upon the most sacred subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly, or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge."

In our cities, where the majority of Catholics go to the early masses and hear no sermon, we see no other way in which their Catholic convictions are to be appealed to, except by the Catholic press.

If fashion and public opinion and literature, are forces which tend to loosen the hold of the Church on the average Catholic, any influence which increases the power of religion should be encouraged; and what is better than a Catholic paper? —Catholic Citizen.

DIED.

HENEY.—At St. Patrick's de Beauvoir, on Nov. 10th, 1900, Arthur Henevy, aged 90 years, formerly of St. Sylvester, province of Quebec.

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HINTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Commenting upon some appropriate remarks of a Catholic writer, one of our exchanges says:— "What the Catholic editor needs to know most of all is how to meet the thousand and one expenses of the paper when its readers fail to pay their subscriptions. This seems to strike the nail on the head. What a happy people the Quakers must be; with their 'thee' and 'thou,' their sombre and quaint garments, their solemn faces and their serious carriage! Their official organ, 'The Quaker,' has the following paragraph, which contains a grand lesson for all other Christians:—

"I seldom lose anything by a subscriber failing to pay what is due; I collect one hundred cents on the dollar, and get it promptly. I do not have to wait for my money or to send out appeals for it. The Friends, you know, are a debt-paying people, and if it were known that a man took his church paper and refused to pay for it, his character would be seriously damaged among those with whom he is associated."

What a pity that the Catholic editor dare not say as much! Were this a Quaker organ,

THE STORY OF PADDY MAC.

Leadville, Dec. 3.—In looking over the well thumbed books and magazines in the library of a friend to-day I ran across a little monthly called the "Cloud City Record." It was neat of type and clever of composition. In fact when I saw, standing out in bold capitals, the name of Frank McGuire as one of the editors, I at once felt more than interested in the publication, having a passing acquaintance with a person of that name who has toyed more or less with the pen. I assume that Mr. McGuire is a youth; a boy of tender years. Therefore, with the admonitions of his parents and the good counsels of his tutors, there is some hope of his breaking this baneful newspaper habit so early acquired. Anyway, he should not pursue it with the idea of ever becoming a millionaire. Bull should he, in years to come, acquire the keen humor and terseness of style in which the following story of "Paddy Mac" is told from the pen, I fancy, of Rev. Father Gibbon. He will at least derive considerable mental satisfaction.—Ed. Intermountain Catholic.

Opportunity brings out the true character of the hero as well as the vice of the degenerate. Indeed, opportunity has much to do with the success and failure of men. It is said that Grant would never have won renown as a great leader, were it not for the civil war. The times make the man, is a truism, which may safely be assumed as a principle in our relations to human conditions. But nowhere is this fact more evident than in this country, where opportunities are always facing us. As a mining man said the other day in passing over the Colorado Southern railroad: "We are riding over opportunities on this virgin mountain that will astonish the world in later ages."

Among the old pioneers who behold these rising up mountains as a boy, in the little "Kerry Patch" of East St. Louis, was Paddy Mac, the subject of this sketch. Blind now, and led about by his faithful wife, who had pledged her love to him when he was the gallant of the camp, Paddy still holds a warm corner in the heart of every citizen of Leadville. Still in the prime of matured manhood, he often sits on the steps of the city hall and leisurely falls into a philosophic mood, no doubt reflecting on his boyhood's days when he assumed the mantle of the "Kerry Patch," or roamed over the mountains around Leadville in search of the precious metals. Every boy and girl in the city knows Paddy, for he saw most of the young men and women baptized who have since grown to maturity in our midst and called out the dances for them at weddings and parties and sang the glories of "The Little Hibernian Harp" on every Patrick's day since Leadville celebrated her first banquet on the feast of the great national saint of Ireland. Hence, no one passes him by without saying "How are you Paddy?" and Paddy never fails to say "I am well, John, Mary, Tom, Father. How are you?" Although blind for years, Paddy is able to distinguish voices with an accuracy that is truly amazing and rarely makes a mistake. He has preserved in memory's halls the history of all, even to the sound of voices, and this adds much joy to the utter darkness that shuts him out from the visible world. Week in and out Paddy stands on the old stage of the city hall, when the merry dance goes on, and may be heard three and four blocks away calling out the latest changes with a voice that would be a credit to a Roman gladiator.

Well to begin, Paddy is of Irish descent, and he glories in the name. He came from the McAnuliffs and McSweeneys, who once wore the regal robes in Tara's halls when Ireland was a nation. Fortunately for himself, he was born beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes, where "a man is a man for all that."

Paddy first saw the light of day in the city of Washington, on the 5th of July, in the year 1860. Ushered into the world a few months before the great battle of Bull Run, Paddy drew from the troubled times the inspiration of the cavalier. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to the little town of Jackson, Virginia, to better their condition and seek that quiet and peace which could not be found in the capital, among the march of countless thousands.

The Shenandoah valley during the war was the pathway of advance for the chivalry of the Confederacy. Here as a child he beheld the great armies of the North and the South sweep up and down the valley in retreat and victory. On one occasion, as General Beauregard passed with his hosts, the staff officers paused before the old mansion to slake their thirst from the oaken bucket at the farm house. Paddy, then about 2 years old, stood upon the porch waving a small rebel flag before the soldiers as they marched on, covered with sweat and dust. The general looked up and contemplated Paddy and his short dress for a moment, and then, spurring his horse up to the porch, presented our young hero with a \$20 bill. Paddy gave the money to his mother, and was ever afterward called Beauregard by the children of the village.

The peace and success which the Mack family sought in the valley of the Shenandoah were not found. Sheridan in his famous raid did not

leave enough food for a crow to exist on, as he said in his famous report. "Calico," said Paddy, "ran up to a dollar a yard, and many of the combatants were compelled to wear coffee sacks for clothing."

Before the close of the war Paddy and his parents returned to Washington and settled down to make the most out of the turmoil of the times. For two years he attended a private school and learned the first rudiments of education, as well as that pugilistic science which stood so well to him in after years in the wild and woolly West. At the close of the war the Mack family set out for the West, and settled in the famous suburb which is known the world over as the "Kerry Patch."

With these surroundings Paddy was in his glory. Well developed for his years, he was able to face all the boys in the "Patch," and now declares that he whipped as many as fourteen boys in a day. Paddy was by no means quarrelsome. In fact, he was good natured and never looked for trouble, but when once imposed on or seeing his weak friend in a dangerous scrap, he was the first in and the last to leave the field of honor. His honesty and staying powers in field and fight soon made him the leader of the boys in the "Kerry Patch," and, once gaining the supremacy, he was elected as ringmaster in all questions of fistic science. Paddy was not only an athlete, but a singer and a dancer of the first rank, and many a breakdown himself and Tim Leahy were given to the music of his voice in the old halls of St. Louis during the late sixties. Swimming, too, was one of his rare sports. At the maturation in St. Louis he won the first prize by riding the cork mule in that famous resort, and, as a result, became the champion swimmer in the city at the age of 14. Herding the cows for his mother in the suburbs during the day gave him ample time to swim in the great "Father of Waters," and many a time he swam far out in the river, while his dog, Blossom, watched his pants and shirt on the sedge bank and kept the naughty boys from sending him home naked. Thus he grew to be a young giant, the pride of his family and the terror of the evil doers in the "Kerry Patch."

At 15 he began to buy and sell barrels in the city, and worked up a thriving business, making considerable money, which assisted much in supporting the large family. Paddy had scarcely attained the age of 16 when his father died. Turning over the business to his stepfather, he set out for Memphis, Tenn., where he found employment for a time on the great levees then under construction. Tiring of this occupation, he soon returned to St. Louis and then made up his mind to come west. Early in the spring of 1878 he set out with a trusted companion for Kansas City, where he arrived none the worse for the trip, save that he had a few scraps now and then with the boys.

At Kansas City, Paddy found a party preparing to set out on a prospecting expedition to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It was just the thing he desired—adventure in the great plains of the West. He failed, however, to obtain a position with this company and at once obtained work with the John Scott freighting outfit, then running to the business in Canon City, and touching at all the points between the Missouri and Rocky Mountains. "Skinning mules at \$75 a month and board was a pretty good job for a boy of my age," said Paddy, "and I was the happiest fellow on earth. The life, without a hard one. You had to attend your own mules, herd them on the grass, watch out for Indians, sleep by the camp fire, and, besides, bear all the cuss words of the freight boss from morning till night. The boss got down on Paddy when he resisted his curses and insults and threatened to whip him several times, while our hero talked back in a manly way and endeavored to reason with this mule and man skinner. Paddy was very careful to hide the courage so often manifested in the "Kerry Patch," for fear he might be left on the great plains to become a target of the Indians."

In due time the caravan arrived in the town of Pueblo, which Paddy estimated then to have a population of about 600. Watering his mules one day on the Arkansas river, he beheld for the first time the glittering mica, and sprang into the water up to his waist to gather up what he thought was gold.

Disposing of part of their goods at Pueblo, the party set out for Canon City, which at that time contained only the penitentiary and a couple of dozen mud houses and log cabins. During the trip to Canon City the freight boss never let an opportunity pass to taunt Paddy. He carried a Colt's revolver, wore leather breeches, Mexican hat, and a red calico handkerchief around his neck. Being over six feet in height and of herculean strength, Paddy was afraid to risk even the pugilistic science of the "Kerry Patch" against such a giant.

Paddy studied the matter over for a long time, and finally determined to quit the job, without having any further trouble. Coming to the boss for a settlement, and announcing his departure, the freight boss got into a fury and denounced Paddy in the most unmeasured terms, in the worst vernacular of the plains. Some of the boys stood around and held down their heads, but said nothing. Finally, the boss picked up a neckyoke and was about to strike Paddy. "Give me a chance," said Paddy, "and I'll fight you." "Yes," said the other boys, "that's the man-

ly way to do it, and we'll see fair play—none of this neckyoke work, that's cowardly."

"You will fight me?" said the big bully. "Yes," said Paddy. "I have borne your insults long enough. You have insulted my mother, by calling her out of her name, and I'll stand that from no man." Paddy pulled off his coat and shirt, knotted his suspenders about his waist, and the boys formed the ring.

For a time the bully hesitated. He was afraid of the crowd. "Will you show fair play and not interfere?" said the boss. "Yes," said Paddy. "Won't you, boys? If I'm licked, that's all. No striking when a man is on the ground, or no kicking; a fair stand-up fight, and I'll do the best I can, boys." "That goes," said the crowd.

The two men stepped into the ring and the sight, indeed, was a strange one. Paddy, compared to the giant, was like one of the midgits in "Gulliver's Travels." Yet, he had the science of the "Kerry Patch," which the giant lacked, and the courage of "the fighting race."

For a few moments the men glared at each other, and the Goliath of Missouri feinted, and with a rush and a long, ungainly stride shot out his right. Like Corbett and Fitzsimmons, Paddy was not there when it came, for, stepping aside, he gave the knight of the whip a left-hander on the point of the jaw that then induced thousands from all parts of the United States to come and fill their grips with the precious metals. The trip was a long one, for Paddy came in afloat, in the late fall of 1878. Camping at night along the stage road, at that season was not a pleasant thing. Thousands were constantly coming and going, in companies of tens and twenties. Some said that the camp was no good, and there was nothing in it; while others maintained that you'd find out the mummy, and then what good was your gold and silver? But, despite all the protestations of the outgoers, Paddy kept on his march up the rugged mountains, and arrived in the camp on Dec. 29, 1879.

The time was, indeed, a propitious one. Leadville was in her holiday attire, and endeavoring to make most out of the joyous season. The city, proper, contained but two streets, but the multitude of tents, dug-outs and cabins was innumerable. Fully 10,000 or 12,000 people were straggled over the hills, or packed like sardines in the so-called hotels and boarding houses in those days. Two dollars for a good bed was considered cheap, and to unroll your blankets in a warm corner of a saloon or dance hall in the city was the privilege of a dollar, and considered a luxury.

Every one was prospecting, and all had mines. Paddy, too, was soon caught by the fever, and set out with a few companions after the holidays to locate a claim or two. They camped far from where the celebrated Johnny mine is now located. Here they drove their stakes and sunk a ten-foot hole, but the snow became so deep that it forced them from the hills, and they were compelled to return to the camp, after a most trying and hard day.

Paddy, when no mining, was able to turn his mind to other matters making schemes. Being a master of the art of dancing, he formed a class at the old Silver Dollar hall, and made money rapidly. Paddy was a half-fledged well met, and the money he made in the mines, and the fact that it kept the wolf from the door and afforded his friends a good time. He made it easily, and it went in the same manner. "What was the use of saving when you had no one to save for?" was Paddy's motto, and it held good for you. His heart was always open, and his pocket was the same way. Giving the boys and girls a good time who came to his school was the principal object he had in view, and it is said that he never made a mistake.

For many years Paddy worked in the mines, ran the dancing school, and called off at the swell balls and parties in the city. It was at one of these social gatherings that Paddy met for the first time the comely Anne Deane. She was love at first sight, and he, in return, fell for her, and it was as good as a match the first time they met.

So Paddy and Anne led the grand march at the halls, and the old women stared, and the jealous turned up their noses, but the plighted troth remained and Paddy was already making arrangements to celebrate the nuptials, when the great catastrophe of his life happened. With his old love for prospecting and mining, he was still delving into the earth, either for a fortune or, for wages, in the great marts of Carbonate hill. But a short time before he had won the prize in the Miners' Union drilling match at Mitchell. This great feat, and surely it was a great victory, among a thousand good men gave Paddy a prestige in the camp which made him the hero of the hour.

Working the Olive Branch, in the year 1889, his great misfortune befell him. He was just after loading a hole, when the candle which he was carrying fell into a box of caps and exploded them, and also two sticks of giant powder, which were close by. The result was something awful. To use the words of Paddy: "Sire" said he, "I was like a sieve." He lost both eyes, but otherwise recovered from his injuries. The young men paid to whom he was pledged did not forget him. The old women were right; it was true love. During his illness she, ever faithful

to her trust, watched over him, and then led her sightless lover to the altar, where the Rev. Father Raebler bound them as man and wife. Their marriage has been a happy one. Paddy still gives his dancing lessons and calls off the great dances at the city hall. When not at the ballroom, he may be found at the Lyceum Theatre, of which he has been proprietor for years, discussing the merits of the latest play and the most popular songs. Side by side with him may be found his faithful wife, guiding him along the streets and assisting him in managing his business affairs. Bright, cheery, and always happy in the darkness which surrounds him, his great endeavor is still to make others happy; and that he succeeds is evident from the fact that every one is his friend.

We trust that Paddy and his loving wife may go on, hand in hand, in the same straight path to the end and when their hearts go silent to the touch of death and both are beckoned away from the lofty heights of Leadville, we hope Paddy will be singing in his sweetest strains, the "Little Hibernian Harp," for thousands of his friends, catching the refrain, will run to the golden gate and cry out, "Here is Paddy Mack!" (Correspondence Intermountain Catholic)

My prayers are with much speaking — yet, when I leave the spot, how quickly are its memories fled— how soon those prayers forgot! Oh, if the thought that gave them birth so lightly treasured be, how can I think God's mercy will remember them for me?

Yet, one petition further, Lord! wilt thou not deign to hear? Oh, let thy spirit breathe anew through all my daily prayer. Then help me as I pray, to live, kept by thy grace divine— and the glory of the prayer and life alike, O Lord, be thine.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND. — Have you ever considered that one of the greatest blessings is to have a staunch and trusted friend, one that will be with you in sorrow as well as in joy. The young are not particular on this point, but allow themselves to be led away with supposed friends who in reality are only false and deceitful ones—those whose object is to lead them in paths that are dark and ways that are sinful!

"The greatest blessing one can have, O Heaven high can send To man in this drear world, is A good, a faithful friend."

USEFUL HINTS.—(1) That one to-day is worth two to-morrows. (2) That the grumbler or the fault-finder never makes himself liked. (3) That an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. (4) That little said is easily mended. (5) That manners and not riches or fine clothes make the gentleman or the lady. (6) That dishonesty never prospers even in this world. (7) That "supposed smartness," and incivility which are growing rapidly with our young folks, are bad traits in a character.

equally ill-mannered, and Franziska this time had a loaf which was scarcely half as large as the others; but when she reached home, and her mother broke the bread, there fell out quite a number of new silver coins. The mother was frightened and said: "Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident."

Franziska did as she was bid, but the benevolent man said to her: "No, no; it was not an accident. I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied."

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.

WORK.—The perfectly natural and healthful person desires work—that is, he finds it a positive delight to employ his energies in the accomplishment of some aim, he rejoices in the consciousness of expending force for some cherished work. It is not only that he looks forward to the result to be attained, though that is of course included; besides this, he feels a rich glow of joy in the work itself. Do the young take such interest in their school work that it is to them at all times a pleasure and a joy? The New Year just now commencing should be one of hard, honest and energetic work, one that will bring thoughts of gladness and sunshine at its close.

A GOOD RULE OF THREE.—(1) Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct. (2) Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection. (3) Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. (4) Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit. (5) Three things to fight against—Dishonesty, immorality and drunkenness. (6) Three things to fight for—Honor, country and home. (7) Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

WHY HE WASN'T KEPT. — "Why didn't you keep that boy?" asked one merchant of another, referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office. "I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from a pen."

"That is a very slight thing for which to condemn a lad." "Pardon me, but I think it a very sufficient reason. There was a hair on the pen when he began to write, for I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing."

BE INDEPENDENT. — Girls and boys get in the habit of being independent. Yes, Harry, you can put that collar button in the starched band; your thumb nail is as strong as your mother's; and you can learn to tie that necktie as well as other boys do. And, Lena, you can learn to put your hair up in a Psyche without the help of mamma or sister; and you can pin your belt and your collar band and button your gloves; yes, you can; it only needs practice; do not let such a little thing as that whip you.

What do you think of the boy who cannot, or thinks he cannot, thread a needle and sew on a button or mend a ripped seam? What a helpless girl it is that cannot drive a nail in the wall to hang a picture! How helpless a man feels who cannot not fry an egg neatly for himself, or make a cup of coffee, when his wife is ill! A girl that can easily walk five miles cannot split a little kindling, carry a few pounds of coal and make a fire because "Johnny always did it." During the blizzard of 1888, Jamie was suddenly taken quite ill, and was unable to get out of the house, much less to shovel a path from the back to the well for the cattle to drink. A neighbor's daughter said: "Papa was sick, too, and our hens and our cattle did not get fed all one day; but papa got out next day, but he was not fit; he got more cold. How did you manage at your place?" "Why, Mary did it all herself," said Jamie, justly proud of his sister; "she dressed herself in my clothes and protected herself as well as she could from the fearful storm, and shovelled drifts higher than her head, and cared for the hens and cattle and horses, and did all the needed chores."

Yes, that pretty blue-eyed girl did it, because it "just had to be done," and it never occurred to her to shirk a duty, and her idea of "duty" was being helpful in any way that was needed.

That is the kind of a girl who makes her mark when opportunity for a college education is fortunately hers, or who makes the most of less liberal chances for education. Will you be that kind of a girl, or will you be "Little Miss Nothing"?

CANADA'S DONATION. — Sir Wilfrid Laurier has sent from Canada \$80 to the fund for the erection of a statue to Boesset in the Cathedral of Mexico. The amount collected for the purpose is \$2,000. The Government will provide the marble for this monument.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

The best that money can buy should be your aim in choosing a medicine, and this is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures when others fail.

CANCERS CURED. — The Absorbent Process, a concealed success in curing all kinds of cancer, is Hood's B.K.S.S., of Grand Rapids, Mich., for particulars and references for circulars, write, if not broken out, treatment can be sent.

An extraordinary incident took place at Drumcondra recently, when a tombstone was erected outside the gates of the cemetery situated in the grounds of the Protestant church there. The tombstone was intended for the grave of a Catholic lady interred in the cemetery, but the Protestant rector, the Rev. John Connell, refused to make an order for its admission, as he objected to the inscription which concluded with the prayer: "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for her." The Rev. Mr. Connell arrived on the scene after the stone had been placed in position, and on the sculptor refusing to remove it he sent for a policeman. He subsequently said he would allow the stone into the cemetery under protest; but the sculptor declined to place it in the grave under these circumstances.

Over this domain brick Owen Murphy reigned. He determined to rent to be paid, and had all the affairs in connection therewith. The Wall Street section in the Lord's Court, build there was a place for of the ashes from the the office. There the neighborhood one their cinders, and the ed "Murphy's Alley," wherever Owen Murphy had a hearty greeting met, from the million and there were not in days to the diminutive. He chased the sm the building when the

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P. P. O.; Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. O. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding-Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.G.L.; Recording-Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Maria Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlett, 383 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and LaPrairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2339. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street. To whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League:—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Aid. D. Gallery, President; T. McCarthy, vice-president; E. J. Devlin, recording-secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial-secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Rec-Secretary, Jno. F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, to whom all communications should be addressed; Fin-Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 706 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; W. P. Doyle, Secretary, 220 St. Martin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized, 13th November, 1883.—Branch 25 meets at St. Patrick's Hall 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:—Jas. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Maides, Treasurer.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, Hugh O'Connor; Secretary, Jas. O'Loughlin. All communications to be addressed to the Hall, Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Ebley, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killfeather; Secretary, James Brady, No. 97 Rosol street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Teague and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

A MINISTER'S BIGOTRY.—An extraordinary incident took place at Drumcondra recently, when a tombstone was erected outside the gates of the cemetery situated in the grounds of the Protestant church there. The tombstone was intended for the grave of a Catholic lady interred in the cemetery, but the Protestant rector, the Rev. John Connell, refused to make an order for its admission, as he objected to the inscription which concluded with the prayer: "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for her." The Rev. Mr. Connell arrived on the scene after the stone had been placed in position, and on the sculptor refusing to remove it he sent for a policeman. He subsequently said he would allow the stone into the cemetery under protest; but the sculptor declined to place it in the grave under these circumstances.

HUMORS, boils, eruptions, are due to and purifying Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Story of A Bond Robbery.

With the passing of Owen Murphy dies the secret of the disappearance of a million and half dollars' worth of bonds. Where they went, how they went, who was instrumental in their abstraction and who were the ultimate beneficiaries—these were the questions that puzzled the police of two continents. No one ever answered them. For the man who was the logical informant has passed beyond the jurisdiction of earthly judges and he left no word of explanation.

The secret of this man's life has baffled the Sherlock Holmes of three decades. Owen Murphy, Confidential man of affairs to a many times millionaire in sole possession—aside from the obvious possession of his chief—of the combination of the office safe!

On one day, a king's ransom in the strong box!

On the morrow, nothing! Emptiness, mocking, sneering, accusing emptiness!

And then the man hunt, sensational, thorough—and absolutely warrantless! And through it all, on the part of the man most to be affected by a damaging discovery, a personal unconcern that was masterly, a serene satisfaction in the stanch support of his despoiled employer, and finally the crown of confidence which outlived even the tenure of the loyal-est of masters! And the bonds came back!

Murphy was the agent and confidential man of Rufus L. Lord when railroad bonds valued at \$1,500,000 were taken from the Lord safe in a little office at No. 38 Exchange place. Mr. Lord and Owen Murphy were the only persons supposed to have access to the strong box. The bonds disappeared in a manner as strange as most of them subsequently found their way back.

Yet through months, in which suspicion was directed in every direction, Rufus L. Lord would not permit a word of distrust to be uttered in his presence concerning Owen Murphy. Bankers, agents, pawnbrokers and even the police themselves were hauled over the coals. Scotland Yard and Mulberry street followed clues and theories, yet whenever any attention was bestowed upon Owen Murphy, he turned every man to avoid breathe suspicion against "the little Irishman" whom he trusted and loved. All the facts in that robbery of 1866 will probably never be known. Rufus Lord, who was then eighty years old, might have told more than he ever did. He has long been dead.

Captain Young, the head of the Detective Bureau, who was broken at the wheel of public opinion, is dead. Detective Irving, who accused the Captain, and was largely the cause of an upheaval in the Police Department which followed the robbery, has also passed away. "Jack" Randall and a half a dozen thieves, small and great, who were arrested at the time, have gone to meet the judge of all mankind. "Dan" Noble, credited with being at the head of the plot which resulted in the theft of the securities, still lives, with protestations of reform upon his aged lips. "Dutch" Heinrich is somewhere on earth, for he, too, was concerned in a mystery which baffled the ingenuity of detectives, amateur and professional, in the days following the civil war.

There are gray haired men down in Wall street who remember "how Owen Murphy" the "little Irishman," in that time of unrest and suspicion, held his head high, secure in an employer's trust. Where the "bonds" went, and above all, what course most of them travelled to get back to the safe of Rufus L. Lord, few men ever knew.

Developments of these later days have shown how well the faith of Rufus L. Lord in the "little Irishman" was justified. The death of Owen Murphy sent to his reward a good servant for sixty years, a steward of millions and faithful to the end.

Owen Murphy was born in county Monaghan, Ireland, in 1817. He came to this country when he was twenty-two years old. He was a clerk for a few months in a dry goods house. Then he entered the employ of Mr. Lord, in 1840, as a collector of rents, for Mr. Lord owned most of the buildings in that block, bounded by Broad street, William street, Exchange place and Beaver street. There were fifteen offices and the several hundred offices brought in a large income. The Stock Exchange then occupied one of the structures.

Over this domain of stone and brick Owen Murphy reigned as viceroy. He determined the amount of rent to be paid, and he administered all the affairs in connection with the profitable estate. Everybody in the Wall street section knew him. Where the Lord's Court building now stands there was a place for the grating used in the office. There the youngsters of the neighborhood once went to gather cinders, and the place was called "Murphy's Alley."

Whenever Owen Murphy went he had a hearty greeting for those he met, from the millionaire bankers, and there were not many in those days—to the diminutive cinder-pickers. He passed the small boys out of the building when they became un-

...ly, and then forgot the incident by the next time he and the youngsters met.

Even in the days which preceded the bank robbery he was known as "Loyal Owen." A man who owned a building in Wall street sent for him one day and asked for an expert opinion as to what rent he should demand for a vacant counting room. "Do you think," replied Owen Murphy, "that I'll give you an opinion of that kind when my employer has rooms to rent? No, sir, I shall do nothing of the kind."

It was in such ways as these that "Loyal Owen" won the confidence which afterward withstood so severe a test.

Rufus L. Lord was nearly deaf. He was in 1866 eighty years old and infirm. He was at his office every day, but the details of his business were attended to by Owen Murphy. There went to the little office one day in March, 1866, two well dressed men, who inquired about renting a suite of rooms. They returned several times in the following few days. They interested Mr. Lord in a speculation in hops, for they said they were in a position to control the commodity.

These men were "Dan" Noble and "Dutch" Heinrich. Noble was a shrewd and clever criminal, a man of polished manners and of sufficient knowledge of financial matters to impress the aged banker. The strangers made a careful study of the position of the office furniture, and of the large wall safe which contained tin boxes conspicuously labelled "bonds."

They returned for the last time on March 7, 1866. While they talked hops with Mr. Lord, an accomplice took two tin boxes of bonds. It is said that they went to Central Park, where they divided their booty and then escaped.

Owen Murphy returning to the office in Exchange place saw that the boxes were missing.

"Who has been here?" he asked his employer.

"Two men to inquire about an office," was the reply.

"They have done more than that," said Mr. Murphy, pointing to the vacant space in the safe.

The work of the thieves had been comparatively easy. The outer door of the safe was never locked, because the lock was out of order. There was an inner compartment only locked at night. The boxes were taken and openly carried in the streets, perhaps. The day of safety deposit companies and trust institutions had not then dawned in Wall street.

In the boxes were stock of the Warren Railroad, United States Bonds, New Jersey Railroad stock, Galena and Chicago second mortgage bonds, Delaware Lackawanna and Western Railroad stock, New York and New Haven Railroad stock, Chicago and Northwestern Railroad stock and other valuable securities.

The numbers of the missing bonds and stocks were published, but this fact did not seem to prevent some of them from being negotiated. About one-third of the papers belonged to Mr. A. L. Barron.

The Detective Bureau began at once to investigate the conduct and habits of Owen Murphy. Captain Young proposed that Murphy be taken to headquarters and there put through the "third degree."

"Before I permit that little Irishman to be accused of this crime," said Mr. Lord, with warmth, "I'd rather lose every cent of that which has been taken. If Owen Murphy wished to rob he could have done so long ago and have taken more than is gone now."

There was no "third degree."

There were times after that when the police persisted in examining the habits of Owen Murphy, and there were heated passages at arms between Mr. Lord and the head of the Detective Bureau, in which the millionaire firmly stood his ground.

A robbery of such magnitude was a new thing in those days. The details of it were the talk of financial circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Lord offered a reward of \$200,000 for the return of the securities.

And the strangest part of this story concerns the way in which the papers came back. With the return of each instalment from sources carefully concealed the faith of Rufus L. Lord in Owen Murphy was further strengthened.

Dan Noble, when approached on the matter, said that he possibly might know something about the bonds, but that he was at a loss to understand how his arrest could aid in the finding of the missing property. He was not prosecuted.

There were arrests made for the next two years. John Lynch, a pawnbroker at No. 78 Grand street, had a Michigan bond, which belonged to the stolen securities, John Pettin-gill, Frank Helton and W. R. Babcock were arrested charged with being concerned in the negotiation of the stolen paper.

The great house of Jay Cooke & Co., in the course of business, came into possession of some of the missing securities. The firm said that if an investigation were made in every transaction it would require two weeks to attend to the simplest business affairs.

Nearly \$300,000 worth of the stocks and bonds were recovered in this country alone, and then in 1868 there was sent from England \$1,200,000 worth of the stolen papers. It was said that all but \$90,000 was recovered.

The return of the major instalment has always been a mystery. It was conducted through well known banking houses and London lawyers. It is supposed that the persons who got the securities fearing to negotiate them had turned them over to the officers.

In connection with the return of the securities there was much talk of compounding a felony. Captain Young was accused by his subordinate, Detective Irving, of having secretly accepted a reward from Mr. Lord for the discovery of the securities. This accusation was denied by the captain and there were

Young was forced to resign, and his place was given to Mr. Irving. Owen Murphy was serene. He closed the eyes of Rufus Lord when the aged millionaire died. He continued in the employ of the Lord estate. When the property changed hands he was still retained as agent. He was trusted by all as he was trusted by Rufus Lord.

He became the Nestor of the financial district. Whenever any one wished to get information about the Wall street of those states, especially Murphy could tell just what was going on. He was actively engaged as agent until last May, when he was retired on a pension by the Lord family. He died in his flat, at No. 381 First street, Brooklyn. Owen Murphy left children who are proud to tell of the troubled days in Wall street back in 1866 and of the supreme test of the trust of Rufus Lord in "Loyal" Owen. — New York Herald.

Household Notes.

DOMESTIC WORK of every kind, writes Isabella F. Mayo, has three immense advantages. In it, in place of long probation and costly training, a modest independence can be obtained from the very outset. Unlike most other callings, it will never fail the competent. Domestic labor-saving arrangements and machinery may lighten its burdens, and by reducing its ranks will weed away the degrading competition of the unfit; yet it has very arrangements but call for more intelligence and skill in those who must be responsible for their proper working and care. Finally, instead of having to be relinquished at widowhood, in the case of girls who eschew large, showy establishments and prefer to be the domestic friend in modest households. In these days domestic helpers are really able to select what kind of place they will take.

Fathers are often found to be reluctant to spend as much on their daughters' start in life as on their sons. In individual cases this is cruelly unjust; yet it has a reasonable basis. If a father spends some hundreds on making his daughter a doctor or a photographer, he naturally asks, "Is not all this wasted if she gets married?"—as he not unreasonably anticipates that she will. Few men enjoy the prospect of a son-in-law willing to forego a wife's exclusive attention to her family; for indeed an ugly possibility lies in that direction. But if daughters devote themselves to household tendance, either in their own homes or elsewhere, care should be taken that they shall not lack a little dowry to brighten their future, be it either in a dual or a single home.

Nobody who walks observingly through the decent streets of our great cities will deny for a moment that the womanhood of which he catches glimpses in comfortable kitchens is far better and more hopeful material for the building up of a nation than the wan faces and stunted forms which he finds in workrooms and factories. Factory life itself has become a great agent in changing the status of woman from a home-maker to a wage-taker. It was said to me quite lately in a large city: "This place is really kept up by female labor; there was no work for men, beyond what could be done by boys; consequently, when boyhood goes past, the man drops the factory, tries for other employment, fails, marries a factory girl, and, as a rule, lives on her wages. That city circles of degraded men loathing at tavern doors, and crowds of women tramping along with listless and joyless faces, of hordes of deplorable children crouching in noisome enclosures of moral, mental and physical misery, ugliness and degeneration. Do man's new ways seem better than Nature's old ones?"

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

HORSE COLLARS.—Broadly speaking every implement designed for the use of man is provided with a handle, and this handle is made to fit the hand. It is about a certain size, is rounded, smooth and hard, at least it is never made soft with the view to being easier on the hand. The three qualifications just named should be present in the horse collar. If the collar is the proper length and fits the animal, and is stuffed full of round, it may be as hard as iron without danger of galling the shoulder. Of course, the harness must be drawn up high enough so that the draught will not centre on the shoulder point. The logic of this is simple. If the handle of a manual implement galls the hand, it is because of roughness or improper shape; never because it is hard. If it is to be continually used, the man does not pull on a mitten in warm weather to overcome a defect in it; neither does he demand that the handle be made of something soft, but simply that it be shaped and hard. The collar, which is round and hard, rolls on the skin at every motion of the animal, somewhat after the manner of a ball-bearing, admitting the air and thus cooling the parts, but the flat, soft collar sticks so closely that it compels the skin to move on the underlying flesh in such a way to produce irritation and deep-seated galls.

The above is a clipping from the "Horseman," and contains both sound sense and good logic, but the analogy between the shoulder of the horse and the hand of a man should be carried a little further. They both require careful usage until they become hardened, for no matter how smooth and well fitted to the hand the implement may be, blisters are sure to rise in consequence of too close application on first, or continued work. And right here is where a little neglect may cause a great deal of trouble. The green colt, and even the old horse after a few weeks' lay off, must have careful attention, until the parts become hardened by moderate work, not only must the collar be smooth and well fitted, but the harness must be taken off during the dinner hour, and the shoulders carefully washed with salted water, and rubbed dry before the collar is put on again. A little care and attention at first may save a great deal of annoyance and probably loss of time later, and the pain inflicted on the horse while young frequently makes him unreliable, and many a promising colt has been permanently ruined through the neglect and carelessness of the driver.

TO DRESS POULTRY.—Poultry should be well fed and watered, then kept eighteen to twenty-four hours without food before killing. Never kill poultry by wringing the neck. Kill by bleeding in the mouth or opening the veins of the neck, and hang by the feet until properly bled. Wash head and feet on and do not remove intestines or crop. Scalded chickens sell best to the home trade and dry pickled to shippers. For scalding, the water should be as near boiling as possible, but not boiling. Pick the legs dry, hold by the head and legs, immerse and lift up and drain three times. If the head is

NICE BABY

All babies are "nice," to their mothers.

We all love children. Great big men, with hard hands, have soft hearts for helpless new-comers to earth, with the smile of heaven fresh on their innocent faces. No man is too high or low, too proud or humble, too busy or idle, too good or bad, too great or small—except a few very small mean men—to throw up their hats at the sight of a plump little cherub; or to pity a thin one.

Plumpness and thinness are accidents. Nature is bountiful; parents want to be. Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil corrects their mistakes.

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Here is an agricultural journal that will give you more or less general use is now an established fact. A Philadelphia company is putting up a large plant at Valley Forge and is preparing to go into the business on a large scale. Chemical analysis shows the milk to be just as nutritious as the best cow milk and extensive experiments have been tried with it—feeding sickly babies, etc.—with results showing it entirely takes the place of the animal product. The prospectus of the company says: "The water, fat, albumen, casein and sugar which we use for bases are all of the finest quality. Our gases, carbonic acid, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphurated hydrogen, are filtered three times in our patent filter before we use them. Our keratin, pepton and tyrosin are soaked for 24 hours, in pure spring water tanks. There are other constituents besides, and they, too, are washed with a special cleaner. Artificial milk is altogether a much cleaner product than the natural product."

KEEP YOURSELF STRONG. And you will ward off colds, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise in beginning taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

EX-QUEEN MARGHERITA'S HOME.—After so many conflicting rumors concerning the city which Queen Margherita, the "Regina Madre," would select as her habitual residence, the Romans have heaved a sigh of relief on learning that Her Majesty has decided to live in their beautiful town, to which she is bound by so many ties. It had been stated that the Villa Bobrinsky, on the Pincian Hill, was destined to become Queen Margherita's home, but the negotiations with the Russian nobleman who owns the property eventually fell through, and it is now announced that the Palazzo Piombino, hitherto the residence of the United States Ambassador, has been bought by the Royal Family in its stead. The Piombino Palace is in every way a worthy mansion even for a Queen. Queen Margherita recently gave another proof of her profoundly religious sentiments by presenting a beautifully-executed silver fac simile of the "Stella Polare" to the Church of Our Lady of Consolation in Turin, in fulfillment of a vow which she had made when her nephew, the Duke of Abruzzi, started on his perilous expedition to the Arctic regions. Last week Her Majesty was present at the christening of little Prince Aimon of Aosta, her grand-nephew, who was born last March. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Turin.

immersed it turns the color of the comb and gives the eyes a shrunken appearance.

The feathers should be removed immediately very clearly without tearing the skin. Then plump by dipping ten seconds in water, nearly boiling and then in cold water. Hang in a cool place until the animal heat is out of the body. To dry-pick chickens properly, the work should be done while the chicken is bleeding and before the body is cold. Turkeys should be prepared the same as chickens, but always dry-picked. Ducks and geese should be scalded, but it requires more time for the water to penetrate and loosen the feathers. Some advise after scalding to wrap them in a blanket to steam, but they should not be left long enough to cook the flesh. Do not try to dry-pick before killing. Leave the feathers on the head and two or three inches of the neck. Do not singe or remove feathers or down as it gives the skin an oily look.

NEW INVENTIONS.

For the benefit of our readers, we publish a complete list of Canadian and American patents recently procured—

CANADA.

69,601—F. X. Drolet, St. Roch, Quebec, P.Q., friction clutches.

69,617—Victor Berford, Tara, Ont., weed cutting and ballast dressing apparatus.

69,623—Patrick Doyle, Halifax, N.S., garments.

69,628—Michel I. Montreuil, Plessisville, P.Q., shingle sawing machine.

69,644—Wm. H. Smith, Burin, Nfld., pipe cleaner.

69,707—Alphonse Piton, St. Saviour, Quebec, P.Q., trolley.

UNITED STATES.

663,812—Henry Jones, Albert Head, B.C., water wheel.

664,711—Messrs. Ayotte & Charbonneau, Montreal, P.Q., brick machine.

664,451—Walter Alford, Belleville, Ont., contrivance for working and controlling outside window blinds.

664,769—E. A. Manny, Beaucharnois, P.Q., life boat.

After a thorough analysis, and proof of its purity, the leading Physicians of Canada are recommending

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to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a perfect food as well as drink.



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Use "BUCKEYE'S" XXX Self-Raising Flour, which preserves the empty bags and returns them to us will restore the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a quantity of standard gift frame. For 24 six pound bags a quantity of standard gift frame. For 36 six pound bags a quantity of standard gift frame. For 48 six pound bags a quantity of standard gift frame. For 60 six pound bags a quantity of standard gift frame.

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A HERO IN A SOUTANE.

Among the curates who some thirty years ago were attached to the Church of St. Paul and Louis in Paris was a Spanish priest whose unusual height, splendid head of black hair, and grave countenance, somewhat swarthy in hue, invariably attracted attention.

After spending some years as a curate at St. Paul and Louis, where he was universally esteemed, Father Capella was appointed pastor of a little parish in the environs of the French capital.

Falling seriously ill, Father Capella was visited by almost all his flock; even the least practical Catholics made it a point to call at the presbytery and inquire as to his condition.

"Father, Mr. X., whom you know well, is very ill. It is even said that he is going to die. We are at a loss what to do, for he refuses to receive any priest."

"What a pity! So fine a fellow, too!" replied Father Capella. "Ah, if I were not myself dying I would go, and perhaps would get a better reception!"

"Ah, you, Father! The man loves and esteems you too much to treat you like that. But, alas!"

He did not finish the sentence. A sublime thought inspired the priest. Raising himself with a mighty effort in his bed, he clasped his hands and exclaimed: "God, I beseech Thee grant me still a little strength!"

After a moment of recollection, he suddenly addressed those who surrounded him. "Dress me!" he said to them.

Not one stirred. Listening to the dying man's voice, which had recovered the tone of command, they thought him delirious, and so remained passive.

"Dress me, I say!" he repeated, with an accent of authority that there was no resisting.

Exclamations of astonishment were heard on all sides; but the moribund, whose residue of life seemed to have taken refuge in his indomitable will, held out his trembling arms and legs, already numbed with the death-chill, so that his orders might be obeyed.

"And now," said the priest, "carry me quickly to the sick man."

"Good heavens! he will die on the way!" was the despairing cry of the bystanders.

Paying no attention to their remarks, Father Capella ordered his men to appear before him. A few hours more and all will be over with us. Are you not willing that we should make the voyage together? Here I am, come to give you succor in this last hour."

An articulate cry escaped the sick man, and, unable to utter a word, he seized his pastor's hand and reverently raised it to his lips.

"My friend," said Father Capella, "the time is short. Trust yourself to me and don't refuse to make your confession."

Subdued and quite overcome by such heroic faith, Mr. X. burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, yes, I'll willingly confess to you, who are so good to me!"

A heavenly smile passed over the pastor's lips. He waved the bystanders aside. The two dying men conversed in whispers for some minutes; and then, with a supreme effort, the priest raised his hand above the head of the penitent and pronounced the words of absolution.

Calling next for the holy oils, he said to one of the neighbors: "Take my arm and guide my hand." The man did so, and the sacred unctions were applied. The divine act accomplished, Father Capella bent over him whom he had just anointed and murmured with a sigh of relief: "Au revoir, my friend! And let us pray for each other. Now, Lord," he added, in a firmer tone, "Thou wilt let Thy servant depart in peace!"

A few hours later he was dead. The Ave Maria.

A TEACHING MACHINE.

Some time ago a teacher of languages in this city found that his time was so filled by professional engagements that he had either to refuse new students or else turn them over to an assistant. At this juncture it was suggested to him that he could multiply himself indefinitely by using the phonograph. He tried the experiment, and after a little prac-

tice found that he could make a record which would enunciate as clearly and sonorously as himself. This was the beginning of a new system. When he announced his invention to the public it met with a smile, and now and then an expression of incredulity. Curiosity seekers and students who came to hear the records, however, were agreeably disappointed and surprised. The moment they applied the ear-pieces to their ears they found that the voice was almost indistinguishable from that of the professor. It had one great advantage over the man. Whenever a student desired to have a special sound repeated, it was no longer necessary to interfere with the tenor of the discourse. All he had to do was to stop the motor and move the cylinder back a few spaces. In this way he was able to have the vowels and accents which pertain exclusively to other languages repeated indefinitely.

The system as finally evolved is very simple. The student receives a language-phonograph with the receiver, tubing, ten records, and a text-book. The latter gives the grammatical and theoretical knowledge and the former the practical part of the instruction. The books educate the eye and the phonograph the ear. One may study as he pleases. He may give himself a course of ten lectures and conversations, or he may repeat each separate lesson until it is so memorized as to become a part of his mind. While he is learning, the members of his household may join him in the acquisition of the tongue. A family of moderate ability can in this wise master a fair knowledge of any of the European languages within a year. The language-phonograph seems to afford the right method of attacking the numerous tongues of the far East. These at present are a sealed book to the Western world on account of their having no alphabetic characters, but only ideographs. In addition to this difficulty are the singular accents or intonations which are such a stumbling block to the Caucasian ear. The language-phonograph will obviate both difficulties and enable the amateur Sinologue to progress fivefold more rapidly than under any other existing system.—New York Post.

PRIEST'S NAME USED IN FRAUD.

Father James J. Dougherty, of the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, New York, has asked the police to apprehend a young man, who, it is charged, has made a practice of collecting money since last June by means of forged letters purporting to come from Father Dougherty. Francis A. Doyle is the name given by the man, and he represents him-

self as a collector for Irish nationalist papers. He collects subscriptions for them under the pretence, Father Dougherty says, that the proceeds are to go toward his education for the priesthood. He has been in the habit of fleeing servants and others, who cannot afford to lose the amounts he invariably asks—from \$5 to \$10.

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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 Application Form for Stock and Machine filled out and remittance, and we will allot you Stock and send you machine and outfit to begin work at once.

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Authorized Capital Stock, \$180,000. HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA. The Syndicate is offering a limited amount of Stock at \$1.00 per share in lots of twenty shares. Each subscriber of the twenty shares is to be furnished with a twenty-dollar knitting machine free to work for the Syndicate and to share in the net profits of all goods made.

Application Form for Stock and Machine.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED, 130 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT. I enclose you herewith \$20.00 IN FULL PAYMENT for 20 shares of stock (subject to no other call) in The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, and one of your \$20.00 machines free, same as you furnish your shareholders, together with free samples, instructions and yarn, which I wish sent to me as soon as possible to enable me to begin work for the Syndicate at once upon receipt of same. The said stock to entitle me to participate in the semi-annual dividends of the Syndicate in addition to being paid cash on delivery for all the Knitting I do for the Syndicate on my machine.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, January 5.

Splendid Send-off for The Big Store's 20th Century JANUARY Sale! Grand and Successful Opening!

Amid the enthusiasm of thousands of pleased shoppers, The Big Store commenced its Grand 20th Century January Cheap Sale Wednesday last, and the large sales again testified to the increasing popularity of this "the greatest of all cheap sales."

The vast assortment of merchandise to select from, the well known high grade quality of the goods and the lowness of prices will insure a crowd of eager shoppers. No department has been overlooked, and thousands and thousands of exceptional bargains are prepared for buyers.

WHILE THEY LAST!

The following lines you can purchase at these ridiculously low prices as long as they last. Don't lose time.

- JACKET SPECIAL—Ladies' Jackets in fine Irish Frieze, Double Breasted, high collars, trimmed Pearl Buttons, lined through, well finished and stylish cut. Regular value \$8.25. Sale Price, \$4.65. LINED CAPES—Ladies' Winter Capes, Fur lined, made of Box Cloth, trimmed Black Opossum, high storm collar of same, in light Gray and Drab, a stylish garment. Regular \$20.50. Sale Price, \$12.00. LADIES' COSTUMES—Ladies' New Winter 2 piece Costumes, in Black and Navy Blue Serge, Jacket made double breasted, skirt cut full flare, the latest style, lined through. Regular \$7.75. Sale price, \$3.75. MINK CAPERINES—Ladies' Dark Natural Water Mink Caperines, choice selected skins, good color and well matched, lined satin, made latest style. The regular value was \$8.00. Special Sale Price, \$5.25. SILK SKIRTS—Ladies' Gloria Silk Underskirts at manufacturers' price. This skirt is the finest quality in Green, Blue, Violet, Navy, Cardinal and Black, corded gore, full sweep, regular \$3.50. Sale Price \$2.49. SILK WAISTS—Ladies' Handsome Silk Waists in Black, White, Sky, Pink, Green, Cardinal, Nile, tucked all over, latest cut, one piece back, slashed, regular value \$4.00. Sale price, \$2.99. BLANKET COATS—Boys' Blanket Overcoats, made in Blue Black Blanket Cloth, high collar, hood lined with red flannel and piping to match, lined checked tweed. Regular value, \$4.25. Sale Price, \$3.45. MEN'S OVERCOATS—Men's Heavy Beaver Cloth Winter Overcoats, in navy blue, fancy checked lining, velvet collar, cut latest style and well finished, equal to custom made, regular \$5.75. Sale Price, \$4.45. CLOTH CAPS—Men's Navy Serge Cloth Caps, made Golf style, with sliding band, winter weight, lined twilled farmer's satin, very comfortable and warm, regular 40c. Sale Price, 23c. MEN'S GLOVES—Men's Colored Lined Kid Gloves in a large variety of medium and dark colors, soft, fleecy lined, patent fastener, regular value 65c. Sale Price, 49c. FANCY SILKS—500 yards Lister's fancy and plain wear-proof Silks, in a large variety of pretty designs, self colors and evening shades, regular value 60c. Sale Price, 39c.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

NOMENCLATURE OF A CITY.

As a general argument for care in the selection of names for new streets, parks, and reservoirs, the following is quoted from a communication sent by the so-called Science-Preservation Society to the Board of Public Improvements, New York: "A name should be so approved to the sentiment of the people by long historic association or by great achievements of permanent value as to be worthy of permanent embodiment in the nomenclature of the city. Every such name should be selected with the care, study, and discrimination that would be devoted to the erection of a public monument. It is, in fact, a monument, and the nomenclature of a city is, or should be, an epitome of its history or an index of its best sentiment. It costs thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars to erect a monument, but it costs nothing but care, intelligence, and good judgment to bestow upon a street, park, reservoir, or public building a name which shall perpetuate the memory of some great man or event—scores of which, in our national, State, and municipal annals, are not represented by a monument or so much as a street name in this vast metropolis."

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Our great January Clearing Sale is annually looked forward to with eagerness by an ever-increasing clientele. Our advice is, "Don't wait for newspaper announcements, visit our store at once and pick out the 'chances for yourselves.'" Here are a few examples: IN BASEMENT. 10 Tables of Fancy and Household Chinaware, at reductions ranging from 10 to 50 per cent. ON GROUND FLOOR. 10 dozen Men's Colored Shirts, formerly 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25. Sale price only 39c. A lot of Ladies' Black and Grey Kid Gloves, sizes 5 1/2, 5 3/4, 6, formerly \$1.00 and \$1.25. Sale price only 25c. A line of Ladies' Feather Boas, formerly \$1.50. Sale price only 49c. A line of Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, double heels and toes, formerly 90c. Sale price, 21c. ON FIRST FLOOR. 50 pieces Fine Table Damask, slightly imperfect, to clear at 33 1/3 and 50 per cent. discount, all prices from \$1.00 to \$2.25 per yard. 100 dozen Bleached Linen Table Napkins at 50 per cent. discount. 40 only, Fine Bleached Table Cloths, slightly imperfect, all half-price. Chenille Table Covers, Chenille Curtains, Tapestry Curtains, Tapestry Table Cloths, choice of stock at 25 per cent. discount. 10,000 yards Finest Bleached English Cotton, free from dressing, regular value 15c, sale price 12c and 10 per cent. discount. Lines of Dress Goods and Silks at 33 1/3 and 50 per cent. discount.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2648 St. Catherine Street, corner of Nelson Street. FERRIS CASH. Telephone 26 33.

A WOMAN'S ACT.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude was passed at the Old Bailey on Wednesday on Maria Abbott for having thrown a corrosive fluid on her husband with intent to maim or disfigure him. The injured man, who is a retired inspector of the City Police, has lost the sight of both eyes as a result of the prisoner's conduct.

LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER CO.

2366 St. Catherine Street. Ottawa Branch—169 Bank Street.



Vol. L, N

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Respectfully dedicated to the memory of the "Congregationalist" on the 20th of her death January 5, 1907. Endowed with broad Dominion And royal is your broad fruitful land But yet a nobler of her heroes of color bravely fought Ye high of heart, deeds of valor With incensing of the victor who honored title turn At mention of you ye thrill with joy Whose lives did cause in glory, O loyal ones, who can build be. And you in hero worship the know Come mark with m rolls the galaxy Of noble men and worth our home Oh! warm with grateful bosom l As, smilingly honored title turn Not one is writ in mine admiring eye As that of Margaret gentle maid of Not hers the feet to sion Heaven sent So, gilding on her the fray she won Her shield of faith rightful powers a She could have had in trust, to be re Her first abode a s the Master milk- And here the soul of teach the savage A few companions joy want to share They spent their days nights were passe

THE CONG

First Pro

"The Church makes when a heart sacri God; but the pomp is here; there is a function which will co this and be its true Jesus receiving there dedicates itself unto It is in our Lady will it be her feast the perpetual feast of Remember, then, which this hour is pr which it be night or d or after purgatory, we shall kiss the Five gl of Jesus, and finds it in the wonders and th wherein the Holy Trid estable delights, the S the Eternal Word Man."

Thus spoke the grea ber, many years ago, city received, and his w cibly received to my Saturday, as I witness full ceremony of recep sion in the chapel of Street. Yes! dear old to me, for there my pr faith and spiritual ins there, too, dwelt I fo years; and, as I watch sion of black-robed n the brides-elect to the almost fancy that, wit ed some of our idolize long ago; the loving Trule, the gifts of the stately Tante St. Mich show time has sped s "They all dwell now hand, and I, full son, His Grace, Archbishop tended by about twent Sulpiex, preached a sermon on the outwe religious life. The novit dered with much l lovely profession hymn carnatu," a shepherd carol and the usual p theme of such an occas four young ladies put garb, and were clothed ligious habit, while t fession. And the culminating beautiful scene was re amid a young man, a en souls, kneeling in