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DOCUMENTS IN THE RECORD TOWER OF THE UNION AND REBELLION PERIODS.

Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeil, M.P., contributes an article to the Dublin Freeman in which he vigorously accuses the authorities for denying him the right to examine the important state papers in connection with two of the most tragic periods in Ireland's sad history. He says: As the refusal of the chief secretary to permit me to inspect for purposes of historic research the state documents relating to the insurrection of 1798 and the union has created some sensation both in political and literary circles, it may, perhaps, be of interest to give a few particulars as to the Record Tower itself and the character of the documents which I have not been permitted to see, so far as I could ascertain it from the writings of the gentlemen who were favored with the inspection which has been denied to me. I feel quite certain, moreover, that the chief secretary's disinclination to allow me to see documents bearing on the history of the Union which Fox in 1806 described as "atrocious in its principle and abominable in its means," as "a measure the most disgraceful to the government of the country that was ever carried or proposed," will be construed by Mr. Gerald Balfour's friends and opponents alike as a maladroitness effort to suppress from the public knowledge of the history of the union, which Mr. Gladstone said he knew "no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man." Mr. Balfour's action will lead to the surmise, on which at the present I make no comment, that the British officials who are now for filthy lucre's sake "running the Irish government," to the calculated impoverishment and ruin of the Irish people are conscious that the union is maintained by means as foul as those by which it was carried. Mr. Balfour's refusal to show the documents in the castle connected with the insurrection and union to me harmonizes with the desire of the machinists of the union to conceal and to destroy all documents relating to that epoch. They felt certain that, in the words of Mr. Bushe in the Irish House of Commons, "a day of reckoning would come, that history would overhaul this transaction." Mr. Ross, the editor of the Cornwallis Correspondence, says "The Irish Chancellor (Lord Clare), Mr. Wickham, Mr. King, Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Edward Littlehales, the Knight of Kerry, and, indeed, all persons officially concerned in carrying the union, appear to have destroyed the whole of their papers. Mr. Warden, by whom many other arrangements were concluded, left a MS. book containing invaluable details, which was burnt only a few years ago by its then possessor. The destruction of so many valuable documents respecting important transactions cannot but be regarded as a serious loss to the political history of the times."

Mr. Fitzpatrick thus refers to the documents in the Record Tower of the union and rebellion periods: "A mine of information was found in the papers ranging from 1795 to 1805 which filled two iron-clamped chests in Dublin Castle, guarded with the government seal, and bearing the words, 'Secret and confidential; not to be opened.' Those chests were for a long time familiar objects exteriorly, and when it was at last permitted to disturb the rust of lock and hinge peculiar interest attended the exploration." Now these archives to which Mr. Fitzpatrick refers, and which he and Mr. Lecky have seen, are carefully arranged according to time, date, indexed and preserved in neat wicker baskets, under cover of thick brown paper. The two documents which I desired and was permitted to inspect were instantly available. If Mr. Balfour was justified in allowing me to see these two papers, as he undoubtedly was, he has absolutely stultified himself in refusing me a liberty accorded to Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Proude, Lecky, and Mr. Band Commissioner Falkiner. Mr. Lecky alone has, with these documents before him, dealt in detail with the period to which they relate, in the seventh and eighth volumes of his history, which were published in the autumn of 1890. When the fifth and sixth volumes of that great work appeared Mr. Gladstone, in an article in the Nineteenth Century for June, 1887, thus called attention to the contrast between Mr. Lecky's early and later historical manner: "In truth," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "while Mr. Lecky's honesty is as conspicuous in these pages as his ability, the volumes have, in my mind, the impression that his view of Irish affairs has, since he began to write, been colored retrospectively by the vehemence of his hostility to the modern proposal of Home Rule. It might even seem that he was obliged to tamper a little with his own manuscript, that since the bulk of the text was written, there have been set upon it pains, and these not per se, but counter-aimed, and qualified its effect."

press which is requisite. We have good materials among the young barristers, but we cannot expect them to waste their time and to starve into the bargain." For the information as to the numbers of the notes given in coarse dehauchery to the press in the interests of the union, I am indebted to Mr. Ross, the editor of the Cornwallis Correspondence, which was published, it will be remembered, after the great famine, when the census commissioners represented that Ireland, notwithstanding the diminution of its population, by death from starvation, famine, fever and emigration, was in a "satisfactory condition." The condition of Ireland was so "satisfactory" through her weakness that there was then no objection to relations of the frauds and perfidy which formed the basis of the Irish system of government. Ireland, we must remember, was pronounced by the present high minded chief secretary when addressing his constituents at Leeds, to be in a "satisfactory condition" at a time when to his knowledge famine was imminent in the "champagne" districts.

A SUCCESSFUL DEBATING SOCIETY.

What has become of the old-fashioned debating society, that school for speakers in which so many prominent men learned to stand upon their feet and face an audience calmly and effectively? In bygone days the debating society occupied a much more prominent place than it does at the present time. But gradually, as the boys who had been its members went away to college to continue their practice in the college clubs, the debating society, crowded by the lycium, fell into disuse, until now only comparatively few are in existence, outside the colleges. And even within college walls such organizations, in some instances, are known to have a hard struggle to survive. What is the trouble? In most instances, probably the fault is due to lack of proper management, as a result of which the society is sustained by a few ready speakers who are genuinely interested, while the rest of the membership, having no special responsibility, in a short time find their sympathies enlisted in other things, and the debating society languishes. This is a very natural result, for a debating society, more than any other, is dependent upon the active co-operation of every member for its success. Nor can any member gain much if any benefit from such a society unless he has an active part in its instructions. Mention has been made of the boys who enter college and thus, in most cases, have an opportunity to secure the training given by the practice of debate. But there are many more who do not go to college and who need just this kind of training.

To meet this the following suggestions for the conduct and management of a debating society are offered. They are based upon experience with a flourishing club and are likely to be of use in any place where there is a demand for an organization of this sort. The society in question has in addition to its regular officers, so-called censors, who are appointed at each meeting and who pass judgment upon the debater's pronunciation his construction of sentences, the authority cited by him, his parliamentary practice, and so on. The debate is taken down by a stenographer and at the next session the errors that may have been detected are publicly cited by the censors, after which the copy is returned to the debater with the corrections indicated. This makes it of the greatest practical value to the debater. The society also has a cabinet containing as many drawers as there are members, and in each of these compartments a numbered slip is kept. Every member has a particular number substituted for his name by which he introduces himself to the chair and is known in the society. From this cabinet the principals are selected for each debate, the censors are chosen, special committees are appointed, and members are drawn for debate if there is a lack of volunteers when the question has been thrown open to the assembly. As the numbers are moved to a different compartment at the beginning of every meeting there can be no favoritism in the appointments made by the chair, since one member is as liable to be called on as another and no one knows when his number will be drawn. When weak and strong fare alike it is practically an impossibility for the society to be carried on by a few, with the rest indifferent, and thus the interest is well sustained. The subjects for debate are selected by a vote of the society. Any member may deposit a draft of a resolution in a box that is kept for the purpose, and these questions are submitted to the society by the chair, in the order in which they are received, for selection and discussion.

The time of the session may be divided to advantage as follows:— First, fifteen minutes of rapid drill in parliamentary tactics, such points being taken as: organizing, dissolving and reorganizing the officers, the introduction of a resolution, questions of amendment and privilege, points of order, reference to a committee, etc. In order that all may have a part in this drill it is well to select at each session a panel of six or more who shall assume the chair in succession. The member should be considered in office the instant he takes the gavel in his hand and his continuance in office should be limited to his first incorrect ruling. Strict adherence to this plan will give the member invaluable training in clear and rapid thinking while on his feet. Second Following the parliamentary drill there should be prepared debate on an appointed question, the principals each being limited to ten minutes. After this the question is thrown open for general discussion,

and those who take part whether they are volunteers or drafted, should be limited to five minutes. Decisions should be rendered on the merits of the question and the merits of the debate. Third, Short speeches on any of the following lines: a brief plea, a speech in nomination, a reception speech, a story, an application, a speech on offering the resolution; a toast on any of the following subjects: the army, navy, city, town, society, or order; an acceptance of a nomination, an inaugural address, an exordium, a peroration. One or more speeches on each of these subjects can be used to good advantage in addition to the regular debate. Fourth, Fifteen minutes' drill in rebuttal and extemporaneous speaking. One member is appointed by the chair to defend a question of "Proposition agreed upon by the assembly against all attacks or counter arguments by other members. The speeches to be limited to three minutes. This is most excellent discipline for it puts the member upon his mettle and he is forced to think quickly and keenly or he will be worsted in the contest. The above suggestions are only an outline for conducting a debating society. Other lines will suggest themselves in practice, and experience has proved that a club conducted in this way may be made so attractive and beneficial to its members that their interest does not flag and the permanency of the organization is assured. It is a pity that there cannot be more of these clubs all over our land, for surely there is no better training school for citizens than a successful debating society.— New England Conservatory Magazine.

RAILWAY BUSINESS FOR THE PAST YEAR.

Despite the vigorous manner in which the two great railway systems, the G.T.R. and the C.P.R., wages a war of rates for the greater part of the year their earnings are in excess of the previous year, as may be seen from the following statements:

Table with columns for 1898 and 1897, showing Grand Trunk Railway earnings by month from January to December.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

Table with columns for 1898 and 1897, showing Canadian Pacific Railway earnings by month from January to December.

THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE.

A summary statement of the vote on the prohibition plebiscite is published in The Canada Gazette. The figures are as follows:—

Table showing the results of the prohibition plebiscite by province, with columns for Affirmative, Negative, and Majority.

A man must reap as he sows. If he sows ill-health he will reap ill-health. If he neglects his health the weeds of disease will grow up and choke it. It is a daily and hourly marvel that men will recklessly neglect their health, when a moment's thought should tell them that they are courting death. It lies in most every man's power to live to a green old age. If a man would only take the same care of himself that he does of his horse, or cow, or dog, he would enjoy good health. When a man owns a hundred-dollar horse, and it gets sick, he does not waste any time about doctoring him up. When his garden gets full of weeds, he doesn't delay about rooting them out, for he knows they will choke out his vegetables. When he is out of sorts, sick, nervous, headache, has no appetite and is restless and sleepless at night, he pays little attention to it. The result is consumption, nervous prostration or some serious blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men. It gives edge to the appetite, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of lingering coughs, bronchial and throat affections, weak lungs, bleeding from lungs and kindred affections. Do not wait until the lungs are too far wasted to admit of being cured. As you know, five years ago the doctors had given me up to die with consumption," writes Dr. G. McKelvey, of Deepwater, Fayette Co., W. Va. "I got no treatment from Dr. Pierce, and an entirely well now. I had taken steadily, as directed, his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little 'Pellet' is a dose.

BRYAN'S SPEECH ON TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

Mr. W. J. Bryan attended a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce last week. He was the principal speaker of the evening, and his subject was "Our Country and Territorial Expansion." He said: "The sentiment of people upon any great question must be measured during the hours of deliberation and not in a fight, but it is not reasonable to expect a judicial opinion from him until he has had time to wash the blood off his face. I have seen a herd of wild-eyed, gently kind animals transformed into infuriated beasts by the sight and scent of blood and I have seen the same animals quiet and peaceful again in a few hours. We have much of the animal in us in spite of our civilising processes. It is not unnatural that our people should be more sanguinary immediately after a battle than we were before, but it is only a question of time when reflection will restore the conditions which existed before this nation became engaged in the war with Spain. If the president rightly interpreted the feeling of the people when they were intoxicated by a military triumph we shall appeal from 'Philip drunk to Philip sober.' "The forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands would violate a principle of American public law so deeply imbedded in the American mind that until a year ago no public man would have suggested it. It is difficult to overestimate the influence which such a change in our national policy would produce on the character of our people. Our opponents ask: 'Is our nation great enough to do what England, Germany, and Holland are doing?' They enquire: 'Can we not govern colonies as well as they?' Whether we can govern colonies as well as other countries is not material. The real question is whether we can in one hemisphere develop the theory that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, and at the same time inaugurate support and defend in the other hemisphere a government which derive its authority entirely from superior force. "And if these two ideas of government cannot live together, which one shall we choose? To defend forcible annexation on the ground that we are carrying out a religious duty is worse than absurd. The Bible teaches us that it is more blessed to give than to receive, while the colonial policy is based upon the doctrine that it is more blessed to take than to leave. I am afraid that the imperialists have confused their beatitudes.

"We entered the Spanish war as peacemakers. Imperialists have an indistinct recollection that a blessing has been promised to the peacemakers and also to the meek, but their desire for more territory has perverted their memories so that as they recall the former it reads, 'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall inherit the earth.' It cannot be defended on a ground that we shall find a pecuniary profit in the policy. The advantage which may come to a few individuals who hold the offices or who secure valuable franchises cannot properly be weighed against the money expended in governing the Philippines, because the money expended will be paid by those who pay the taxes. "We are not yet in a position to determine whether the people in the United States as a whole will bring back from the Philippines as much as they sent there. There is an old saying that it is not profitable to buy a lawsuit. Our nation may learn by experience that it is not wise to purchase the right to conquer a people. Spain under compulsion gives us a quit claim to the Philippines in return for \$20,000,000, but she does not agree to warrant and defend our title against the Filipinos. "To buy land is one thing; to buy people is another. Land is inanimate and makes no resistance to a transfer title the people are animate and sometimes desire a voice in their own affairs. But, whether measured by dollars and cents the conquest of the Philippines would prove profitable or expensive, it will certainly prove embarrassing to those who still hold the good to the doctrine which underlies a republic. Military rule is antagonistic to our theory of government. The arguments which are used to defend it in the Philippines may be used to excuse it in the United States. Under military rule much must be left to the discretion of the Military governor, and this can only be justified upon the theory that the governor knows more than the people whom he governs and is better acquainted with their needs than they are themselves; is entirely in sympathy with them and is thoroughly honest and unselfish in his desire to do them good. "Such a combination of wisdom, integrity and love is difficult to find, and the Republican party will enter upon a hard task when it starts out to select suitable military governors for our remote possessions, even if the party has absolute confidence in its great political managers, like Senator Hanna. It must be remembered that the people of Ohio have compelled him to serve them in the United States and that inferior men must be entrusted with the distribution of justice and benevolence among the nation's dark-skinned subjects in the Pacific. If we enter upon a colonial policy we must expect to hear the command 'Silence!' issuing with increasing emphasis from the imperialists when the discussion of fundamental principles is attempted in the United States. "If a member of Congress attempts to criticise any injustice perpetrated by a Government official against a helpless people, he will be warned to keep silent lest his criticism encourages resistance to American authority in the Orient. If an orator on the Fourth of July dares to speak of in-

alienable rights or refers with commendation to the manner in which our forefathers resisted taxation without representation, he will be warned to keep silent lest his utterances excite rebellion among distant subjects. "If we adopt a colonial policy and pursue the course which excited the Revolution of 1776, we must muffle the tones of the old Liberty Bell and commune in whispers when we praise the patriotism of our forefathers. We cannot afford to destroy the declaration of Independence. We cannot afford to erase from our constitutions, State and national, the bills of rights. We have not time to examine the libraries of the nation, and purge them of the essays, the speeches, and the books that defend the doctrine that law is the crystallization of public opinion rather than an emanation from physical opinion. "But even if we could destroy every vestige of the laws which are the outgrowth of the immortal law penned by Jefferson, we could obliterate every written word that has been inspired by the idea that this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people, we could not tear from the heart of the human race the hope which the American public has planted there. The impassioned appeal, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' still echoes around the world. In the future, as in the past, the desire to be free will be stronger than the desire to enjoy a mere physical existence. The conflict between right and might will continue here and everywhere until a day is reached when the love of money will no longer sear the national conscience and hypocrisy no longer hide the hideous features of avarice behind the mask of philanthropy."

OUT OF DEATH'S SHADOW.

The Experience of a Lady Who Had Given Up Hope.

Tortured With Pains in the Stomach For Five Years Doctors and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her—In Her Extremity, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health. From the Pembroke Observer. Where man is to be found there also side by side with him, is disease and suffering. Those who have devoted their lives to the alleviation of the suffering and bodily weakness of human organization are surely benefactors of their kind, and deserve the praise of all mankind. For special honors in this line may be pointed out the discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Recently the case of Mrs. Maggie Brunette, of Chichester, Que., came prominently under the notice of the Observer reporter. He felt it to be his duty, on hearing of Mrs. Brunette's restoration from prostrate illness to health, to interview the lady and record her experience for the benefit of others who may need the healing influences of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Brunette's farm home was found to be very comfortable and even elegant, located near the base of an immense hill, an out-guard of the Laurentian Mountains. The reporter was warmly welcomed and Mrs. Brunette said she was very glad to have an opportunity to testify to the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had conferred upon her. She is 42 years of age now. Her husband, the late Chas. Brunette, died 14 years ago, and after his death she worked very hard for some years, with the result that she became weak, although run down so much so that, although quite tall, she weighed only 90 pounds. After taking the slightest food she felt such distress that she was compelled to lie down for hours, being so weak that she was unable to sit up. At last she thought she must have been attacked by a cancer of the stomach, so violent were the pains that constantly harassed her. She consulted the best physician and spent more than a hundred dollars in treatment and medicine, in addition to which she spent nine weeks in the hospital at Pembroke. But withal she was ill four years and despaired of ever being well. Finally she decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and accordingly she procured six boxes. Although she benefited her almost from the time she began to take them, she kept on taking the pills until she had taken sixteen boxes and then felt that she was completely cured. The pills accomplishing in three months what four years of medical treatment had failed to do. From that time, nearly three years ago, Mrs. Brunette has been in good health, needing no medicine. "You can see," said Mrs. Brunette, as the reporter was departing, "that I am in perfect health, I attend to all my household work and the dairy and poultry, and have a large number of cows to milk. I never fail to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when I have an opportunity, for they did wonderful things for me." Mrs. Brunette is a well educated lady, speaking French and English fluently.

ROOFING. We Do A Good Business In Roofing. Because we do good work. We sometimes make mistakes, but when we do we make things right. We'd like you for a customer. GEO. W. REED & CO. 783 & 785 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

CATHOLIC WOMAN'S LEAGUE IN CHICAGO.

The Catholic Woman's National League was organized as a result of the work of the Woman's Congress in 1893. The aim of the League has been, and is, to work upon progressive lines in philanthropy and education.

The Philanthropy department works out progressive and practical plans, for teaching the unfortunate the value of self help, and giving them a measure of independence, as well as to raise them to a higher plane of living.

Saturdays from 9 to 11 a.m. fifty or more children of the neighborhood come to learn how to sew.

Friday, Dec. 23, at 10 a.m., the little tots enjoyed a Christmas tree prepared by the kindergarten.

The mothers of the neighborhood to the number of twenty-five meet the first and third Sundays of the month in the settlement rooms.

St. Elizabeth's Mother's Club, it is called, and the women manage its affairs through their own officers.

As a means of inculcating thrift and habits of economy, the penny postal savings system has been introduced. From May, when the work

was begun, to December, 1898, one hundred little depositors, ranging from five to fourteen years of age, took out books. These books contain thirty-six places for stamps, and 1, 5, or 10-cent stamps may be bought.

The success of all branches of the work proves that people appreciate advantages that are presented to them, and that they want to help themselves and know how.

FRENCH SHORE DIFFICULTY IN NEWFOUNDLAND

The prediction in my despatches last month, says the London correspondent of the New York Post, as to the imminence of a crisis regarding the French shore of Newfoundland has already been more than realized.

That is, of course, only another illustration of the habitual French ignorance of the real facts of this century-old dispute.

Concomitant to the French position is the fact that the French shore has no kind of value for our navy.

The whole tone of the Parisian press is similar, and it would now seem only necessary for Lord Salisbury and Mr. Cambon to discuss the terms of compensation.

Well known violinist, of this Province—interesting statements concerning his experience.

WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement:

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MRS. JOSEPHINE WHITE.

How She Cured Herself of Female Weakness—Her Complexion Makes Her Look Ten Years Younger Than She Really Is.

The things that make women look old are weakness and sickness. Ill health robs the face of its beauty and the figure of its charms.



Mrs. Josephine White, Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan., writes as follows: "I had terrible backache and female weakness, and was so dizzy at times that I had to sit down to prevent myself from falling on the floor."

how she cured herself of female weakness, dizziness and backache. You see how she wrote our physician for advice, which was given absolutely free.

compensation, England, for the past neglect of British statesmen, would be expected to pay a great proportion.

SOME FACTS FROM KLONDIKE.

The last bulletin of the department of labor at Washington gives forty pages to an interesting report of an agent of the department describing the result of his investigations of the Klondike region from early January to August, this year.

There were about seventy-five physicians in Dawson, and they were still coming. Ten or twelve were actually engaged in practice.

It is a common assumption among those acquainted with the uncertainties of mining for the precious metal that every dollar's worth of gold extracted from the earth costs somebody at least \$1 in money or labor.

NEW YORK'S MILK SUPPLY.

The State Department of Agriculture issued a statement last week, showing that the amount of milk consumed in the city of New York and elsewhere in the State has steadily increased under the enforcement of the State milk standard law.

The figures given regarding the output of Klondike mining are instructive. The bankers and the agents of the commercial companies, who have the best means of knowing the facts, practically agree in placing the output for the season at \$9,000,000 and "no intelligent man on the ground who is acquainted with the conditions has placed the figure above \$12,000,000."

Table with 2 columns: Year and No. of cows, etc. showing milk supply statistics from 1888 to 1898.

MONEY CHANGERS IN FRANCE.

Many of the troubles of France today are an inheritance of the days of Gambetta. In spite of his Italian name, Gambetta was partly of Jewish extraction and, was afterwards demonstrated, he was wholly of Jewish persuasion.

HERE RESTS YOUR HOPE.

New remedies come and new remedies go, but Scott's Emulsion is the great rock foundation on which hope of recovery from weak throats and lungs must rest.

BEATEN BY THE TESTIMONY OF MICE.

From the Morning Oregonian. A man in the Palouse country lost his ranch in a contest case because a nest containing a large family of mice was found in his bed.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C.A. McDonnell

ESTATE and FINANCIAL AGENT. 180 St. James st., Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms and public corporations a specialty.

J. ALFIDE CHAUSSE, ARCHITECT.

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Plans and Estimates furnished for all kinds of Buildings. Merchants' Phone 1455.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to incorporate "THE LAURENTIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY," for the purpose of carrying on the business of Fire and Marine Insurance, and having its chief office in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec.

Montreal, December 20th, 1898. WHITE, O'HALLORAN & BUCHANAN, Solicitors for Applicants.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that L'Association St. Jean Baptiste de Montreal shall apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of an Act amending its Charter 55th Vol. Ch. 5, and grant new powers and especially that of creating a savings and fund.

BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE, TURGEON & ROBERTSON, Attorneys for the Petitioners. Montreal, 14th December, 1898.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Testamentary Executors of the late Joel Leduc, in his late trade of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of an Act increasing their powers and authorizing them to compromise with the legatees and creditors of said estate and to designate the payment of the said debts and the partition of the same.

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SURGEON-DENTISTS

Advertisement for Dr. J. G. A. Gendreau, Surgeon-Dentist, 20 St. Lawrence St., Montreal. Includes a small portrait of a man.

DR. BROUSSEAU, L.D.S., SURGICAL DENTIST.

No. 7 St. Lawrence St., MONTREAL. Telephone, 6201.

Your impression in the morning, Teeth in the afternoon. Bleached full gum sets; Rose Pearl (bleach colored). Weighted lower sets for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wided faces. Gold crown plate and bridge work, painless extracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth fixed; teeth repaired in 30 minutes; sets in three hours if required.

SPECIALTIES of CRAY'S PHARMACY.

- FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID.....25 cents
FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE. 25 cents
FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANOLIN CREAM. 25 cts
HENRY R. GRAY, Pharmacological Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Main street, N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.

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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 this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899

OUR INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

Canada is attracting the attention of the people of Ireland. Our Catholic institutions were spoken of recently to a large and appreciative audience at Boyle. His lordship the Bishop of Elphin, speaking at that place referred to our universities in glowing terms. He said:

"The governing body is Catholic, the professoriate, as a rule, is Catholic, Catholic principles of ethics and Catholic views of historical questions are presented, which Catholic pupils can, without danger, accept—in a word, the whole atmosphere of these institutions is Catholic. Contrast this system of the Canadian educational system with that which we have to reconcile ourselves to in this country. Trinity College, with its Protestant president, its Protestant professorial staff, its Protestant atmosphere is held up as a suitable institution for the higher education of people, nine-tenths of whom are Catholics. The thing is preposterous and absurd. Why to thus maintain Trinity College in the enjoyment of its monopoly indicates the existence of a fear that Protestant ascendancy in this country would cease if the Catholics were placed on the same level, educationally, with our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. I would say that it is a patriotic duty, incumbent upon every public representative in this country to contribute at present by resolution and speech and action for a Catholic university. I would say, moreover, that the first act of every County and District and Town Council after coming into existence is to pass a strong resolution demanding as an educational right from the government that undertakes to rule us the establishment of a Catholic university in which orthodox religion and orthodox patriotism—not the spurious article which is so much in vogue at present—will be taught to men who have now been entrusted to them so much as the interests of our people."

The complaint of his lordship, with regard to the treatment of Ireland, is well founded. It cannot be conceived that the injustices they labor under shall be allowed to exist very much longer. There appears to be a healthy agitation going on, which must result in the triumph of right, in the early future. Notable instances are on record of broad-minded Protestants going with Catholic brethren, in claiming justice for the latter.

It is pleasing to find our institutions of learning referred to, in so complimentary a manner, but, can the Catholics of Canada say that they have done their whole duty in this connection? Up to the present time, we have not had many rich men amongst us, men who could afford to give largely of their means, yet, it would not be difficult to mention the names of several to-day who could easily identify themselves with the cause of education by a generous contribution.

McGill University stands as a monument of Protestant generosity. The donations that have poured into its lap are now counted by the millions. It could not be expected that this generosity could be rivaled. Indeed, there is no need for any such amount of money to make our institutions second to none on this continent.

A Catholic institution can be managed, and made prosperous and progressive, with less than half of what

is needed by our Protestant friends; but up to this moment very little has been done by individual benefactors, to give to Catholic education the rank it should have. On some future occasion it may be necessary to deal with some of the causes of this apathy; for the present, it is sufficient to say, that our Catholic High School, should attract the attention of our English-speaking Catholics in this Province. Some of our well-to-do people ought to identify their names with this institution, which is destined to mark a new era in the status of our people. From our High School will go forth young men well equipped for business pursuits; it will be a prolific feeder for the courses of Arts and Sciences in our colleges and universities, and now is the time, to come forward generously and place it upon a solid foundation.

JUDICIAL REPRESENTATION.

The question of proper representation on the judicial bench crops up, now and again, in different quarters. It will be remembered, that some years ago, when the Solicitor-General of the Dominion was appointed to a judgeship of the Superior Court of this Province, a great howl was made because he happened to be an Irish-Catholic, and a number of fanatics thought, that a Protestant should have been selected for the position. There is good reason to believe, that many of those who took part in the agitation at the time, may feel heartily ashamed of their conduct. In this Province the Protestant minority have by far a larger share in judicial appointments than their numbers justify. This is the case with regard to the Courts of Superior jurisdiction. It is perhaps to be regretted, that in some of the courts of inferior powers there has been some exclusiveness, although the 26th man filling the positions are in every way worthy of the trust that has been confided to them. In so far as possible all sections of the community should be represented in every grade of the judiciary.

In Catholic countries, as a rule, the non-Catholics are well treated with regard to judicial appointments. Ireland is a notable instance in this respect, indeed, the Catholics have had reason to complain of the distribution of these high offices. There are twenty-one County Court judges in Ireland. Now, although the Catholics are as from five to one in the general population of the country, there are no less than fifteen Protestant, and only six Catholics, amongst these judicial functionaries. It appears, however, that an attempt is being made, to fill the place of one of the Catholic judges, Mr. Justice Kelly, who has recently retired, by the appointment of a Protestant, to his place. The Dublin Freeman commenting upon this says:—

"Now, we late sectionalism, and have not a word to say against many excellent Protestant judges, but in a Catholic country, there is something suspicious about the fact, that five-sevenths of the County Court Judges are Protestants."

All good men hate sectionalism, more especially, in relation of an individual to the law. Far better to get a good judgment from a non-Catholic, than a bad one, from one professing the Catholic faith—that all things being equal, the only plan to make people feel secure, is just and equitable representation based upon population, except when distinguished ability makes the choice one of general satisfaction. In Ireland where the Bar has so many brilliant ornaments amongst its Irish-Catholic members, it seems strange, that the disproportion in judicial appointments, should be so glaring in favor of their Protestant competitors.

A NOBLE CATHOLIC WOMAN.

Under the above title our Methodist contemporary, "The Daily Witness" publishes a review of Mother de la Nativite, and the origin of the Community of the Sisters of "Misericorde." It is written in an appreciative spirit; and this is the reason we reproduce it. Whenever we have any fault to find with our contemporary we do not hesitate to express our opinion; and when, as on the present occasion we find in it something in favor of a Catholic work we lose no time in reproducing it.

"Mother de la Nativite and the Origin of the Community of the Sisters of Misericorde," is the title of a book published (both in English and French), to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the order of "Sisters of Mercy." It gives an account of the life of the foundress, Madame Jette, which is edifying to Catholic and Protestant alike. This good woman was born in the village of Lavaltrie in 1794. Her maiden name was Marie Rosalie Cadron. It is said that she was even as a child especially tender to the poor. She married a man of equally generous spirit, and "the Jette homestead was ever wide open to all the poor." Madame Jette

was a peacemaker among neighbors and a teacher of piety to the young. Her husband dying, she gave her time more than ever to works of mercy and had some success in helping fallen women to a better life. Her home was at this time in Montreal, and Bishop Bourget, perceiving her fitness for such a work, spoke to her about founding a religious community to care especially for unfortunate girls. Madame Jette was rather frightened at the thought of founding such a community. She was fifty years old and thought herself lacking in the gifts and graces necessary for a great work. Nevertheless as the Bishop urged it as being the will of God, she rented a small house and started a very humble rescue home. She was soon joined in her arduous labors by Mademoiselle Lucie Benoit and other ladies, and a regular order was formed in 1848, with eight professed nuns and several novices. It was not till 1851 that the present home of the community (on Dorchester street, near St. Andre) was acquired. The first abode of the workers had been in St. Simon street, the second in Wolfe street, where some trying years of poverty were experienced. The meagre dinner was sometimes spoiled in the cooking, for there was much laundry work, to be done and only one small stove for all purposes; and it is reported that when the dinner was burnt, Lucie Benoit, whose family lived opposite, would let her father know and the wants of the nuns would usually be supplied. Madame Jette, now known as Mere de la Nativite, was older than the other nuns and becoming an invalid dropped out of active work. Her sufferings were great and the poverty of the institute forbade her medicine and nourishing diet which might have relieved her, while the struggle to maintain the institute in those days of trial kept the Sisters so busy that their foundress was sometimes neglected in her illness and left without proper nursing. It is intimated that she was even slighted by some in the convent as a feeble and unimportant old body, while the title of foundress was generally given to Sister Ste. Jeanne de Chantal, a woman of great energy and capacity, who was the first regular superioress of the community. But the humble, loving spirit of Mother Nativite shone out amid all trials and hardships. Her resignation and devotion were a constant example to the other sisters and many touching stories are told of her true lowliness and her love for souls. She died in 1864, but the work she started with great diffidence and only in accordance with Bishop Bourget's request, has developed both in its size and in the variety of its beneficence and has branches in Ottawa and New York. Many things in this account of a Catholic institution cannot be approved by Protestants, but the fundamental Christian ideal of seeing the lost and pointing to Jesus is so prominent in the lives of some of these noble workers in the Catholic Church that we cannot but recognize the unity of the spirit that prompts such endeavor.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

It is admitted on all sides that the spiritual work of the Redemptorist Fathers since their advent to St. Ann's is worthy of the admiration of all the Catholics of Montreal. Amongst the names of the good priests who have performed valuable services in the parish during the past fourteen years, one will stand out prominently, and that is the name of Rev. Father Strubbe. In the course of an interview which the "True Witness" had with him, an opportunity was given of realizing how practically the Redemptorist Fathers look after the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of the parish, particularly all that concerns the social interests of the flock committed to their care. For many years the Rev. Fathers have carefully compiled a census of the parish. For the purpose of taking this census the Fathers divide the parish into various districts, in which each of them seeks the required information. Some idea of the importance of this work may be obtained from the following extract from the statistical statement which forms part of the record, the very valuable record, of this thriving and progressive parish during the year just closed. The number of Catholic families residing in the parish in 1898, was 1,515 "mixed," were either the husband or wife was Protestant, 76; Protestant families, 249; French Canadian families, 212; Jews and Chinese, 14; children under First Communion age, 2,004; above First Communion age, 1,421; total number of souls, 6,779; communicants, 4,775; school enrollment (St. Armand School not included) 1,223; children over fourteen years of age who did not make their First Communion, 23 (this number has been reduced since, through the establishment of a special class, by 11); children between 8 and 14 who are not attending school (St. Armand school not included) 39; Catholic children at-

tending Protestant schools, 14; idiots, 3; number of Holy Communions, 59,900; Baptisms, 241 children, and 87 adults (converts, making 370 in fourteen years); marriages, 60 between Catholics, and 3 mixed.

A general mission is now in course of progress. That for married women opened on Sunday last, that for married men will begin on Sunday evening next, that for unmarried women will start on the following Sunday evening, to be succeeded by that for unmarried men on the following Sunday evening. Each of the four missions will occupy a week. The Rev. Father Grogan, of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, and a native of Quebec, will preach throughout all the missions.

During the present month the magnificent gymnasium and drill hall, which has been erected as an extension or new wing to St. Ann's Hall, will be inaugurated. It is a two-story structure, the first storey being the gymnasium, which is equipped with the most modern apparatus; and the second to the drill hall, for the use of St. Ann's cadets. The cost of the new building will be about \$7,000, part of which, we might add, will be defrayed out of the purse presented to the Rev. Father Strubbe on the occasion of the celebration of his Silver Jubilee as a priest.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI VISITS THE PRISONERS.

It is only religion that can bring true and solid consolation to the hearts and minds of those whose sad lot it is to be confined in prison. By the world they are despised as outcasts unworthy of a passing thought. But in the eyes of the Catholic Church they are the possessors of immortal souls, and members of her fold.

True to her sacred mission the chief pastor of the archdiocese of Montreal, Archbishop Bruchesi, paid a visit to the city jail and addressed them from the steps of the altar.

Archbishop Bruchesi spoke as follows:—

"My dear friends, at this time, when the New Year has dawned upon us, it is customary for friends to visit each other and exchange good wishes. Fathers like to go to see their children, to bless them and to show their affection for them. You, unhappily are deprived of these family joys. But you have your remembrances; you were not always thus; and must often have thought, here within these prison walls, that there are people who are near and dear to you and who think about you and pray for you.

You belong to my family, although misfortune has come upon you; and I assure you that, at the beginning of this new year one of my first thoughts was about you. I have given my blessing to the priests of my diocese, the religious communities, and the citizens who have come to my residence to express to me their good wishes; and the idea occurred to me to come here to see you and to bring you a little consolation; for although you have your failings and your unhappy faults which have brought you to this place, yet you can strike your breasts and say "mea culpa, I have deserved it; it is human justice which is now following its course."

Still your hearts are open to good counsel, I know what you are suffering, and what you will suffer, for yourselves. But I feel that you are also suffering for the sake of those from whom you are separated, those who are allied to you by ties of blood and by ties of friendship.

Therefore I recall to mind the words of our Lord in the Gospel, when he recommended charity. He remembered those who were in prison. He said that we must love all men, and that when men will appear before the Sovereign Judge to receive their rewards, God will say to the just: "Come ye blessed of my heart; come and receive the crown that has been prepared for you. I was poor, and ye gave me assistance; I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; I was in prison, and ye visited me."

We may ask why he uttered those words. Is God, who is all-powerful, really hidden in the person of the poor, of the sick, of the indigent. Yes; and even as He is hidden in the unfortunate and the suffering, He is hidden in the prisoner. It is Himself, therefore, that I have come here to see. I have also come to express my best wishes and to bless you, and at the same time bless all those of whom you are thinking. I wish you one and all a good and happy new year.

Let it be for you a year of repentance; realizing that you have done wrong; a year of good and sincere resolutions; a year of prayer. Pray often. Do not forget that this position in which you are at present is a stain upon you, and a misfortune, but it is also perhaps a grace from God for which you will thank Him later on, when he makes good citizens of you,

and pious Christians, leading good and ever holy lives. For bear in mind that one may pass out of prison and become a great saint, just as one may occupy the highest rank in society and lose your soul.

Our lifetime is a time of trials, and we should always remain faithful to the grace that God gives us. Take advantage of these hours of misery, of sorrow, and of suffering which you are passing here to expiate, with a Christian sentiment of resignation, your wrong-doing in the past. When you have left this prison, when you have recovered the freedom which is so dear to you, may you always make a good and holy use of it!

His Grace repeated his address in English. He then visited the institute of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, popularly known as the Belgian Brothers' Institute, and afterwards stayed several hours at Long Point Asylum.

A VENERABLE PRIEST.

Our readers will regret to hear of the death—which occurred on Thursday last week—of the Rev. Father O'Connell, at the age of 99. Two years ago we published a biographical sketch of him, together with his portrait. The writer paid him a visit recently and from his physical and mental activity arrived at the conclusion that this venerable servant of God would live to celebrate his hundredth birthday. It was not to be, however; and after an illness of about eight days he passed away peacefully to his rest. He had been for several years a "lodger," as he was wont to describe himself, with merry twinkle in his Irish blue eyes, in the Convent of the Grey Nuns, hung up in his room was an address presented to him by the citizens of Kingston, and signed by the Protestant Mayor and other prominent Protestants, expressive of regret at his departure from that city, and bearing eloquent testimony to his self-sacrificing efforts in ministering to the victims of the ship-fever in that place.

Father O'Connell was fond of talking of the days when he first arrived in this country from Ireland. St. Patrick's Church had not been built, and the Irish Catholic colony had their spiritual wants supplied by priests stationed at either Bonsecours Church or at the old Recollet's Church. Having spent three years in Montreal, Father O'Connell went to the diocese of Ottawa, where he remained for about thirty years. He retired from active work only when the infirmities of old age compelled him.

Father O'Connell celebrated Mass in St. Patrick's Church, when its golden jubilee was celebrated. He also celebrated Mass there on his 97th and 98th birthdays. The Rev. Father Quinlivan had made preparation for a Requiem service for the aged priest, in St. Patrick's, but on the arrival of a telegraphed request from Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, the remains were at once sent there to be buried at Richmond, where he had long been stationed.

The "True Witness" has received many feeling expressions of regret at the death of Father O'Connell, one of the most touching coming from the Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Hamilton, Ont.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Considerable interest has been manifested in the proceedings of the meeting of the Society of the Preventive of Consumption which was recently held in the London residence of the Prince of Wales, Marlborough House, at his Royal Highness' special invitation. Modern research has upset our theories about the cause and cure, and prevention of consumption, as it has in regard to other diseases. Like so many other maladies, its origin is now known to be due to a living germ, in this case the tubercle bacillus.

Of all enemies to human life in moderate latitudes, especially in London and Wales, the tubercle bacillus is the most powerful. By far the commonest and most fatal mode of its attack is, of course, the invasion of the lungs. But it may settle in the joints (white swelling) or in the spine, thus producing nine-tenths of all cases of hump-back and spinal abscess; in the skin and its glands, when it is called scrofula; and again, in the case of children, the bowels and their glands; and upon the brain coverings (meningitis). The recognition of the fact that all these evils are attributable to the agency of a bacillus has as yet unfortunately given no direct assistance in the cure of the disease when established, all germicides capable of destroying the germ in the body becoming poisonous to the patient long before they are strong enough to affect the bacillus. But it has given an enormous advantage with regard to the prevention of the evil. And it is to this end that the society has been organized.

The need that exists for the society was well demonstrated by the remarks of Sir William Broadbent at

the meeting in Marlborough House.

"We learn from the returns of the Registrar-General that nearly 60,000 deaths are every year registered as due to tuberculosis in England and Wales alone, and to this number may be added a considerable percentage of the deaths set down to acute affections of the lungs, in which tubercle has played an unrecognized part. Of these over 40,000 are from consumption, 6,000 from tuberculous disease of the intestines and mesenteric glands, and 6,500 from tubercular meningitis. The destructive work of tubercle does not end here: 5,500 deaths are attributed to other forms of tuberculosis, among which are 'diseases of the bones. Hump-back, hip-joint disease, disease of the knee, ankle, elbow, wrist and other joints, which cripple or disable so many children, are the sign manual of tubercle."

Even this state of affairs is a great improvement on that which existed fifty years ago. Since then, by improved hygiene, subsoil drainage, greater attention to ventilation and to the construction of dwellings, the number of deaths from consumption and other forms of tuberculosis has been reduced by more than 50 per cent.

It is now definitely known that consumption is a contagious disease; that it is communicated from person to person, and from animal to man, and that it arises in no other way. It is not an inherited vice in the constitution which declares itself in course of time; but, while some constitutions are more prone to it than others, and while an unhealthy mode of life and unwholesome surroundings predispose to its attacks, every case of consumption is derived from some pre-existing case. Pthisis, with all the various forms of tuberculous disease, is the work of a microbe—the tubercle bacillus discovered by Koch. This living organism is present in countless millions in the diseased lungs or intestines or bones. By its multiplication it blocks the minute blood vessels, chokes the air vesicles and destroys structures, and by a poison or toxin which it forms, it gives rise to febrile disturbance, nocturnal perspirations and wasting. It is by the transmission of this bacilli that tuberculous diseases of all kinds are spread. The principal way in which they are conveyed from a diseased to a healthy person is by means of the expectoration, which contains them in enormous numbers, and which when especially suspended in the atmosphere, especially of ill-ventilated rooms, in the form of dust, and inhaled. Happily, they are not present in the breath of the consumptive patient, so that consumption is not contracted merely by breathing the same air or living in the same house with a sufferer."

But the society aims not only at the preventive of consumption, its object is also the cure of it.

We are glad, therefore, to be able to recommend a sanitarium within easy reach of Montreal, and occupying an ideal site for such an institution. It is called the Sanitarium Gabriels, and is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, the Superioress being Rev. Mother Kiernan, sister of one who was formerly a resident of Montreal. It was opened in July last and is located on the Adirondack branch of the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. the station's name being Paul Smith. The buildings stand on Mount Sunrise, which is 2,000 feet above the sea level; and it is almost entirely surrounded by State lands, on which are thousands of acres of pine, balsam, spruce, etc. From the southwest the wind comes with its healing, fragrant breath over seventy miles of solid pine forest.

The New York Tribune says of the location: "From Sunrise Mount the panorama is unsurpassed for grandeur. The clearness of the atmosphere permits the summits of the distant mountains to be distinctly seen. In the morning light, transparent and cloudlike, Mount Mercy lifts its head, then White face and innumerable peaks, blue and purple and golden, stretch away in the hazy distance. Here and there through the bordered pines the silver waters of Lueria Lake can be seen. A short walk will bring one to this beautiful lake, where the lovers of angling can enjoy fishing for speckled trout, and where with two or three "carries," one can reach through the St. Regis lakes and river the great St. Lawrence."

Mrs. James Birmingham of Park Avenue, of this city, who is staying there at present, spent her winter holidays at home in Montreal, and her friends noticed a decided change in her appearance. The lung trouble she stated, from which she had been suffering, was fast disappearing, and is expected that it would entirely disappear by the summer months, when she will leave the Sanitarium Gabriels. All the arrangements of the main and other buildings have been made in accordance with the latest scientific and hygienic methods.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Providence Visitor, in a recent issue published the following article.—

"The question of a priest's right to refuse to tell in a court of law what he said or heard in the confessional has come up again, this time in the Province of Quebec. A certain physician was charged by a certain lady with criminal assault. The lady declared that in the confessional she exposed the matter to a certain Father Rochon and was advised by him to prosecute her assailant. The defence called on the priest to give a denial to the plaintiff's story, but this he declined to do, on the ground that he is not bound by law to divulge the secrets of the confessional. The judge ruled that no such immunity is guaranteed to priests by the law of Canada and the court was adjourned to give the priest a chance to reconsider his resolve. If the facts are as alleged the priest is in a painful position. But he must obey God rather than man, unless the lady gives him permission to speak about the affair. In the meantime it seems odd that Canadian law refuses to take account of professional secrecy. That is the point at issue.

As the locality in which the above case arose is not mentioned, it is impossible to verify the statement. It would surprise us very much had any such question arisen. Our courts have pronounced so emphatically on the subject that it is almost incredible that any judge should have given such a decision as that referred to. In the case of Oulett vs. Scotte, which came before the Superior Court of this Province about two years ago, Hon. Mr. Justice Curran presiding, the Rev. Father Dubuc refused to answer a question on the ground that his conversation with the person interested was confidential as he had spoken to him in his quality of spiritual adviser. Let it be noted, this was not a question of the confessional.

The learned judge in a very elaborate judgment of which we give only the principal features said:—

"The witness invokes Article 275 of the Civil Code of Procedure which has reference to the privilege of a witness. It enacts as follows: 'He cannot be compelled to declare what has been revealed to him confidentially, in his professional character, as a religious or legal adviser, or as an officer of state when public policy is concerned.'

It appears to me there can be only one construction placed on the above mentioned article. Religious advisers whether they be priests, parsons or rabbies, who receive from those who consult them, in their religious capacity, statements made in confidence, cannot be compelled to divulge in the witness box, the subject or nature of such confidence. In this case the witness has sworn, that the whole conversation he had with the defendant was under the seal of professional secrecy, as his religious adviser. I hold that he is not bound to answer. Taylor on evidence, referring to the effect of the rule in England, which exempts the legal adviser, says, 'The rigid enforcement of this rule, no doubt, occasionally operates to the exclusion of truth; but if any law reformer feels inclined to condemn it on this ground, he may be reminded of the language of the late Knight Bruce, L.J., who observed, 'Truth like all other good things, may be loved unwisely—may be pursued too keenly—may cost too much and surely the meanness and mischief of prying into a man's confidential consultations, with his legal adviser; the general evil of infusing reserve and discrimination, uneasiness, suspicion and fear into those communications, which must take place, are too great a price to pay for truth itself.' As with the Province of Quebec our law covers the religious as well as the legal adviser the foregoing remarks apply to clergymen as well as to the legal profession. This subject has been treated in the same spirit by many English, French and American authorities. I direct special attention to the judgment of the Cour de Cassation, rendered in December, 1891, which lays down the law of France on this subject in the following words: 'Seeing that ministers of legally recognized religions are bound to preserve secret all revelations made to them in the exercise of their functions; that so far as regards Catholic priests, no distinction can be made between confidences made in the confessional or those made outside of that sacrament, that the circumstances that such confidences have been made, outside of the confessional, cannot change the nature of the secret of which they are the depositaries if such secrets have been confided to them in the exercise of their functions and that the obligation of secrecy is of public order.'

The judgment of Mr. Justice Curran was not appealed, but has been accepted as the true interpretation of the law. Since that judgment, however, a similar judgment has been rendered by the Court of Appeals of this Province. Mr. Justice Hale speaking for the unanimous Court. If any such ruling as that alleged to have been given by our contemporary has been given, there is no doubt but that it shall be reversed either in Review or before the Court of Appeals.

The Dublin Nation and other prominent Irish journals are now attaching considerable importance to Mr. C. R. Devlin's mission in Ireland. It will be remembered that, at the outset, Mr. Devlin was assailed on all sides and from certain hostile quarters in Canada, mis-representations of the object of his mission were forwarded to the Irish press with the intention of injuring him in public opinion. It was not surprising therefore to learn that he had a hard battle to face in undoing the injustice done to Canada at the hands of calumniators who placed personal animosity above national interest. Many of Mr. Devlin's admirers thought his a hopeless task, and while they deeply sympathized with him because of the persecutions and humiliations which he encountered, found themselves, nevertheless, wishing for his early return. Mr. Devlin in continuing the struggle under such circumstances proved himself a worthy champion, and his speedy triumph over an antagonistic public opinion proved his ability. His present status and the receptions with which he is everywhere being greeted proved Mr. Devlin's ability, and show that public opinion in Ireland, true to tradition, is generous, kindly, and ever ready to grant that measure and spirit of fair play to others which it contends it has itself been deprived of for centuries. Mr. Devlin while vindicating the honor of Canada, propounding its national importance and increasing its continental popularity has won a warm corner at last in the hearts of his Irish compatriots, who now universally pay him that tribute which the dignity of a kindly heart and disciplined intellect invites.

accepted as the true interpretation of the law. Since that judgment, however, a similar judgment has been rendered by the Court of Appeals of this Province. Mr. Justice Hale speaking for the unanimous Court. If any such ruling as that alleged to have been given by our contemporary has been given, there is no doubt but that it shall be reversed either in Review or before the Court of Appeals.

NOTES FROM THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

The "Syndics Apostoliques des Peres Freres de l'Observance" of Montreal, will make an application at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec to pass a bill amending the law incorporating them in changing their corporate name and with relations to their powers.

The "Fraternity of the Third Order of Saint Francois d'Assise" of Montreal, will make an application at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec to pass a bill amending the law incorporating it, and that the amendments demanded relate to the civil reconstruction of the said Third Order, to the creation of a Superior Council, to the incorporation of each fraternity, to the finances and powers of each corporation, and generally to all that concern the organization, rights, duties and the administration of the incorporation of said Third Order or of the fraternities.

Notice is given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, B.A., Rev. I. T. Kavanagh, B.A., John C. Coffee, Louis J. Cotter, Rev. Owen B. Devlin, LL.B., Rev. Gregory Fere, M.B.M.R.C., of Montreal, for an act to incorporate the "Loyola College," for educational purposes with powers to grant degrees in arts, and with its corporate seat in the city of Montreal.

Notice has been given by Francis Joseph Arend, of the city of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America, manager; John Selkirk Clune, merchant; William Carey, machinist; Charles William Schnare, agent; Michael Joseph Francis Quinn, advocate; Joseph Ward, merchant, all of the city of Montreal, that they will apply to the Lieutenant Governor in Council at the expiration of one month for a charter of incorporation under "The Joint Stock Companies' Incorporation Act," of a company to be known as "The Delaval Manufacturing Company."

The objects for which incorporation is sought are:— To lease, purchase, manufacture, sell, rent, let and generally trade in centrifugal machinery, cream separators, cream and butter making implements, and all kinds of creamery and dairy apparatus, implements supplies, and produce, including patent rights and patent right privileges for

any of the same, with full power to acquire such property, real and personal, as may be deemed advantageous or desirable for the business of the company.

To acquire by purchase or otherwise, or undertake the whole or any part of the business, good will or property of any person, firm or company carrying on business which this company is authorized to carry on or possess.

The chief place of business of the company is to be at the city of Montreal, in the district of Montreal.

The amount of the capital stock of the company is to be \$10,000, divided into shares of the value of \$50 each.

Francis Joseph Arend, John Selkirk Clune, William Carey, Charles William Schnare and Michael Joseph Francis Quinn are to be the first or provisional directors.

The trustees of the parish of Saint-Eugene Jesus du Coteau Saint-Louis will apply to the Quebec Legislature at its next session, to obtain an authorization to levy an assessment on the Catholic freeholders of the parish, together with certain privileges such as the ratification of their election as trustees, and the power to negotiate loans, pursuant with the resolutions of the freeholders, dated December, 11th, 1898.

OUR LOCAL SOCIETIES.

Branch 26, C. O. A. one of the strongest in the city held its annual meeting for the installation of officers for the year a few days ago. After some routine business the order of installation was taken up. The retiring president M. Eagan vacated the chair, and was replaced by Grand Deputy, J. J. Costigan. The meeting was then declared an open one, and the friends and members and non-members of the association were admitted. The installation ceremonies were conducted by the following:— Grand Councillor, T. J. Finn; President, C. O'Brien, Branch 54; Chancellors, P. Reynolds, A. D. McGillis, M. Sharkey, J. H. Feeley, J. W. Nicholson, and M. Eagan. At the conclusion of the installation deputy Costigan, in the name of the Grand President complimented the retiring president of the branch, Chancellor M. Eagan on the prosperity which had attended it under his guidance; he also congratulated the new president, Brother D. J. McGillis, on his selection to the dignity. An informal social meeting was then held during which Chancellor Joseph E. Morrison delivered a most interesting address on the Association, its aims, objects and costs of membership. Short addresses of interest were also made by Brothers Costigan, Reynolds, Feeley, Eagan, Finn, Sharkey and others. There was also given during the evening, a select programme of vocal and instrumental music, in which the following took part:— We Mrs. J. H. Maiden, J. Walsh, J. M. Kennedy, J. Bennett, J. Hogan, J. J. McCaffrey, J. E. Shaw, Jas. Ward, and others.

Branch 26 will hold its annual "At Home" at Beaman's Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, the 18th of January.

The Provincial High Court officers of the Catholic Order of Foresters have had a busy time in the country within the last few days. Even Montreal officers were called out to install the newly-elected officers. The installing officers were Bro. A. A. Guibault, Provincial High Chief Ranger; Bro. Cleophas, Provincial High Vice Chief Ranger; Bro. F. X. Bilodeau, Provincial High Secretary, and Bro. J. P. Jackson, Provincial High Treasurer, and on Saturday the officers of Court St. Andre, Sutton, and Court St. Bernardin, Waterloo, were installed, the latter publicly, and after the installation a banquet was tendered to the High Court Officers, when a very pleasant evening was spent. The ladies also were present, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested when the Rev. Father P. D. Darche, one of the most popular priests in the Eastern Townships, was presented with the second prize—\$25 in gold—for getting the most new members into the Order during the past year. He succeeded in getting in seventy-five members.

At a regular monthly meeting of the above Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Flynn; President, Mr. John Killheather; Vice-President, John Iagan; Sec. James Brady; Treas., M. J. Ryan; Coll. Treas., Thomas Ward; Ass. Coll. Treas., Wm. Hewlett; Grand Marshal, M. Guigan; Executive Committee: Andrew Cullinan, Thomas Moore, L. Noon, W. Cullen, J. Riley, J. McDermott, T. Crane, J. Butler, W. Waugh, A. Thompson, C. Shanahan.

Before the close of the meeting, the secretary Mr. James Brady, in a feeling speech, proposed a resolution of condolence with the family of the late Anthony Cregan, an old member of the Society, who died recently.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S PARISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The usual competition held during the season, between the Catholic young men's societies of Montreal is now going on. The following schedule has been arranged, and the struggle for supremacy has aroused keen interest in the circles of the followers of each organization.

The opening game of the series between St. Ann's Society and the Y. L. L. & B. A. was held on Monday evening when the former won. They are jubilant over the victory and are now anxiously looking forward to the next encounter with St. Mary's Young Men, the champions of last year's series.

Table with columns: DATE, HALL, SOCIETY, SCHEDULE OF GAMES. Lists various dates and locations for games between different societies like St. Ann's, St. Mary's, etc.

REGULATIONS.

Billiards—Five points to each winner, two competitors, 100-point game four balls. Whist—Ten points a game, two pairs of two to compete, five points to each winning pair. Euchre—Ten points a game, two pairs of two to compete, five points to each winning party. Checkers—Two competitors from each society, but three games in five, five points to each winning party. Pool—Five points to each winner, two to compete, 75 ball game, pyramid.

OBITUARY.

Master Charles A. O'Brien.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce this week the death of Master Charles Alexander O'Brien, younger son of Mr. John O'Brien, which occurred in this city on January 5th. By this sad event not only has the pride and joy of a loving father's heart been suddenly taken away, but a young life of much promise and of whom great expectations were anticipated, has also been blotted out.

At the time of his death the deceased was only fifteen years of age and during his short life his career in school was somewhat phenomenal for one so young. He was, for six years, a most diligent pupil of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School, and passed through the various grades with such great success and merit. Two years ago, a scholarship in Mount St. Louis College, being head of the first class for general proficiency. While in Mount St. Louis undergoing a scientific course he was equally successful. He was also an active member of St. Patrick's Catechism class, and competed successfully twice for the special prize given annually for competition amongst the senior members of the class. Charlie was the favorite of everyone that knew him, and was loved by all his classmates and companions for his amiable ways and gentle and lively disposition. His sweet smile and cheering presence will be greatly missed.

The funeral, which was very largely attended, took place on Sunday afternoon from his father's residence, 213 City Hall Ave. The former pupils of St. Patrick's School, who had previously assembled and resolved to attend the funeral in a body, were present in large numbers. The St. Patrick's schoolboys, under the direction of Bro. James, headed the cortege and were followed by those of Mount St. Louis College, under Bro. Jerome. The chief mourners were the father and brother of the deceased. Then came the other relations and many sympathizing friends of the family.

While the "True Witness" begs to extend its most fervent sympathy to the bereaved father and other relations in this their hour of sorrow and trial, it is a consoling thought that God, who is All-wise and Omniscient, has taken Charlie to Himself, before his white robe of innocence has been sullied by the snares and pitfalls that today beset the path of youth. —R. L. P.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was held Sunday afternoon, Jan. 8th.

The meeting opened with the usual religious instruction in the church, given by the Rev. Pres., Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S. This being the first meeting after the election of officers, the names of the officers were announced by the Rev. President, after which they entered upon their respective duties, at the business meeting held immediately after. The short instruction given by the Rev. President in the cause of temperance was not without its good fruit, as quite a number received the pledge of total abstinence and joined the society.

At the business meeting of the society held immediately after in the hall, quite a large amount of business was transacted. A committee was appointed to ascertain ways and means Society, which occurs in the month of February. The officers of the Society were greatly satisfied by the large attendance at this meeting, and the keen interest shown by the members in all matters brought up before them.

The Society has again adopted its old custom of holding its monthly meeting on the second Sunday of the month, instead of the second Tuesday, and judging from the attendance on Sunday the change has been for the best.

The following are the officers for coming year:— Rev. president, J. A. McCallen, S.S.; 1st vice-president, Mr. Jas. Walsh, re-elected; 2nd vice-president, Mr. J. J. Costigan, secretary, Mr. W. P. Doyle, re-elected, assistant secretary, Mr. J. J. McCaffrey, re-elected; treasurer, Mr. J. H. Kelly, re-elected; financial secretary, Mr. J. Howard, re-elected; marshal, Mr. Jas. Milroy, re-elected; assistant marshal, Mr. P. Dunn, Committee of Management:— Mr. R. P. Reddy, chairman; Messrs. M. Sharkey, re-elected; P. Doyle, J. J. Bolster, P. Friend, J. Blanchfield, re-elected; W. J. Alty, W. P. Costigan, re-elected; J. Rooney, T. Harper, M. Bureau, T. Easton.

BRIEF NOTES OF NEWS.

The funeral of the late Rev. Jean Bensch, professor of sciences, at the Novitiate of the Immaculate Conception of the Society of Jesus, took place on Monday. Rev. Father Renaud, rector of the Immaculate Conception, officiated. The remains were transferred to the vault at Recollet for interment in the cemetery of the Order.

At last agitation for making New York a city of health and magnificence has begun, says the New York Herald.

The Architectural League has appointed a committee and held a meeting to hear the problem discussed by eminent architects of the town. Their work in making the Columbian Exposition buildings at Chicago the wonder of all visitors has put them in the first rank of the world's architects.

Their views ought to carry weight in considering any problem of municipal street improvements and building reform.

The plan proposed at the Architectural League by George B. Post is daring, brilliant, and comprehensive. He would begin in darkest New York, on the site of the old swamp where the Tombs Prison and Criminal Court building now stand.

With grading and terraces he would obtain an elevation on which to erect a new city hall, with other necessary municipal buildings grouped around it, all looking down on the city.

Chicago, Ill., Saturday.—A local paper says:—

"The dream of George M. Pullman's life has been shattered, says a Chicago journal. The fenced in model town of Pullman is to become a free community. The anomaly of a city within a city is at an end. The Pullman Palace Car Company has accepted the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois sustaining the contention of Attorney General M. T. Maloney. The Pullman Company has instructed its attorneys to close the suit. The terms of the decree are now being prepared. The decree will divorce the great corporation from everything save the business for which it was incorporated.

This will end, as a feudal institution, the town of Pullman, its churches and schools, its hotel, its magnificent arcade hall, the market house, the public library and two thousand residences, will be sold to the highest bidder. The Pullman, Iron and Steel Co. will be reorganized. The brick works will pass from the control of the company.

The streets of Pullman will be given over to the authorities of the city of Chicago, and the waterworks will also pass into the control of the city. Pullman will cease to be a hedged in municipality. Its property will no longer figure on the assessor's books as "250 acres with the improvements thereon." In the scheme of disposing of the vast and multiplied interests of the company, that the Supreme Court has declared must be abandoned, preference will be given to the employes to purchase the homes which they now occupy.

The report comes from Albany that an application has been made to the State Board of Charities for its approval of the incorporation of the Catholic Home Bureau for Dependent Children. This institution proposes to conduct its operations in the city of New York, but will likewise operate elsewhere in the State.

The object of the society is to establish an agency whereby the inmates of Catholic orphan asylums may be placed in homes.

The certificate is accompanied by two letters of approval, one of which is from Archbishop Corrigan, in which he says:—

"The project of establishing a Catholic Home Bureau impresses me favorably, and seems likely to accomplish good results. In the first place, it will prevent overcrowding in our institutions, and relieve us of the care of many children who are now dependent upon charity, and will enable them to become self-reliant. It will relieve the tax-payers of the burden of contributing to the support of these children, and will prevent the number of public wards becoming too large.

A mass meeting will be held in New York, on Jan. 22, under the auspices of the Continental League, to protest against the proposed Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

The session of the Quebec Legislature which opened on Thursday promises to be a very interesting one. Several important measures are projected.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841. 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. BY J. A. McCallen, P. O. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 24 St. Marie Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. H. Feeley, M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly.

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In Chocolate and Black, \$1.25 to \$2.00. Worth \$1.50 to \$3.00.

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THE SHOEIST,

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THE NIGHT SCHOOLS.

The night schools have been resumed for the second term. We would call the attention of parents, guardians, and others to take interest in this matter as there are a large number of young boys working during the day, and who have received only the first rudiments of learning. The following branches are taught each evening:—penmanship, arithmetic, reading, dictation, book-keeping.

We would like to see a large number of our working boys and young men attend these classes. The following schools are open:—Sarsfield School, Guy Street; Montcalm Street, Champlain Street, and St. Mary's corner Craig and Panet streets. Classes are held four nights each week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The term is for 40 nights and some of the most able teachers in the Catholic circles of this city have charge of the work. The attendance so far has not been commensurate with the importance of these schools considering that they are practically free.

THE POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

"Well, Bridget," said Mrs. Cooke, of Kiltynan Hall, to one of her servants, perhaps the only Catholic in her service, "I have observed that whenever you have been to your priest on Sundays you have been happier and are afterwards more attentive to all your duties."

"How could it be otherwise, ma'am?" answered the girl. "On Sundays I receive Holy Communion, for which, of course I prepare by confession. Has not our blessed Lord said: He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me?"

Struck by this brief answer, Mrs. Cooke went on questioning her servant on various points of Catholic doctrine, particularly on confession and communion. The answers she received appeared to her so satisfactory, that she felt growing within her the desire of being more fully instructed in the Catholic religion. She even went so far as to conceive the idea of having a conversation on the subject with the minister of that faith.

"Bridget," said she one day, "Do you think that I could see your Rev. priest?" "Why not," answered the servant, "surely his reverence would be much pleased to see you; and if you wish to know more about our holy faith, he is the one to give you satisfaction." "I wonder," added Mrs. Cooke, "if he would come and dine with us?" "I dare say he would if you sent his reverence an invitation," rejoined Bridget. The invitation was sent and accepted.

The worthy priest was very pleased to have an opportunity of doing some good to those who had up to that time looked upon themselves as quite strangers to him as a minister of religion, but whom he himself considered as souls placed under his charge and for whom he had prayed much.

The Parish Priest of Fethard, to the wonder of many, went then to Kiltynan Hall to dine with the Lady of the Manor and Mr. Roger Cooke, her brother-in-law who had acquired some rights on the estate, and who, since the death of her lamented husband, Robert Cooke, assisted her in the management of it. With his hostess and Mr. Cooke the parish priest found the Protestant parson of Kiltynan. He had been invited to meet the Catholic pastor of Fethard.

The gentlemanly behaviour and perfectly correct conversation of the priest struck Mrs. Cooke very much. "I have never, in my life," she said, "met a clergyman whose ways and manners were so much in harmony with a churchman's position." "This is the minister of religion, did she think within herself, who would inspire one with confidence. Would he, I wonder, allow me to open my heart to him, and lead me to that state of peace which makes my servant Bridget so happy and contented?"

With some display of courage she asked him, before the evening was over, if she could hold conferences with him on religion.

The proposal was readily accepted. In due course the conference took place, and when she had been thoroughly instructed, the "catalane" of Kiltynan Hall, was privately received into the Church; a bold step in those days, when the word Catholic emancipation had not as yet been pronounced.

Not only did Mrs. Cooke share now in the happiness of her devoted servant, but when strengthened by the holy sacraments, she felt within her the heroic spirit of a true Christian mother.

Her happiness could not be complete as long as her two young sons who were at school in Clonmel (I believe) were still Protestants. How could she rescue them without encountering the opposition of her influential relations, particularly that of the Earl of Clonmel, the godfather of Robert, the eldest? A truly heroic parent, and she puts on the garb of a mendicant, makes her way unobserved to the school; stands not far from the playground; and at an opportune moment she calls them to herself. It is their mother's voice; how could they be scared away by the costume she has no doubt for a good motive, adopted? She bids them follow her. To Kiltynan Hall Mrs. Cooke repairs, to bid it a last farewell. The preparation for the departure thence is soon made. She takes refuge in the town of Dungarvan, where she opens a school for the purpose of supporting herself and her two sons. Their education as Catholics, was carefully attended to by their mother and by the parish priest of Dungarvan. In due time, Robert, the elder, married a Miss McGrath, the daughter of a medical gentleman, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. Robert, the elder of the two sons, devoted himself to the study of medicine. The medical profession was more in harmony, as he thought, with the desire he ever felt within him of being useful to his fellow men. He was actually entering into the practice of it in the town of Cashel, under an aged doctor, when the Rev. Mr. Power, a priest on the English mission, visited Cashel. Mr. Cooke was asked to meet him at dinner. In the course of conversation the reverend gentleman alluded to some members of a new society just arrived in England, who called themselves Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Pope, Leo XII., it was reported, had given them that name, with the injunction of being especially devoted to the immaculate Conception, and making known the teaching of the Church on that mystery. Our young doctor at once said within himself, this is the Order of me. While reflecting afterwards on that providential occurrence, a kind of dream or vision that he experienced one night after his grandmother's

holy death, came back vividly to his mind. "She," have I heard him say, "took me by the hand and led me into the presence of a beautiful lady, clad in a blue robe and crowned with stars. She desired me to kneel down at the feet of the lady. I did so, and the lady laid her hand on my head and blessed me." No unprejudiced mind could take exception to this statement when remembering the story of Mrs. Cooke's conversion. She who, for the sake of her faith and that of her sons, had made such generous sacrifices, would most likely be permitted, even from beyond the grave, to manifest to the eldest of her grandchildren, the loving care of a heroic parent. She, through him, under God, would impart to many a soul in these Islands the favors which came to herself in the first instance through the influence of the edifying example of her Catholic servant in Kiltynan Hall.

Whatever may be said of young Cooke's dream or vision, of this we are certain, that the happy results of Mrs. Cooke's heroism have been particularly manifested in Father Cooke's missionary labors, when like Fathers Gentili and Petherini, he inaugurated in these islands, the holy work of missions, giving them that stamp of serious and solemn earnestness, of self-denying apostolic zeal, which, as he well knew, had characterized the Missions given by Father de Mazenod and his disciples to the populations of the South of France.

Father Cooke's brother, to whom it belongs to carry out in these islands their lamented leader's missionary work, strive with manly effort to keep alive that characteristic zeal. Their name—Oblates of Mary Immaculate—bids them do so, even to the highest degree of perfection. Thus it is that the good work begun by the humble missionary, if I may so call Bridget of Kiltynan Hall, bears fruits and prospers.

To a venerable, elderly gentleman residing close to Kiltynan Hall, brother to the bosom friend of O'Connell, Father Cantwell, parish priest of Tramore, we are indebted for the substance of the above details. We had them corroborated by his son (Dean Cantwell, V.G. of Archbishop Leahy), and by his daughter (Miss Cantwell), when interviewed by us.

While penning the above, one of Mr. Gladstone's sayings on good example forcibly came to my mind:—

"Example warns while precept freezes. Precept addresses us, while example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life, a thing of flesh and blood. There is one kind of exchange which nothing can check, the exchange of high personal example."

No wonder he wrote thus, this model Englishman. Had he not declared to a young American inquirer: "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race."—J.F.A., in the Missionary Record, O.M.I.

RANDOM NOTES FOR BUSY HOUSEHOLDS.

It is said by some medical practitioners that anger is as injurious to the physical condition of man as a poison.

An English medical journal says that anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges it much as the habitual use of intoxicants does the inebriate, growing finally into a disease which has various and terrible results. Sir Richard Quain is authority for saying that "he is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry." This is true remarks another writer. Every time a man becomes red or white with anger he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs most affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent—that is every now and then it drops a beat, much the same as is experienced by excessive smokers. This is a proof of the evil results of an ugly passion which it well becomes one to heed. It is probably more easily demonstrable to the generality of men than the converse of the proposition—that the kindly, the gentle, and the beautiful emotions are all beneficial to the human frame. A good thought carries a cure in itself.

I once knew a woman, long since dead, who had seven daughters. From babyhood she taught them that the greatest charm possible to children was to be affable and ladylike. As children, they were gentle and polite, and now they are gentlewomen everyone. I saw one of my dead friend's daughters in a store the other day, trying to straighten out some mistake in a Christmas order, and she showed her mother's teaching. She was considerate and ladylike, patient and gentle. After she went out, one clerk said to another, "I never saw a whole family so polite as that family." Everyone one of them is as ladylike as possible and as polite to us as if we were acquaintances."

And I thought of the blunder so many women make in their intercourse with strangers, and how scornfully they treat everybody not in their "set," not only those who serve them in business, but casual acquaintances. The wheel of fortune is turning surely, surely, and those on top are going down, while those below are coming up to take their places. Good manners are possible to all and are invaluable. The place to learn politeness is at home, and it cannot be learned without practice.—Orphans' Boquet.

Sir Walter Besant writes in a London magazine that it is reported that a woman lecturer in New York has been advancing a new doctrine of rebellion. She claims, among the sacred rights of women, nothing less than the right—with a capital R—to be ugly—with a capital

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tal U—if they please. "We old-fashioned folk, who find nothing so delightful in the world as the woman who is not ugly, the woman who pleases and attracts by her loveliness of face and form, or by the ready sympathy of her mind, or by the grace with which she presents herself, so to speak, in a careful setting of dress, need not be moved in the least by this new doctrine. The woman lecturer cannot, try as hard and as long as she pleases, put off her womanhood and become a man. The course of the world has firmly established two strong points in the human mind, even the most savage. First, that the man must always have in him something of the warrior. He must be quick to fight, strong to defend, inventive and courageous, a hunter after good and a slayer of the evil. It is a law of his nature, his right—always with a capital—to be a cur and a coward, but there never has been a man who openly, deliberately and without shame has taken up the rule. It is, on the other hand, understood to be the special duty of the woman to look after the home, to make that home pleasing to man and to the children, and she this and always will be the chief duty and lifework of the woman, a whole group of virtues has grown up for her exclusive use. Among them the most conspicuous is the virtue of attractiveness. "What!" cried the advanced one, "deek myself out in fine clothes to please mere men? Never!" Madame, you are doubtless within your right. Dress as you please. But if you refuse to obey this law of your being you will fail to persuade women, as you will succeed in making yourself disgusting to men. Do not reply that there are women who are plain by nature. No woman need remain unattractive if she cultivates graciousness, sympathy and becoming dress."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, writing in the Woman's Home Companion of "Building Love-cells," explains that "the human brain is one vast aggregation of cells; and science informs us just where the cells of sight, sound, feeling, love, anger, and, in fact all the mental and physical qualities are located."

"All over the land to-day in this enlightened age mothers and nurses are sitting and telling excitable children the bloodthirsty tales of 'Red Riding Hood' and 'The Babes in the Woods,' and a score as unwholesome. The brain-cells of fear, revenge, destruction and many other of the baser thoughts are all fed and nurtured by these tales. A wise parent would be talking to her child of the wonderful work of the bee or the ant. She would talk of the wonderful similarity in the nature and habits of all things God has made, from flowers and trees up to men. And the child who listened to daily talks like these from infancy to youth would not develop into a murderer and a vagabond. He would not doubt God or hate his kind, no matter what unfortunate inheritance was his. If his affections are appealed to every day he is building up that part of his nature as surely as he is breathing air in his lungs. Once let women learn what the profession of motherhood means and go about its fulfillment with the devotion they show in the other professions and we would in the course of a century find small need of prisons, insane asylums or poorhouses."

Here's the first law of health—Keep your feet dry. We all know it. We all know that pneumonia and consumption always start with a cold, and that the shortest cut to a cold is a pair of wet feet. But it's so important a matter that we can't be reminded too often, especially when the reminder carries the weight of authority.

Dr. Wendell C. Phillips, one of the most distinguished physicians in New York, was recently giving a lecture on "Colds, and how to prevent them." It was a rainy night, and he began: "How many persons here wore rubbers to-night? Hands up." "Not half of you. Now, that is what I thought. Every one of you should have rubbers on a night like this. To go without them is to invite colds, bronchial trouble, catarrh."

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food. When thirsty? Water. Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course. Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once. For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

The woman operator, remarks a writer in an American newspaper, is gradually rising higher and higher in the telegraph service. When she first came to the fore the man operator wanted to oust her from the field. He resented her encroachment, and said frankly that his main grievance against her was that she cut prices in salaries and thus secured places which he might have had. He even went so far as to declare that she was taking the very bread out of his mouth.

The woman operator made a mistake when she consented to work for next to nothing, a mistake that she is slow to acknowledge after a dozen years or more. Men often estimate a man by the value he sets on himself, provided he does not overestimate his importance; then they are likely to give him less than his just dues. They judge woman in the same way.

In this field of work, as in every other field where women have entered their inferior physical strength gives them the advantage.

A. E. Sink has more than twelve hundred telegraphers under his supervision in the Western Union Building. Of these 250 are women engaged in operating, clerical and messenger work. When asked about the work of these women operators, generally and of their chances for rising to high places and high salaries, Mr. Sink said:

"I have nothing to say about women operators outside of this division before you, but of them I speak will-

ingly. There are poor, medium and good operators in both sexes, and their advancement depends entirely upon their ability and opportunity. Women, however, do not have the same opportunity for advancement, and neither do they get the salaries as a rule that men do who make telegraphy a life work. Here a woman does not rise to a higher place than that of chief operator, and we now have six.

When the feet are tired and tender after much walking; or standing during the day, there is nothing that will afford them so much relief as a warm footbath. Take as warm water as can be borne, and throw into it a handful of sea salt. Bathe the feet and legs with this for from five to eight minutes, and then rub them briskly with a dry towel. The effect is most refreshing. It is a useful thing to know too, that bathing the feet in this way just before retiring is an excellent remedy for insomnia. Brothers meet.

A woman never really knows the meaning of happiness and content until she is the mother of a healthy, happy child. The health of the child depends on the health of the mother, both before and after birth. Most of all woman's weakness and particularly the weakness that most strongly influences the health of the children, comes from derangement or disease of the distinctly feminine organs. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure troubles of this nature. It should be taken regularly by every woman during the entire period of gestation. It gives strength to all the organs involved, lessens the pains of childbirth and insures the health of both mother and child.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive free a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE HOME.

(By Thomas Swift, in 'The Monitor'.)

In these days of quick movement, keen competition and the wide diffusion of knowledge that pertain to every department of human existence, it is the duty of intelligent men and good citizenship to watch the trend of public sentiment, of the national activities, whether social, political or religious. It is a duty every thinking man owes to religion, to the state and to the family. The family is the unit of the state; the aggregation of all the families domiciled in the country. Whatever influence bears on the family will have its due results in the state. The house is the bare abode of the family; the family makes the home and is the home. These statements are so obviously true as to require neither explanation nor proof.

It is becoming a widely prevailing opinion that the conditions of modern existence are making serious and harmful inroads on home life in Canada. Influences are at work which tend to invade the privacy and sanctity of the home, to weaken the bond of relationship and destroy the community of interest to such an extent, that the home is in danger of becoming degraded into a mere meeting-place for those who should be bound together by the nearest and dearest ties. Even rural life, which is most favorable to the home, is not free from this spirit of unrest and disruption. No sooner is manhood or womanhood reached than the young begin to yearn for fresh scenes, and for the new life that cannot be found around the old homestead. At the first opportunity they take wing and crowd into the already crowded cities, apparently content with the precarious subsistence which is the result of the keen competition for every available position. Every profession in town and city is over-crowded, but there is no denying the fact that farming, the leading industry of the Province of Ontario, is not popular among the present generation, nor does it promise to be so among that which may be called the rising generation.

But it is in the larger cities that true home life is in the greatest danger of destruction from a variety of causes. Whilst it would be false to state that there are no homes intact, it would be within the mark to say that the majority of city homes are operated upon by some one or more of these causes which are insidiously undermining the social structure.

Apart from the ordinary social observances and occasional entertainments theatrical or otherwise, clubs, societies, lodge-rooms and other meeting places make large demands on the family circle. The frequent and prolonged absence of a head of a family from the family circle naturally weakens the respect and affection of wife and children for the home. The father who, when his daily work is done, is not satisfied to remain at home, publishes to his children, to his wife, to the world, that his home is not good enough for him. How can he, having so little care and affection himself for his fireside, impress his family with the beauty, the content, the sacredness of home life! It is most unfair to the mother of his children; a grave neglect of duty to those children; a deliberate slight upon the home itself, which he is bound to respect, to elevate, to establish as a shrine consecrated to peace and love, and of which he should be the guiding spirit. The best and surest way to teach his sons to appreciate home life is to show his own thorough appreciation of it.

It may be stated that the scope of this article is general, that it is directed at no special section of the community; and in the next consideration, for a variety of reasons that need not here be mentioned, is less applicable to Catholics than to others. Concluded on Page Seven.

ONE WOMAN'S ADROITNESS.

On an uptown Broadway car the other day an elderly, spinster-looking woman vehemently protested to the conductor against receiving five one-cent pieces in change.

"That's United States money, madam," replied the conductor, "and I wish you to take it," and the "unfeeling brute" passed on through the car raking in nickels. The woman was nonplussed for the moment, but presently she saw her chance for revenge as another woman entered, quickly changing her seat she addressed the new comer.

"You haven't paid your fare yet, have you? No? Will, will you kindly oblige me by giving me a nickel for these five cents and then give them to the conductor? He insisted on my taking them, and I appeal to your sympathy to help me out."

The second woman promptly grasped the situation and acquiesced. The conductor was stumped and unable to conceal his discomfiture. He finally grabbed the five coins when they were tendered and, stamping back to the rear platform, rang up five fares by mistake.—New York Sun.

A GREAT MAN AND HIS MOTHER.

Many touching anecdotes are told in the artistic circles of London and Paris concerning Gustave Dore, the eminent painter, and his mother, Madame Dore was, it appears, a plain, quiet woman, who did not shine in society; but she had a keen sympathy with her famous son, and showed infinite tact in dealing with him. After her husband's death she lived with Gustave. He never married, because, he said, he "always compared all women with his mother, and they fell short of her." She made herself his companion in every way; studied art that she might understand his work; read the books and newspapers that he liked, and made his friends her friends. When he was tired he would jump up from his work and call to her, and they would take long rambles, often through the rain, or night. "No, I will have none of you!" he often said to his friends. "My mother is the best comrade I have!"

So strong was this comradeship between them that when she died Dore insisted that she had not left him; that she was still in the house, and unseen by others, bore him company.

He remained but a few years after her, and his belief in her presence strengthened as he drew nearer to the end. There was no morbid grief at her loss. She was always there, cheerful and loving, his best friend and comrade.—Donahoe's Magazine.

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JESSICA'S CAREER.

Jessica's mother stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing very wistfully down the long line of railway which skirted the sea. The house was perched high on a bluff. You had to climb a steep and rough pathway to reach it, but everybody who stayed at the inn last summer sooner or later did climb from the shore to get the view of the sunset, to drink a glass of milk and to talk with Jessica's mother. A bit of a house it was, very stanchly built with double windows, because in winter the winds were bleak, and in summer there was so much sun that the second sliding casement protected the rooms from the heat.

A small flower-garden crowded with bloom, rioted by the front door, pushed itself up against the weatherboards and wreathed the palings, and you might go far to find such four-o'clocks and prince's feathers and dill-lilies and nasturtiums as lifted their sweet faces there. The small house was quite by itself; Jessica's mother had no near neighbors. She gave me her hand in welcome, with a cordial smile, as I came to her side.

I speak of her as the villagers and inn people did, for although her name was Mrs. Macdonald, she was always alluded to as the mother of her daughter. Five years had passed since Jessica Macdonald had been seen in the Massachusetts hamlet, but the countryside was still proud of her, and it was somehow felt to be a great thing for the little old lady on the Point to have such a connection with the world as her relationship to Jessica gave her.

"I've had a letter from my girlie," said the mother, her thin cheek flushing and her eyes shining, as I breathlessly sank into her Boston rocker a little wearied, being stouter than I used to be, with my pull upward over the rocks to her blue-painted porch.

"She writes as often as she can, but she can't write often: it's not to be expected," the mother went on, forestalling any blame for Jessica. "That music-study is wearying work, and Jessica never was one to be contented with half learning a thing. She's always been bound to know it all. Ever since she was a baby, nothing common would do for my Jessica. There's her parents organ now; if you could only hear her play on it of a Sunday night and sing 'Jerusalem, the Golden,' you'd think yourself in heaven for sure!"

The tiny parlor was spotlessly clean, and from the porch I had a good view of it, with the organ standing just in front of the mantel-shelf, on which were queer shells, a Chinese idol or two, and vases filled with dried grasses, with crystals of alum in blue and green clinging forlornly to their leathery ends. A bright, braided rug lay before the organ. Over the mantel, in a gilt and black frame, hung the picture of a young girl. Her dark eyes, loose golden hair and earnest face reminded me of a print called "The Future," which somebody once gave me on my birthday.

"Is that your Jessica?" I asked.

"That's Jessica," was the answer. "Madame Emaline had it taken in Boston and sent it to me, framed and all, before they sailed for Europe. I am very proud to have it. But, oh! sometimes at night in winter, when the sea raves down on the shore like a wild beast, and the wind rages and shakes the house, and I don't meet a soul to speak to for days together, I'm that lonely and homesick with longing that almost wish my child had never gone away; that she'd been like other girls, and never had the angel's voice. It's selfish, but I can't help it."

"Tell me about her going away," I said, as Mrs. Macdonald took her knitting and sat down with the air of one glad to have a friend to talk to.

"It all came about through the little parlor organ over there. You see, Jessica's heart was set on having a piano in the first place, but her father never thought he could afford one. After he was gone when we came to settle things up I found if I skimped and contrived I could buy her an organ on instalments, and I did, and so she had her heart's desire, and at last she was happy, for she was so clever she learned to play on it out of a book without any teacher, and she had been singing like a thrush all her life; she was soprano in the church. They've never had any body since Jessica went away. Ask any one in town, at the store or the hotel, or ask the minister; they'll tell you just what I do. Poor, thin singing beside hers!"

She paused and thoughtfully rounded the heel of her stocking.

"What puzzles me," she said, "is how it was that Jessica, singing so beautifully, singing, you might say, by nature, should need to go away and stay so long, and have to unlearn—that's what Madame Emaline said—her bad habits. Why, she hadn't any bad habits! That made me mad when Madame Emaline said it, and I'm mad whenever I think of it. But Jessica told me I didn't understand, and she was wild to go, from the minute Madame proposed it; and I, being her mother, couldn't stand in her way. Why, isn't every woman whose child has the chance of a career, I look at it so. I couldn't stand in her way!"

"No, dear heart," I said. "Being her mother, you couldn't do that."

"We made our living, Jessica and I, by taking in sewing from the Boston shops. They paid us very well. Every other Tuesday morning I sent a box away by express, and every other Saturday a great package of cut-out things came to us. Yes, I do

some work still. My eyes are good and my back is strong. But I can't do as well as when Jessica was with me. She did lovely mending, too, for the inn people in summer, and that's how Madame Emaline came to get acquainted with her."

The dear old lady paused, then added: "Madame Emaline, as I suppose you know, was an artist."

I cannot repeat, for you who read, the sort of awed express on this out-of-the-world woman put into the word artist. It meant something very mysterious and grand to her; it represented power; it had been a spell strong enough to change the whole current of her life and whirl her daughter away from her side half over the globe. Whenever she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed down the long railroad track and far, far over the blue, rounding waves, and yearned for Jessica, and silently called for her, and sternly shut her heartache into the background lest somebody should suspect her of having one, that word "artist" was behind it all. For Jessica was an artist, too! To be an artist and have a career! But before all that was thought of she had known how to use her needle.

Jessica Macdonald can be trusted to repair your faces, said the innkeeper's wife to the French lady, and so one morning she showed Madame the way up here. A bright summer morning it was, I remember, with the waves creaming yellow and soft out there on the shingle, and the roses laughing at you as if they were glad to bloom, and the skies so blue, oh, so blue and bright! Our work was rather scant then, and we didn't have to confine ourselves, and Jessica was at the organ, practising and picking up bits of new tunes and singing away to herself, and just as Madame Emaline got there the child began to sing "Annie Laurie."

"Maxwellton's braes are bonny," you know the sweetness of it don't you?"

I nodded. I saw it all; the summer sky and the sea and the garden; the mother pottering about among her flowers, and the great lady panting up the narrow, crumbling footpath to the cottage on the rocky shelf, and the country girl singing "Annie Laurie," with her heart in her voice.

"Madame never rested from that hour," went on Jessica's mother, half-veiled, half-triumphant; "never rested until she had my girl away with her, and the town folks were as set about it as she was. Jessica was to become a great singer! Jessica was to make her fortune! Why, it wouldn't be the first time," said Madame Emaline, "that a wonderful singer had come from a small farmhouse in the woods." She talked and she planned, and she carried Jessica away almost before I knew what was happening, and I settled down to the short days and the long nights all alone."

"Wasn't it hard for your daughter to leave you here?" I asked. I wanted to say, but did not dare, facing the mother's eyes, "Wasn't it selfish?"

"Certainly it was hard. Lots of things are hard. But the hardest part was raising the money for her passage and her outfit. Madame wanted to pay it all, but we couldn't be beholden to a stranger. Once Jessica was over there, she could do enough for Madame to pay for her board and lodging and her tuition; Madame made that quite plain, or I wouldn't have given my consent to let her go; but I had to borrow the money from my cousin Josiah over at Marblehead, and I hated to do it like poison, and though Josiah hadn't pressed me much I've paid him interest regular, still I wouldn't go to Marblehead, even to a funeral, while I am still owing him the most of that three hundred dollars. It keeps me awake nights. It makes me sick thinking of it. It frightens me that I may die suddenly in debt to Josiah, me that never owed anybody on God's earth three cents till Madame Emaline carried Jessica off to Paris."

"What success has Jessica had?" I inquired. For it seemed to me that in five years she might have learned enough to make a beginning at least.

"Why, haven't you heard?" asked Mrs. Macdonald in such surprise. "She sang in London and she made a great sensation. Let me show you what the paper said." Her face glowed with pleasure.

From a thin, worn pocket-book which she took from the bosom of her gown, she proceeded to extract a cutting from an English journal. Somehow that newspaper slip, kept next the faithful heart, touched me pitifully with its sense of contrast.

For the mother, the lonely days in the lonesome cottage, the poor comfort of an occasional letter, the drudgery of sewing for her bread, the housework, the care of her cow, the company of her cat—that great yellow cat blinking in the last of the sunset was the only friendly thing about the place. For the daughter, a life of continual excitement, something to happen, something to anticipate, swift days, splendid crowds in a lighted theatre, flowers poured at her feet, flatteries whispered in her ear, the brilliant pageantry of existence which belongs to the queen of the operatic or the star of the concert stage! If not all at once, yet all this to hope for and strive to gain.

I read the few words about the new American singer, words treasured in this quiet home so far from the scene of her triumph, and the mother told me what a stir they had made in the village. They had given her a little trouble as well as much joy.

"Josiah heard how well Jessica was getting along, and wrote to ask when I thought we could return the loan. I've paid him part of it since then, but not very much. If Jessica gets so she can pay it up, it'll be more to her and me than all the applause the paper tells about."

She folded the bit of paper and put it carefully away again.

"Hasn't Jessica been able to send

you any money?" I asked, and was sorry the next moment, for the old face clouded, and I knew by her look that I had both hurt and annoyed the loyal woman by my intrusive question.

"Somehow, since that first time she has never done so well. She's had bronchitis, and she's had to spend as fast as she's earned. It's a weary road, a weary road, my Jessica's treading."

I found many occasions to take me to Mrs. Macdonald after that call. The gloomings were golden and red, the moon came out over the sea, and the solemn stars lit their fires many a time before I left her. You could go freely about that hamlet with no fear of meeting anybody to molest you, and I lingered on at the inn till the guests had all gone home, and the landlord and his family were the only ones left, keeping house there in an ordinary way like anybody else, in one of the wings.

But every visit comes to an end at last, and my trunk was packed to go, and I went to the different friends in the village, to the postmistress at the corner, to the blacksmith shop, to the farm where I sometimes went to sketch, to the parsonage saying good-by to all the kind, cordial people, and promising, if I could, to return another year.

Last of all I made my adieu at the little cottage on the bluff. I hated to leave Mrs. Macdonald by herself, and I confess I put off going to the very latest hour I could before I began the climb to her house. I stood a long time, gazing over the great, restless, beautiful sea—the sea that holds so many secrets and never tells any of them, the sea that keeps the world alive, that I love and fear, and that now and then calls me back to its shoulders with a peremptory voice, let me wander inland as I may.

I was half way up the road when suddenly there came to me a knowledge that my old friend was not, as usual, alone. I heard voices, I heard soft laughter. I stopped for an instant, uncertain whether or not to go on, when breaking out on the stillness of the night, insistent, sweet, wonderful, I heard Jessica's silent parlor organ. Only a cheap, small organ, but its tones were full and thrilling, and presently there floated down to me the sweetest, most silvery voice I ever heard, and color and unutterable melody, singing, as surely it had never in that countryside been sung before.

The sweet strain died away. On the still air I heard the mother's tones clearly.

"Why, Jessica, I don't know what they meant by saying you couldn't sing. You sing better than you ever did in your life!"

"Dear mother," answered a voice I had never heard, "I'm glad I can sing for you, and perhaps they'll let me sing in the choir; but we didn't know what we were about. It has been a great mistake the whole of it."

Against my will I was playing the eavesdropper. So I called out that I had come to say good-by, and Mrs. Macdonald rushed out to help me in.

"My daughter has returned," she said; "she surprised me. She isn't going away again!" She whispered all this breathlessly, before she drew me into the little parlor, where a fire of pine-knots blazed cheerily on the hearth, and a slender figure stood leaning one white hand on the organ.

"She's made enough to pay Cousin Josiah," the mother told me, proudly, as she drew me in and presented me to Jessica.

The career was a failure, but the price had not been paid in vain. I read renunciation and victory in the strong, sweet face of the girl who had gone out in the world and been defeated in the struggle, but who had returned to trample selfish desire underfoot, and make the evening of her mother's day bright with an after-glow of peace.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Youth's Companion.

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PRESERVATION OF THE HOME.
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.]

whom it may more closely concern. Catholic women, as a rule, are not generally put in the category of "advanced women." On the contrary, they are somewhat unceremoniously and without much thought on the part of their neighbors marked down as very every-day women, which is much to their credit, if the term be used in contradistinction to the elaborate one of "advanced women." But it is the fact, that a serious menace to a healthy home life has of late years displayed itself to an alarming extent among Canadian women, especially of the higher class, in courtship publicity or notoriety on the various pleas of humanity, reform and even religion.

The recent action of a prominent woman of this type has been the subject of much newspaper comment, and promises to lead to a re-visit of feeling on a matter which all admit must be injurious to the best interests of the home. This lady, who was the retiring president of a certain prominent society established for the accomplishment of various reforms, sought to decline re-election on the plea that her home was suffering from her absence and her husband objected—two weighty and all sufficient reasons, seeing that "charity begins at home," and why not reforms? And there the incident would probably have ended, had it not been for the injudicious insistence of other members of the society, whose homes, it may be charitably presumed, were not "suffering from their absence," and whose husbands did not object, that she should resume office. It is to be hoped that this retiring president adhered to her resolution of attending to her "suffering home," and of yielding a praiseworthy obedience to domestic authority.

The question, however, not unnaturally arises, how many of the members of this same society could afford to neglect their homes for the work and interests of their society, even on the assumption that its aims were most commendable. There is a good deal of work to be done about a home, be it great or small, especially where there are children—work which can only be properly done by the mistress of the house, or under her supervision, and her frequent or prolonged absences must be a permanent injury to the family, a comparison with which the absences of the father sink into insignificance. It is a false sentiment to plead the burdensome nature imposed upon parents. Marriage is a voluntary contract under which the contracting parties assume responsibilities to God, to society, and to the family, and the perfect home is the best proof of the faithful discharge of those duties and a proper appreciation of those responsibilities.

The home and home-life must be made attractive to the family, if there is to be successful competition against out-side resorts and outside life. There are so many attractions and allurements to draw the sons and daughters, and more especially the former, from the home circle. So keen is the struggle of life that young men and young women are more than ever forced to go out and earn their living. As soon as school life is over work begins, and the home is in danger of becoming little better than a house where the all-day separated members of the family may come to sleep and perchance meet at meals. Occupied as they are at different kinds of employment, they form new associations, and the sacred quiet of the home is disturbed by the everlasting buzz of the city and the restless desire to get what they can of feverish life and doubtful pleasure by

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But the time to commence the cultivation of home life is when the family is young and growing up. It is too late to cultivate when the garden has run to seed. It should be the object of parents so to win upon the feelings, affections and reason of their children, that they may truly believe and early realize the truth and beauty of the sentiment embodied in the well-known refrain, "There is no place like home." But this cannot be done by turning the home into a "liberty hall," any more than it can be done by hedging the family in by Puritanic severities. The happy medium should be found, resting upon the principles of common sense and the cultivation of domestic virtues. If "order is Heaven's first law," and Heaven "the rightful home of the human race, surely order should reign in that institution which, in its perfect state, comes nearest to Heaven of anything to be found on this earth—a happy home. Love, Divine love, is the supreme joy of the blessed,—love should rule in the home, brightening softening, soothing and uniting the various members of the family in one harmonious circle—the love of father for mother, of mother for father; the love of parent for child, of child for parent; and the love of child for child. The regulating force should be obedience, the loving recognition, on the part of the children, of parental authority.

It is, perhaps, in this respect that the home of the present generation has lost most, and it is, it must be largely the fault of parents, who permit themselves to be regarded merely as the providers of food and shelter until their offspring can take wing. By so doing, the sense of obedience, of honor, of reverence as inculcated in the fourth commandment, is gradually lost sight of both by parent and child. The presence and authority of God in the parents are eliminated from the idea of filial love and obedience, and the tone of the home sentiment correspondingly degraded. The primeval idea that the father of the family is the priest of God has vanished from the land.

It is possible now to buy block sugar colored in fine shades of pink, blue, yellow, and green, writes an American authority. The dealers assert that the coloring matter used is

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PANCAKE FLOUR
For PANCAKES, MUFFINS, Etc.
Ask your Grocer for it. 8 lbs and 6 lbs packages.

sacrificing the hours which ought to be devoted to rest and the cultivation of home affections.

The ease with which a young girl in her teens, or a youth, will pack up at the first call, sever without a tear all the tender bonds of home, and hurry away to live in a boarding house amongst strangers, is enough to convince any thoughtful observer of the extent to which home ties and family associations have been weakened and attenuated by the requirements and exigencies of modern life. It is not a question of the necessity for this early disruption of the home but a question of how much the home and the rightful makers of it do to keep the members of the family bound together by the sacred bonds of kindred and community of life, so that every member that leaves its threshold for a life of independence, will bear with him or her an abiding remembrance of a model shrine of all those affections which humanity so far in its course has always held to be the most sacred.

perfectly harmless, and also that it contributes no flavor to the sugar, merely a tint, so that its usual service is not interfered with. For color tins this sugar is desirable.

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With pure, rich, healthy blood, which may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers, colds or the grip. A few bottles of this great tonic and blood purifier taken now, will be your best protection against spring humors, boils, eruptions, that tired feeling and serious illness, to which a weak and debilitated system is especially liable in early spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates from the blood all scrofula taints, tones and strengthens the stomach, cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh, and every ailment caused or promoted by impure or depleted blood.

Answered—A humorist was recently chafing a story-writer, who was supposed to have some tendency to egotism. However, he got a Roland for his Oliver.

"I notice, my boy," said the jester, "that you are often the hero of your own story."

"Similarly," replied his friend, "I observe that you are quite as frequently the wag of your own tale."

Gertie: Papa, will our new mamma go mad after a while?
Father: What a question! Why do you think such a thing?
Gertie: Well, I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you.

Society Meetings.
Young Men's Societies.
Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.
Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.
Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Duquesne 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, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallary, Jas. McMahon.

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. R. STURUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians
DIVISION No. 2.
Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and La Prairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS N. SMITH; 63 Richmond street; to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and J. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers: Rev. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hatcher, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.
President, H. T. Keenan, No. 32 Desjardins ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomblay; Treasurer, John Tracy; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. McKeown, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Geahan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Dunovan, J. P. O'Hara, J. Geahan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Coriello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26
(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)
Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 93 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 desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:
MARVIN HEGAN, President, 577 Cadieux St.
J. HEKEL, Secretary, 198 Sherbrooke St.
G. A. GADBOIS, Fin.-Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St.
JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

Catholic Order of Foresters.
St. Gabriel's Court, 185.
Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and La Prairie streets.
M. P. McGOULDRIK, Chief Ranger.
M. J. HEALTY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 La Prairie St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.
Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, JAMES F. FORBES; Recording Secretary, ALAN PATTERSON, 157 Ottawa street.

Catholic Benevolent Legion.
Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.
Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 107 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHEA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

Total Abstinence Societies.
ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.
Established 1841.
The hall is open to the members and their friends every Tuesday evening. The society meets for religious instruction, in St. Patrick's Church, on second Sunday of each month at 4:30 p.m. The regular monthly meeting is held on the second Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. in the hall, 95 St. Alexander Street. Officers: President, MESSRS. JAMES F. FORBES, Recording Secretary, ALAN PATTERSON, 157 Ottawa street.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.
ESTABLISHED 1863.
Rev. Director, REV. WILLIAM FLYNN
President, JOHN KILFATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateauguay Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Kilfether, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

If I knew a box where the smiles are kept, No matter how large the key, Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard, It would open, I know for me. Then over the land and sea broadcast, I'd scatter the smiles to play, That the children's faces might hold them fast, For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough To hold all the frowns I meet, I should like to gather them every one, From the nursery, school and street. Then pulling and hauling I'd pack them in, And turning the monster key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box Into the depths of the sea.

"Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my aged father," said a woman lately, whose life, according to the Providence visitor, has been long and checkered with many reverses.

He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine. One day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?" "I'm tired! I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, child, he said, do you see these little empty vials? They are insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine.

"Nobody cares for the vials, it is that which they carry that kills, or cures. You do daily work, the dishes washed and the floors swept are household things and count for nothing in themselves, but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put in them, that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder on the young than to be forced to do the work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful.

"The wise builder watches, not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

"They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

As many of our boys, if not already apprenticed, will soon be thinking seriously of learning a trade, some advice on this subject will, I think, be very appropriate here. A trade is a very good thing to have and is no burden to anyone. It is better than gold and always brings a premium, but to bring a premium a trade must be perfect—no silver-plated affair.

When you learn a trade do so with a determination to win. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it. Determine in your mind to be a good workman.

Have pluck and patience. Look out for the interest of your employer—thus you will learn to look out for your own. Do not want to be told everything. Remember and act as though you wished to learn. If you have an errand to do start off like a boy with some life. Look about you. See how the best workmen in the shop do things and copy after him. Learn to do things well. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Never slight your work. Every job you do is a sign. If you have done it in ten minutes, see if you cannot do the next in nine. Too many boys spoil a lifetime by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one-half of its mysteries, and then strike for higher wages. Act as if your own interest were the same. Good mechanics are the people of society. They are those who stick to their trades until they learn them. People always speak well of a boy who minds his own business, who is willing to work and seems disposed to be somebody in time. Learn the whole of your trade.

The following little incident bears its own moral.— It was on a Michigan Central train the other day, says the Chicago Tribune. A tall, fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial, but she, too, once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By-and-by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said: "Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried. "John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded after a few moments. "They have gone into the dining-

car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner." This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself. "Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face. "Well, said John, 'I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No, no excuses.'"

As they left they met the other couple. "Hello, John! Where did you come from?" "How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man with a little basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple nobody had any eyes for them.

Under the caption, "Jack's Stratagem," the Young Catholic gives the following little sketch:—

Bob Gleason was thinking hard. His hands were sunk deep in his pockets to facilitate the process, and so intent was he on the subject of his thoughts that he nearly ran into one of his schoolmates as he turned the corner.

"Hello, Frank!" he exclaimed. "You're just the fellow I'm looking for."

"I guess I must be," laughed his friend, as he jumped to one side. "What's up now? Any new plan for our Christmas eve scheme?" "Well, not at present," said Bob; "but anyhow, it's about time that something was on foot. I've just been up to see Jack, just think of it, Frank! The best fellow in Evansville is cooped up in the house with a broken leg, and here's Christmas, one of the best times in the year, almost on us and he can't get out to have any fun. Now, what's to be done?"

Just then the school-bell began to ring and both boys ran for the school house.

Christmas eve, when it came, was what Christmas eve should be—clear, cold and chilling. By that time Bob and Frank, together with five other fellows, had arranged to dress up on the morning of Christmas eve and go around singing songs outside their friends' houses, with the intention of getting a present, and then in the afternoon to go to Jack's house. They had a glorious time in the morning, and received many presents. The proposition to Jack's consisted of Bob being dressed up as a country squire with a powdered wig and long, coat-tails followed by a countryman with a large bunch of spinach on his chin, and hay protruding from holes in his hat, a "weary Willy," whose three-cornered hat had been rescued from attic oblivion, and whose pants bore evidence that they were "often the last over the fence, then came a savage-looking Indian, an organ-grinder, his organ being a box of tin cans, whose discordant rattling furnished the music for the parade, and last of all, Frank, as Jack Frost, a long, white coat and a mask so frosty in appearance that it made you shiver to look at it.

In these fantastic costumes they visited Jack in the afternoon. It is needless to say that Jack and his friends had a "large time." When the boys departed in the evening, each left for their comrades some little token which would enable him to while away the remaining hours of his imprisonment.

Since this "bit of hard luck," as Jack called the broken leg, had happened, he occupied a small room opening into a passage between the parlor and the dining room. All the family were going to midnight, muss except Jack, who was unable to go, and feeling fatigued after his jolly afternoon, he retired early and soon was fast asleep. He had a curious dream that night. He fancied he was skating on a frozen polar sea, with Jack Frost for a companion. They were gliding swiftly over the glassy surface, when suddenly it broke and both found themselves in the water. They floundered about, vainly endeavoring to get upon the ice, which broke as soon as they put their weight on it. At last Jack Frost succeeded in getting out. He then helped Jack out, and immediately started off at a lively pace. Jack followed, shouting to him not to go so fast. But the more he shouted the faster Jack Frost skated, until he was a mere speck on the horizon. Hereupon Jack awoke. The silvery rays of the moon, streaming through the dining-room fell on a white object hung on the door. As soon as he opened his eyes, it met his blinking gaze. For a moment he was startled, then smiled to himself: "Oh what a sell! It's Frank's coat and false-face; he must have forgotten them. What a scare they gave me!"

Jack was just about to compose himself to sleep again, when he heard a rattling of the silverware in the dining-room.

"What's that?" he muttered. "Oh, I suppose they have come back from mass! Well, I hope they've got some decent presents for me."

But the noise continued. "It can't be," thought Jack, "that mother would be fooling with the silverware this time of night, for she arranged everything this afternoon."

Suddenly he heard a stealthy foot-step. He was now almost certain that some one was getting away with the silver, but feared to think that there was really a robber in the house. Trembling, he got out of bed, muffled his crutch, and hobbled noiselessly to the door. He peeped into the dining-room, and there saw a man on his knees, packing the silver into a large valise. The poor lad, almost dead with fright, got back to bed as best he could. What was to be done? Jack was the only "man" in the house, and its only defender. And what could he do—a boy of fifteen against a robber who, in all probability, was armed and desperate? Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain, and his gaze fixed upon the coat and the mask.

"Just the thing," he whispered. "It's risky business, though. But I must try something, and I'm going to try this, anyhow."

"Thereupon he limped to the door as quietly as he could, and got the mask easily enough, but the coat was caught on the nail and he couldn't pull it off. Forgetting that he had a crutch, he put up both hands to lift it off. Down fell the crutch with a bang. Fortunately, however, the wind slammed the shutters on the window through which the burglar had entered, and thinking that he was detected and that some one was trying to catch him in a trap, he darted to the window and drove the shutters back. Meanwhile Jack was in his room, trembling like a leaf, expecting every moment to see the fellow come in. But the noise of packing began again.

"What'll I do?" thought Jack. "Suppose the school-bell should blow me? Well, he'll shout—but I believe this thing will work—it frightened me, and it's going to frighten that fellow, anyhow. I can't sit here like a dummy and let him get away with the silver."

Jack's Irish blood began to assert itself and quivered every spark of fear. The brave young lad donned his fanciful costume and went to the door. He looked out cautiously. The burglar was intent on his work, without any sound Jack stepped out and, with the aid of his substitute leg, stood erect in the doorway leading into the dining-room, at the same time making a little noise to attract the robber's attention.

As the robber turned around and looked at him Jack saw a face in which cunning and wickedness were mingled. But what the robber saw was probably what he considered an apparition. The unearthly appearance of which led him to think that he was favored with a visit from one of the inhabitants of the nether world. The Jack Frost costume was imposing by day, but doubly so at night! The robber stared wildly at Jack, but as the "would-be" spectre moved slowly forward with uplifted hand the sight was too much for him. His instincts of robbery and villainy were overcome by ignorance and superstition; and rising to his feet, he rushed to the window and was out of sight in less time than it takes to tell, leaving tools and everything behind him.

"Well, that's luck!" exclaimed Jack, as he dropped on a chair and wiped the big drops of perspiration from his brow. I could hardly believe it could have worked so well."

LOOKS LIKE IT.

We had an entirely new stock of fine furniture last November, and by the way our January Sale is going it looks as if we should have to lay in a pretty considerable new stock by the 1st of February. All our discounts are taken off our new goods (we haven't got anything else) which are all marked in plain figures—one price for all. Discounts are from 15 to 50 per cent, for cash only.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street, near Bleury.

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On one occasion a prisoner pleaded guilty, and then withdrew the plea and declared himself to be innocent. The case was tried and the jury acquitted him. Then said Sir Henry Hawkins: "Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief. Now the jury say you are a

ed." A person summoned as a jurymen applied to his Lordship to be excused attending, pleading deafness. "You may go," whispered Sir Henry. "Thank you, my lord," was the instant reply. At the express wish of the judge, he was retained on active service. Once in speaking about cross-examination he said, "If you take a stranger and want to get at certain facts, you must ask yourself what he is up to. A man can tell lies best with a calm face. Of course, one feels when he is telling a lie. One can get at the bottom of things. I could get to the bottom if I took the trouble—if not intended with. Once when a flagrant criminal stood up for sentence and said, 'My lord, I have not received justice in this court,' Sir Henry replied, 'Well, you will get it on—' meaning the date fixed for the execution."

As a junior counsel, Mr. Justice Hawkins was once practising before Lord Campbell, who was somewhat pedantic. In addressing the jury Mr. Hawkins, in referring to a borough, pronounced the word with two syllables—borough. "Excuse me," said his lordship blandly, "but I think that if instead of saying 'borough' you were to say 'boreon,' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and moreover, you would save a syllable."

"I am much obliged to your lordship," quietly replied Mr. Hawkins, and proceeded to bring his address to a close. Presently the judge, in summing up, made use of the word "borough." Instantly up rose Mr. Hawkins, and exclaimed, "Pardon me, my lord, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying 'borough,' your lordship would say 'boreon,' and you would then be more intelligible to the jury, and besides you would save two syllables."

London Press.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AT ST. PAUL. In these days of municipal extravagance, of rising tax rates and swelling indebtedness, St. Paul furnishes a refreshing example of how economically the affairs of a city can be conducted when purely political control is forced to give way to business methods. The opportunity for reform came to St. Paul in 1892, when an amendment to its charter separated the city election from the general elections. Under these conditions the Mayor, not being beholden to the boss for his preferment, was free to choose of the best talent available for the needs of the city departments. He was given wide power in the appointment or dismissal of department chiefs, and this centering of responsibility led to wise selections and to a tenure of office out of which has come exceptional efficiency and economy. The results stated in figures are illuminating. Since 1892 the city's interest-bearing debt has been reduced by \$2,275,230, or somewhat more than 20 per cent, although the tax-rate has dropped meanwhile from \$20 per \$1,000 to \$15.62 per \$1,000 on the 1892 valuation. Even more striking is the reduction in the annual city expenditure from \$2,829,761 to \$1,728,669, or more than 20 per cent. It is a severe commentary on the wastefulness of the political management of other days that this saving was accomplished without any lessening of efficiency or any stinting of needed expenditure. On the contrary, according to the St. Paul Pioneer Press, the city departments were never more efficient or better equipped. One factor contributing to this betterment in the city's affairs, and a feature of its government meriting introduction in other cities, is a conference committee of the heads of the city departments and bureaus. This committee is a creation of another charter amendment, and in its operation is somewhat analogous to the board of directors of a private corporation. By its monthly meetings it has made possible that harmony and unity of action necessary to an efficient administration of the subdivided departments of a city government.—New York Post.

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. Jan. 14, 1899.

Chiefly About Shopping by Mail and the Winter Catalogue.



The good health and rapid progress of this Business is shown by the tremendous increase in its Mail orders. The Company's system of dealing with mail orders is probably the largest and most elaborate in Canada, but with all the encouragement the firm is constantly impressed with the conviction that only a limited portion of the people of Canada comprehend the great facilities of this Store, hence the issuing of a comprehensive and useful catalogue, twice every year, which will be sent to any address in Canada, post paid, on application to our Mail Order Department. A Postal Card does it. The Best Talent the Store possesses is placed at your disposal and every order is attended to the same day as received. The best aid in ordering goods is a copy of our Winter Catalogue.

ANOTHER SURPRISE IN HANDLOOM LINENS.

Special Shipment of 55 Bales of Hand Loom Linens, just received, and will go on sale to-day. Almost every housekeeper knows the great usefulness of these Linens, which come in 3-4 yard lengths, and are all pure Linen Yarn of great durability and usefulness. In the ordinary way these Linens would sell at 90 cents per piece. The big Store's Sale Price is 41 cents per piece. There's a choice in this lot. The best time to choose is in the forenoon.

HORROCKSES LONG CLOTH. 175 CUSHIONS. If there's an aristocracy in Cottons, Horrockses is surely the king, it bears a famous name. Horrockses Long Cloth, made up in 12 yard lengths, specially manufactured for Ladies' and Children's Underwear. In the ordinary way, the price is \$1.55 per piece. Sale price \$1.19.

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SOME QUESTIONS FOR 1899.

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MONTREAL, JANUARY 14, 1899.

ONE OF THE UNNUMBERED.

It was six in the morning of a cheerless December day. The lowering sky hung in dismal greyness above the bare brown fields. The country road stiff with the frosts of the night, stretched a forlorn streak of solitude. The dawn seemed breaking dispiritedly on the chilly world. A few fitful snowflakes, dry minute particles, floated about in the air, not even hardy forerunners of a cheering storm. It was an hour and a morning which they best enjoyed who were snugly bestowed in warm beds, asleep.

The numbing dullness of the scene was punctuated by one living thing. An old woman past seventy-five winters (she did not suggest past summers) was toiling along the road with resolute slowness. Her burden of years lent a feeble roll to her gait humorously suggestive of a mariner's. A black shawl was held tightly around her narrow shoulders. A warm but unsightly quilted hood sheathed her head like a baby's cap. From it her wrinkled face peered out, as a walnut might from its shell.

One intuitive of the soul in human features would have found an odd beauty in that old face, of a serene grace than the semile tenderness breathed for centuries from the stone Sileas with protective yearning for the babe in its arms; the beauty to which the heart quivers. As the face of age has its last ugliness when it shows the scorings of vice, this wrinkled visage held the mellowed sweetness of a lifetime on the heights.

The small sunken black eyes had the shy softness of a wood violet. The thread-like line of the thin, closed lips was movably benign. The cheeks dipped from the broad high bones into hollows with a like pathetic accent.

Her dark brown woolen skirt cleared the ground by three or four inches, revealing the stoutly shod feet. One of the shoes showed a small rent near the toe, eloquent of poverty, rather than untidiness.

The old woman's hands were tucked away beneath her shawl, perhaps through the spirit that leads him who prays to his closet. For the stubby fingers were slowly passing one bead after another of a wooden rosary through their calloused lips. From longtime friction of this kind the grains had taken on a modest lustre. Poor old hands, whose rest was a prayer, though their labor was a prayer too. On their backs, in dim blue ridges, rose the veins, hypocritically full conduits of the blood that performed its function for the outworn body with tepid laggardness.

Had the villagers seen her, this is what they would have surmised her hands were doing, as they would also have known the term of her lonely course that winter morning before the sun had softened the iron grey sky to cloudy pearl. They knew nothing short of a cyclone would prevent Mother Brennan from journeying each morning to the ugly wooden church, on the outskirts of the village, a full mile from her own box of a house. Not a villager but felt heartened by her sweet homely smile of greeting. Never a smile breathed more dignity, content and warm fellowship of heart.

The ravens that brought his loaves to the Prophet were not more regular than was the lone old woman in quest of her daily bread—the manna of the Lord.

Lone, for Mike Brennan had been sleeping, tired laborer that he was, full forty years in the small graveyard on the slope of the hill, and only a few months back had her gently streaming eyes seen stout Tom Brennan, her only son, and she was a widow—lowered to a place by his father's side.

It was a pleasant place to sleep, that sunny slope, when one was to sleep so long, and one felt they must sleep in dreamless peace who were laid there.

The field flowers flecked it with their artless prettiness in Springtime, and in summer the ruminant kine roved along the hilltops above it, their cumbrously gracious forms a pastoral processionary athwart the sky. Yes, a sunny tract, one to charm from out the hearts of the living any rancor of regret for the dead.

Mother Brennan felt no farther removed from her long dead husband than from her recently lost son. They were both only over the border line of the two worlds, and few could know how close these two worlds were to each other for Mother Brennan. Now, especially when she was so near that border herself, she was nearer to her dead than to the living ones about her; she dwelt more in their company. The Communion of Saints was a lively tenet of her simple faith.

Each day she arose before the sun, lit her oil lamp, as neat and trimly kept as one of the Wise Virgins, then prepared her simple breakfast; a cup of coffee and a cut from the loaf of her own making. Having renewed her slender strength, she made her slow, loving way to the church,

where, with the child-like audacity of God's little ones, she held familiar converse with her Lord.

Through sheer humility she would not receive communion except on Sundays, the Feast Days of the Church and the days of St. Michael the Archangel, Saint Thomas the Apostle and Saint Rose, the family patrons. Mike and Tom were saints now themselves, and though she never thought it, so was she. Those dear ones, their address was different from her own; but hers, like theirs, was in the "Care of God."

Friends she had on earth as in heaven. The whole village regarded her as a homely comfort and an honor rather than as a duty heritage to the community. The tender heart and other ties, not as close as those which bound her to the dear Unseen with Mike and Tom, nor as strong as the bonds between the good village folk and herself; yet sweet and soothing. There was the fragile rose bush, back of her kitchen window. It responded to her constant care by two or three sumptuous blooms which seemed to tax its whole system. This was in the Summer. The remainder of the year it pined, a chronic invalid.

Then there was the cat, sleek, demurely affectionate and house-loving. It would curl itself up on the hearth, when Mother Brennan went to church in the morning, and would come to greet her with a tremendous miaow on her return, arching its back caressingly against the brown woolen skirt, though it was cool from the morning air, and Bethlehem loved warmth with her whole soul.

For Mother Brennan had named it Bethlehem. It had not seemed quite right to call it after one of the Saints and yet she wished it to bear a holy name. There was an advantage in it she had not foreseen; for it was so long and said itself so slowly that it was like having a little talk with the petted thing to call it by its name. The soft grey creature answered to it with sweet simplicity and no more bashfulness than if it were Jessamine or Melitabel.

But Mother Brennan loved it dearly. For Tom had brought Bethlehem in one evening, a small, wild-eyed mop of stringy fur. He had plucked it from the mill-pond, where small boys had thrown her, not through a laudable Malthusian view of kittens, but merely in exuberance of innocent cruelty.

When Tom's stout hand had placed the damp, rattled wail upon the sanded floor, it had worked to its feet, raised its head and regarded Mother Brennan with wide, arraigning eyes. Then with deep conviction it tottered toward her, doling out a feeble yowl. A mere fraction of such commending things would have won her hospitable welcome. Bethlehem always reminded the old lady of the sweet heartedness of her big, powerful son, who could never see a weak thing ill-used. Many a prayer had Mother Brennan breathed with deepest devotion for Tom's dear soul, at sight of Bethlehem dreaming in homely comfort on the hearth, a purring coil of contentedness.

One other object, dear to her old heart, she cherished with some spiritual reserve because its appeal was only human and roused reflections the good soul viewed askance in that they were tinged with melancholy. One who is a friend of God should not be a traitor to Him by any feeling of that kind. Not one drop of melancholy had ever mingled with her beautiful sorrow that Mike and Tom had gone from her. This qualified object of Mother Brennan's affection was a pot of Shamrock, grown from a tiny sprig Father Downes had brought back to her from her native Limerick. Like that little plant, she had been uprooted from the land of her birth. Unlike it, she had no one to care for her.

Other loved objects, partly of heaven and partly of earth, were the beautiful things of the bright world that surrounded her. The broad tranquil mill-stream in front of her small house, which the sun stroked with lambent touches and into which the wild swallows would dip in their heedless haste, and then dash away; the willows, that stretched their tenderest wands of palest yellow above the mirroring water, and when the wind ruffled them turned the silver underside of their lanceolate leaves, as if playing at the thought of a storm; the broad sweep of meadow, sparkling gaily with dewdrops in the Summer mornings, soft in soothing green after sundown, and hushed in white silence when Winter wrapped it in a pall of snow; the undulating line of hills melting into hazy blue against the distant horizon; the genial brightness of the sun by day, and the fantastic clouds, snowy, pearly, rosy, which God let play in His heaven; the stars that blazed in glittering confusion in the night's dome of blue each of which answered to God from just that spot where he had set it—these were all Mother Brennan's good, dear friends. She loved them all, for they were God's, and so was she, and kinship is cementing.

But kind, stupid, human friends had been telling Mother Brennan of late she ought to provide for herself and for her later days. Not that they were weary of supplying her with things to be knitted or made up; but they saw that she took longer to get to church and that the sturdy, falttering steps were more faltering, if still determined. She would need be cared for at home, how soon none could tell, nor for how long. There was no one to give that care.

A factory man wanted her plot of land. He needed it for business ends. With the money he would give her she could comfortably provide a refuge for herself in her last days. She could go to the Little Sisters of the

Poor in the neighboring town and be tenderly looked after till she died, and with a sense of independence without.

Mother Brennan, who had gone on in utter truthfulness to God, nursing her rose-tree and caring for Bethlehem, her soul exhalant on an aroma that sweetened her lone but not lonely life, lent humble ear to their superior wisdom. She did not want to trouble any one. She had thought before that came to pass, the Angel would have called and taken her to Mike and Tom. God knew how willing she was to go. But the simple faith that accepted and did not analyze or rebel, or even pray that something that God wished might be changed to something that she wished, felt that duty might point to what the neighbors urged. She was not insensible to her growing weakness. She had noted it with inward joy as a loosening of the bonds. But she had to right to impose herself as a burden upon others. She had no wish to.

So the small house where she had lived for half a century, where Tom had been born and where Mike and Tom had died, with her quarter acre of ground, including the four-rose tree, passed to the factory man, who could hardly wait to tear it down. Her few household goods she gave to a poor shoemaker who had made shoes for Mike and Tom and her; good shoes, if they were the only thing she wore out. To him she also gravely consigned Bethlehem, her perpetual trust on his promise that the cherished thing should never want a home or food.

Then Mother Brennan rode in the milkman's cart ten miles to town, the neighbors coming to the doors and waving their hands and handkerchiefs to her as the rickety white horse slowly jugged by the cottages she bowing simply and gravely to them like an old queen going into exile.

She endured her asylum in the noisy, ugly city six months without a murmur of tongue, look or feeling, not knowing that she was making greater headway toward heaven than ever before. But one soft early day of Spring, a broad sunbeam stole into her room, and the tepid air that lightly stirred the grey locks on her temples smelt of the warm, resolute earth. It said budding willows, the peace of a sunlit stream, the elms waving in a mist of green welcome, the long sweep of meadows quickening to emerald life after their Winter sleep, the mountain dim in the azure distance. Oh, so distant!

A yearning for the soothing touch of that old environment, as possessive as Death's fingers, laid hold of Mother Brennan's soul. The balmy Spring, the joyous Summer were coming to the lillocks of her dead, and she would not be near them.

There was an almshouse in her little village. She would go there and wait so long as God should will. It was His inn, and they would take her.

She told the Sisters with slow earnestness that she must go back. They had been good and kind. Yes, very. But she was nearer to God there, where she had lived so long. She knew the pathways better to Him there.

They strove to dissuade her, strove innocently, ignorantly, and in vain. They told her they could not give her back the money, for it was gone. She did not want it. She was glad the poor old things for whom they cared should profit by it. She must go back. They would not ask anything for her keep in the almshouse. She must go there. The graveyard on the hill, the meadow, the stream, the waving willows, all the beautiful dear things God had lavished on her, and which had woven themselves into the slow pulsations of her tired old heart—she said almshouse, she meant them.

So they reluctantly let her go. For her soft, sweet patience was so different from the querulous exactions of the other old people, that the Sisters loved her. She revived visibly in that dear home-setting. Poor old woman in an almshouse; everything about her was her own.

A tinge of pink crept into the fine skin with its myriad wrinkles, like the reflection of a rose petal on old ivory, and the dim, worn eyes had almost a glow.

Never had Spring been so soothingly gentle, never a Summer so bountifully sweet. They were as great flags brimming with Nature's wine, from which her weary old body and grateful young soul drew gladness and refreshment.

Then came the nipping touch of Autumn. The willow leaves turned their silver backs upon the harsh air with artless aversion. The sleepy stream broke into a dumb whimper of steely ripples, and the blooming meadow fell into shrivelled brownness before its Winter sleep under the snow.

Mother Brennan felt the chill of the dying year like those friends of hers. The almshouse was not her cosy, if humble home, seasoned with hallowed memories and brightened by Bethlehem's sympathy. The Fall was despoiling her as it was the other creatures of the dear God, and the coming winter foreboded her brave, resigned spirit. She must take her heart to what warmed it most, the Lord in His little Church.

So she told the Observer one day that she must go to church the following morning. It was the anniversary of Tom's death, though she was characteristically silent about that. The Overseer remonstrated that the air was too cold for her, the walk too long. At least she should have some bread and coffee before going, and she could not get that before seven. Let her wait till then. No, she could not. There was only one Mass and that was at six. She wished to receive communion. She could do it well; she had often done it before. The sullen dark morning found her

faring slowly over the old familiar road. The chill got into her blood, but there was something in her heart that made her insensible to it as well as to the feeble lagging of her feet. The enfolding peace of her thoughts surpassed the charming of the Springtide. Mike and Tom seemed never too near. As she passed the graveyard and looked at their two graves, side by side, a more than wanted tenderness for her dead made her poor old eyes grow moist with unshed tears as she bled out without a pause.

When she got to the dear little church, with its three or four worshippers, she made her way to a pew near the sanctuary and sank exhausted on her knees. When the time for Communion arrived, a young girl near her, a factory hand, marvelled that she did not rise and go to the railing. She knew Mother Brennan well.

Looking at her more closely she saw that her head drooped, that she was breathing with the fitful respiration of a gaunt dog, dreaming on the heartstone. Leaning forward the girl touched her, and as Mother Brennan roused herself with conscious effort, asked if she did not wish to go to Communion. The sweet smile came to the old woman's lips, her smile of lowly gratitude.

She rose laboriously, and with tenacious purpose, made her flagging strength bear her to the Communion rail. When the Priest came to her, the venerable old head sank back upon her shoulders as she raised her face, that he might place the sacred particle upon her trembling tongue. Then it slowly bent in touching dignity of obedience to her Lord, and the small black figure did not stir.

She clung close to the Communion rail, as a ruffled bird struggles into some tiny niche in a Cathedral tower, seeking shelter from the scurrying blast.

The priest had marked the expression of the wan, worn face. The soul had never stood forth so strongly in it. When he came down the altar steps at the end of the Mass, he looked her again, keenly. He made his gentleness, walked quickly into the sacristy, and having set down the chalice, took a leather case containing the Holy Oils from a closet, and without unvesting hurried back to her. He touched her sloping shoulders, then gently raised her head. Mother Brennan revived under his hand like a fainting flower, and slowly the sunken eyes turned to his with the look of a baby in their momentary gaze.

"You're ill, Mother Brennan, are you not?" he said in his warm, unctuous tones. "Would you not like to have me give you the Last Sacrament and Absolution? Then I will send you home, or take you there myself."

The holy fingers feebly interlaced themselves and the lids fell over the dimmed eyes in meek assent. With light touch of the Holy Oils the priest anointed the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips and hands, those organs of the senses which Mother Brennan had never used, save to get at God with through His vesture of the sweet, clean universe, never anything but sweet and clean to her.

Then the weary old head, with its touches of the consecrating chrism, sank slowly forward once again and the homely little figure became motionless. The priest, walked rapidly back to the sacristy, returned the leather case to the closet, took off his vestments as quickly as he could and, in soutane and biretta, returned to her at once—the shepherd to his stricken sheep.

Now, Mother Brennan," he said, with quiet, cheerful tones, "I will take you home, come."

For the first time in her life, Mother Brennan paid no heed to the priest. He placed his hand on the bowed figure. There was no movement. Stooping, he peered into the placid face, which seemed to be shyly hiding, as if with a smile at her own playfulness. Mother Brennan had gone home by herself.—John J. a Beckett, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOLS.

The commission of which Dr. William R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, is chairman, which has been making a critical enquiry into the school system of Chicago, compared with that of other cities, has made an extended report recommending many changes. Besides recommendations for changes in regard to school administration the report advocates the additional manual training-schools and commercial high-schools, a broadening of the evening school system, and an improvement of the teaching force by means of better distribution of the funds available for salaries.

CHINESE ECONOMICS.

Mr. Robert A. Yerburgh, a rich Lancashire M. P., and leader of the so-called China party in the British House of Commons, is carrying out an interesting educational project. He has provided money to found a professorship of Chinese economics in one of the great English commercial centres, with a view to promote the success of British traders in the Far East. Manchester and London are both putting forward claims to the chair, which, however, seeing Lancashire's large trade in China, probably will go to Victoria University, Manchester.

There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.—Dr. Johnson.

Poetry is the naked expression of power and eloquence.

RANDOM NOTES

For Busy Households.

The Ottawa "Free Press" raises a very interesting question. It says that the amount of fruit consumed in Ottawa during the past year was three times greater than during any preceding year, and that there was also a marked decrease in the death rate, from which it argues that it is more than likely that there was a connection between the two circumstances. It appears that a number of prominent local physicians, to whom the question was referred, agree that the decrease in the death rate might well be due to the amount of fruit consumed. In those northern lands the people are too much given to meat-eating, and in 14 years the scarcity of fruit due to the transportation facilities, provided a good excuse for over-indulgence in meat-eating. Last year, however, married an era in fruit importation, and it is altogether reasonable to suppose that the decrease in the death rate may be due in part at least, to the increase in the consumption of fruit.

There is an inclination in many families in Montreal, to introduce what is called a "day system" of domestic service. The idea was mooted in London, Eng., and the newspapers of that city have devoted much consideration to the subject. In France and Germany the daily servant is an established fact.

Many heads of households with limited incomes, would be only too thankful to secure half a day the services of a really efficient servant, while the servant herself might be able to live with her invalid mother or do the work of her home in the spare hours. Others again, with limited accommodation in the home, would be pleased to have servants sleeping away. A woman writing to an English magazine on this topic says:

I know of an excellent cook, who would be only too glad of a daily place, though she must be at home morning and evening, with her old mother. In time, too, the domestic ranks would be recruited by many not willing to entirely give up their freedom. Surely a beginning might be made.

We of the "old school" have long been sorrowful over the deplorable state of private life against the invasion of the world, remarks a well-known contributor to the New York Post. It has seemed to us a grievous loss of sweetness and grace that our fair young daughters are without ceremony or permission, described in the public prints, their dress, their complexions, their pursuits, and their accomplishments made the subject of amusement to the world at large. It becomes intolerable when the story of their gentle, girlish love affairs is used to lengthen the column of "society notes," without which a newspaper is called old and uninteresting.

The mere mention of the names of women in paragraphs solely printed for public use, side by side with the record of crime or the horror of disaster, pushes them into the dusty arena of the world's strife, and changes their position from the sheltered dwellers in protecting homes to that of amusers of the vulgar crowd.

Oh! for some power to rouse in those who, being gifted with influence and distinction, lead the public mind, a revival of that reverence for the sanctity of home that should cover its joys and sorrows with the shields of reticence and self-respect. Surely there must be some way to find protection for what is dearer than life to any man or woman, and to preserve young lives from being subjected to such lowering discussion. Is it inevitable that henceforth a man's roof must lack protection to those who dwell beneath it? Because the populace like true stories of real lives are we obliged to afford them amusement?

Somewhere down deep there must exist both a lack of reverence for the sanctity of family life and an indifference to what makes a home, or these things could never be. With all the rest of the great struggle to live as kings and princes do, there must abide a desire to be "in the eye of the public," as the phrase goes, and a belief that in some way it is a token of greatness. And if this be true of any of us, we have found a root hard to eradicate. From it will continue to grow an evil influence which will touch even the simple lives of those who give no reason for this hard treatment except that they are fair, and bright, and beautiful. When the few who are notable afford no "news" (!) the simplest, most modest life must be pressed into the service of the "society column." May time develop some way in which to revive the old traditions of gentleness and gentleness, and give refuge to those whose lives are too sincerely simple to make food for sensation!

Gloom, despondency about every thing, and a pessimistic view of all things, says a writer in an American Magazine, are the fashion with a certain set of people, who unfortunately do not keep the disease to themselves—for it is mental malady—but communicate it to others, and rather enjoy doing so. That is, of course, if they can enjoy anything.

Now this state of things is evil, and it should be fought against when it exists in a home, ousted from it if possible, and, above all, warded off by prevention.

To glorify gloom and invest it with charm is very objectionable, particularly if in many cases it is discovered what the gloominess is about. Your bright-natured daughter gets despondent, and takes a dismal view

of life in general, and her own in particular. Perhaps she has been having a course of the up-to-date novels, and it has impressed her and saddened her. In these novels she has found the old-fashioned way of Jack and Jill loving each other, having probably the inevitable ups and downs of love, which rarely runs smooth. Love and marriage, and all things pertaining to both, are all turned topsy-turvy, and the sole interest of many of these otherwise wishy-washy productions lies in the fact that they deal with subjects hitherto left alone and shunned by womanly women. Everything goes wrong in books of the kind, for no one loves the right person whom they could marry, and they inevitable care for the wrong one whom they cannot.

In denying an application for a new trial Justice McAdam, of the Supreme Court, of New York, recently, called attention to the statute protecting the privacy of the sick room. What occurs there, the justice said, physicians themselves should be the last to divulge.

The application for a new trial was made by Dr. McGillicuddy in a suit to recover \$23,885 from the estate of Mrs. Jane A. Dwyer, known as the Duchess de Castellum, for professional services. A similar action, begun by Dr. Cerio, was dismissed some ago.

Justice McAdam, in his opinion, said: "The lips of the patient now being sealed in death, the plaintiff did not offer himself as a witness, but attempted to establish his claim by Dr. Cerio, who had attended the patient daily as her medical adviser. The plaintiff's obvious purpose was to have Dr. Cerio divulge information which he acquired while prescribing for her professionally. The answers of the witness, to be at all serviceable to the plaintiff with which the plaintiff suffered, the nature of the treatment, and the value of the plaintiff's services."

"This would be a breach of confidence which the statute was designed to make inviolate. To bring the case within the statute is sufficient that a physician attended as such, and obtained information in that capacity. The statute was not passed for the primary benefit of the medical fraternity, but to silence its voices and in a manner protect those seeking medical assistance, by excluding inquiry which may offend the sensitiveness of the living, or reflect in the slightest on the memory of the dead. It was to throw the mantle of charity over the sick and unfortunate, and at the same time elevate the medical practitioner to the high plane with the clergy and the good Samaritan leaving him to protect his fees according to professional ethics, so long as he does not infringe on the humanitarian sentiment embraced in the statutory prohibition. It is a beneficial statute, clearly indicating the policy of the state. It should not be impaired, but preserved in its integrity according to its manifest spirit and purpose."

THE RIGHT KIND OF BOY ORATOR.

The Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, who has just been selected a Senator in Congress from Indiana, is a fine example of the success that is in the reach of every American who deserves it by working for it. Mr. Beveridge, who is only thirty-five, was born in Ohio with a wooden spoon in his mouth. His people moved to Illinois in the hope of finding fortune kinder. At twelve years he was pegging away on the farm. At fourteen he was working on a railroad. Working, mind you, and not shirking and imagining himself to be a blighted being ruined by corporations. Graduated from the railroad he became a teamster. At sixteen he was boss of a lumber camp. Studying in such times and with such means as he could get, he fitted himself for the De Pauw University, where he worked to support himself. He overdid it a little, so he went west and took up cow punching and studied law. He picked up a good practice easily, and now he is a United States Senator at thirty-five.

He was a boy orator that he needed. He won cash prizes that he needed. But he is not a boy orator now. He has not remained a permanent boy orator. He has not devoted himself to wandering about the country, abounding in great part that there is no windily proclaiming and making a chance for poor folks and making a living by speeches that go to show that you cannot make a living on account of the "wrong" and "oppression" of the rich. He has been a good stump speaker, but his best speech in his life, the resolute and strenuous labor which conquers difficulty and ill fortune. If he had spent his time in envying and denouncing the prosperous, he would never have made himself prosperous.

To the numerous persons who believe that eruditions against the gold-standard and the trusts are a sufficient substitute for a day's work we commend the history of Albert J. Beveridge.—New York Sun.

Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.

The excellence of poetry is ruined by impiety.

NEW YORK'S BUDGET FOR CIVIC ADMINISTRATION COMPARED WITH OTHER LARGE CITIES.

CITY.	Population.	Annual Cost of Government.	Cost Per Capita.	Mayor's Salary.	—Police Department—		—Municipal Legislature—		Department of Education.	Street Cleaning.
					No. of Men.	Annual Expense.	Members.	Compensation.		
NEW YORK.....	3,389,753	\$138,000,000	\$47.10	\$15,000	5,100	\$11,000,000	88	\$132,000	\$11,000,000	\$3,950,000
PARIS.....	2,511,629	72,700,000	28.94	No salary.	8,100	5,600,000	80	64,000	5,000,000	1,700,000
LONDON.....	6,291,697	65,000,000	10.33	\$50,000 for expenses.	16,000	8,000,000	138	No salaries.	17,000,000	—
BERLIN.....	1,726,098	21,450,000	12.42	7,500	4,500	785,000	126	No salaries.	3,500,000	550,000
VIENNA.....	1,423,000	11,850,000	8.32	—	2,800	—	138	No salaries.	—	690,000
CHICAGO.....	1,098,576	32,400,000	20.39	10,000	3,385	3,225,000	—	—	5,600,000	570,000
PHILADELPHIA.....	1,044,894	23,000,000	22.01	12,000	2,600	2,350,000	—	—	3,500,000	845,000
BOSTON.....	446,507	10,640,000	23.82	10,000	1,123	1,360,000	—	—	2,260,000	780,000

One hundred and thirty-eight million dollars, one-fifth of the entire cost of maintaining the United States Government for a year, is the tremendous sum the taxpayers of New York had to pay for being governed during 1898, says the New York Herald:—

Seventy millions of dollars was the sum which it is estimated would meet the city's obligations for the twelve months ending on December 31.

Ninety-three and one-half million dollars, it now is estimated, will tide the city over until 1900.

If the difference between estimates and actual disbursements during 1899 is as great as it was during 1898, New York will be able to balance its ledger on January 1, 1900, only after having expended \$161,000,000 during the second twelve months of the greater city's existence.

Not a very pleasing outlook, surely, is the one before the taxpayers of the metropolis. In population the second largest in the world, New York is first in the expenditure of money for its government. It is, in fact, in a class by itself, London and Paris combined not requiring so much money for municipal administration, although in population they are nearly three times as great. Berlin, half as large as New York, meets its city

expenses with little more than one-seventh the amount of money paid out here last year.

It costs more proportionately to govern the leading American cities than the greatest cities of Europe, but it also costs more proportionately to govern New York than it does to govern Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston, which cities spend more money every year than do any other American cities aside from New York.

And now, with these disquieting facts staring them in the face, the taxpayers of New York are informed that the assessed value of property in this city is to be increased by \$300,000,000 in order that the bonded indebtedness of the city may be increased \$30,000,000.

Politicians and city officials greet every proposition for a needed public improvement with the statement that "economy" must be practised. "Economy" blocked the building of the school houses during their year of Mayor Van Wyck's term. "Economy" killed the plan for tunnel rapid transit, unless it be furnished by public capital. "Economy" checked the opening of new parks, the building of new docks, the cleaning of the streets and the building of bridges. "Economy" delayed work on the Hall of Records and has tied up, temporarily at

least, the building of the New York Public Library.

Despite so much "economy" millions of dollars are being spent for salaries, nearly \$4,000,000 is devoted to cleaning streets which are never made clean, and more places are being found for political "heelers" every day. There is "economy" everywhere but on the salary list, an amount of money is being spent for government in New York, so great that it would overwhelm the city officials of London, Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

It costs \$65,000,000 a year to meet the expenses of governing London if the English metropolis paid bills as does New York her annual expenditures would be \$100,000,000 a year

more than they are. London, Berlin and Vienna combined spend \$30,000,000 a year less for city government than does New York alone. Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston could spend twice as much as they do each year and still require less money all together than does New York alone.

Paved Streets.

London.....	1,818 miles
New York.....	1,002 miles
Paris.....	604 miles
Berlin.....	500 miles

London..... 2,500 miles
New York..... 1,156 miles
Paris..... 699 miles
Berlin..... 465 miles

the United States. In London, Paris, Berlin and Glasgow, and in several smaller American cities, the authorities on this subject point to lessons which the New York authorities could study with profit. They find that the streets of foreign cities are better cleaned than are those of New York, that foreign cities have fully as efficient police, that their educational advantages are fully as good

as, and in many instances better than those of New York, and that in the matter of parks, paved streets, good sanitary conditions and imposing public buildings the leading cities of the continent are far ahead of New York.

No parallel is found in London, Paris or Berlin to the lavish salaries

paid to officials in New York. With the exception of the Lord Mayor of London, whose position demands the expenditure of large sums, there are no officials in the leading European cities receiving salaries of \$10,000 a year. New York is running over with such officials. Beginning with judges of the Supreme Court, who receive \$17,500 a year, the list includes the Mayor at \$15,000; the Corporation Counsel at \$15,000; Surrogates, \$15,000; County Clerk, \$15,000; Chamberlain, District Attorney, Sheriff and Registrar, \$12,000 each, and so on. With the exception of the President of the United States no officials in

the federal government receive salaries such as are paid to New York's leading officials. The Vice-President is not so well paid, members of Cabinet are not, and Governor of the various States all receive smaller salaries.

Oddly enough, despite this liberality in the matter of salaries authorities do not concede to New York the possession of the best executive, administrative and legislative officials. On the contrary they agree that a better class of officials, obtaining more practical results for the cities they govern, hold public station in foreign cities and perform their work, in a great many instances, with no comparison at all.

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Parks.

Paris.....	172,000 acres
London.....	22,000 acres
Vienna.....	8,000 acres
New York.....	6,000 acres
Berlin.....	5,000 acres
Philadelphia.....	3,000 acres
Chicago.....	2,100 acres

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Some of the Salaries New Yorkers Pay for Being Governed.

Mayor.....	\$15,000
Corporation Counsel.....	15,000
Supreme Court Judges.....	17,500
Surrogate.....	15,000
County Clerk.....	15,000
District Attorney.....	12,000
Register.....	12,000
Sheriff (not including fees).....	12,000
Controller.....	10,000
City Court Judges.....	10,000
Special Sessions Judges.....	9,000
City Magistrates.....	7,000
President Board of Public Improvements.....	8,000
President Department of Taxes.....	8,000

WHAT THE IRISH DID FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The following interesting article from the pen of the Hon. W. J. Onahan, appears in the Chicago Tribune:

It would seem rather late in the day to challenge and bring in question the prominent part the Irish took in the cause of American independence. Their part in it is acknowledged by so many witnesses, is testified to in the records of the revolutionary war, and is supported by so many striking examples in the history of that memorable struggle we may well marvel at the presumption of now calling it in question. And first I will deal with the early Irish emigration to America. The cruel campaign of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland resulted in the transportation "beyond the seas" of some 40,000 to 50,000 Irish. Many of these found refuge in France and Spain, but many thousands, men, women, and children, were sold to the West India planters. These were shipped to the Barbadoes, whence many escaped to the more welcome shores of America.

It was following the revolution of 1688 and during the reign of William of Orange that the most notable emigration from Ireland took place. This was the result of the hostile legislation designed to discourage the Irish manufacturing interests—especially the linen industry, which then flourished in Ireland. By this unfriendly policy it has been estimated that 100,000 operatives were practically driven away from Ireland. The greater number of these, it is believed, were early established in Pennsylvania. That these were not exclusively Presbyterian is shown by the complaint made by William Penn, the Quaker, who, in a letter written in London in 1708, warns his friend, James Logan an Irishman, that "there is a complaint against your government, that you suffer public mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here. In the nomenclature of different townships in Pennsylvania as early as 1730 we find Derry, Donegal, Tyrone, and Coleraine. Moreover, the arrivals at the port of Philadelphia for the year ending December, 1729, are set down as follows:

English and Welsh.....	267
Scotch.....	43
Palatines (Germans).....	343
Irish.....	5,655

The term "Scotch-Irish" seems not then to have been invented. The Irish settlements in Virginia and the Carolinas occurred between 1710 and 1750. Familiar Irish names in these colonies sufficiently attest the influence, if not the predominance, of the early Irish settlers.

I need not refer to Maryland nor to the causes which led to the original Catholic settlements there. The facts are sufficiently well known. Delaware also became the home of numbers of Irish families, as attested by the names found recorded in its early annals. I do not need to quote the lists, since I presume the statement will not be challenged. That the Irish had early found shelter even in the Colony of Massachusetts as demonstrated somewhat strikingly by the fact that in 1737 forty "gentlemen of the Irish nation" residing in Boston formed an association then and ever since known as the "Irish Charitable Society." The preamble, or original declaration of the purpose of the organization, is worth quoting:

"Whereas, several gentlemen, merchants and others of the Irish nation, residing in Boston, in New England, from an affectionate and compassionate concern for their countrymen in these parts, who may be reduced by sickness, shipwreck, or old age, and other infirmities and unforeseen accidents, have thought fit to form themselves into a charitable society for the relief of such of their poor, indigent countrymen, without any design of not contributing towards the provision for the town poor in general as usual."

The general and praiseworthy solicitude thus shown is honorable testimony of the public spirit and charitable motives of the founders.

The original founders of this Boston Irish Society were chiefly Protestants, as is made evident by a clause in the constitution which declares that none but Protestants could be eligible to its offices or committees. Of course Catholics were then under the ban at home and in the colonies.

Irish settlements were formed early in the eighteenth century in Vermont, New Hampshire, and in Maine.

Among these settlements in Maine was an Irish schoolmaster named Sullivan from Limerick, who on his voyage is said to have courted a female fellow-passenger (the girl was a

native of Cork), to whom he was married shortly after his arrival in America. Two sons, the issue of this marriage, afterwards became famous in the civil and military history of the country—General John Sullivan and Governor James Sullivan.

The former was a leader in the first act of armed hostility to England committed in the colonies. In company with John Langdon he led a force against Fort William and Mary near Portsmouth, capturing there 100 barrels of powder, fifteen cannon, together with arms and stores. The powder was afterwards of important use at Bunker Hill.

John Sullivan was a member of the first Continental Congress, and in 1775 was appointed a Brigadier-general. He was employed in the army sent to invade Canada and conducted the retreat of the American forces from that province.

It would require a separate sketch to even briefly outline the important services of General Sullivan in the revolutionary struggle and subsequently in the adoption and ratification of the federal constitution.

In the internal troubles and disorders prevailing in New Hampshire after the war it is acknowledged that he saved the State from anarchy by his "intrepidity and good management."

In like manner his brother James was equally conspicuous in the cause of independence and in the service of his adopted State, Massachusetts. He represented Boston several times in Congress, was elected Judge of the Superior Court, Attorney General of the State, and finally, in 1807 chosen Governor.

Appropos of the Sullivans I must introduce here an anecdote I find at hand:

When Mrs. Sullivan, the mother of the two distinguished characters referred to, was once asked, "Why did you come to America?" she answered: "To raise Governors for them," little dreaming at the same time that she would live to see one of her sons Governor of New Hampshire and another Governor of Massachusetts.

There was still a third son, who however, was no great honor to the family. He was known as "Devil Jim."

This capital story is related of the "Mother of the Sullivans."

Soon after John Sullivan was chosen he determined to give a grand dinner to a number of distinguished guests.

His mother at the time was a member of his family on a visit. Dreading that she would not be equal to the local requirements and dignity of the occasion the Governor concluded it would be best to arrange for her ab-

sence for the dinner.

He broached the matter to the old lady as delicately and diplomatically as he could, but the quick-witted dame instantly understood the real purpose, and soon convinced her son that he had miscalculated the maternal pride of the mother of the Sullivans. "Rising in all the majesty of her Irish wrath—"John Sullivan," she exclaimed, "I have hoed potatoes in the field with the Governor of New Hampshire at my breast, the Governor of Massachusetts at my side, and the devil tugging at my skirts, but never yet have I allowed one of my sons to be ashamed of me. Order 'the chaise and send me home.'"

Apologies or remonstrances were of no avail, and home went Governor Sullivan's mother in all the wrath and majesty of her offended dignity and righteous indignation.

But I have permitted my pen to digress from the purpose and aim I set out to accomplish. That purpose and aim is to demonstrate that the Irish had a considerable—nay, an important—part in the revolutionary struggles, and aided materially in gaining the coveted independence of the American colonies. Of course it would require a volume to deal with the question authoritatively.

I can only offer in a hurried paper like this the briefest reference to authorities and testimony. I do not regard it as material to my present design to show that these Irish champions in the cause of American independence were Protestant or Catholic. "The Tribune" implies that they were principally Presbyterian. I have no objection if the facts justify the conclusion. The question is on the statement put forward by the correspondent of the New York Sun, that the Irish had little or no part in the struggle. It is with this assertion I take issue.

The muster rolls of five companies of the First Regiment of the Pennsylvania line was published a few years ago in the American Historical Register. I regret I cannot at this moment give the exact issue, although I can find it if necessary. Of the 375 men in the ranks 187 were born in Ireland, 117 in America, 33 in England, 27 in Germany, and 11 in Scotland. This is one example. A writer whose books are well known, especially to Chicago readers, Professor William Matthews, in his attractive volume, "Hours with Men and Book," says:

"When our forefathers threw off the British yoke the Irish formed a sixth or a seventh of the whole population, and one-fourth of all the commissioned officers in the army and navy were of Irish descent. The first general of-

ficer killed in battle, the first officer of artillery appointed, the first commodore commissioned, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land were Irishmen, and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the 'Green Isle' espouse the cause of liberty that Lord Mountjoy declared in parliament, 'You lost America by the Irish.' And the writer adds: 'Who were the Carrolls, the Rutledges, the Fitzimmonses, and the McKeanes of the revolution?'

Yes, and he might have added the Reeds, the Thompsons, the Corcorans the Morgans, the Knoxes, the Waynes the Maxwells and innumerable others whose names are ready to my pen and whose Irish birth or lineage is acknowledged. The glorious names of Montgomery, of Moylan, of Barry—"Sawey Jack Barry"—the Sullivans, the O'Briens—these names are indissolubly linked with the war for American independence.

Their services and the important part their countrymen had in the struggle cannot be successfully ignored or minimized.

Washington himself gave public testimony to the value of the services rendered by Catholics in the revolutionary war, as shown in his reply to an address presented to him in the name of the Catholics of the United States, signed by John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Dominick Lynch, Thomas Fitzimmons.

In his reply to the address Washington said: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and patriotism. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government—or the important assistance they received from a nation, in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

The last observation leads me to refer to the large Irish contingent in the French expedition dispatched to aid and co-operate with the American forces.

In the fleet and army under the command of the Count d'Estaing which made an attack upon the city of Savannah, then held by the British, there was a division under the command of Count Arthur Dillon. The American army, which was to co-operate in the assault was led by General Lincoln.

Owing to delay and the lack of necessary concert of action between the French and the American assaulting columns, the attack was repulsed with fearful loss to the allied forces.

the French leaving upwards of 800 killed and wounded and the Americans over 300. The renowned Sergeant Jasper, an Irishman, was killed in the assault on Savannah.

The especially interesting feature of the part the Irish brigade had in this and subsequent operations in aid of America is in the fact that these French-Irish soldiers were sent to America at their own request. At the breaking out of hostilities between France and England the Irish brigades in the French army presented a petition to the War Office asking that they be sent to America to fight the British who were their hereditary enemies.

Dillon's regiment increased to 1000 men, and afterwards 1,400 was first sent out, followed subsequently by the regiments of Walsh and Fermoy.

It would be interesting to trace the career and fortune of these "Irish Volunteers" in the cause of America, but time and a due regard for the other demands on your columns restrain my pen.

The material resources in further illustration of my theme are abundant, but I am confident enough has been presented in this hurried sketch to show that the Irish, far from being an insignificant factor in the struggle for American independence, were, on the contrary, a material and powerful contingent.

I might allude to the significant sympathy with the cause of the colonies shown in Ireland—a fact to which Benjamin Franklin bears testimony, but this communication has already passed much beyond the limits I had originally contemplated.

Your true woodsman needs not to follow the dusty highway through the forest nor search for any path, but goes straight from glade to glade as if upon an open way, having some privy understanding with the taller trees, some compass in his senses. So there is a subtle craft in finding ways for the mind, too. Keep but your eyes alert and your ears quick, as you move among men and among books, and you shall find yourself possessed at least of a new sense, the sense of the pathfinder.

Whoever you may be, whatever station of life you occupy, however adverse may be your surroundings you can earn a right to God's approval. Not every one can have riches, because riches depend largely on laws which man has made; but every one can have heaven. The present time is short, but the future is long. To-day you must work; but do your work well and to-morrow your toil will be rewarded.

A man's character must be founded on truth, and he must have God's Word engrained on his heart. No matter how devoted he may be in other respects, if he is wanting in truth disaster awaits him.

THE ORIGIN OF SCOTCH PLAIDS.

The great popularity of Scotch plaids in dress and other fabrics during this season, and the revival of Celtic forms of decorations in the wood, metal, and stoneworking-crafts, serve to remind us of the fact that the Irish art forms are immortal and that if the whirling of time depresses those forms for a generation, another whirl-brings them uppermost throughout the world. It will surprise many persons, even in the dry goods and upholstery line, to learn that Scotch plaids, so called during the past century, are really Irish plaids, a kind of wool textile fabric that has been made in Ireland for more than two thousand years.

The Rev. Father Daniel Rock, author of "The Church of Our Fathers," "Influences of the Catholic Church on Art," and "The Loyalty of the Irish to Popes," in a history of the textile industries of the world, which he wrote by request of the British Government, and which is now a text book on the subject in all the art schools of the world, states that he saw fragments of the striped and checked woolen fabric, in modern times called Scotch plaids, wrapping the remains of Celts buried at least 1,000 years before the landing of St. Patrick. These fragments were found during the excavation of ancient Celtic burial places. The term Scotch plaid arose when the Venetians and Genoese merchants began to deal in them through their resident wool buyers in Ireland. By the Italians the Irish were called Scotch, and the word plaid is merely a perversion of the word plait.

In a memorial of the ship owners of London, addressed to Parliament in 1335, the petitioners said that the law of the previous year, which deprived the Cistercian monks of the right of sending wool out of the kingdom, had ruined the shipping interests of London, and had driven thousands of carters, horse owners, stable men, weavers and plaiters of Irish plaits to the Hanse towns of the Continent, and that the value of the trade in Irish plaits had supported more than 3,000 persons. The report of the king in council touching this matter has also been preserved, and was recently printed.

By this it is shown that the wool industry, then, as it is to-day, the greatest exporting industry of England, was the creation of the Cistercian monks, who in various parts of the kingdom had induced a turbulent class of men who had lived by hunting fur-bearing animals to engage in pastoral work, and that they had introduced fine breeds of sheep from the Holy Land, Spain, and Italy, which had flourished far beyond their expectations, so that in the course of a century the monks had built up a great continental demand for English wool, which was accounted the best in the world, and that the passage of the law taking the wool trade out of the hands of the Cistercians was for the purpose of hoarding a great store of wool in the kingdom and to the end that Continental workers of wool might be induced to settle in England and establish the making of fine clothes on a large scale; and it was further shown that

the Irish ship owners and merchants engaged in the tin mining and smelting business in Cornwall had grossly and in the most contemptuous manner refused to abide by the laws of parliament, and had at various times and with force of arms prevented the King's master of arms in the discharge of the duty in preventing wool and Irish plaits going beyond seas in Irish ships, which were henceforth deprived of the right of entering in or departing from any port in the kingdom."

The next we hear of Irish in England during that reign is an account of the building of the long range of forts in the vicinity of the tin mines, in Cornwall; these forts, the remains of which may be seen to this day, were all built facing toward the land the sea being undefended. The meaning of this is, that the defences were intended to keep out the King of England's troops. It is a remarkable fact that the Agnus Dei, stamped out every ingot of tin made by the Irish during the thousand years and more in which they possessed that industry in Cornwall, is still used. There has not been a break in its use during all that time. Wherever in the world there is a tin-working or plumber's shop, there the Agnus Dei stamp is seen on Cornish tin. But in trade the brand is called "Lamb and Flag," in allusion to the figure of the Paschal Lamb and banner of the Church, first portrayed in the Catacombs of Rome by the early Christians. A matter of frequent discussion in art circles of late is whether in representations of our Lord on the cross He should be shown, as in the ancient Irish sculptures garbed in a tunic, or in the semi-nude form which has come down to us from the sculptures of the early Christians in Rome.

It seems to be the opinion of the profoundly learned antiquarians that the Irish form of representation is that which is undoubtedly correct. The Irish in the early days of the Church were noted for fidelity to traditions with respect to dress and ornaments of persons of others than Irish race, and the dress worn by Christ in hundreds of Celtic carvings of the time of the labors of the first Christian missionaries in Ireland, is not that of the Irish people, but that of a Roman.

In an early Irish sculpture of the crucifixion, carved during the sixth century, the artist handled the subject in a masterly and dignified manner; the wounds in the hands and the feet are accentuated, but the central thought in the artist's mind was the risen side, where the ghastly incision is shown through the rent in the garment, and the artist made it perfectly clear that the garment is not the seamless garment made by the Blessed Virgin, and which the Roman soldiers cast lots for, by showing that the garment is sewn in many parts, and that it is an old garment cast off probably by one of the soldiers who cast dice for the beautiful robes, woven in one piece by the Mother of Sorrows.—G. Wilfred Peirce, in the Newark Ledger.

Catholicity in North Carolina

By VERY REV. F. FELIX, O.S.B.

July 4, 1584, opens the annals of the history of North Carolina. Sir Walter Raleigh, at the direction of Queen Elizabeth, sent two vessels under the command of Philip Armdas and Arthur, Barlow, to the New World, not, however, to fulfil the pious ambition of a Columbus, to plant salvation upon the virgin soil of America, but acting effectively upon the order of the reigning Tudor, to conquer and appropriate in England's name.

These vessels were driven about the bays and inlets of what is now the Carolina coast, until a landing was effected on Wokokin Island. Here they discovered a friendly tribe of Indians, artless and generous, upon whose chief at a later date, the English Queen conferred the title, "Lord Roanoke." This was the Anglo-Saxons' preface to the great chapters of their history on the new continent.

The visit paid to the amicably disposed roan and their island, was not succeeded by a settlement in this region until the year 1687, when we may speak of the first colony in North Carolina. Religious prosecution had driven men and women into the inhospitable wilderness of the then unbounded state.

The Puritans of Massachusetts, those liberty-loving, God-fearing exiles of the Mother Country, forced the Quakers as far South as Virginia after having mutilated their bodies by revolting, tortures which truthful his-

torians do not hesitate to depict in all their shocking details.

I shall pass over the Palatines founded in this State by Swiss and French Huguenots. The number of those immigrants was barely one thousand. Many of them were massacred by struggles with the Indians, and their homes destroyed. Subsequently English settlers, Scotch Presbyterians, and Lutherans formed communities, and by Colonial legislation, the "Church by Law Established" enjoyed exclusive rights; other religions were permitted, provided they did not interfere with the Episcopal form of worship.

The voluminous Colonial Records of North Carolina give no evidence of any Catholic settlers. Even the names chronicled suggest none that may be suggested of belonging to the true Faith. If there were a few souls, no trace of them can now be discovered. Probably Catholic emigrants feared to share the cruel treatment their co-religionists received in Virginia, where they enjoyed no liberty, were named incompetent to act as witnesses, "in any case whatsoever," and hence were mere slaves to lordly proprietors. There Irish women and children were actually sold as slaves, when under Cromwell seventy thousand sons and daughters of Erin were transferred to the colonies, the greater number, however, being sent to the Barbadoes and Jamaica.

Biaknall's History of North Caro-

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

lina, published in Dublin, 1730, refers to a Catholic settlement in Bath Town, on Pamlico Sound, where a priest was supposed to have resided, but no trace of such an established colony is extant. The absence of any positive law against the Church in the primitive days of the settlements leads one to imagine the non-existence of a necessity for framing such ordinances. Only after the sons of the State had rallied and banded themselves in freedom's cause, to which the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (of which the Carolinians are justly proud) gave an impulse, laws detrimental to the Catholic Church were enacted; in fact, no early constitution of any State, except Massachusetts, equalled that of North Carolina in animosity towards those professing that belief—"any man who shall deny the existence of God or the truth of the Protestant religion, or the divine authority of the Old and New Testament, shall not hold any office in this State."

These difficulties naturally deterred conscientious Catholics from seeking an asylum within these hostile borders. Later and present perplexities will be mentioned as we proceed.

Research proves that the torch of Catholicity was first lighted in the little town of Newbern. In 1774, Gerard and Joseph Sharpe, two English gentlemen, were extensively engaged in commercial pursuits in this town. They were visited that year by their sister, Margaret, a devout, pious Catholic woman of strong intellectual acquirements and an equally intense attachment to her faith. Though far away from the consolation of the Church, she was not shaken in her belief, and by her example kept alive the smouldering flame of faith in her brothers' bosoms.

In May, 1775, she married Dr. Alexander Gaston, a native of Ballynini, Ireland, a graduate of the medical College of Edinburgh, and a surgeon in the English navy, a position which he resigned to sail for the North American provinces. He settled in Newbern, where, after a few years' residence, during which he practised his profession, he married Margaret Sharpe. Her two brothers had died and her husband was shot by Tories commanded by Major Craig of the British army, in August, 1781, whilst attempting his escape in a canoe across the river Trent. Mrs. Gaston was then left entirely alone in America with a young son and infant daughter dependent upon her. Too strong to shrink amid these disasters, supported by religion and energy of character, she met the exigencies of the hour with fortitude, and made the education of her son the grand object of her existence.

Upon his susceptible childish character she stamped her own exquisite sensibility, high integrity, and above all her religion, thus fashioning his volatile and sometimes irritable temperament in her own perfect mould. She knew he might be of use to his God and country; therefore he was reared for these two great ends.

William Gaston received his education in that bulwark of learning, where his name is immortalized. "Few institutions in America can boast of having matriculated a man of higher intellectual attainments and more spotless character," wrote Stephen B.

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Weeks, of John Hopkins University. Mrs. Gaston lived to see her son loved by his fellow-citizens, honored by his State, and promoting the cause of God's Holy Church, so that the very name of Gaston was sufficient to dispel the pulp defamations of would-be religious ministers. By his eloquence he succeeded in having the constitution of his State amended so as not to exclude Catholics from office. His mother died at Newbern full of days, blessed with temporal possessions, but more glorified for preserving the pearl of religion in a hostile State, and after giving the same trust to her son, departed to God to receive her reward.

In time Newbern became the residence of other Catholics, Francis Lamotte, a refugee of the French Revolution, two other French gentlemen, Francis Xavier Martin, author of a history of North Carolina bearing his name, Mr. Gillet and wife and Mr. William Joseph Williams, formerly a respectable Episcopal clergyman and a convert to Catholicity.

Rt. Rev. John England visited the town for the first time in 1821, remained eight days, preached each night in the court house, and celebrated Mass every morning in Hon. William Gaston's house. He organized the little congregation, and erected Newbern into an ecclesiastical district under the invocation of St. Paul. This may be considered as the opening of the Catholic Missions in North Carolina.

From this year, Bishop England paid frequent visits, baptizing, confirming preaching, and in 1824 appointed Rev. Francis O'Donoghue, missionary for the entire State, with Newbern as his residence.

The vestry met on June 24 of the same year for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a site for a Church. The foundation was soon laid and the church finished, but owing to the death of Bishop England, in 1841, was not blessed until his successor Dr. Reynolds, paid his first visit in 1844, placing it under the patronage of St. Paul.

The death of Judge Gaston, January 19, 1844, affected the interests of the little church materially, so that its pastor, Father Quigly, was obliged to solicit contributions from other cities. Bishop Reynolds continued to visit Newbern carrying on the good work; converts increased, and the congregation was now fully organized. Yet the death of Judge Gaston would long be felt.

Judge Gaston was also the founder of the first Catholic colony in the western part of the State, in a county named after him "Gaston," which now forms the centre of Catholicity in the State. He composed the stirring lyric so dear to the hearts of Carolinians, a stanza of which will suffice to show the trend of its verses and convey an idea of the love that gave it birth:

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing attend her.
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her;
Tho' scorners may sneer at, and wittingly defame her,
Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good old North State!

At the present writing the church at Newbern is in a flourishing condition. Extensive improvements have been made by the present pastor, who, together with an assistant, labors energetically for the propagation of religion and the education of white and colored children. As a number of prominent colored people reside in the town, a school has been recently erected for their accommodation, and a church, both places under the patronage of St. Charles. The result has been very gratifying.

Edenton, a mission attended by the priests of Newbern, was inaugurated in 1857, when three young graduates of St. Joseph's Academy, Edinburg, who were converts to the Faith conceived the idea of building a church in their home. The twelve Catholics of the place were compelled to worship in a small room in one of

their houses, and forced to be satisfied with an annual visit from some good old missionary. Without a farthing in their pockets, the young girls commenced the great work among Protestants of every persuasion, nothing daunted by the refusal of the visiting priest to assist in the project, lest failure be the ultimate issue.

Applying to her Protestant father one of the girls received \$100 and a promise of a site for a church. A trip to Baltimore followed and an appeal to Archbishop Kenrick, whose answer, as he placed a twenty dollar gold piece in her hand, deserves to be recorded: "Go, my little apostle, with my abundant blessing; you will succeed with the help of God. Be sure, my child, to put all insults in your heart and the money in your pocket."

Returning home with \$585.50, the work was commenced and continued by the young women, who translated French works, taught music and, through the post solicited donations in the United States and Europe. Father Faber of the Oratory of St. Philip, Prince Hohenlohe, and even the great Cardinal Antonelli, helped them. Bishop Lynch of Charleston laid the corner stone on the feast of St. Anne, and to whose care it was entrusted, and the occasion was made memorable by his eloquent discourse.

Surmounting innumerable obstacles, these persevering converts prayed the humble church to completion, and on July 26th, 1858, the first Mass was celebrated in Edenton in a house really dedicated to God's service. On that happy morn as the congregation knelt at the altar to receive the Bread of Life, as the priest advanced with uplifted Host, a beautiful white dove flew in through the window and hovered over the middle of the sanctuary until the priest returned to the altar.

The church gained converts and thrived until the Civil War, when it became the barracks of soldiers and everything of value was stolen or sold at auction among them. From this deplorable condition it has been rescued, rededicated, and brighter days have dawned for the little church of St. Anne.

This very interesting article which we take from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart will be continued in a future issue.

A LAND PURCHASE BILL FOR IRELAND.

Rev. Father Boylan, writing from Crosserlough, Ballyjamesduff, Co. Cavan, to the Dublin Freeman, says:

I hope you will kindly permit me to address a few words to my fellow-countrymen upon a good Land Purchase Bill that would place the rights of Irishmen once and for ever upon an imperishable basis, a Bill that would—1st, diminish the tenant's present rent; secondly, would even diminish that rent every ten years; and thirdly, would sweep away the whole rent in 49 years; a Bill that, by rooting the Irishman in the soil, would materially diminish an emigration that drains the elements of wealth, power and greatness of Ireland, and pours those life-giving sustaining streams of energy and valor into another land. Our first principle should be that the people ought to remain at home. A man born and bred to manhood is capital to his country, his health, his strength, his intellect, his gain, his industry, his advantage. You may have prosperity with men but you cannot have it without them. Of what use is it to multiply articles if you have not the people to buy and use them? Secure a good Land Purchase Bill, give every tenant in Ireland a chance of buying out his farm for ever at a reasonable figure, and you stimulate that self-reliance and self-respect from which spring the powers of energy and enterprise, the mighty, the only, elements of national greatness.

Extend your gaze, beyond the Irish horizon, look at the countries where the farmers have bought out their farms for ever—the small proprietor of Flanders prospers on his sandy soil, for his tenure is secure; the Belgian peasant thrives upon his little farm, for it is his own; happy is Switzerland with its thrifty people, who are masters of the narrow patches on their mountain sides, while the eternal snows are not able to bid defiance to the encroachments of their industry. I was in Belgium, and visited the home of a small farmer, and as a proof of what self-reliance can do, self-reliance inspired by the thought that it is his own family and his descendants for ever will reap the fruit of his labor, that whilst he held only eight acres of land, he had six cows, abundance of oats and potatoes, and the clover on his field was at least four feet high. And now, if this great question were settled, would it not serve the landlord himself? First, he would have his in-

come regularly paid from the Funds, and be sure of it; secondly, would never again have to depend on a good or a bad season; thirdly, never again feel the pain of serving an ejectment process; and lastly, he would be surrounded by a wall of brass by the sincere respect and blessings of the people for bringing freedom and independence to their firesides.

The cause of Ireland was never stained by one tinge of that Communism which, from time to time, has given such trouble on the Continent. The people of Ireland have a natural respect for rank and class. A gentry who discharge their duties are an honor to a country, they are the capitals of the columns that so nobly support the dome of social edifice, but in consulting now-a-days for the security and strength of the social edifice we look to the solidity and depth of the foundations, and not merely to the grace and height of its ornamental pillars. The class that digs out food for all should be regarded as the heart of the nation; and then let the blood of prosperity flow from the heart warmly and evenly throughout all the veins and arteries of the whole social system. In every noble effort for his country, I hope, will prove himself the friend of all, without any distinction of creed, color, or clime. The Catholic clergy will ever teach the people respect for authority, for government, and for law, but they will teach them at the same time that the star-gemmed hand that traced the old Law on the Tables of Stone has written no decalogue for despotism, has written for it no promise of perpetuity of rule and sovereignty like that decreed to the sons of Abraham.

We shall never give up the cause of the dear old land until we re-establish upon the soil of Ireland the Irish people, and make it for them a possession and, and an inheritance by buying out their farms for ever, and thus become a solid body of men, as God has moulded them, living by the sweat of brow and brain and advancing to prosperity and honor by the appointed paths of industry and religion. But to carry this great question we must have a united, and sturdy agitation. Let each man feel that upon his own individual effort all depends; drops of water these efforts may be, but they will float the Irish vessel of tenant independence into the happy harbor of success. Every government has to yield to external pressure. The Duke of Wellington was asked by an Englishman why did he as Prime Minister of England consent to emancipate the Catholics of Ireland. He answered—"I consented for the very best reason in the world, because I couldn't help it. I used every plan, every effort to heat back the swelling tide of public opinion, but all in vain, every succeeding wave increased in strength and in volume. I said 'No' to the last, and I never said 'Yes, until the spray dashed upon my forehead."

SOON LEFT HER.

"I was taken with a swelling in my feet and limbs. I was not able to walk for four months. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle. Before I had taken it all the swelling left me. I took three bottles of Hood's and have not been troubled with swelling since." Rebecca Seever, Chatham, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable, sure. 25c.

DATES OF BIG INVENTIONS.

The air brake was invented by Westinghouse, 1874; the torpedo, by Bushnell, 1777; watch, by Peter Hele, 1477; thermometer, by Drebel, 1609; telescope, by Lippersheim, 1608; printing, by Gansleish, 1438; microscope, by Jansen, 1509; cotton gin, by Eli Whitney, 1793; lithography, by Senefelder, 1798; lighting rods, by Franklin, 1752; gun powder, by Schwartz, 1320; balloon, by Montgolfier, 1783; barometer, by Torricelli, 1643.

(Communications from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of patents and exports, New York Life Building, Montreal.)

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

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The Chivalry of To-Day.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times)

Oh! the pity of it, that the triumphal chords and swelling harmonies of the Wedding March should every become transfigured into a noisy jingle of jarring discords. Oh! the pity of it, that out of the home peace and good will, just pride and deep affection, mutual resolve and high endeavor should steal away, like the players of a farwell symphony, until only an intolerable drumming is left. Every woman imagines she is marrying an Ivanhoe, and when she finds (or think she does) that it is Hamlet she has wedded, a man wrapped up in gloomy self-analysis infirm of purpose and careless of his mate, a man of words rather than of deeds, then it is that the music commences to change in tone and character; then it is that the jingle begins which ends at best in silence. Readers of romance, will, of course, remember that the clear blue eye of Lady Rowena seemed capable to kindle as well as to melt, to command as well as to beseech. It is unfortunate when it all turns to kindle, when it takes to invective and reproach, when it forgets to melt and scorns to beseech. Ivanhoe is never in the saddle now, and his old war-cry "Des'dichado! Des'dichado!" is for ever silent. He wins no more tournaments, and is unmoved by the herald's shout that death is better than defeat. The audience has gone away, each man having his own axe to grind, each woman her own bonnet to trim. The flag no longer floats upon the tower. Life, once "joyeux" and joyeuse, has become deadly dull. It seems superfluous the trouble for the blood to continue to circulate. Chivalry and romance have retired within the precincts of the lending libraries. Hamlet the thinker, Hamlet who meets trouble half way and makes it his only friend has displaced Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the man of simple "devoir," the man who is a worthy work to do and did it.

Luckily it is not everywhere that one can hear this jingle, but in every street there is an unlucky number, and it there you may listen for the note of discontent. We are not going to pretend to be impartial, we frankly take sides with Lady Rowena and maintain that it is a pity that the prose of life, its needs and daily cares should be allowed to kill out its poetry and early aspirations. It is not of course, the disappearance of the swash-buckler and circus element of Ivanhoe's career which we deplore. But in him there is no personal swagger. He was ever the gentle knight; untiring in courtesy and obedience, terrible in battle, and filled with the similitude of faith which seems out of fashion in these days. He is the Chevalier Bayard of England, and our youth still love his name. It needs only that they should remember that while the fashion of chivalry must alter with the age its reality is ever the same.

There is chivalry and romance in the present pilgrimage of peace which is led by the Czar of all the Russias; and in every country there is a call for recruits! It is a war against standing armies and menace, against navies and the destruction which they threaten, and the battle-cry is peace. There was little generosity in Hamlet, and he never clearly saw the plain path of duty. Scruples, weighing of motives, suspicions, and reprisals made up his day, and he would never have become a soldier of the Czar.

The Prince of Wales too, is leading a forlorn hope. A national society has been formed for the total suppression of tuberculosis, and the Prince has boldly placed himself at the head of it. Cattle plague has been stamped out, and we want to stamp out consumption. In an article which we published in the middle of October we gave figures showing that while the mortality from consumption is still something frightful, it is only half what it was fifty years ago, and that now is the moment that when by a united effort it may be driven out of the island. Subsoil drainage, re-building of insanitary houses, and the bettering of the conditions of labor have done much. But more remains.

The unrestricted traffic in unwholesome and impure spirits will have to stop. Consumptives must no longer be crowded into stuffy houses and city hospitals. Sanatoria will have to be built in the country by the municipal authorities, and consumptive patients who are still young and have a good expectation of life ought to be sent to Egypt.

It is to Egypt our wealthy send their consumptive sons and daughters, and it is there that our poor must go. A fair percentage of them will be cured—of that there can be no doubt—and many of these will elect to stay in the country, which has been their

salvation, and will help to spread modern thought and modern ways in the Valley of the Nile. Here then is a project full of romance, requiring aid not of purse, but of counsel and encouragement.

In order that it may succeed it must have public opinion in its favor. Public money will have to be spent, and the public must signify their consent. In all parts of the country, committees are to be established for the discussion of ways and means by which tuberculosis of lung and limb may be stamped out. It is within the competence of anyone to join and to help. Ivanhoe may keep a shop, but he will not be obliged to leave it in order to assist this project. Or he may be Lord Mayor or Alderman—it matters not what he is; his assistance is asked for.

This is a tournament in earnest which all may join. And it is not only disease that is now to be fought against. Lord Iveagh has inaugurated for the rebuilding of the slums of our cities by his recent munificent donation to the city of Dublin. It must not be forgotten that our large cities are almost entirely the product of free trade, that they have grown up within the recollection of a single generation, and that entirely new problems of poverty have arisen with them. The rights of labor have still to be gained and maintained. The sailor has still to receive compensation when he is injured in the hard service of his master. And the society has still to be protected from the rapacity of the unscrupulous company promoter.

The New Year is upon us, and already its work is thrust upon it. We want to enter the next century with as clean hands as may be. Not in this world shall all tears be wiped away, but while one shred of romance remains in us we mean to do our best. It is in association and not in isolation that this work must be done. To right the wrong requires the patience and strength of a band of workers. To sigh for the romance of the swash-buckler is idlesse. Lady Rowena must forget the past. Her clear blue eye must melt at the poverty and helplessness of the poor of the present day. It must beseech those who have learnt self-restraint to teach it to those who have not. Thrift, a virtue which the rich may have to excess, must be taught to the poor, and fair-play must be impressed upon both. Such is the chivalry of to-day, such the music that will never jingle or grow silent.

AN AMERICAN LAWYER'S SUCCESS

Two or three years ago an important railroad case involving the interests of a number of clients was being heard before a judge in Boston. Nine attorneys were engaged, one of them being a "country lawyer" from Ohio. The latter, after saying "Good morning" to the judge and the other attorneys, took a seat in an obscure corner of the court-room to await developments. The other attorneys were all eminent in the profession and were known to each other. They had never heard of the "country lawyer," from Ohio, and as the case progressed they ignored him and conferred together to protect the various interests which they represented and at the expense of the interest represented by the one man. So little impression did he make and so little knowledge did he appear by his silence to have of the case, that they began to joke about the sorry appearance he was presenting. Among those present as a spectator was Chas. W. Fairbanks, United States Senator for Indiana. The eight attorneys invited Senator Fairbanks to lunch with them, he being looked upon as a neutral party. During the luncheon frequent humorous allusions were made to the "country lawyer" representing the other side. After awhile Senator Fairbanks remarked: "Gentlemen, I have had a good deal of experience with country lawyers and have learned not to despise them. Your conduct of this case is, of course, not my affair, but I advise you to be on your guard, for if that country lawyer over there in the corner of the court room wakes up he is likely to give you trouble. I kept my eye on him this morning and I have come to the conclusion that he knows his business."

The distinguished lawyers laughed in derision, and when at the close of the day, the "country lawyer" was found to be still apparently indifferent to the movements of his opponents, they taunted the senator with his manifest misjudgment of this man. The "country lawyer" said nothing bearing on the case for four days. He simply listened. When his opponents had completely disclosed their plans and had irrevocably committed themselves to a certain line of action, the "country lawyer" interposed a few objections in the interest of his client which were sustained, and so conducted his case afterward that his opponents were not only overruled but were soon quarreling among themselves. Singly and together they found they were no match for him and he won his case.

This "country lawyer" is now one of the most renowned diplomats. He

was William R. Day, ex-secretary of state and chairman of the United States peace commission. He is still a quiet man, but the representatives of the nations of the world have found that, as Senator Fairbanks said, he knows his business.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS AND SMALLPOX.

able shouters for religion when there is anything to be gained by the shouting; but where there is real danger that tries men's souls they are not infrequently conspicuous in their absence. Last week we recorded a Protestant tribute to the conduct of Bishop McSherry in visiting the lazaretto at Port-Elizabeth, South Africa, and risking his life in comforting and consoling the small-pox patients. This week we have to record the death of Father Chamard, an Oblate priest, who with equal devotion to duty tended small-pox patients in the lazaretto at Johannesburg till his health was ruined through inhaling the poisonous atmosphere. At the same time the Protestants of Port Elizabeth are raising a cry against their clergy who are strangely retiring in such cases where there is any danger or even slight inconvenience. Two men named Smith and Dawson, who were members of the Church of England, succumbed to small-pox, and it appears there was not a single Protestant minister to perform the funeral rites. "It can scarcely be a matter of surprise," writes "Church of England," in the Port Elizabeth Daily Telegraph, "that the clergy of Port Elizabeth have failed to gain respect of the public." Certainly not when they shirk their duty in the hour of peril.—Catholic Times Liverpool.

BEQUESTS OF A MILLIONAIRE TO CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

The news comes from Trenton, N. J., that in the will of Colonel Daniel Morris of Atlantic City, was probated at May's Landing several days ago, many charitable bequests are made.

To Bishop McFaul, of that city, is devised \$90,000 for charitable purposes and \$40,000 to found a home for the aged. To St. Michael's Orphan Asylum for boys, at Hopewell, which he built and to which he gave \$50,000 during his lifetime, is left \$25,000. St. Joseph's Home, Beverly, gets \$10,000. St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, New Brunswick, \$5,000, and St. Francis' Hospital, Trenton, \$5,000.

The testator also left \$5,000 to establish a scholarship for the diocese; \$10,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, of Philadelphia, and \$32,000 more is divided among nine Catholic hospitals and orphan asylums in Philadelphia.

Colonel Morris, who was seventy-nine years old, and a bachelor, died at his home, in Atlantic City, on Dec. 21st last. He surveyed the first railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, and laid out the plan and streets of the latter. He once had a fortune of about \$1,000,000, most of which he gave away to charitable institutions and objects during his life.

To twelve nephews and nieces he left \$1,000 each. Col. Morris built for an organization of young men known as the Morris Guards, an armory.

WHEN THE CENTURY BEGINS.

Quite a number of people will live through this year 1899 under the fond persuasion that they are witnessing the last of the nineteenth century, remarks our esteemed contemporary, The Northwest Review. Countless newspaper hints and innumerable advertisements, all taking for granted that the 99th year of this century is its last, keep up the curious delusion. One hardly knows how to account for such a manifest blunder. It ought to be plain as a pikestaff that 1900 is the hundredth year of the nineteenth century and that the century is not complete till its hundredth year is over. The mistake may perhaps have arisen from a confusion between cardinal and ordinal numbers. People forget that Jan. 1st, '99 is only the first day of the 99th year, which though it be labelled 99 (i. e. the 99th year) for a twelve month, will not be completely and truly 99 years till Dec. 31st is finished. Similarly, a centenarian enters upon his hundredth year as soon as the 99th is completed but he is not really a hundred years old till his hundredth year is ended. This era will be 1900 years old just as the clock strikes midnight between Dec. 31, 1900 and Jan. 1, 1901.

Paris has been struck by "When does the twentieth century begin?" fever. Emmanuel Arène, the witty writer on the Figaro, says he dined at a house a few nights ago where nothing else was discussed from eight o'clock until midnight than this question. In the observatory, which has been dragged into the quarrel, has decided that the new century begins in the year 1901. This has struck dismay into the hearts of those who thought to inaugurate the twentieth century with the gigantic exposition, whereas they find they only showing out the nineteenth century.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

At a recent meeting of the Society of the Preventive of Consumption held in London, Eng., at which the Prince of Wales presided, Sir, William Broadbent, in referring to the need of a society said:—

"The isolation and cure of those suffering is the very best and most efficient preventive measure, since a consumptive patient once lodged in a sanatorium ceases to be a focus from which the disease spreads. Your Royal Highness has visited Falkenstein, and can bear witness to the provision there made for

the open-air treatment of phthisis, and of the success which attends it. Your Royal Highness may, therefore, well reproach us for lagging behind Germany in a matter of such importance. America also is in advance of this country, but it is only lately that the medical profession here has been convinced that the open-air treatment of consumption could be successfully carried out in this country. We have thought it necessary to send our patients on long voyages, or to the South of France, or to the germ-tree atmosphere of the high Alps. Now, however, experience gained in such diverse parts of the country as Edinburgh, Norfolk, and Ireland, to say nothing of the different winter resorts on the south-coast, has demonstrated that most satisfactory results can be obtained at home. The chance of recovery, formerly the privilege of the favored few, is thus open to all classes of the community. The associations, therefore, will advocate the erection of a sanatoria for every large centre of the population."

THE DEBT TO MOTHER.

Mothers live for their children; make self-sacrifice for them and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the mother is the sweetest in the human language. And yet sons youthful and aged know but little of the anxiety the sleepless nights and painful solitude which their mothers have spent over thoughtless waywardness. These loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony un-tilted. As the mother watches or prays in the privacy of her closet she weighs well the words that she will address to her son in order to lead him to manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the grief and dreadful fears which beset her soul. She will warn him trembling lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheerful love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy or successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character and virtue and purity were so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes or advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness and yet he will part from her at the tomb with the debt to her not half discharged. — Le Couteux Leader.

BILL DALY'S WOODEN LEG.

William Daly, the racehorse owner, better known as "Father Bill," is often the victim of practical jokes on the racetracks, but frequently gets off a little joke himself, and whenever he does it usually pays. His latest attempt in this line occurred during the fall meeting of the Aqueduct track, and he won \$25 from a stranger who failed to recognize in a dusty, seedy-looking man "Father Bill." One of Bill's horses pulled up lame after a gallop, and as the colored boy jumped from his back Daly sent the boy to the stable for a pail of hot water. The boy returned, and Daly was about to put the horse's foot into the steaming hot water when the stranger stepped up. He looked on until the foot was finally shoved into the pail. Then he began to call Daly names because Daly was cruel to the horse.

Father Bill went on bathing the lame foot, but as the stranger broke out afresh he stopped in his work, and looking up said: "Sure the water isn't hot at all."

"Yes, it is," yelled the stranger. "You're a brute, and it would serve you just right to have your foot stuck in there."

Daly was quiet for a moment and then he said: "I'll show you that it doesn't hurt by putting in my own foot."

"Bet you \$25 you won't?" said the stranger. "You're too much of a coward or you wouldn't treat a dumb animal that way."

"Take that, Bill. Bet him," shouted the colored stable boy who stood by.

"Well, put up your money," said Daly with a sly wink at the stable boy, which the stranger didn't see, for he was busy counting out the money. The colored boy held the stakes, and a fresh pail of steaming hot water was brought. Daly then pulled up his trousers and plunged in his foot. The water reaching almost to his knee.

"My God!" screamed the stranger, as Daly drew his foot out with a smile. "What are you made of?"

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Daly "but the leg is wood."—New York Sun.

In actual life a point is soon reached when one must depend almost entirely on himself for guidance. The path is full of stones, ruts, pitfalls, and mud. Briars beset it; diverging paths perplex one; precipices and cliffs confront one unexpectedly, and well beaten roads, which lead through fields of daisies and other pretty but worthless weeds, tempt the weary and the weak. Then there are the marshes and the forests where there are no paths at all, and where insects or wild beasts harass the struggler and make progress difficult and dangerous. Sooner or later in his progress through life, every man must

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THE BEST

face a determined resistance. Whether he can overcome it or not no one can decide but himself.

BEING EVEN WITH THE LAWYER.

A lawyer was sitting in his office the other week, when a stranger appeared at the door and said "Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"

"Yes, sir, next door."

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed:

"Smith seems to be out."

"Of course he is. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you."

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned the next day and inquired of the lawyer—

"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"

"Oh, about a pound."

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away, when the lawyer said—

"My fee, please."

"I haven't a halfpenny to pay you."

"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir!"

A VERY SANITARY HOUSE.

Japan has long rejoiced in earthquake-proof houses, and now we hear of an abode in Yokohama which possesses the unique distinction of being microbe proof. It is said to have been erected by an eminent German bacteriologist, who hopes by its aid to avoid all the ills to which human flesh is heir so far as they are due to zymotic causes. The house is built of glass bricks, so that there is no need for windows, and the doors when closed are perfectly air-tight. Ventilation is brought about by air being forced into the building through cotton-wool filters, and in case this treatment does not rob it of its bacteria, the air is further driven against glycerine-coated plates of glass. Of course when the door of this strange domicile is opened to admit visitors armies of air-borne microbes must come in too; but the sunlight which plays around the rooms will soon kill off these. We doubt whether this glass-case and cotton-wool treatment of human beings will bring any substantial advantage to the experimenters, and we should decidedly prefer a healthy, open-air life, microbes and all.—Chamber's Journal.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful by words.

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A.O.H.—Division No. 5.

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Applicants for membership or any other particulars of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:
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J. H. FEELY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooke St. E.
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