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Vol. LVII Senate Reading Room

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Interesting Sketch of Daniel O'Connell.

The literary correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in a letter on Daniel O'Connell, Mary Wollstonecraft and Alexander Wilson—"three agitators each in his own way, and all filled with that peculiar new wine of the closing years of the eighteenth century—the French Revolution period," writes as follows of the Liberator:

Daniel O'Connell was growing up to manhood in those fermenting years, and narrowly escaped being drawn into the vortex of the great whirlpool in which so much European culture was for a while swallowed up.

He had been partly educated in France, no suitable education for a Catholic being then provided in Ireland, where O'Connell was born in August, 1775, at Carhen, in County Clare, but near Kerry, where the Clan Connell were numerous, as were the McCarthys, cousins of the O'Sullivans, of whom came the Sulivans of New Hampshire and Maine. It was a wild and lonely region where O'Connell spent his childhood, safe for the most part from the oppression and espionage of the English governors of Ireland. Derryman, in Kerry, where much of his life was passed, is a house sheltered behind mountains to the north and west, and not far from a bay of the Atlantic.

At the age of 15 he was sent across the water to St. Omar's to be taught by the Jesuits in Latin, Greek and French and after a year or two he was changed to Douay, which he left in 1793, and completed his education in Ireland, until he went to London in 1795, and began the study of law, which he pursued alternately in England and Ireland, though intending to practice chiefly at the Irish bar.

The Journal, here printed for the first time, began in London late in 1795, was continued in Chiswick and Dublin, and finally ended in 1802, but there are not many entries after 1798, the year of the great Irish uprising. Before beginning his quotations, the editor, Arthur Houston of Dublin, who remembers once seeing him, gives this account of O'Connell's person and voice:

His frame was vigorous, his figure tall and erect. He was broad-shouldered and deep-chested; he had a well-set head. In face he was extremely comely. The features were at once soft and manly; the countenance was national in outline (by which he seems to mean that the nose turned up, as his mother's surely did), and the expression open and confident. He had bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking. To these natural gifts was added that priceless one, a marvelous voice, powerful, leonine, sonorous, penetrating, melodious,—capable of expressing every shade of human feeling; of speaking in the smallest assembly, in the smallest room, in tones adapted to its limits, or of reaching the farthest extremity of an open-air meeting of hundreds of thousands of people.

Dr. Houston then cites from Dullwer's "New Timon" the passage (best in the poem) that Wendell Phillips always quoted with rich effect in his fine oration on O'Connell:

Once to my sight the giant form was given,
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flowed into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent the sound
E'en to the center of the hosts around.
And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell;
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
It glided easy, as a bird might glide.
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went.

It was this orator in formation that the Journal describes by its ingenious entries, seldom vainglorious, more often self-condemnatory, but usually noting only his readings and the personal characteristics of those he met. He was in boarding-houses, where he saw both sexes, or else he went into society, and notes what occurred.

The very first entry concerns slavery (December, 1795): "I met De Vigner to-day. He is about to go off to St. Domingo. He told me that the emancipated French negroes were tired of liberty; that they wished for, nay, called for their ancient slavery. I will not detail the causes which, according to him, have stirred up this unnatural hatred of liberty in the bosoms of men who certainly experienced few of the sweets of despotism. I have enough of nonsense of any own."

Forty years afterward, when someone suggested to him that Irish repeal and American antislavery were two weak causes that ought not in common prudence be united, O'Connell said: "No such thing; virtues are gregarious, and so far from being weakened, these measures will gain strength by being combined."

And when some Cincinnati "dough-faces" defended slavery because "the very odor of the negro is almost insufferable to the white," O'Connell replied, "The negroes would certainly smell as sweet, at least, when free as they do now, being slaves."

Among those at his boarding-house in Chiswick was a Mrs. Hunter, from Rhode Island, whom he praises for beauty, good sense, knowledge of the world and politeness, and for agreeable and genteel manners. He also met there Arthur Murphy, the author, and describes him well.

On the whole, this journal is ingenious and sensible, and will raise the good opinion of O'Connell among men.

The Church and Science.

Dr. James J. Walsh, professor of the history of medicine in Fordham university, New York, writes as follows in the New York Evening Post: I find it rather amusing to have you take so seriously as you do in an editorial of Thursday last, Andrew D. White's book, "The History of the Warfare of Science and Theology in Christendom," as showing that the Catholic Church was constantly opposed to the development of science. Nothing shows more clearly the superficiality of more education than that this supposed contribution to history from the president of one of our large universities should for so many years have been taken as authoritative even by those who are presumed to be sure of their authorities.

Every advance in critical history of the medieval period has contradicted some of President White's assertions. I can speak with confidence for my own department, that of medical history. President White asserts that there is a Papal bull forbidding dissection. The bull he quotes does not forbid dissection, but prohibits a practice—that of cutting up the bodies of the dead and boiling them in order to transport them to long distances, which any modern sanitary authority would at once condemn. Four centuries and a half after the issuance of that bull one of the Popes, Benedict XIV., was asked if it applied to dissection. He pronounced that it did not. In the meantime, there had been a Papal medical school at Rome for over four centuries, and for two centuries of that time the greatest teachers in anatomy that ever lived did their work in this Papal medical school. The list of professors of anatomy in Rome includes such names as Eustachius Varolius, Columbus, Caesalpinus, Aranzi, Malpighi, and Lancini. With the exception of Vesalius and Harvey these are the greatest names in the history of anatomy. They did their work at Rome, yet President White says that "dissection was a sin against the Holy Ghost."

President White quotes a bull which is supposed to forbid chemistry. The text of the document shows that what it really forbade was the fraud of pretending to make gold and silver, which was the gold brick industry of the middle ages. The Pope (John XXII.) who issued this bull founded three medical schools, and required that the course in them should be seven years, three for preparatory study and four for professional work. The history of chemistry shows that there was no hindrance to chemical development by the ecclesiastical regulation and that the great names in the science that preceded modern chemistry are all ecclesiastics and many of them saints.

President White declares that because of an ecclesiastical decree forbidding surgery to monks and ecclesiastics "for over a thousand years surgery was considered dishonorable and the greatest monarchs were unable to procure an ordinary surgical operation." It was not until 1406, according to him, because of the decree of a German emperor, that surgery was no longer looked upon as dishonorable. As a matter of fact, the two centuries preceding the year 1406, represent the greatest period in the history of surgery, except the nineteenth century, of which we have any record. The amount of progress made by surgeons at this time is simply marvelous. The father of modern surgery, so-called, Guy de Chauliac, was a member of the Papal household during this period. He is responsible for much more devoted attention to anatomy and especially to dissection, than had been the case before.

Von Toepfli, who wrote the article on the History of Anatomy in Puschmann's "Handbuch der Geschichte der Medizin" (Pflafer, Jena, 1903), the latest authority on the subject says (p. 226) "that while it was the custom of older writers to picture the history of the development of anatomy as to make it seem that the Papal court had always been opposed to it, as a matter of fact, they placed scarcely any hindrance in the way, but, on the contrary, fostered anatomy in every way." He then gives a list of some dozen Popes, each of whom did something to further the study of anatomy.

Those who think that the Popes were ever opposed to medical science in any way should obtain a list of the Papal physicians from the beginning of the thirteenth century down to our own time. There are more important names in the history of the science of medicine on that list than in any other set of names that are commemorated by any school. The faculty of no medical school at any university is as distinguished in the history of medicine as the Papal physicians. The very best way to foster and encourage progress of science is to honor and incidentally give proper emoluments to the great workers in science, and this was what the Popes did in medicine. Until comparatively modern times medicine included most

Heard in Keltic Brittany.

A sermon was preached in a French church a few days ago which must have been a remarkable one. The theme of an orator and the substance of his oratory are minor factors in the final summing up of an oration, compared with the effect upon the audience. Therefore the sermon, of which I did not understand three words, was a great

Two men sat in a village church in Brittany in the same plight—a foreigner and a Frenchman. But only one enjoyed himself. All that was spoken was gibberish to both. But the foreigner discarded all thought of the language that sounds as if it had been invented by a hare-lipped man afflicted with chronic hoarseness.

It was enough to watch the speaker, as earnest as Savoranola must have been, and almost as ugly; to see the women fold their arms and rock back and forward with their eyes vacant and their lips pinched in mute sympathy; to see the big, weather-beaten, stolid-looking, sea-faring men clench their fists or grip the edges of the benches and swear silently to themselves, if ever I saw men swear. It was not a big church nor a big congregation. But it was worth while being there.

I do not think that the other man who did not understand was favorably impressed. He seemed distinctly uncomfortable and uneasy. He was the sort of Frenchman that you elbow in every provincial town—ponder of saucer than of exercise; prosperous in his business, to which he devotes three hours a day, while six are allotted to settling the fate of nations in his favorite cafe during the degustation of certain "aperitifs" and liqueurs and coffee "in the glass" or in cups, so well scattered, sipped and interspersed with talk that they harm him in no way except by increasing his avoirdupois and his self-sufficiency.

His whole pig-eyed, pudgy personality showed him the village orator. His high, flat and crooked coat buttoned that he was present in a ceremonial capacity, even if across what by courtesy may be called his "nose," though there was neither beginning nor end thereto, there had not stretched the tri-colored sash which proclaimed him the representative of the government. He was present as a censor and he could not understand one word.

There was a pathetic touch to his dilemma. He must resign his post of dignity and his income as a "fonctionnaire" or he will grow thin. For he is worried and will be more and more worried. Without knowing it, he is suffering from Brittany the same vexation that his Parisian masters are suffering.

That is why that fat man writhed and perspired away pounds. The concordat was a great asset of the French government. Part of its jurisdiction was the power to forbid any preacher or teacher or public speaker from a pulpit to use the Breton language in Brittany.

The moment the "separation" was accomplished, something happened in this part of France, which is almost as distinct from the rest of France in sentiment as the James-town of John Smith's time would be from 1907 New York.

No order nor hint came from Rome or Paris—that I have confirmed—but the words of the churchmen since have been Breton words only. And nobody but the Breton knows what has been or is being said.

The government cannot control the manner of conducting services any longer, because the separation is done not recognize officially any religious exercises. The minister could punish adverse criticism—if they could prove it. But since the Bretons are stubborn in religion, as in all other things, the government was forced to employ in Brittany men who are not true Bretons.

All the "travel letters" tell you that French is as useless as English in the province that gives France its best sailors, and that the Highlander, or by preference the Welshman, has a better chance of making himself understood by using Gaelic than the Parisian. That is not wholly true.

In the towns like St. Malo, which neighbor fashionable resorts like Dinard, French is fairly well understood. And even in the villages back from the coast the children speak and understand the language, though even they are true Bretons—reticent to the point of silliness with an outsider, whether he comes from Paris or New York. With the adults the curious stranger does not



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fare as well. Courtesy but not confidence was obtainable from the orator of the day.

"Speak in Breton? Naturally. They like their own language, and it is only lately that we can speak it."

"Affected by my talk? That is strange. I said nothing of importance. Only the usual matters. Not in the least worth discussing outside the church."

"Yes, you were right. You heard me mention the word 'Jena.' No, I was not talking about the old battle, but the battleship which was blown up. They are naturally interested because most of the sailors were men of this province. That was all. Nothing of interest." And then "good day."

It was a Breton talking. But he had said enough. In that land which is the nursery of the French navy; in the land where the Venetian spirit has survived; to the people, primitive in many ways, among which their unquestioning understanding of their religion as an indivisible part of themselves is not the least, he had been telling the story of their brethren of the Jena.

He had been telling of what revolts an appeal an American—of the unrelaxing, unrelenting inflexible partisanship of the typical Frenchman. He had told—exaggerated perhaps what in cold truth was bad enough—of how the burned, maimed, scalded, shattered, dying Bretons were carried into the Toulon hospitals and denied the last comfort of the faith in which they were born, because there is a government regulation concerning the secularization of hospitals.—Ernest L. Aroni, in Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Note: Priest-Writer
Publishes His Subscription to the Holy See.

The following is a translation of the document by which Father Romolo Murri, the famous Italian writer, proposes to submit himself to the decision of the Holy See and which he has already presented to the Holy Father:

"Greatly afflicted by the measures your Holiness has thought fit to take against me, I feel it, above all, my duty to signify to your Holiness my firm resolution to remain a devout son of the Church, and therefore to accept and recognize her authority and that of this Holy See, to whose commands I submit, both as regards my profession as a believer and the exercise of my sacerdotal ministry. And, as your Holiness recently, with grave words, denounced and condemned certain errors in which you saw the poison of all heresies, so do I, even I, condemn them, even as your Holiness reproves them, grieving and full of sorrow at the fact that any one should have been able to attribute either the one or the other to me, or presume to find traces of them in my writings.

"Your holiness has, moreover, judged that some of my recent writings in which I made an analysis of some contemporary events and of certain forms of political action on the part of Catholics were lacking in due respect to the guidance, even political, of the Holy See, and I declare myself grieved to have caused, by these my writings, displeasure to your holiness, and I renounce the promised republication of the same. I resolve in future to hold in the highest esteem the guidance of the Holy See, even in politics, as becomes a Catholic and a priest, not opposing the rights constantly recognized by the Church herself, of historical research and a just liberty of political and social opinions."

It may be interesting to recall the fact that the late Cardinal Srampa was a friend of Father Murri, the noted Italian "Modernist." Several months ago he wrote to an admirer of Father Murri:

"You are right in saying I have a special liking for Murri. I understand his position—many abandon him; many molest him; many flatter him. It is as if there were a conspiracy to put him to the severest test. God grant he may not take a false step! When Mgr. Castellani came to see me before leaving for Perno, I spoke to him at length regarding Murri; asked him to receive him, to treat him with benevolence and gain

him by kindness, all of which he willingly promised to do."

A card written only five days previous to the Cardinal's death ran as follows:

"I am deeply grieved with regard to Don Romolo—for whom personally I have always had a great liking—and I am the more grieved because I can do nothing for him. We must trust in God."—Pittsburg Observer.

Pastor of St. Mary's Bereaved.

There passed away on Tuesday evening at St. Antoine Abbey, Mr. Philip Brady, father of the Rev. P. Brady, pastor of St. Mary's Church, this city. Having immigrated from Milltown, County Cavan, Ireland, he settled in 1835, with his parents in Huntingdon County, where, like the early settlers of his time, he hewed out a home.

The deceased married in 1842 Miss M. Murphy, and had a large family, of whom survive the Rev. Philip Brady, P.P., St. Mary's Church; Rev. Robert Brady, P.P., St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, Ont.; Dr. Thomas Brady, Helena, Mont.; Mr. W. Brady, advocate, of Great Falls, Mont.; and Mr. James Brady, who resides on the homestead.

Father Mathew Anniversary.

As customary, this festival is strictly kept by the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society. This year will not be inferior to any yet. The executive is now busy making all necessary arrangements for a splendid concert to be held in St. Patrick's Hall, Alexander street, on Tuesday, the 28th inst., when no pains will be spared to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of their many patrons. Tickets may be had from members of the Committee of Management and at the door on the evening of the entertainment. Refreshments will be served during the evening by the well-known caterer, A. W. Mulcahy, St. Antoine street.

Correspondence.

RETRIBUTION—A COINCIDENCE.

Editor True Witness:

Sir,—In Donohoe's (Boston) Magazine for October is given a full biographical sketch of the late Archbishop Williams and incidents connected with his long priestly and episcopal life.

Among other interesting items is the following extract from one of his few public speeches—apart, of course, from his religious discourses—delivered before the Catholic Historical Society of Boston on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the first Catholic church in that city, in 1903. His Grace said: "Remember it was on the 11th August, 1885, that the Ursuline monastery in Charlestown was burnt by a mob. On the 11th of August of the following year I stood on Warren bridge and saw all Charlestown Square in flames, and the tavern which stood between the two bridges destroyed that night by fire, while I looked on, and we knew that the men went from that tavern to burn the convent, and that was a year after, precisely, on that very night."

Assuming that the foregoing will prove of interest to your readers I suggest its reproduction.

I may add that the consequence of the outrage was the dispersion of both religious and pupils; the latter to the homes of their parents, and the former to various religious houses throughout the States and Canada. Two of the nuns (both daughters of the remarkable Barber family) found a home with the Ursulines of Quebec city and lived in that venerable institution till their death some years ago at a good round age.

Yours,
M. F. W.
Ottawa, Oct. 20, 1907.

Count Plunkett.

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In the days after the Nationalist "split" in 1890 he took the side of Parnell, and in 1895 he contested the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, and failed to get into Parliament by 456 votes. He contested the constituency again in 1898, when the adverse majority was only 138 votes.

Personally Count Plunkett is a perfect type of the Irish gentleman.

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Another Encyclical Will Prove the Church the Friend of Science.

A reliable Rome correspondent writes as follows:

If I am rightly informed, we are not far from another Papal document which will clear up an allusion made by the Holy Father towards the close of the recent Encyclical, where he says that he intends to give still another proof that the Church is not the foe but the friend of science.

His Holiness apparently intends to form at once a special commission of Cardinals to study the best means for the promotion of science, duly secured from error, amongst Catholics. Doubtless this will be an extension of the idea contained in a recent circular drawn up by a number of university professors, of which some account was recently given. Cardinals Rampolla, Maffi and Mercurio, who were to have been the protectors of the proposed organization, will be members of the Cardinalial Commission to be appointed by the Holy Father, but others will be added—among them, it is reported, Cardinals Vives and Satolli.

The commission will seek to group into a closely united body Catholics who have distinguished themselves in various branches of science, and other Catholics of means will be asked to subscribe for the purposes of the organization.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

Irish College to Remain.

The French Government has decided, at least for the present, not to suppress the Irish College, Paris. This announcement has been hailed with genuine delight by the Irish people, who cling tenaciously to old associations. Perhaps this news is a mad career of plunder and destruction of religion may be the harbinger of a saner council amongst those to whom the destiny of France is for the time being entrusted.

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If I am rightly informed, we are not far from another Papal document which will clear up an allusion made by the Holy Father towards the close of the recent Encyclical, where he says that he intends to give still another proof that the Church is not the foe but the friend of science.

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The commission will seek to group into a closely united body Catholics who have distinguished themselves in various branches of science, and other Catholics of means will be asked to subscribe for the purposes of the organization.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

It is a happy thing to be assured of love and devotion. The half of us go through life believing that those who care for us care just how deep is our appreciativeness of them without putting into so many words just what we think and feel. We miss much that is heart cheering just because of this. "If I had only known," is the burden of more than one regretful strain. However severe our philosophy, none of us is indifferent to what is thought of us. We like to know that we have pleased people whom we have met. We like to know when we have touched a responsive chord in another heart, and we are selfish, indeed, if we deprive our friends of their right to know that we care for them. We are afraid of being thought sentimental, but it is only the tenderest and truest and best of men and women who are sentimental. Those who have allowed their finer sensibilities to die or become indifferent have not met the affairs of life as bravely as they should for the best that is in one should not suffer from contact with rougher things.

TALENTED CATHOLIC IRISH-WOMAN.

Lady Huggins, who co-operates with her husband, Sir William Huggins, in astronomical work, has written for private circulation a sketch of the late Agnes Clerke, the talented Catholic Irishwoman who designed a "History of Astronomy" at the age of fifteen, wrote fifty articles for the Edinburgh Review, mostly on her favorite subject, and learned to read Portuguese in six weeks as a preparation for one of her articles. Her sister Ellen, who was also something of an astronomer, wrote a pamphlet in German, a story in Italian and had a considerable knowledge of Arabic.

THE SEASON'S SHOULDERS.

Drooping shoulders are not likely to obtain much success in the garments intended for street wear. The Paris models so far shown give too contracted an appearance in the back to appeal to the American taste. They are likely to obtain in evening wraps, because a looser and broader effect can be secured in such a garment, which this season must be of a nature to slip on and off easily, as well as not to crush the large sleeves worn beneath.

Broad shoulders are the proper thing for the tailored garment in both suits and separate coats intended for day wear. It is in these styles of garments that the restrictions of the American taste are likely to prevail over the French fashion indications.

A WOMAN'S ALPHABET.

I will be: Amiable always. Beautiful as possible. Charitable to everybody. Dutiful to myself. Dearest in the right things. Friendly in disposition. Generous to all need. Hopeful in spite of everything. Intelligent, but not pedantic. Joyful as a bird. Kind even in thought. Longsuffering with the stupid. Merry for the sake of others. Necessary to a few. Optimistic, though the skies fall. Prudent in my pleasures. Quixotic, rather than hard. Ready to own up. Self-respecting to the right limit. True to my best. Unselfish, short of martyrdom. Valiant for the absent. Willing to believe the best. Exemplary in conduct. Young and fresh in heart. Zealous to make the best of life.

AN IRISH POETESS.

January 18, 1907, was the centenary of the birth of Helen Selina, Countess of Gifford, better known as Lady Dufferin, the author of several charming Anglo-Irish songs still in vogue. Born on January 18, 1807, this gifted lady was the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and the grand-daughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. On July 6, 1825, she became the wife of the Honorable Pim Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, and her only son (born in 1826) was the late Marquis of Dufferin. Her husband died in 1841, and she then devoted herself to song writing. Among her ballads are "I'm Sitting by the Stille Mary," "Katie's Farewell," "Katie's Letter," "Bay of Dublin," and others, but by far the most popular is the first mentioned, set to music in 1845 by an Irish composer, George Arthur Barker. She herself composed the music for "Sweet Kilkenny Town," and also wrote an amusing prose satire. In 1862 she took for her second husband the Earl of Gifford, who died in less than three months, and her death took place on June 18, 1867.

THE NEW GIRDLES.

The rule of colors applies equally well to girdles. Every woman may attempt a girdle if she but know

which one is possible to her figure and then see that it is carefully boned and fitted. The secret of a trim figure lies principally in studying the waist lines and correctly lengthening or shortening the space between the bust and the hips. Tall women take kindly to the draped girdles which terminate in a modified point just below the bust in front, slope slightly beneath the arm size and curve upward toward the middle of the back. These are the most difficult of all girdles to undertake, as everything depends upon their fit and the ability to determine precisely how much draping they require. A narrow girdle that is exceedingly pretty with the fichu draped fronts has rounded points back and waist and slopes very slightly beneath the arms. Shaped, undraped girdles that disappear beneath the waist trimmings may be made to lend almost a princess effect to a gown, and these are greatly liked with the long, smoothly fitting sheathlike skirts now being made up in velvet, mohair and other fashionable fabrics for autumn and early winter wear.

TWO PREVIOUS MARY.

There is a certain old gentleman who partakes of the qualities of the diamond as it is mined, but whose lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. The old gentleman, as he expressed it, "got that with both feet when some dude investors came piratin' round the range." Not long ago the family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open. "That air— the father began, but was quickly interrupted. "Father, dear, don't say 'that air'— say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.

"Well, this ear—" he again attempted, but was quickly brought to a halt. "Nor 'this ere'; 'this here,' is correct, he was told. The old gentleman rose with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said, with asperity. "Of course I know you have been to school, and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say, an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel a cold in this ear from that air, and I'm going to shut the window!"

MARCONI'S MOTHER.

Mme. Marconi, the mother of the famous inventor, is a most charming woman, who has had a life filled with romance. She was born Annie Jamison, daughter of Andrew Jamison, of Daphne Castle and Fairfield, Ennisorthy, County Wexford, Ireland. She was a brilliant beauty, with a marvelous soprano voice, which she decided to train for grand opera against the wishes of her family. She ran away to Italy to study music. She met Signor Marconi, an Italian banker, of Bologna, and fell deeply in love with him. The marriage took place at once, thereby depriving the world of a queen of song. Mme. Marconi spends a great deal of her time in Ireland now, for not only has she her own relatives, but she is especially fond of her son's wife, who was Beatrice O'Brien, sister of Lord Inchiquin.

THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

The happiest households are those who do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question owing to the straitened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes around, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated. An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers, or some special music prepared for the occasion, will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrance that count far more than the money value of any gift. As the children grow up, if these festivals are encouraged, they will have much to look forward to, and much more to remember in the years to come when they go out to do battle with the world and find that sentiment is crushed under foot and affection is regarded only as a side issue.

ABOVE ALL, GOOD HUMOR.

The things that men like best in a woman are kindness, the gentle dependence on the man they love, a sweet, low voice, an indefinable womanly modesty which shrinks from notoriety, and, most particularly, a good, cheerful temper. These may not attract and fascinate as do charm, versatility, brilliance, or the talent to amuse, but the old-fashioned first mentioned virtues last longer. They stand the wear and tear of life much better, and after all, it is not the sparkling repartee which amuses a crowded room that is good to live with, but the cheerful good humor that can brighten up a back parlor.

MAKE THE HAIR FLUFFY.

When combing the hair take hold of the ends and dust thoroughly with talcum powder, then shake well. This

Consumption Book

200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION FREE. This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless. Write at once to the Venkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 281 Ross Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

LAUGH-DYSPEPSIA CURE.

The best medicine in the world for indigestion, says an old physician, is a good hearty laugh. High spirits and plenty of fun at the table are better dyspepsia cures than all the doctors' stuff in creation.

More goldfish die from over attention than from neglect, and once in three weeks is sufficiently often to change the water in a ten or twelve-inch globe. If the fish can be gently removed into another dish it is advisable to thoroughly clean the globe, scouring to remove any effects of lime in the water. A thorough rinsing after using any cleansing agent is imperative.

NUNS WHO WRITE.

Some of the nuns who live in the United States and write very dainty poetry, says the Catholic Sun, are Mother Austin Carroll, Amadeus, O. S.F., Estelle Marie Gerard, Mary Rose, Sister M. Wilfred, and we believe, "Mercedes." There are several dead Sisters who once did excellent work, the foremost, perhaps, being "F. M. Edelias" (Sister Mary Frances de Sales), who was one of the most scholarly women we have ever known, not excepting even the late Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan.

"There is no doubt but what there is sorrow in the world, and that somewhere on the road death crouches like a sleeping lion. But

SEEING IS BELIEVING. TASTING POSITIVE PROOF that BLUE RIBBON TEA is what you should use in your home.

why shall we needlessly hunt for sorrow, and die a thousand times before our time for fear of the lion that won't waken until we reach him?"

PROMPTNESS.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day; it is as though they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES. Mrs. Hiram Revoy, Marquette, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with my back. I tried a great many remedies, but all failed until I was advised by a friend to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so, and two boxes made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend them to all troubled with their backs. You may publish this if you wish." Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

TIMELY HINTS.

The old-fashioned way of cleaning silver involved altogether too much labor and worry. Pastes, liquids and injurious acids did damage to the hands, and temper, as well as to the silver. Nowadays, a soft cleaning cloth does the work without the least dirt or inconvenience. It can be purchased at almost any druggist's for 25 cents.

When house-cleaning a room do not forget to pass a damp cloth over the mouldings. The amount of dust collected there will surprise you, and will, if let alone, shake down gradually on your clean furniture.

When curtains and fittings fail to match the new carpet, why not send them to the dyer? It is much better than to constantly endure the inharmonious of quarrelling colors.

Many women like to preserve the little mementoes of their children's early years. A large, plain covered scrap book holds everything, from the baby photo to the first kindergarten attempts at writing and newspaper clippings mark the stage of progression in examinations at school. Little entries of events important in a baby's life, when the first tooth was cut, when the short clothes were put on, are artistically pasted in. When the child grows up the record thus kept is both interesting and amusing.

About pictures—remember that the present fashion dictates that they be hung but little above the level of the eye and flat against the wall.

For photographs, special mouldings are now put on the walls of bedrooms, boudoirs, and dens. The effect is decidedly "demish," and

SEEING IS BELIEVING. TASTING POSITIVE PROOF that BLUE RIBBON TEA is what you should use in your home.

would never do in a formal room. However, for a private room it appeals to many.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NOT A SAMSON. A Scotchman in search of work was recently given employment as a laborer at Cramps' shipyard. His first job was to carry several heavy planks. After he had been at it for about two hours he went to the foreman and said: "Did ah tell you ma name when I started to work?" "Yes," replied the foreman, "you said it was Tomson."

"Oh, then it's a right," said the Scot, as he looked toward the pile of planks he had yet to carry. "Ah was just a-samsonin' if you thoct ah said it was Samson."

Years ago, when the G.A.R. annual department encampment was held in Boston, as the veterans were marching along one of the avenues, a lady, who had secured an elevated position on a wagon in a side street, became conspicuous by the enthusiasm she displayed, and was disatisfied with the lack of it in the bystanders. "Cheer!" she said, "Why don't you cheer? I guess you'd cheer if you'd lost two husbands in the war as I did."

An Irish sailor fell from a lower part of the rigging on the first lieutenant, carrying him to the deck. "Where did you come from, you rascal?" said the lieutenant, as soon as he gained his feet. "From the north of Ireland, your honor."

IDEALS.

He kissed her hand. She withdrew it hastily and gazed reproachfully at him. "I don't think it of you!" she said, almost tearfully. "I had almost considered you a young man with ideals, and—"

"I—I am sorry if I have offended," he stammered. "I—"

"Well," she said bitterly, "I certainly expected you to aim higher."

So he took heart and made new resolutions and things—Brooklyn Eagle.

WITH THE POETS

BENEDICITE.

(By John Greenleaf Whittier.)

God's love and peace be with thee, where— Spoe'er this soft autumnal air Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms, Or out among the woodland blooms

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face, Imparting in its glad embrace, Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read, The old wood-paths that knew our tread, The maple shadows overhead—

The hills we climbed, the river seen By gleams along its deep ravine— All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray, The thought goes with me on my way, And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene, The weary waste which lies between Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor The half-unconscious power to draw All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee The gracious heavens will heed from me, What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed— What can I more than meekly plead The greatness of our common need?

God's love, unchanging, pure and true— The parable white shining through His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day, As thou mayst hear and I may say, I greet thee, dearest, far away!

OCTOBER.

Against the winter's heav'n of white the blood Of earth runs very quick and hot to-day;

Around the lingering sunset of the wood, Where rows of blackberries unnoticed stood, Through 'wholing vines, as through a gleaming flood,

Run streams of ruddy color wildly gay: The golden lane half dreaming picks its way.

O warm, outspoken earth, a little space Against thy beating heart my heart shall beat,

A little while they twain shall bleed and burn, And then the cold touch and the gray, gray face,

The frozen pulse, the drifted winding sheet, And speechlessness, and the chill burial urn.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE TEST.

"He fears not death, and therefore he is brave!"

DETAILED FOR BAPTISM.

During the civil war the late Colonel Bouck organized a regiment, says Everybody's Magazine, which he controlled as a dictator. It was while the army was resting after the colonel's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp, and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the—th Massachusetts where I was instrumental in leading eight men into paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."

Little Ethel.—"Mamma, don't people ever get punished for telling the truth?"

Mamma.—"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

Little Ethel.—"Cause I just took the last three tarts in the pantry, and I thought I'd better tell you."

MIDDLE-SOME BABY.

"I think baby has your hair, mamma," said the nurse girl, looking pleasantly at her mistress.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing up from her novel. "Run in to the nursery and take it away from him. What will that child do next?"

NAILING HIS FEET ON.

Little Elmer, while out walking with his nurse, saw a blacksmith shoeing a horse, and upon returning home said:

"Mamma, I saw the man who

THE DESERT.

How common yet how childish is the thought, As if death were the hardest battle fought, And earth hold naught more dismal than the grave!

In life, not death, doth lie the brave soul's test, For life demandeth purpose long and sure, and strength to strive, the patience to endure;

Death calls for one brief struggle, then gives rest. Through our fleet years then let us do our part.

With willing arm, clear brain and steady nerve; In death's dark hour no spirit true will swerve.

If he have lived his life with dauntless heart.

THE "SCOTCH-IRISH."

(From the Boston Pilot.)

Are ye gangin' to the meetin', to the meetin' o' the clans, With your tartan and your pibrochs and your bonnet and brogans?

There are Neelays from New Hampshire and Mulligans from Maine, McCarthys from Missouri and a Tennessee McShane.

Kelleys, Caseys, Dunns and Daceys, O' the ozens and the score, And O'Farral of Virginia, whom the Tribbyites adore.

There are Cochranes (born Corcoran) as polished as you please, And Kenyons who were Kennans and Murrees, once Murphys.

And we'll sit upon the pint-stoup and we'll talk of old lang syne As we quaff the flowing haggis to our lassies' bonnie eye.

And we'll join in jubilation for the thing that we are not; For we say we aren't Irish, and God knows we aren't Scot!

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

With the holy cross myself I sign, From forehead to breast the upright line, From shoulder to shoulder the cross arms

My soul and body to save from harms. While on my forehead my hand I lay; "In the Name of the Father" is all I say;

In the "Name," for all Three are One, And next I say, "And of the Son," While on my breast my hand I place. Lastly the rest of the cross I trace.

From shoulder to shoulder, saying Amen, Let me think it over again.

With the Name of the Father I sign my brain, Seat and symbol of mind and thought;

For I believe what God has taught. With the Name of the Son my heart I sign,—

Seat and symbol of love divine, O heart of Jesus, I give Thee mine, While on my shoulders the cross I trace.

I name the Holy Ghost, whose grace Will make the heavy burden light, As bravely I bear it in God's sight.

Thus shall the work of each day be done, In the Name of the Father and of the Son, And Holy Ghost, Three in One. —Rev. Matthew J. Russell, S.J.

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

Are you sure you did?" asked mamma. "Of course I am," replied Elmer. "He had one nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on his hind feet."

"Because he told me so," retorted Gordon. "It was Governor sent his boys here. Rugby. They were friends and I thought it rather hard didn't send me too, for I than they, and even so many of them in Latin, and he himself said, as the boys' ing with their tutor, it was a good opportunity to travel home with them. W grumbling about it rather because I knew father was a pue-school man himself didn't think a boy could be anything of that wasn't, and behold, he came in in the Well, he wasn't a bit angry I thought he would be. F was natural enough I should have the same chance as me and if he couldn't give the just then, or perhaps even not to think it was because care about my getting on, c stingy and gruded me so much then he said he wasn't as v as people thought, because s ago he had undertaken to p debts and provide for the orphan of someone very near to him; that mother had nobly by giving up money a own, and taking all the gring on her own shoulders, a he thought I ought to know came then, instead of grum might feel glad to think I g able work—which of course Gordon put in; "and he sa that no man ought to let him into it, if only for the sake depending on him. He nev and he hoped that I would after that—after that! Berti out with all this string of t his, and declares his mother them from the Crawford, hope they'll get to father that's all," and Gordon, still angry, marched off with the pot to get it re-heated.

Hilda was only too thankf his departure, for by this time all she could do to keep from Supposing her uncle did get it—that the Crawford had this horrid story about him. And Mary, on the strength of she had said to Meta, "how low mean and base is and the

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LUBY'S. For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty, for planning the skin and springing dead-ends, in a word for preserving and restoring the hair LUBY'S PARIGIAN HAIR-RENEWER is unequalled. Its composition is such that it never falls if the directions are followed. The numerous demands for Luby's and the large quantity sold prove that it gives satisfaction to all who use it. 50c a bottle.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE DESERTED DOLL.

She put me away last summer, and told me she didn't care...

read matting. While they study they away their bodies back and forth as if in rocking chairs...

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

"It's hard work," said the boss to a New York Sun writer, "to get anybody to do even the simplest things really well and to keep on doing them so; and I do love to meet people who do the work they have to do, no matter what it may be, thoroughly and who have, besides, the sense and nerve to keep at it that way steadily."

"What is a positive delight to me to find a boy who makes a good job of sweeping out the store, who is not satisfied with giving it a lick and a promise—sweeping out the thick of it from the middle of the floor— but who digs into the corners and sweeps clean along the edges and makes a good, thorough, workman-like job of it all through."

A SMALL BOY'S REASONING.

A bright boy who had been taught the nature of strong drink and promised to shun it, one day visited a rich uncle who was not a teetotaler. The uncle offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink and finally offered him the gift of a watch if he would drink. The boy declined, saying: "Please don't tempt me. If I keep a teetotaler, I can some day buy a watch of my own, but if I drink and take your watch I may later have to pawn it to get bread."

A SCHOOL IN PERSIA.

Oriental children have their marbles, their skipping ropes and little toy plows into which cats and kittens are harnessed for play. They enjoy life quite as much as do American children.

KING PENGUIN LAND.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued. "But how do you know that, Gordon?" persisted Hilda, with the feeling that the childish fancies she had made up and dwelt on for so long must be true.

family would think her: Gordon in especial, who had shown how little he suspected she should have anything to do with the affair by appealing to her sympathy about it. She was miserable until she could see Meta in private and speak to her; but alas, even when she had succeeded in this, there was very little comfort to be got from her friend.

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indeed, of her English uncle and aunt and the over-anxious affection of her poor mother, Hilda had been rather a lonely little girl, and her life, duties or keen interests, rather a desolate and empty one till she left England; but here she had a whole family of merry, warm-hearted brothers and sisters, from little Tottie, who used to fling her dimpled arms round her neck and call her "pitty Hilda," to tall handsome Gordon, who had taught her to steer and climb and play cricket, and was as much her idol and hero as Molly's.

There were family walks and excursions, too, ever so much jollier walks along the London pavement with maid or governess; family lessons, quite different things from the formal ones with Miss Jones; and above all, family evenings, such evenings as little Hilda had never known before, and which made the period between the half-hour of "useful work" and bed-time the pleasantest in the day; for everyone did then what they liked best—drew, read, played at chess or backgammon, or dressed dolls; talk and laughter going on all the time, and none the less freely because Aunt Mary sat by with her big work-basket, ready to join in with word or smile. Uncle Charles, too, laughed and talked while he worked at his microscope, the wonders of which he was always ready to show the children; or sometimes he would read to them instead.

Would the letter in Hilda's hand summon her away from all this? Her eyes filled with tears at the mere thought; but they flowed faster before she had finished it. It was not an unkind letter, for Uncle Herbert was too good a man to be unkind to anyone, least of all to his little motherless niece; but it was written in a tone of sorrowful displeasure, and spoke of the full of selfish complaints and fault-finding as Hilda's had been. "I blame myself for it," he said; "for I had long felt that, with all our anxiety to bring you up well, your Aunt Lily and I had not been successful in doing so, and that—partly from her never having had children to manage before, and partly from her devotion to your poor mother—you were being spoiled in some ways and neglected in others to a degree which was making you to a very indolent and fanciful, but inclined to think a great deal of yourself and your own wants and very little of other people. Your Uncle Craigie saw this even more plainly than I did, and it was for this reason he would not let Aunt Lily burden herself with the charge of you in her married life; while for the same cause I could not take you with me to my new home, since I knew you would be more care and anxiety to me than I could afford, or than you need ever have been had brought you up as wisely as you deserve by your Aunt Mary bringing up her own daughters."

"Indeed, your description makes me reproach myself far more than I do you, for it obliges me to tell you what your Uncle Charles never wished you to know—that you owe, not only the good home you have now, but also the luxuries and advantages over the loss of which you grumble so much, to the kindness of your 'colonial' relations. When your poor father died he was heavily in debt, and your mother and you were left with scarcely any provision; and though we, of course, were only too glad to make a home for you with us, it was your Uncle Charles who, not content with taking the entire burden of his brother's debts on himself, insisted on providing many

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS SAVED HER LIFE. Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rocker, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies, but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was then advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did for me, for I believe they saved my life."

CHAPTER XII.—LOST AMONG THE PEAT BOGS. Hilda's first feeling at being left alone was one of relief; for dreadful as the impending confession seemed to her now that it was so close, it was worse to have it still unmade, and to be going about among her aunt and cousins, kindly treated and made much of, when, if they knew how she had behaved, they might despise her too much to want to have anything to do with her. Indeed, as she walked her pony up and down, stopping occasionally to look in the direction in which her uncle had gone, a more unhappy little girl could hardly have been seen, and she was almost thankful for each moment her uncle delayed, until a sudden gust of wind, accompanied by a petter of raindrops full in her face, made her look up and see that the whole sky was covered with ragged black clouds, and that it was beginning to rain fast, while the wind seemed rising higher every moment. It was just what Gordon had predicted, and even though it might be getting wet through seemed extremely likely to be realized; for, owing to the direction of the wind there was no shelter on this side of the hill, and on the other side would not be able to see her uncle, or be seen by him when he returned. And he had been a long while away now! How long she did not know,

childish is the hardest battle more dismal than lie the brave purpose long the patience brief struggle then let us clear brain and no spirit true with daunt-

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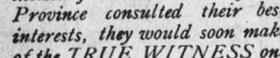
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907.

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

PHILOSOPHY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Although it is true that Christianity in its primary character and essential organism is religious and not philosophical, still the wonder grows that there are unfathomed depths of philosophy as there are unmeasurable heights of religion in its divine Founder and His Cross.

Philosophy is a system of dogmas forming one complete, harmonious whole. From this system there sprang forth under the master hands of the great theologians of patristic, medieval and modern times, the strongest and most stable philosophy the world has ever known.

agnosticism. We can never lose sight of the great principle that whilst the natural and the supernatural are different orders they have the same divine Author and pertain to the same human subject.

presented himself as a candidate for election to the House of Commons for Nicolet and was successful. Mr. Devlin possesses administrative ability and oratorical powers equal to any of our present statesmen, and we predict for him a great success in his new field.

SELF-DECEPTION OF ANGLICAN CHURCHMAN.

Some members of the church which was founded a few centuries ago by King Henry VIII and his daughter Queen Elizabeth, and which was "established" by act of Parliament as the official religion of England, have an amazing way of deceiving themselves and misleading others in regard to the history of their denomination.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A woman whose misdeeds secured for her prominent mention in the daily papers recently was described in the Associated Press despatches as having been "educated in a convent."

MR. DEVLIN AGAIN HONORED.

The selection of Mr. Charles R. Devlin, M.P., as Minister of Mines, Colonization and Fisheries in the Quebec Government comes as a happy surprise to his army of friends.

By a unanimous vote of the senate of the Royal University of Ireland, the degree of Doctor of Music has been conferred on W. H. Grattan Flood (the historian of Irish music), in recognition of his valuable musical compositions and his contributions to Irish literature and music.

The esteemed New York World asserts that Pius X. does not make quite clear what he means by criticizing the errors of modernism. We always feared the editor of the World didn't understand the English language.—Catholic Sun.

It is proposed to place on Cardinal Manning's tomb, in the crypt below the high altar of Westminster Cathedral, an effigy, cast in bronze, representing him as an archbishop, robed in complete pontifical vestments.

Lord Montague of Beaulieu, which is pronounced Bewley by the natives of Hampshire, is about to drain his great pond of Sowley, made by the Monks of Beaulieu, six hundred years ago.

A List of Questions.

There are shams and humbugs spending honest Protestant money in the colossal farce of trying to pervert Quebec. We ask them the following questions:

- 1. Who gave you, Messrs. Pedlers, the right to preach the Gospel?
2. Is your Gospel that of Our Saviour, or the mutilated makeup of ruthless translators?
3. Whence do you gather the scum you call converts from Catholicism?
4. What Gospel have you for people who have had the true one through generations of faith?
5. How do you reconcile the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," with the useless exegesis you make?
6. What do you know about education? What right have simpletons like yourselves to deprecate Quebec schools?
7. Don't you know navigation is closing and that some forlorn bush-wackers neither good for man, king, nor country, will welcome the "honest" dollars you spend?
8. Who gave ignorant ranters the right of insulting the province that gives Ottawa its cleverest men?
9. What would the "pedlers" do if they had no free tickets to go around blackguarding honest neighbors?
10. When are we going to have another Mage? Is the stock exhausted?
11. What has been the result of old Chiniquy's sinful after-career of lie-sowing?
12. Where can a young man get a better training for the professions at a cheaper rate, than in the Province of Quebec?
13. Where do you get the carrion your buzzards feed upon?
14. Why do you not publish a list of Pointe-aux-Trembles graduates that ever amounted to a row of decent pins?
15. Why are the separate schools in Ontario ahead of the public schools?
16. Why do you not distribute the rag-ends of your dry-rot sermons instead of the garbled Bibles?
17. How many decent converts have you ever made?
18. How many of the proselytes you make ten times worse than yourselves would be admitted to decent Protestant fellowship?
19. Why are your perverts such God-forsaken beings that they could not have profited by the schools where they lived?
20. How is it your perverts are confined to drunken loafers and to wobegone semi-janatics?
21. Why do you peddle Bibles instead of bannans?
22. Why not bring in a few ignorant "nigger" deacons to help the fun in "Amen Corner," or around the wash-tub? Honest colored people are unworthy of you.
23. Why not fill your churches with your decent people, and not ask them to feed half-starved dross?

24. Why do you not drum Ireland again. The Irish relish the ridiculous. A free circus is always a success.

25. Why do you not realize that we are giving you the sock, as Dean Swift understood?

26. In Praise God Barebones your patron saint?

27. How would you like to be in old Chiniquy's boots?

28. From what special branch of the Pharmacies have you inherited your hypocrisy?

29. Why not turn to the pick and shovel, since it suits your genius to do so?

30. How many Bibles have you destroyed, even if they are blasphemous translations of the Holy Word?

31. How long must your pharisaical faces be, that the trade may prove fruitful?

32. How many really educated ministers share your sickening nonsense?

33. Whence are the peddlers recruited?

34. What is your influence in the Old Province?

35. Where did you ever get enough schooling to know the difference between "b" and a bull's foot about theology?

Amen! Hallelujah! Well done, brother!

PICKFORD.

Oct. 21, 1907.

Fortune Tellers Mischief-Making.

A silly girl, employed in the Harvard Knitting Mill, at Wakefield, Mass., went recently to a fortune teller at Revere Beach, and was told that the mill would blow up at two o'clock on a certain day, after two stoppages of the machinery.

The proprietors of the mill are in earnest quest of the person who started the story of disaster. We hope they will not cease their efforts until the fortune tellers are cleared out of Revere or any neighboring place which they infest.

When the fortune-teller's office is not the ante-chamber of moral ruin, as it too often is, it is a fraud, pure and simple, with no other end than to part foolish girls from their hard-earned money.

Perhaps there is no way of abating the nuisance of the "prophet" of earthquakes, cyclones, etc., who simply want notoriety and gets it without charge from the sensational press.

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The University Question in Ireland

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal) The question of university education in Ireland was the subject of a recent speech by Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and he emphasized that in this matter, as in matters with which the Government has to do, the country's interests have to be taken into account.

But if University education is to progress, be it in Ireland, how much more should be done, as Mr. Redmond observed, her industries were destroyed by misgovernment, and her commerce ruined, rendering it the more needful the means for the revival of her people.

For over 300 years a superiority of the people have had advantage of a highly endowment in the shape of Trinity College, while, all this time the people—75 per cent. of the people who are Catholics—have had no university education, comparatively recent date, and to this very day, practically speaking, have no equality of treatment with their more educated fellow countrymen of the Protestant religion.

The injustice here shown, Mr. Redmond further illustrated by referring to the situation in Scotland, though with about the same population as that of Ireland, has great universities, every one of which is in harmony with the religious teaching of the Scotch people, even of their cheap universities with each of the mass of the people.

One of the strange facts in connection with this question is the years past the leaders of both British political parties have been admitting the Irish Catholic cause in the matter, and the just claim made in regard thereto nothing practical has been done.

The Hon. James Bryce, present British Ambassador to the United States, before he came to Ireland, where he held the office of Chief Secretary, made an important speech in Dublin, in which he announced as the policy of his Government (the Liberal Government) the establishment of a College of Catholicism in connection with the University, which presently consists of but one college—the very old Protestant institution mentioned.

This Catholic Bishops and clergy and people of Ireland were willing to accept as a satisfactory settlement of their claim, to step has yet been taken to effect to Mr. Bryce's promise. Redmond declared that "there is an end of this kind of trickery with the question," and he said: "Unless the Government produces a satisfactory settlement that scheme into a bill, the people ought to definitely take the Government to task, and the Government is a Government which broken faith with Ireland in the trial of all her interests save except Home Rule."

This is plain talk, and the Government may be relied to follow it to the right kind of action at the next time.

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The University Question in Ireland

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)
The question of university education in Ireland was the subject of a recent speech by Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and he emphasized the fact that in this matter, as in most other matters with which the Government of the country has to do, the Protestant minority have all the advantages, while the Catholic majority have very few, hardly any at all. That such a condition injuriously affects the masses of the people, needs but little thought and argument to show. The present is an age when education materially concerns every citizen and business interest. Mr. Redmond asserted that it is proved by the modern history of the world that no nation can progress in commerce or industrial development unless the youth of that country have the advantage of higher education. The best educated nations, he went on to say, are the most prosperous and the most free. The old idea that universities were only for the rich and for what are called professional classes has been absolutely exploded. It is universities that lie at the root of the achievement, not only of science and literature and art, but of commercial success in all its branches—commercial, agricultural, technical and economic.

But if University education, as an aid to progress, be indispensable in other lands, how much more must it be in Ireland since, as Mr. Redmond observed, her industries were destroyed by misgovernment in the past and her commerce ruined, the result rendering it the more needful that the means for the revival of her prosperity should be put into the hands of her people. Yet there is no country in Europe today where the facilities for higher education for the masses are so inadequate—that is, except for the favored minority, as to which Mr. Redmond thus stated the case:

"For over 300 years a small minority of the people have had the advantage of a highly endowed University in the shape of Trinity College, while, all this time the mass of the people—75 per cent. of the people who are Catholics—have been denied all university education, until a comparatively recent date, and down to this very day, practically speaking, have no equality of treatment with the masses who are so privileged." The injustice here shown, Mr. Redmond further illustrated by reference to the situation in Scotland, which, though with about the same population as that of Ireland, has four great universities, every one of them in harmony with the religious feeling of the Scotch people, every one of them cheap universities within the reach of the mass of the people; while Ireland has only one university institution to which Catholics—that is 75 per cent. of the whole population—cannot go without offense to their religious convictions.

One of the strange facts in connection with this question is that for years past the leaders of both the British political parties have been admitting the Irish Catholic grievance in the matter, and the justice of the claim made in regard thereto, yet nothing practical has been done or attempted. All the statesmen have been generous in good words, but good deeds have been sadly lacking. The Hon. James Bryce, present British Ambassador to the United States, before he came to America from Ireland, where he held the office of Chief Secretary, made an important speech in Dublin, in which he announced as the policy of his Government (the Liberal Government) the establishment of a College for Catholics in connection with the Dublin University, which presently consists of but one college—the 300-year-old Protestant institution above mentioned.

This the Catholic Bishops and clergy and people of Ireland were and are willing to accept as a satisfactory settlement of their claim, but no step has yet been taken to give effect to Mr. Bryce's promise. Mr. Redmond declared that "there must be an end of this kind of trifling with the question," and he says that: "Unless the Government next year produces a satisfactory scheme, that scheme into a bill, does its best to pass it into law, the Irish people ought to definitely take the view that the Government is a Government hostile to the interests of Ireland; a Government which has broken faith with Ireland in the most vital of all her interests, and which has broken its word." It is plain, talk, and the Irish people may be relied to follow it up to the right kind of action at the right time.

Why Catholics Should Support Their Press.

(New York Freeman's Journal.)
It is impossible to read the discourse published in "Le Messenger," of the Abbe Janvier, on the duty of Catholics toward the Catholic press, without realizing that his remarks, although ostensibly addressed to the Catholics of France, are really directed to all members of that faith in all parts of the world, since the crisis through which the Church is passing at the present moment is bound to create factions of more or less considerable proportions even in the most flourishing centres of Catholicity. To-day the great mass of the Catholic laity is being, for the most part, unconsciously affected by the wave of irreligion that is passing over the world. As Catholics, declares the Abbe, we cannot hope for unity in our codes of morality or sociology, if we are not all essentially Catholics in our belief. The enemy works insidiously, and no methods employed by him are too underhand, provided they tend to the disruption of the forces of religion. The Catholic newspaper is one of the best defenses the Catholic Church possesses, is ever one of the best means of keeping Catholics united, and of bringing back wandering sheep—if, of course, it be primarily fighting for the principal of Catholicity. In order, therefore, that a Christian journal shall accomplish its duty, it is essential that it can be an echo of the catechism, and that its first aim be to spread the light of the Gospel upon the face of the land. In order to effect this, it is necessary that its directors and its writers believe the truths which they seek to disseminate, that they be impregnated with a full faith, and not a mutilated or half-hearted belief in the eternal truths. Not that the Catholic body is to be enlightened—there are truths historical, political and sociological which it is meet that the Catholic should be taught the whole facts. The sacred duty of the Catholic press is to establish and maintain unity. It was the lamentable lack of unity that brought about the scandals of our day in France. Germany and England have, on the contrary, the Abbe declares, taught the Catholic world a lesson in the magnificent unanimity which they have evinced when the enemy has begun to show fight. A true patriotism is inconsistent with a spirit of animosity toward one's religion, or even indifference to its propagation and development, and it is to the callous indifference of the social and upper classes in Catholic countries that the "great spirit" of decay among the working orders is to be charged. Worst of all, it is among Catholics themselves that the Catholic press finds its worst enemies, inasmuch as there exists a large proportion of members of the faith, many of them practical devotees, who are ashamed to be subscribers to Catholic papers, or who object to being seen reading them, a weakness which is as cowardly and reprehensible as a denial of one's faith and baptism. Another writer declares that in a large measure the parish priest omits his duty who fails to recommend to his congregation to see to it that a Catholic paper is provided for the members of the household. The special individuality of the Catholic paper creates an especial atmosphere which brings its own particular blessings to the inmates. Since the prosperity of a denominational press is the best index of the prosperity of the faith in any given country, it behooves both the Catholic journalists and the Catholic laity to unite in their efforts not to be excelled by the results shown by sectarian communists.

Irish Wayside Hospitality.
Mr. Charles, Battell Loomis, the American humorist, was travelling through Wicklow, in Ireland, when he found himself with a whole day to spare in a section where there were no hotels within five miles. "I had no notion of going five miles on the road on the light breakfast I had eaten—and no certainty that there would be dinner at Rathdrum," he writes in the New York Sun. "So, the rain having stopped and the sunshine having come out with a most businesslike air, as much as to say, 'See here, you clouds have been running things altogether too much lately; it's now my turn as I would (with the thought of my letter of introduction crossing Mr. W. on his way to town and me a homeless wanderer), and before long I came to a little white-washed cabin, in front of which a handsome old woman in a man's cap was bending over some flowers."

"Good morning. Can you let me have something to eat?"
"Sure, 'tis little I have," said she, with a smile that took five years off her age.
"Some fresh eggs, perhaps, or some milk?"
"Aye, I can give ye those, but me house is no place for the likes."

"That'll be just what I want," said I, and she went into the house and bade me follow.
"Fresh eggs and unlimited milk are not the same as brill and young lamb, and sauterne and cigars and witty conversation but when you are hungry from outdoor exercise they are not so bad."
"And Mrs. Kelly, like every man, woman and child in the whole of Ireland, had relatives in America, James, just turned twenty-one, had gone there this summer to the 'States of Indiana.' Did I know 'I told her I did; that I'd been to them many a time. And where did James go to—what city?"
"To Lafayette (with as French an accent as you'd wish), and was I ever there?"
"I was. Her face lighted up."
"If I went there again would I ask for James Kelly, an' he'd be her son, an' as fine a boy as ever left Ireland (with a true Dublin roll of the r)."

"Still thinking of the dinner I had missed at Heatherdale, I asked her if she knew Mr. W.—"
"Sure I do, an' the finest man in all Ireland. Me boy James worked there at gardening; an' when he was leaving for America, Mr. W.— gave a dinner for him to all the villagers, and gave him a watch with his name on it, and 'In Remembrance of Heatherdale' in it. Oh, yes, a fine man an' a humble. Sure, if Jimmy'd be sick for a day it's Mr. W.— would be down here in me cottage askin' after him, an' could he be doing anything for him."
"Humbleness. That was what the blessed Lord taught us. He could have been born in a palace, but He was born in a stable in Bethlehem. Are you a Catholic?"
"A—"
"Ah, never mind. There's all kinds of good people—"

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Irish Wayside Hospitality.

"Is Mr. W.— a Protestant?"
"Sure, I dunno," was Mrs. Kelly's guarded reply. "He goes to the Protestant church, but I don't know what he is, only he's a good man—none better in all Ireland."
"The good Lord," she continued, as she filled my cup with rich milk (she had no tumbler, at all," she said), "taught us to be kind to one another and to be humble, the same as He was kind and humble, although He could have had a palace if He'd chosen. And if we keep His commandments we'll all go to Heaven, but if we don't (here the good Mrs. Kelly lowered her voice), 'we'll be damned in everlasting fire. The Lord tells us so."
"I told her that I had heard such things; that I had a grandmother who taught me all about Bethlehem and the rest—"
"Oh, the good woman!" said Mrs. Kelly, feelingly. "Well, it's true. Be kind and be good and be humble, and ye'll be rewarded."
"After I had finished the lunch she asked me if I could take a picture of her."
"I told her that I could, but she must come out of doors. Off came her man's cap, and she arranged her wisps of white hair and washed her face, and then said, 'Be sure to get me eyes good and clear. I do take a fairly (very) good picture, and me eyes always come out fine.'"
"The good woman had eyes she might well be proud of, in spite of her desire to be humble; and they danced and snapped with joy as I her photograph."
"All the afternoon I climbed the beautiful heather-purple hills in the vicinity with her youngest son, a boy of nineteen, eating wild fraochans, a kind of whortleberry, and had 'afternoon tea' with her at six, and then went on to catch my train."
"The son was a very intelligent boy, and I was struck with his easy and, in the main, correct use of English. He told me that it was easier to understand me than an Englishman, and I took it for a compliment, for I certainly never heard better English spoken than in the Dublin district by rich and poor alike. London and New York should come to Dublin to learn the proper pronunciation of English."
"As I left the village I felt that I had lost one good time to have another, and the day on the hills made me sleep like a top."

Selection of Books for Schools Libraries.

The question of the selection of books for school libraries was brought up again by Judge Lafontaine at Tuesday night's meeting of the School Commissioners. The Judge had recently complained that the books were not as practical as they should be, and on Tuesday gave notice of a motion to suspend the practice of allowing \$100 annually to each principal for the purpose of buying books and \$50 for charts and other modes of instruction, the motion providing also that the annual selection of books be left with the board itself.
In support of his view on the matter, the Judge remarked that, apart from a certain proportion being allotted, the books bought each year were intended for the advanced classes

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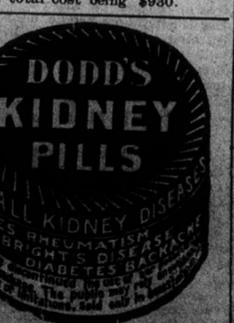
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ter what one believed, but only how he lived. For him to do rightly was to believe rightly. Father Vaughan said that some of those non-Catholics who proclaimed so loudly that one religion was as good as another became mad with fury when they heard of anyone near and dear to them being received into the Catholic Church.—From a recent sermon by Father Vaughan.

The Father Tyrrell Case.

The case of Father Tyrrell, the English Jesuit, has become a cause celebre in ecclesiastical circles.

STATUS OF THE CASE. The Pope has ordered the secret transactions in what is termed "l'affaire Tyrrell" to be made public.

The negotiations undertaken on Father Tyrrell's behalf and with his alleged authorization by the prior of Storrington with Cardinal Ferrata, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, are reproduced in a letter dated August 18, the prior of Storrington, pleading for Father Tyrrell's rehabilitation, informs Rome that Father Tyrrell had handed him a formal written pledge that from the moment his sacerdotal rights were restored he would neither publish any sort of theological teaching nor disseminate such teaching, whether by means of epistolary correspondence or by any other means equivalent to publication, without first obtaining the requisite permission.

Cardinal Ferrata, in communicating this decision to the prior on August 23, wrote: "The Holy Father authorized the Reverend Father George Tyrrell to celebrate mass 'de licentia ordinarii loci' on agreed conditions, namely, that he take a formal pledge in a signed document to be transmitted to the Holy See not to treat of any argument of a religious nature either in the public press or in epistolary correspondence or by any other means whatsoever without having obtained authorization from a competent ecclesiastical authority."

TROUBLE ENSUES. The Vatican cites the text of the aforesaid pledge as follows: "In accordance with the conditions prescribed by the Holy See, I hereby pledge myself from the date hereon I shall receive permission to celebrate Mass, and so long as I shall retain such permission, to publish no sort of theological teaching, nor to diffuse such teaching by way of correspondence or in any other manner equivalent to publication without due authorization."

SOME DIFFERENCES. Now comes Father Tyrrell and says he was refused the Mass faculty unless he would undertake "not to hold private correspondences" without episcopal sanction.

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In defense of his publishing "theological correspondence," after the date of his submission, August 30, Father Tyrrell sets up that this submission dated only from the day on which he received his celebrat, his Mass faculties.

Chinese Tribute to Archbishop Williams.

It was towards midnight on the eve of our late Archbishop's funeral. In the great cathedral, on either side of the catafalque, the watchers had taken their places, and the people who all day long had been coming in an apparently endless stream of thousands, still approached singly or in little groups to gaze for the last time on the face of their lost shepherd.

Long on Profession Short on Practice. The Catholic Church is not responsible for individual Catholics who are dishonest in public or private life. The tares will grow with the wheat until the end of time.

Worthy Enterprise. On Monday, Nov. 4, the night school, under the auspices of the Catholic School Board of Granby Que., will reopen.

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New Postal Regulations BETWEEN CANADA & UNITED STATES At a conference recently held at Washington between postal representatives of the United States and Canada, the postage on newspapers passing from Canada to the States was not only increased to sixteen times the former rate, but it was decided to make Canadian publishers affix stamps to the papers instead of paying on bulk weight as formerly.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior, N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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A Marriage St. Lawrence, "Tale Longworthy," "Songs"

Lady Alicia St. John—call her, with Katharine since the Republican period used to titles—had a good clear head. But she brought up in that most of all societies—the English—Dublin. She had come simply because she was invited by Mrs. Worth, had met abroad. Her relation to the French nobles was very amiable. She had married into the Worth family the same reason that had brought Biddy's father, out of the idea that she had brought up for her; she had been up with the idea that she herself in life—which she must marry well, in a point of view. She had a point of view. She had a point of view. She had a point of view.

Katharine was a girl, with a title, more dependent than Lady Alicia herself, and yet more capable, more self-reliant, more capable of arranging her future than she was. Katharine seemed a trifle to Lady Alicia had come to believe that most ordained by society were proper there was a principle behind Biddy's Celtic blood—for she all Norman—was fired with a notion for a girl who could beget a principle and stand up to it against all odds. Her reply to Katharine made her her to like her, but now she began to love her. She said self that, of all the Americans had met, Katharine was the most original and the most interesting. And in her heart, admitted that the time might when she would need some of strength that Katharine evinced. Biddy had flattered that she would do a great deal Katharine by giving her social ties; she began to see that Katharine did not care for social position, she had no conception what it meant.

"I wish were like her," said, with a sigh. "Yes—to be like her—would almost be willing to be born an American!" In the meantime Mrs. Shilling was much disquieted. What Lady Alicia think of Katharine's conversation about dress? Good clothes—suppose she should take Katharine's crudeness, drop them altogether. It was a social ruin, just as prospect was really dawning; she shivered and determined to speak to Katharine for the first time in her courage failed her, and she to Mr. Sherwood instead. "The girl is right," Mr. Sherwood said, "I have often felt like that—a shawl over some of our brazen creatures."

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A Marriage of Reason By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of 'The Land of St. Lawrence,' 'Tales of Sexton Maginnis,' 'The Fate of John Longworth,' 'Songs and Sonnets,' 'The Ghost in Hamlet,' Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—Danger.

Lady Alicia St. John—on let us call her, with Katharine Biddy, since the Republican pen is not used to titles—had a good heart and a clear head. But she had been brought up in that most artificial of all societies—the English-Irish set in Dublin. She had come to America simply because she was poor, on the invitation of Mrs. Worth, whom she had met abroad. Her relative, a very amiable French nobleman, had married into the Worth family for the same reason that had brought Biddy St. John to America. The Earl, Biddy's father, could do nothing for her; she had been brought up with the idea that she must settle herself in life—which meant that she must marry well, in a worldly point of view. She had a horror of the middle class English and Irish men—of those who would be willing to marry her for her title, and who would probably consider her in the light of a slave whom they had bought. She had heard that the rich Americans were more refined, if not so well educated, than the men at home—that their horses and dogs were not held by them as little more than their wives. She did not know whether to believe this or not—she determined to see for herself. Biddy knew that marriage was a sacrament, but the people around her had always talked of it as if it were a mere contract. When others of the St. John family had married, Lord Bolingbroke's man of business had arranged everything. But bad times for Irish landlords had left them nothing to arrange for Lady Alicia; she must be her own woman of business. She was twenty-five years of age, and she began to regard her future with a little anxiety. Her American trip was an experiment; the first scruple about it had been put into her mind by the scene between Mrs. Sherwood and Katharine.

Katharine was a girl, without even a title, more dependent than even Lady Alicia herself, and yet she was more powerful, more self-respectful, more capable of arranging her own future than she was. Katharine's scruple about the décolleté dress seemed a trifle to Lady Alicia; she had come to believe that most things ordained by society were proper. But there was a principle behind it, and Biddy's Celtic blood—for she was not all Norman—was fired with admiration for a girl who could both detect a principle and stand up for it against all odds. Her relationship to Katharine made her inclined to like her, but now she began actually to love her. She said to herself, of all the Americans she had met, Katharine was certainly the most original and the most interesting. And, in her heart, she admitted that the time might come when she would need some of the strength that Katharine evidently had. Biddy had flattered herself that she would do a great deal for Katharine by giving her social prestige; she began to see that Katharine did not care for social prestige—in fact, she had no conception of what it meant.

"I wish I were like her," she said, with a sigh. "Yes—to be like her—I would almost be willing to be born an American!" In the meantime Mrs. Sherwood was much disquieted. What would Lady Alicia think of Katharine's nonsense about dress? Good gracious!—suppose she should take offense at Katharine's crudeness, and drop them altogether. It would mean social ruin, just as prosperity was roiling dawning; she shivered, and determined to speak to Katharine for the first time in her life, her courage failed her, and she spoke to Mr. Sherwood instead. "The girl is right," Mr. Sherwood said, "I have often felt like throwing a shawl over some of those brazen creatures."

"That was because you were never used to society, Marcus," "My dear," said Mr. Sherwood, "you may order everything you like for yourself and my niece; I can afford it. Send to Felix at Paris, let Katharine alone when she is right. You have been wanting me to give you carte blanche about trimmings and fripperies for a long time, now you have. I want you and the girl to enjoy yourselves." Mrs. Sherwood was obliged to be content with this. But, after all, "I wish I were like her," she said, with a sigh. "Yes—to be like her—I would almost be willing to be born an American!"

what was the use of it? A gown from Felix would be like dust in ashes, if Katharine should take it into her head to shock the right set by some horrid exhibition of what she called "principle." The Worth dinner and dance soon absorbed all her thoughts; the Percivals would be there—everybody would be there. And next day all the names would be in the Ledger, thus putting upon her the final stamp of social beatitude. She closed her eyes and imagined she saw the print. "Mrs. Ritterhouse, Mrs. Biddle, the Lady Alicia St. John, daughter of the Earl of Bolingbroke, Mrs. Marcus Sherwood." Oh, dear!—it was as if she had a glimpse of Paradise. And to think that all this depended on the whim of a girl!

Katharine found a folded check in her room the day after her talk with her uncle. On the envelope was marked, "to do as you please with," in her uncle's writing; and, inside, she read, "you can earn this by singing for me an hour every evening after dinner!" Katharine laughed; her uncle knew how to give, she thought. She determined to find out how best to spend it; she had become interested at Our Lady of the Rosary in the condition of the poor in the great cities, and she thought that she could find use for the hundred dollars her uncle had given her. It seemed a great deal to her; she thought of a hundred things that might be done—each in reality more kindness-giving than the other. Her uncle's kindness gave her new life, and Mrs. Sherwood was somewhat consoled by the interest she showed in different things. Still, she was generally silent and awkward before her aunt; she felt chilled and she knew that she was at her worst. Katharine's keen regret about this was that her aunt threw the blame of it on Mother Ursula and the Sisters. It cost her some tears; in spite of all her efforts, she constantly made mistakes and her lack of knowledge of the latest English "fads" was a sore trial to her. It amused her uncle, who almost fell under the table when at luncheon the day after Lady Alicia's visit, and tried, with many grimaces, to drink it.

Katharine resolved to find out her poor just as soon as the Worth function was off the carpet. Mrs. Sherwood would not let her out of her sight until then; so she submitted, in hope. It happened that Mrs. Sherwood's day for seeing friends preceded this great assembly; Katharine assisted her in making tea. She attracted no attention whatever, for she kept in the background, behind the big brass samovar—which, as Mr. Sherwood said, was never used because "he couldn't afford to keep an engineer." She had a lesson, however, in the ways of society. All Mrs. Sherwood's old friends came, for Biddy's visit had been noised abroad, and half a dozen people had that "the Sherwoods had climbed in at last," so they all came to hear the details, if possible, and in the hope that the Lady Alicia might be there. It was the general opinion, though, that Mrs. Sherwood would keep such a precious social treasure to herself.

Katharine was presented to a number of people, who stared at her in the soft light of candles, and took cups of tea from her with a cool "thank you," she was only Mrs. Sherwood's niece, with no money and no manner particularly. One old lady, Mrs. Vavasour, who had come all the way from Germantown, to find out whether "that upstart," Mrs. Sherwood, was really invited to the Worth dance, looked tired, and Katharine found the softest chair for her and made an unusually strong cup of tea. The old lady, who had more time than the rest to notice her, made her sit down.

"Do you play or sing?" asked old Mrs. Vavasour, drinking the tea to the dregs. "And, by the way, that's a very sweet cup, real Dresden, I'm sure, and there must be twenty of them—where do these people get their money? I knew your aunt, from Willing's Alley, and glad enough she was if I noticed her. My mother," said the old lady, in an awful tone, "was a Wyvern, not quite sure whether this was a name of a religious sect or not. 'Have some more tea?'" The old lady would and did; she grew more comfortable, and some of her wrinkles seemed to disappear. The velvet leaves and flowers on her bonnet nodded complacently. "It is strange how some people can climb," she went on; "now, though my mother was a Wyvern, I'm out of everything because I'm poor—old money counts for everything in Philadelphia now—and here's this Sherwood woman getting ahead, and with no particular blood in her veins."

plate with the freshest chocolate wafers. The old lady softened more and more. "I wish somebody would play," she said, "it's such a help to conversation. Everybody is so quiet, and I am sure they have been listening to what I have said." There was no doubt of this, for Mrs. Vavasour's voice was very shrill. There was a suppressed titter, and Mrs. Sherwood's smile had a petrified look. Katharine saw at once that, in mercy to her aunt, the old lady's flow of conversation ought to be stopped.

"I'll play something—if you'll excuse me," she said, with a manner in direct contrast to her usual awkwardness. "No—no," said the old lady. "Herr Teufelisch is coming to-day—nobody but vulgar rich people can afford to hire professionals for an afternoon tea. And, besides, your aunt says you're from some Catholic boarding school, where they're not great for music. Come; talk to me. Your aunt's father had a fish stall in Second street."

Katharine broke away; the expression on her aunt's face was agonizing; her heart was filled with pity—what a terrible thing "society" was, if it made one so unhappy about such a small thing! She went to the piano, and forgetting everything but her desire to help her revelations, she touched the keys and began the prelude to a bit from Rubinstein's "Lost Paradise." She chose it because she could make it the loudest musical thing she knew. Crash went the prelude; Mrs. Vavasour raised her eyeglass in amazement. Then the fortissimo movement ceased and Katharine's voice arose above the rippling accompaniment. She was not self-conscious naturally good, filled the room; she had only one desire—to drown Mrs. Vavasour's talk.

"I don't know what to think," the old lady said; "she quite takes my breath away." After this, knowing that she had secured silence, Katharine sang "Du bist wie eine Blume." Her aunt looked around uneasily, prepared to make an apology for amateurishness, defective training, etc. The song went on, and everybody listened. Mrs. Sherwood, whose traditions were those of the Ricci Waltz and all manner of flattery, was of the opinion that Katharine was making a fool of herself. As Katharine was finishing there was a stir at the door, and Herr Teufelisch entered. He was old and bent, his hair brushed straight up from his forehead and bristling with defiance. His piercing black eyes were almost hidden under heavy white eyebrows; he made a circular bow to the assembly, waved his long and knotted fingers to somebody who offered him a chair, and said impatiently to Mr. Wirt Percival, who accompanied him— "Ah, you good-for-nothing! Be still—there is music!"

The ladies declared to one another in whispers that he looked very well. An immense gardenia adorned the lapel of a frock coat, which reached below the knees of his lavender-colored trousers; he held a brilliantly polished tall hat in his hand and gazed, with the expression of a man carved out of wood, at the piano. "Gracious!" said Mrs. Vavasour's shrill voice, "he's quite too perfectly English!" Herr Teufelisch gave her a terrible look from beneath his brows. Katharine ended and rose from the piano. Nobody dared to say anything until Herr Teufelisch had spoken;—was it good or bad? The old German soon settled that question. He went up to Katharine and took her hand.

"You are young, mein fraulein," he said, looking at her kindly. She met his eyes without embarrassment—she liked the old man's face. "Already you sing well—you have been taught—you have been taught. I like your method almost as well as that of Herr von Buelow, when he was in this country. But you must not play your accompaniments—I will play for you." He took the seat, and, pointing to a song by Schumann, began the prelude. Katharine, feeling as if Sister Cungunda were playing for her, sang her best. "I am pleased," the old man said; and he played a War Polonaise of his own composition; but, above it could be heard Mrs. Vavasour's voice. "The girl seems clever—but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sherwood have any relations that are not positively low-class. So she's going to the Worth's." The polonaise thundered—and Katharine thanked Heaven! Wirt Percival came to her side; he was sincerely fond of music. "You have given me a great pleasure," he said. "Thanks awfully." "You are kind."

"You will be my partner for the cotillon to-morrow night?" he asked, with more warmth than his manner permitted him to show usually. "Certainly," Mrs. Sherwood said, before Katharine could speak.

Herr Teufelisch had reached a piano passage in his composition, and Mrs. Vavasour was heard— "Yes, dear, she means to catch Wirt for the nice—well Marcus Sherwood can afford to marry his niece, but I shouldn't think—"

"Fortissimo!" unconsciously whispered Katharine to Herr Teufelisch. The old gentleman stopped, bristling with rage, in the middle of a passage— "You mean to write my music for me, young lady?" he demanded. There was an awful silence. Percival looked at Katharine; her eyes were full of laughter. Mrs. Vavasour's voice broke out. "Ah, I see," said Herr Teufelisch. "You want to stop that old woman's tongue. It is well." And he thundered through the rest of the polonaise.

As people took their leave, Katharine received much attention; as Mr. Sherwood would have said, "Her stock had gone up." "You'll come and sing for me on Thursday, at my little tea," said Mrs. Vavasour at parting; "you are really absolutely lovely, dear!" "No," said Mrs. Sherwood, as she kissed the dear old lady on both cheeks. "no, my dear—Katharine really can't sing for you, for she is engaged for a duet with my musical cousin, Lady Alicia St. John. I don't intend that she shall sing to your old people in Germantown—they're nearly all dead, you know, by this time." Mrs. Vavasour grimaced. Tears came into Katharine's eyes; how heartless this was! She took the old lady's limp hand and said— "I'll come another time—with pleasure!" Mrs. Vavasour actually looked pleased. Mrs. Sherwood frowned, and Wirt Percival swore to himself that he had found the one woman that suited him. (To be continued.)

Chats With Young Men.

ACHIEVEMENTS BY YOUNG MEN Thomas Jefferson was only 33 years when he drafted the "Declaration of Independence," says Samuel A. Fiske, in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and John Hancock was but 29 when he signed it. Henry Clay was scarcely eligible (29) when he was first chosen by Kentucky to represent her in the Senate of the United States. Andrew Jackson was only 30 when he was chosen United States Senator from his state, and was but 31 when he became one of the justices of the supreme bench. James Kent was made a judge of the Supreme Court of New York at 35 and its chief justice at 41. Joseph Story was but 32 when he became a justice of the United States Supreme Court. Emerson was but 34 when he delivered his famous address "The American Scholar," to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. This has been aptly called the emancipation proclamation of the American scholar. Lowell says of it that its delivery "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals."

Thomas Carlyle was 38 at the time of publishing "Sartor Resartus." Shakespeare published "Love's Labor Lost" when he was 25, "Romeo and Juliet" when 27, "The Merchant of Venice" when 32, and "Hamlet" when 27, etc. Longfellow was 31 when his "Voices of the Night" appeared. Irving was but 26 when Diedrich Knickerbocker came before the New York public with his delightful "History of Ben Johnson presented 'Every Man in His Humor' when 25. Goldsmith was 38 when "The Vicar of Wakefield" made its appearance, though he had published for many years before that. Wordsworth began to publish when he was 23. Thackeray was 36 when he began "Vanity Fair," 37 when he began "Pendennis," and 41 when he published "Edmond." Sheridan gave us "The Rivals" when only 24. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" when 21, and was just 30 when he was drowned. Byron was 24 years when he published the first two cantos of his "Childe Harold." Burns published

Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day. The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses delicately—without injury. Remember Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

the first edition of his poems when he was 37. This means, of course, that they were all written before that time. Dickens gave us "Sketches by Boz" when he was but 24 years old, and "Pickwick Papers" the year following, while "David Copperfield" did not come upon the stage until his author was 37. Gibbon was 39 when his first volume of his wonderful "History" appeared, and Hume began to publish, not his "History," however, when he was 28. Raphael was but 20 when he painted "The Coronation of the Virgin," and everybody knows that Michael Angelo was very young when he began to model; that his "David" began when he was but 26, and that he was only 33 at the time of painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Rembrandt did a large part of his work before he was 40 years old.

The world makes way for a determined man. Be brief. Your time and the other man's is precious. Character is the poor man's capital. To smile in victory is easy—in defeat, heroic. Do not anticipate trouble, or worry about what may never happen.

BISHOP SPALDING'S ADVICE.

Day by day parents and children are confronted with the great problem of life, "What shall I do with my boys or girls?" is asked by the parents. "What shall I do?" says a boy or a girl. Bishop Spalding begins his lecture on opportunity thus: "How shall I live? How shall I make the most of my life? How shall I become a man and do a man's work? This and not politics or trade or war or pleasure is the question. The primary consideration is not how one shall get a living, but how he shall live, for if he live lightly whatever is useful he shall easily find. Life is opportunity, and therefore its whole circumstances may be made to serve the purpose of those who are bent on self-improvement, on making themselves capable of doing thorough work."

Any work it is that wins. Any other way of winning is unworthy of consideration. A true man would not want to win any other way. Life is full of opportunities to labor and the willing worker is surer of success. Such a worker has never failed, never will fail.

Truly a Struggling Mission in the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! The Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the Church is being run over by its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal. May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address: FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Constant prayers and daily masses for Benefactors.

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery AND ALL Summer Complaints DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency. Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes. Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

Burdock Blood Bitters. It is the FOREMOST MEDICINE of the DAY. It is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It purifies the blood that is crisscrossed with humors and diseases, and this with its unrivaled purgative, cleansing and purifying influence, renders it unequalled for all diseases of the skin, such as boils and pimples, which keep breaking out constantly. After using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured.

To Keep the Skin in Health Avoid Poor Ologging Powders and Cure All Skin Irritations and Eruptions With Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is quite possible that, while you know of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, psoriasis and the most severe forms of itching skin diseases, you may have overlooked its value as a beautifier of the skin. There are minor forms of skin trouble, such as rough red skin, chafing, chapping, pimples, blackheads, blotches, irritation, or poisoning from the clothing, etc., which distinguish, and form a starting point for serious trouble. A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment at such times not only remove these blemishes, but also restore the health and beauty of the skin, and positively prevent further development. Miss C. Stanley-Jones, professional masseuse and nurse, 283 Simcoe street, Toronto, writes: "In my occupation as nurse I have come across many cases in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has been used with extraordinary results. One case I recall was that of a child of six months, who was in a bad way with scaly head. It was a really nasty case, causing the child to suffer very much and to be very troublesome. I persuaded the mother to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in ten days the child was entirely cured. "Another case was that of a lady who was greatly troubled with eczema on the face. The doctor was dosing her with medicine, which was doing no good. In this case cure was effected in seven days with only one box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Both of these cures were lasting." Dr. Chase's Ointment is delightfully pure and creamy, is pleasant to use, and is rapidly absorbed. It acts as a food for the skin, making it soft, smooth and velvety. By its soothing, antiseptic and healing properties it allays inflammation, relieves itching, and heals sores, wounds and ulcers. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Biography of Michael Davitt. A letter has been issued to all the friends of the late Michael Davitt by his widow asking them to send to her any letters or documents which they may have received from him. These are to be used in preparing a biography of the great Irish leader, and Mrs. Davitt promises that any papers entrusted to her will be carefully copied and returned. The author has not yet been selected, but it is expected that the choice will be announced before long. A Cure for Rheumatism.—The intruders of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Farnese's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action they correct impurities in the blood.

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