

DEPARTMENT NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: A. D. McGill, M.P., President; J. Devlin, Vice-President; J. Devlin, Sec.-Secretary; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; 65 Young street; M. Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

S. T. A. & B. SOCIETY, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: A. D. McGill, M.P., President; J. Devlin, Vice-President; J. Devlin, Sec.-Secretary; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; 65 Young street; M. Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, D. O. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1885. Meetings are held in St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the third Thursday of each month, at 7 p.m. President, Miss Ann van; vice-president, Mrs. H. H. Curran, B.C.L.; recording secretary, Mrs. J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Mrs. J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Curran, B.C.L.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION. "If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and general Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who concern themselves with this work." — PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Regulations for Lent

- Next Sunday in all the Catholic churches of the archdiocese the following regulations for Lent will be read:
- 1—The use of flesh meat is allowed on all the Sundays of Lent at the three meals.
- 2—On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays flesh meat may be used at one meal only by those who are obliged to fast.
- 3—Two Saturdays are excepted: the Saturday of the Ember Days and Holy Saturday.
- 4—The use of flesh meat is not allowed on Wednesdays or Fridays.
- 5—The obligation of fasting every day (Sundays excepted) is binding as in the past.
- 6—On no day in Lent is it allowed to use flesh meat and fish at the same meal.

THE HOSPITAL QUESTION.

long ago we had occasion to mention the great work done for the Church by the Grand Synagogue of Montreal, and to point to the hundreds of priests and scores of Bishops, all over the American continent, who received their theological training in this institution. The other day in "The Guidon" we noted the recent clerical changes in the archdiocese of New Hampshire, and we found five important cases mentioned. Rev. Rodriguez Bernadin, pastor of Stewarts-town; Rev. Peter McCovey, pastor of Lincoln; Rev. F. X. Lyons, pastor of God Falls; Rev. James McGill, pastor of Harrisville; and Rev. D. A. O'Neil, pastor of Troy. Now of these five, four are graduates of the Montreal Grand Seminary. Rev. Mr. Bernadin, is a French-Canadian, born in Buckingham, Quebec, educated at St. Therese, and a student of philosophy at Ottawa and of theology at Montreal Grand Seminary. Father McCovey made his philosophy and theology in Montreal. Father O'Neil was ordained in Manchester in 1895, after finishing his studies in Montreal. And Father McGill made his studies for the priesthood in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. While, the fifth, Father Lyons, studied under the Sulpicians at Baltimore, and completed his course at St. Sulpice in Paris.

THE HOSPITAL QUESTION.

The conference which was held a few days ago in the Mayor's chamber about the proposed arrangements for the care of patients afflicted with contagious diseases at which members of all important sections of this community were represented, except Irish Catholics and other Catholics speaking the English language, as reported in the daily press, is not very edifying reading to any member of the last mentioned section. The report says:— The deputation consisted of R. B. Angus, Royal Victoria Hospital; James Crathern, General Hospital; Messrs. C. P. Hebert, Dr. Eschschelle, C. de Serres and Rudolph Foregel, Notre Dame Hospital. Also C.

F. Fleet, K.C., legal adviser to the English hospitals.

The city was represented by His Worship the Mayor, Ald. Ames, Lavallee, L. A. Lapointe and Desjardins.

A Hoary Calumny.

A week or two ago Archbishop Carr, while engaged in a newspaper correspondence with the Rev. Mr. McLaren, had occasion to indignantly protest against the ignorance of Catholic teaching manifested by that gentleman and by other Protestant clergymen in repeating the foolish calumny that Catholics "adore" the Blessed Virgin and give to her the honor due to God. It is indeed amazing that this misrepresentation should still be perpetuated in view of the fact that in all Catholic books on the teaching of the Church and in all authoritative utterances of Popes on the subject the true Catholic doctrine is carefully explained and formal protest is made against the garbled versions. The latest protest to hand comes from the International Marian Congress held a month or two ago at Fribourg, Switzerland, and it is particularly weighty, coming as it does from a congress which was specially held to do honor to the Blessed Virgin. The following are the terms of the formal declaration unanimously adopted by the Congress:— This assembly of sodalists in Fribourg lifts its voice aloud in order to protest solemnly against the calumny, three centuries old, that Catholics make the august Mother of God an object of adoration. The assembly, in the name of truth and justice, demands that this lie and calumny, systematically spread by official teachers and masters of religious communities separated from us, should at length cease. It calls attention to the irrefutable truth that the Catholic Church knows of no other adoration but that of the

Triune God and of Jesus Christ our Lord; and that all love and confidence in the Blessed Virgin Mary is strictly limited to such love and veneration as, according to the words of the Archangel Gabriel, the eulogy of St. Elizabeth, and the requirements of reason itself, is owing to a creature who was elevated to the position of Mother of Jesus Christ, and to whom even an Apostle was committed from the Cross as a child to his mother. The man who, after reading such a declaration, still continues to repeat this calumny, stands convicted either of gross uncharitableness or of incurable and invincible prejudice. — New Zealand Tablet.

An Irish Meeting In London.

Under the auspices of the United Irish League of Great Britain, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., addressed a meeting last week, in the Catholic School, Lincoln's Inn, London, on the Irish Land Conference. Father O'Connor presided over a very large gathering.

Mr. Redmond said in part:— The next few weeks would, undoubtedly, decide, one way or the other, whether the land war which had devastated their country for centuries, driven their brethren to ruin, and had depopulated and impoverished their land, and which at the same time had been a source of trouble and of danger to England was to be brought absolutely to an end by restoring the ownership of the land to the Irish people on fair and honorable terms, or whether on the other hand the land war was to recommence with all the added bitterness and fury which would necessarily follow from the hopes of the people being once more cheated and destroyed. He dared not attempt to forecast the future with any degree of confidence. They had been taught by past experience never to be sanguine of justice being done to Ireland, but they in Ireland were ready for either event. Their organization was strong and widespread. It was united as one man, and it had auxiliary forces in every part of the world. If the land war was to be recommenced and pushed forward to the bitter end, they were in a position to face the future with confident hearts. They hoped that English statesmen, in the interests of England as well as of Ireland, would have the wisdom and the courage to seize this golden opportunity offered them to do an act of wise statesmanship and justice. The statements in the "Times" newspaper and other publications hostile to the Irish Party of splits in the Nationalist Party were ridiculous inventions. He would assert that on the main essential features of the present situation in Ireland Irish public opinion was at the present moment a unit on the findings of the recent Conference in Ireland. Taken as a whole, Irish thought, voiced by all the representative bodies in the country, was practically unanimous. The statement that the findings of the conference were about to be repudiated by the country was absolutely ridiculous. The danger of the present situation was not that the country would repudiate the findings of its representatives in the conference, but that the Government might be misled by these false statements in the public newspapers, and would not be possessed of sufficient moral courage to introduce a great Bill which would honestly give effect to the findings of that conference.

The Dublin correspondent of the "Times" had stated that Ireland was not committed to the report of the conference. He would tell these gentlemen that they were laboring under a delusion. They were deliberately, he thought, misrepresenting the facts of the situation, and they would be disappointed when they found how events turned out. The conference declared unanimously that no settlement of the land question was possible which did not restore the evicted tenants to their homes.

POPE AND KING.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Several times I have felt it my duty, even while admiring his great ability, to criticize some of the utterance of "Innominato," of the "Sun." I have found that he is frequently apt to jump at conclusions, possibly based upon his immense amount of material consisting of facts and rumors all mixed up, and that he does not always weight his statements concerning the Pope and the Vatican with the exactness of one who has actually access to the innermost circles. Yet, on the whole, he is the best Roman correspondent that sends news to the American press. But we meet with a correspondent like "X." in the "Evening Post," who sends out two closely printed columns of matter concerning the relations between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Italian monarch, and who evidently gives free rein to his imagination. I hesitate between paying any attention at all to the fanciful pictures of the writer and pointing out the groundlessness of his contentions. I have now before me an elaborate letter, in which "X." tells of the secret communications going on between the Vatican and the Quirinal. He reviews the attitude of Pius IX. towards Victor Emmanuel II. and then comes down to Leo XIII. and Humbert, and finally to the present monarch. He describes the situation "a veritable religious vanity fair." He arrays before us the "black," the "white," and the "grey" shades of politics. The adherents of the Papal cause are the "black," the friends of the house of Savoy are the "white," and those who are a mixture of both he describes as the "grey." He tells of a telephone between the Vatican and Quirinal and of all the petty friendships between Pope and King that are kept up behind the exterior appearances of a great breach. In a word, the correspondent does all in his power to fling discredit upon Catholic representations of the situation. As a sample we quote the following paragraph:—

"It is well known in Rome that the spectacle for which Europe had been prepared, of an aged bishop wearing away his days in unhonored exile in the Vatican, was rudely shaken when the Jubilee pilgrims saw the Papal guards and regiments, and the royal state of Leo XIII., all guaranteed by Italy. Zeal probably went too far when 'straw from the Holy Father's dungeon' was sold in the streets of Paris to the buyers of relics and articles of religion." Nothing could be more misleading than this passage. It would tend to circulate the opinion that there is no truth in the fact of the Pope's captivity. The animus is only too visible, and the credit given to such correspondents is an injury to society as well as an injustice to Catholicity. It did not require the influx of pilgrims to Rome to make known the state in which the Pope, as Sovereign Pontiff, has to move. Every Bishop in the world has visited at Rome at some time or other; almost every clergyman has an intimate, if not a personal knowledge of all the proceedings at the Vatican, and hundreds of thousands of Christians, from all over the earth, yearly visit Rome. It would be an absolute impossibility to hide from the knowledge of men the situation occupied by the Pope—even were there any object in so doing. Then as to the story about the straw selling; the correspondent forgets to mention that this was a device adopted by a section for the purpose of casting discredit upon the representations of the Church and ridicule upon the Holy Father. Take another sample:— "One strange anomaly is that the Pope provides for the religious needs of the excommunicated House of Savoy. A chaplain must be appointed by the ordinary (the Pope himself), to say Mass at the palace, but in spite of the fact that the excommunicated Queen Margaret was the only member of any royal house in Europe to gain the indulgence of the jubilee year in Rome (!) the Pope cannot bring himself to tell of archbishops, much less cardinals, to mar-

ry and baptize the members of the offending royal house."

There is absolutely no use in attempting to argue with a man who will falsify a position to such an extent. There is a saying that the "worst lie is that which is half a truth;" the part that is true is pushed forward as a guarantee of the part that is false. Here we have a person seizing upon a couple of plain facts and so connecting them, or rather so placing them in juxtaposition, that he can draw whatever conclusions he wishes from them. The Queen was not excommunicated; nor had she been she could not have been admitted to the sacraments of the Church. But all this is merely beating the air. It is useless to go into details, unless we were to take time to unfold all the minutiae of the Roman situation. The fact is that the correspondent simply wishes to have it believed that there is no harsh treatment of the Pope on the part of the Italian Government, and that the Holy Father is not only free, but is protected in all his state and ceremonial by the power at the Quirinal. Now every person, who has an elementary knowledge of the Roman situation, is aware that the Pope's position is one of constitutional imprisonment. Within the precincts of the Vatican he is at perfect liberty to act as he desires. But thus do they seek to cover over the act of spoliation perpetrated upon the Holy See, and to blind the world to the real fact that the Vicar of Christ is not the possessor of that freedom, nor of that patrimony, which are his by right of law, by tradition, by succession, and by the laws of nations.

It is not my intention to go into the subject with such a correspondent as "X." or with any other of his class. We simply draw attention to this letter, in order to show our readers how false and how dangerous is the information concerning Catholic matters that they glean from the secular and non-Catholic press. They seem to imbibe, without perceiving it, the most erroneous ideas, from those publications of the hour that are out of sympathy with the Church. If the Catholic reading world would only have the good sense to depend entirely on the Catholic press for information concerning the Church there would be less errors of judgment and less false impressions amongst the people of today. In a word no faith can be placed in any Roman news that does not come through the Catholic press.

Notes on Roman News

HEALTH OF THE POPE.— There is possibly no living man better acquainted with the physical condition of the present Pope than is Dr. Mazzoni, one of the household physicians to His Holiness. Moreover, Dr. Mazzoni has, for several years past, made a particular study of the Pope's constitution. Apart from his duties as a physician he has been captivated professionally by the extraordinary characteristics of his patient's physical system. Some days ago, in an interview with the Tagblatt, he declared the Pope to be a phenomenon. "He grows older in years," said the learned doctor, "but paradoxically seems to gain vigor every year. He will live to be a hundred years old, or more. Even then he will enjoy life as to-day. He has the constitution of a young man. All his organs are in perfect working order. He leads a regular life, takes very little alcohol, walks without a cane, and dresses and undresses without assistance. He works about fourteen hours daily, and one can hardly believe that he will ever die." Here is a testimony from the most reliable of sources, and one that is calculated to astonish the world. Nor do we see any human reason why Leo XIII. might not yet celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth. What a magnificent demonstration that would be! Yet how few of those who are strong and active to-day would be present in the flesh to participate in that celebration. How few there are present to-day of those who knew him, even in mid-life, and we might almost say how few of those who were potent in the world when he, an aged man already, first ascended the Pontifical throne. The ways of God are not

our ways, nor do we always grasp their meaning. Behind that wonderful life there is a Providence that confounds the atheist and that inspires the faithful with a confidence that naught on earth can ever shake.

IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

It is now just about two years, says the Roman correspondent of the "Catholic Times" of Liverpool since, at the initiative of a much-regretted Cardinal, the Irish Christian Brothers were invited to come to Rome in order to take up the work of resistance to foreign proselytism. The Cardinal was His Eminence the new Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Jacobini — "magis ostensus quam datus" — as Leo XI's epitaph says of that Pope to all who visit St. Peter's. Cardinal Jacobini was in failing health at the time of his appointment, but it is evident from what has been said that one of his earliest thoughts was the defence from illicit assaults of the ancestral Faith of Rome. After having been Secretary-General of Propaganda for the West he had been sent as Nuncio to Lisbon. The question arose of bringing the Brothers to open an establishment there. Already they had done so in Gibraltar, where Catholicism, before their arrival, had been almost an imperceptible factor amidst a confusion of Judaism, Mahometanism, Protestantism, and unbelief.

The surprising success of the Brothers there suggested to Cardinal Jacobini in the Holy Year of 1900 that they should be called to Rome to do a similar, but even higher, work. This was to counteract what in Ireland fifty years ago, if not even before what used to be called "Souperism"—that is, the trading upon the misery, the poverty, and the ambition (coupled with the one or the other) of the Roman middle and lower classes, bartering alien sectarian education and religion for good housing, monthly subsidies, and the like. The American Methodist School on the corner of Via Firenze and Via Venti Settembre was the most prominent and central, and probably the most successful of the institutions, so the Irish Christian Brothers came and set up their schools near by on the Via Firenze, No. 10. The report shows what has been up to the present the issue of their undertaking. It was read on the Feast of the Holy Name, Sunday, January 18th, before a very large gathering of friends, who had been invited to meet Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli and to assist at an exhibition of the musical, artistic, literary, and linguistic attainments of the students. The document states that 270 students are attending the free evening language classes and that the day commercial school is progressing as satisfactorily as could be expected.

HEALTH TALKS BY CATHOLIC DOCTORS.

On Monday evening, Dr. Hugh Lennon delivered the second of the series of "Health Talks," which have been organized for the benefit of our people, in the basement of St. Anthony's Church. Dr. Lennon showed that in many instances lives had been saved by prompt aid, and he urged upon every one to learn something of the first principles in cases of poisoning, fractures and other injuries. Dr. F. J. Hackett will close the series next Monday evening, when he will lecture on "Contagious Diseases."

DEATHS IN OUTSIDE PLACES

MR. PATRICK J. KELLY, of Valleyfield, and for many years a resident of New Erin, passed away to his eternal reward on the 1st inst. Mr. Kelly had entered upon his 73rd year when the dread summons came. He had been a staunch supporter of the "True Witness" for more than 40 years. Mr. Kelly was a typical representative of the pioneer Irish Catholic band, industrious, honest and faithful in the performance of every duty to Church and country. May his soul rest in peace.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY

By "CRUX."

DESPATCH from London, dated 10th February, says: "Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, former Irish leader, man of letters and Prime Minister of Victoria, died yesterday at Nice."

We have been quoting of late from Davis and now we are called upon to record the death of the last of that memorable trio that established the famous Dublin "Nation." Davis, Dillon and Duffy—the three immortal "Ds." of Ireland's literary revival. One day in September, 1845, Duffy was suddenly summoned to the residence of Davis, who had taken ill a few days earlier, but of whose serious condition none of his associates were aware. In recording the scene that greeted him on that memorable morning Duffy wrote: "I learned on entering the house that our gifted friend had just died. It then felt to my lot to gaze upon the most tragic sight that my eyes ever beheld—the dead body of Thomas Davis." Passing on to an account of all the great little man was, and all he might have been, Duffy says: "It is not death alone, but Time and Death that canonize the patriot. We are yet too near to see his proportions truly." He tells how the day would come, when the calmness that follows intense grief takes possession of the mind, men will be in a fit condition to realize his proportions truly, and to appreciate all the great things he had done, and all the designs he was bringing to maturity. To-day, over the newly made grave of Gavan Duffy we can well repeat the same words and give vent to the same feelings. The theme that Duffy's life presents for our study is so vast, the fields of his labors are so varied and immense, the horizons that recede as we advance along the plane of his biography are so unmeasured and unmeasurable that we feel at a lost how, where, or at what period to commence.

In last week's issue the "True Witness" gave a brief biographical sketch of the wonderful career of Duffy; I will now attempt to picture him from 1836 to 1846; from 1846 to 1856; from 1856 to 1878; from 1878 to 1898; and finally from 1898 to 1903. Into four grand periods can we divide his career. And I write in my childhood's home; in a room consecrated by the thousand souvenirs of days spent in the sweets of study and the delightful association of those who knew well and intimately the subject my brief sketch. On the walls around me hang ten portraits, and under each is the signature, the actual autograph, of the one represented in the picture; they are, William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terrence Bellew McManus, John Martin, John Mitchell, Michael Doheny, John O'Mahony, Thomas Osborne Davis, John Blake Dillon, and Charles Gavan Duffy. As I write I have but to pause, to look up, and I behold that band of Irish patriots—as they were half a century and more ago—gazing down upon me. It is a framework calculated to fit the richest picture that the pencil of Celtic imagination could draw. Shades of the departed lovers of Ireland, would that I could borrow inspiration from your genius to fittingly trace a tribute to the "Last of the Irishmen of '48," to the "noble Roman," who survived you all, to sit like Marius of old amidst the ruins of Carthage, lamenting over all that once had been!

O'Connell had succeeded in obtaining the boon of emancipation, and was still struggling, with giant efforts to secure a fair share of political liberty for the old land. But his mighty battles and his increasing years had told upon him. Ireland was still in the grasp of the unjust ruler, and there were "shadows" of "coming events," of famine years and of misery cast over the face of the Island. There was need, of a great revival; a revival of literature, of political influence, of concerted energies. Many saw and felt the needs of the hour, but none knew how to apply them, and what is worse, none seemed to dare to move. One autumn afternoon, in 1842, three young men sat down under an oak tree in the Phoenix Park, and soberly and seriously discussed the situation. They were Duffy, Dillon and Davis. They were of one idea,

and had but a single aim. They concluded that the establishment of a thoroughly national paper was of paramount importance. They wanted an organ that would breathe a soul into Ireland, one that would awaken, like a clarion, the benumbed energies of the race, revive their thirst for learning, teach them their history, show them how to apply it, and stir the slumbering fires of ambition within them. Duffy owned the Belfast "Vindicator," and by selling it and transferring his energies to the new organ he would bring to the enterprise his practical experience as a journalist. Dillon had some money, and this he gladly flung into the scale. Davis possessed only his genius, his magnificent pen—and that he dedicated to the cause of the "Nation." They decided to call the paper "The Nation." In a few weeks the first number appeared. It went like wild-fire all over Ireland. The proper key had been touched. Its columns were open to contributors—and, like the warriors of Roderick dhu—they sprang up from ever nook and corner of the land. Such a galaxy of talent never before, in any age, or in any land, ever came forth spontaneously to fling the glories of their conceptions on the page and to inspire a downtrodden race with hope and reliance.

Apart from the three originators and founders of the "Nation" any one of the scores of contributors would have sufficed to have immortalized any public organ. Such an array! Mangan, McCarthy, Francis Davis, Williams, McDermott, Fraser, Ferguson, McGee, Dowling, Simons, Walsh, Keegan, Lane, Doheny, Drennan, and fifty others. Amongst the female writers were Lady Dufferin, Speranza (Lady Wilde), Mrs. Hemmans, Mary Ellen Dowling, Eva Kelly, and that constellation of names chosen to hide the identity of each poetess—Una, Eva, Fiola, Mary, and I know not how many others. A spirit came into Ireland. From the autumn of 1842 to that of 1845 (the date of the death of Davis), the country was electrified. The entire English-speaking world, on both sides of the Atlantic was dumb-founded. Even continental Europe heard of the wonders and marvelled. Duffy, himself, poured out poem after poem, editorial after editorial, while doing the managing work of the paper.

This was, possibly, one of the greatest accomplishments of Duffy's life. In 1847, when the spectre of famine stalked abroad over the land; when O'Connell's glorious career ended at Genoa, and the giant of half a century of struggle laid down his sceptre of influence at the foot of Death's Angel, the "Nation" was creating other patriots to succeed those of the past. The silvery tones of Meagher's matchless eloquence rang all over the Island, and men like O'Brien, Donaghue, McManus, and Duffy were carried away in the political maelstrom that drew into its centre the stolid John Martin and the imperishable John Mitchell. Duffy's organ was seized and suppressed. The iron hand of might crushed to atoms the instrument that was educating and elevating the Irish race. And, in its sweeping blows, it drove the magnificent originator of so much good into the cells of the convict. It was then that his fellow-patriot McGee penned, from America, that immortal poem addressed to "Duffy in Prison," in which the fiery Celtic bard, threatened vengeance upon the persecutors of his bosom friend, and declared that he would "Shake the Gaza pillars of their godless mamon shrine."

The same pen soon addressed another appropriate poem. But this time to "Duffy Free." All the influence that could be brought to bear could not convict the great Charles. He came forth from the dock a free man, for he had never pronounced or written a word that the law could actually declare to be criminal. Once free again, and disheartened by the failure of the forty-eight movement, Duffy realized the truth of Williams' appeal:—

"Come with me to Ohio,
Or to the vines of Indiana,
Or where the greater waters flow
'Mid gorgeous plumes and vast
Desert a land of corpse and slave,
Of pauper wood, and tinsel splendor,
Poor Erie now is all a grave,
And gone the few who dared defend
her."

Animated with the same spirit, of blinding despair and sorrow, Duffy turned his eyes southward and embarked for the wild, great, new land of Australia. He carried with him his talents, energies and experience, but he left behind him his heart and its most sacred associations. He went forth to build up a new land, but ever with the ultimate aim of returning to regenerate the old one.

To trace his career in Australia would necessitate the entire reproduction of his own "memories." But we can easily follow, even at such a distance, with our knowledge of conditions in Canada prior to and since Confederation, as well as our appreciation of what has been done in statesmanship here by Irishmen, like Duffy, the course of success pursued by that master of administration, as well as of organization. At the antipodes he had opportunities that were denied him at home, and he employed them so skillfully and to such effect that he won the approbation of the very power that had sought to imprison him at an earlier period. During all those years of political and professional advancement in Australia he kept constantly in touch with the home of his childhood, with the various Irish leaders, and with the cause that was dearest of all to his great heart. A quarter of a century after he had been tried for treason-felony, the Imperial mandate of Great Britain went forth to the confines of the Empire, bearing to the one-time rebel leader the knighthood of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The "star" of decoration that sparkled upon his breast in no way diminished the splendor of the Irish national knighthood that morally a grateful and confiding race had long since bestowed upon him. It merely gave him the right, on his return to Ireland, to point triumphantly to his wonderful achievements on behalf of Greater Britain, and to cast in the face of the Government to whom he had rendered such eminent services, the injustice perpetrated against his country and himself, by having deprived him for so long from doing for Ireland what he had done for Australia. It was with no uncertain sound that he spoke, and with no servile pen that he wrote during the second last decade of his life; and his magnificent advocacy of Home Rule was all the more potent in as much as it was based on real experience, on successful experiment, and on actual accomplishment. Whether from Dublin or London, from Melbourne or Nice, every communication that Duffy sent to the press of Great Britain carried the seal of authority. He had been the associate of O'Connell; the supporter of Father Matthew; the companion of Davis; the co-worker of Smith O'Brien, Meagher and Mitchell; the peer of the brightest stars in the literary galaxy of the "Nation;" the bosom friend of McGee; the inspiration of Butt; the lover of Griffin; the model of Boyle O'Reilly; the father of the Tenant League; the step-father of the Land League; the grand-sire of the United Irish League; the advocate of Home Rule, through all the phases and vicissitudes of the protracted and varied struggle during two-thirds of a century; and champion of responsible government under the safe-guards of an independent colonial constitution; the admiration of Justin McCarthy; the example selected for imitation by Redmond; the Nestor of Irish Nationalism; the Ajax and Ulysses—combined in one—of Ireland's Trojan war for liberty. In fine, he was the golden link that bound together two periods, so remote from each other, that they appear centuries apart.

Beneath the sunny skies of the south of Europe; "in that land where the heaven-tinted pencil giveth shape to the splendor of dreams;" in tranquility and contentment, after a span of four score and seven years, surrounded by the charms of nature, supported by the consolations of religion, sustained by the consciousness of a career of love, fidelity, patriotism, and devotion accomplished, the great editor, poet, administrator, statesman, and Catholic Irish patriot, sank peacefully to his last rest, while over his remains the genius of Irish Nationalism might fittingly repeat his own words, pronounced by the death-bed of Davis, "I have gazed upon the most tragic scene that those eyes ever witnessed—the dead body of Charles Gavan Duffy."

But all does not end at the grave; there is a "faith in the union hereafter" that soars high above the perishable affections and sympathies of this poor life. Like the "good and faithful servant," his course is run, he has fought the good fight, he has laid down his sword and unlaced his armor for a last time, his pen is broken, and the chord is snapped, the harp is silent, but the immortal "spirit has sprung exultant to its source." It is yonder, beyond the confines of time, that we of the

Catholic Faith seek the soul of the dead patriot, and it is for the repose eternal of that gifted soul that a prayer ascends to the throne of Infinite Justice—a prayer such as McGee's bright, but solemn muse constructed and wove into imperishable verse:—

"Sadly we grieve who laid him there;
Where shall we find his equal? where?
Nought can avail him now but pray'r;
Miserere Domine!"

Some Notes From Egypt

We publish below a letter received by Mr. E. Guerin, advocate, of this city, from a staunch friend of the "True Witness," Mr. Dugald Macdonald, who is now on a visit to the land of the Pharaohs, to make certain investigations in which he is deeply interested. The letter, although very brief, contains much information that will be read with pleasure by our readers. We hope at an early date to present our readers with other details from the same source:—

Cairo, Jan. 25th, 1903.
My dear Mr. Guerin,—I left Boston on the 3rd arrived at Gibraltar on the 12th, Algiers on the 13th, Genoa on the 14th, Naples on the 14th, and Alexandria on the 20th, and at Cairo on the same day. I visited all the places mentioned. Old Algeria is a wonderful city. It is built on the side of a large hill, so that in whatever way a traveller may go he is continually walking up and down stairs. The streets are about 5 feet 10 inches wide, and as the houses, about 7 feet from the ground, project about 2 feet on either side of the streets, very little of the vault of heaven can be seen from its narrow streets. The old city is inhabited by Arabs or Bedouins, and the streets in consequence of the garb of their inhabitants present a picturesque appearance. Every color is used in their dresses. Some of the Mosques and public buildings which I visited were of indescribable beauty. Something of the beauty of which I could have no conception. I visited some churches in Genoa, and these appeared to be wonderful creations of stone, marble and canvas.

I made some measurements in the interior of the Pyramids; but the ascent and descent was dangerous and difficult. I remained about three hours in the interior and on emerging from the great pyramid I am told that I was as white as a sheet of paper, and besides I was very sick for some time; however, I soon recovered, and went about visiting all the places of interest in the city. On Friday last I attended an interesting ceremony in one of the Mosques. On entering we heard music of a weird character. On the inside of circle in the Mosque were seated 16 dancing dervishes. After a while they marched sedately around the circle and bowing to each other in the most cavalier fashion. After which performance they began to whirl around, in the same spot, and continued so for some time. I did not remain to the end of the performance. On Saturday I attended a great celebration on the square near the Citadel. All the troops stationed in Cairo as well as the Khedive and Government officials attended. The occasion was a great religious celebration, at which a vast quantity of carpet embroidered in the most gorgeous manner was to be sent on the back of camels to Mecca for the purpose of putting in and on the tomb of Mahomet. The crowd which attended was an immense one; notwithstanding which the greatest order prevailed. After the ceremony at the Citadel the procession started. Where it went or what it did I know not.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three genial Irish priests who come from the vicinity of Boston, Fathers Doherty, Mulcahy and Ryan, the latter was with me in a carriage at the celebration, and also made the entrance with me into the great pyramid. We have been together every day. Among the passengers on the SS. "Commonwealth" was the Bishop of Scranton, Pa., and Father Nagle. These two have gone up the Nile. Father Mulcahy and Ryan go to Jerusalem and Constantinople, while Father Doherty and I will go to Rome.

I will send you a small photo of Father Mulcahy, Ryan and myself, which we had taken while on camels near the Sphinx.
Hoping to see you soon,
I am,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed)
DUGALD MACDONALD.
Edmund Guerin, Esq.,
Advocate, Montreal.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Feb. 17.

THE IRISH QUESTION. — There are some very important matters stirring the social and political, as well as the educational and religious bodies and elements in Ottawa this week. I will have to go back to what occurred last week subsequent to the sending of my correspondence. First and foremost we have the Irish question—that is to say the long-talked-of Home Rule resolutions that Hon. Mr. Costigan has been asked to introduce in the House of Commons during the coming session. The visit of Captain Shawe-Taylor, Secretary of the Irish Land Conference, has created a very important stir in Nationalist circles. On Thursday of last week Captain Shawe-Taylor called upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier and discussed with him the merits of the conference from which so much is expected in the old country. "The Prime Minister in the course of the conversation remarked that he considered the final settlement of the Irish land question on the lines suggested by the recent land conference would be a consummation that would confer a boon not upon Ireland and England, but as well upon Canada and, indeed, upon the whole British empire. This expression of hopefulness on the part of the Prime Minister makes it almost certain that a resolution favoring the proposed Irish land settlement will be introduced in the House of Commons soon after Parliament meets, and that it will have the support of the Government. Whether or not the resolution will be introduced by Hon. John Costigan is not settled. Mr. Costigan is committed to the introduction of a straight Home Rule motion, and he has not yet been formally consulted about substituting for it a resolution favoring the land settlement."

I take the foregoing from the "Citizen" of Friday. Now, after the interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, above mentioned, Captain Shawe-Taylor held a conference with Mr. D'Arcy Scott, President of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, and Hon. Mr. Costigan. It was agreed that the land settlement would be made a prominent feature of Mr. Costigan's Home Rule resolutions. In January, 1883, when Lord Lorne had resigned the Governor-generalship of Canada, he wrote to Mr. Costigan asking his candid view of the Irish question. In reply Mr. Costigan wrote:—

"No matter how that question is disposed of at present, the ultimate solution of it must be a radical one. Ireland must have a peasant proprietary sooner or later, and it should be far more satisfactory to the landlords and better for the Empire to have the difficulty ended by an imperial enactment than risk the success of Home Rule by leaving so difficult a problem to be solved by the first Local Legislature."

In respect to land purchase, therefore, Mr. Costigan was 20 years ago clearly of the opinion that such a scheme as is now proposed should be carried out before any Local Parliamentary system could be successfully launched, his theory evidently being that not only would a Local Government have no resources from which to draw the enormous sums necessary to compensate the landlords, but the suggestion of it would be regarded, under the circumstances, as a step towards confiscation, while, undertaken by the Imperial Government and backed by Imperial resources, it would be accepted as a fair measure of settlement.

In view of all this we may safely conclude that the Irish resolutions of the coming session will bear a special and significant impress, and that they will be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—It is reported here, on what seems to be the best of authority, that Hon. Edward Blake will be asked to become the Canadian representative on the Court of six jurists which is to deal upon the Alaska boundary dispute. The Court, or Commission is to consist of three jurists on each side, the Americans will name three, Great Britain two, and Canada one. It may be this that gave rise, recently, to the rumor that Mr. Blake proposed resigning his seat in the Imperial Parliament and re-entering public life in Canada. In fact, we never had any great belief in the probability

of the later course; but there is a likelihood in the former being the one intended for Mr. Blake.

A NEW FACTORY.—The Westinghouse Electric Co. of Pittsburg expect, in a few days, to open their new branch mica factory at the Chaudiere. For the present the company will occupy premises in the Ottawa Saw Co's. building, Middle street. The necessary machinery has been installed and provision made for 190 hands to work without overcrowding. The industry will consist largely of cutting and sorting mica, which will be used by the company entirely for private consumption in the manufacture of electrical appliances. The work will be done largely by girls. As the business is an extensive and increasing one, the company will probably erect a building of their own before long. This establishment was brought to the capital through the instrumentality of Messrs. Ahearn and Soper.

A SILVER JUBILEE.—Rev. Father Corkery, parish priest of West Huntley, celebrated his silver jubilee on Tuesday last. The reverend gentleman was ordained on the 23rd of December, 1877, but owing to the proximity of the day to the festival of Christmas the celebration was postponed until Tuesday. About 20 of the English-speaking priests of the Ottawa diocese were present to offer their congratulations for long life and happiness in the service of the church. As a token of their esteem they presented him with a beautiful gold chalice.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—Last week the Separate School Board decided to abolish the French and English committees and to have the trustees work as a united body. The motion to this effect was carried on a division—eight to five, and made unanimous.

Messrs. Boudreault, Foran, Lizotte, McGrail, Forest and Sims were appointed a committee to draft a procedure for the new order of things.

The report of the sub-committee on salaries was adopted, showing increases all along the line. As it may interest our Catholic lay teachers in Quebec, I will give you a statement of the condition of affairs, as far as concerns Catholic school teachers in Ottawa.

Women teachers holding necessary certificates shall be appointed at a minimum salary of three hundred and twenty-five dollars, with an annual increase of twenty-five dollars up to a maximum of five hundred dollars. In the case, however, of a teacher having a first-class certificate, the maximum salary shall be five hundred and fifty dollars.

Women teachers who are principals shall receive one hundred dollars in addition. Men teachers shall be appointed at a minimum salary of four hundred dollars, with an annual increase of fifty dollars up to a maximum of seven hundred dollars. In the case, however, of a teacher holding a first-class certificate, the maximum salary shall be eight hundred dollars.

Head masters shall be appointed at a minimum salary of seven hundred dollars, with an annual increase of fifty dollars up to a maximum of nine hundred dollars. In the case, however, of a head master holding a first-class certificate the maximum salary shall be one thousand dollars.

This schedule comes into force on the 1st day of September next, and all teachers at present on the staff shall be entitled to one increase from that date.

SALARIES FOR CARETAKERS.

For schools of seven or eight rooms	\$500
For every additional room	10
Six rooms	400
Five rooms	350
Four rooms	300
Three rooms	250
Two rooms	150

This schedule shall take effect from the 1st day of January, 1903.

Caretakers are to purchase at their own expense all requisites for cleaning.

Under no circumstance shall a caretaker be permitted to reside in a school.

With regard to the employment of the Sisters and Christian Brothers as teachers in our schools, your sub-committee respectfully recommends that such employment be continued upon such terms as are from time to time agreed upon between their respective orders and this board.

I will simply add that the secretary of the Board is paid one thousand dollars a year, and has a fine office in the City Hall. These facts may furnish more information than would a score of critical letters on the subject of Catholic school affairs at the Capital.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1903.

OLD

Old as the letter was to reproduce may be a more properly placed heading of "Historical present Gerald Griffin" is being published in the "True Witness," a name that the letter bears in very appropriately. must preface it by readers that Griffin, in years of his life, became of the noble Order of Thers, and that he died of that community. To cast a light upon visions made in the following. I cannot give the person to whom it is, for reasons that are similar to those which governed me in the reproduction of these old letters.

"7 Gloucester—
"Camden T.
"January,"

"My Dear—:—

I wished to have seen for more than one reason as I am myself concerned perhaps better I did not better say what I wish ever again to meet, and for once therefor you to hear me.

"You may remember which I wrote you two Since our acquaintance menced this winter, I have with frequent pain, that (if the slightest) change place in your opinions of important subject on each the last few weeks I thinking a great deal of subject, and my conscience me, that you may have worldliness of my own conversation, reason to my religious convictions on that deep hold of my mind which they really tell you what convinced I have compared our winter with the conversation used to hold when my unsettled, and my principles deserved the name) determined though there may be some decency at present, I am the thought, that the whole my conduct, such as it has to you, was far from that who lived purely and truthfully and for religion. The this:—Last summer I too, ideas, acquired in momentary, that I should act indulging somewhat more the spirit of society, by the gaiety of innocence, a considerable extent the which nature and society and substituting a religious of greater external cheerfulness the laborious and penitence which my conscience told me that I was wholly in I was forming to myself science, which was rapidly, cretely conducting me back the horrors of my former that whatever may be true who have always lived in the of the true faith, no

Food and Drug Adulteration

The struggle to obtain for our New York city laws, and it is the belief Health Department that way to secure protection altered drugs is by following same line of action against other public menace. Phenacetin was the first on by Dr. Deghue for criticism and test, for, as representative of this new banders said, phenacetin and ache remedies are among most drugs sold. "It is true that this drug is not a patented Dr. Deghue when speaking of his recent analysis for that reason it would be to place the blame for ad where it belongs; yet it is presume that the foreign makes phenacetin would be tantamount to any inferior adulterant, when present

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Old as the letter which I am about to reproduce may be still I should more properly place it under the heading of "Historical Letters." At present Gerald Griffin's "Collegians" is being published in the columns of the "True Witness," and it seems to me that the letter below will come in very appropriately. However, I must preface it by reminding the readers that Griffin, in the closing years of his life, became a member of the noble Order of Christian Brothers, and that he died in the habit of that community. This may serve to cast a light upon all the allusions made in the following document. I cannot give the name of the person to whom it was addressed, for reasons that are of a nature similar to those which have so far governed me in the reproduction of these old letters.

7 Gloucester-Place, Camden Town, January, 13th, 1830.

My Dear—

I wished to have seen you to-day for more than one reason, but, so far as I am myself concerned, it is perhaps better I did not, as I can better say what I wished in the form of a letter. It is only for once I wish ever again to mention the subject, and for once therefore I request you to hear me.

You may remember a long letter which I wrote you two years since. Since our acquaintance has recommenced this winter, I have observed, with frequent pain, that not much (if the slightest) change has taken place in your opinions on the only important subject on earth. Within the last few weeks I have been thinking a great deal on this subject, and my conscience reproaches me, that you may have found in the worldliness of my own conduct and conversation, reason to suppose that my religious convictions had not taken that deep hold of my heart and mind which they really have. I will tell you what convinced one of this. I have compared our interviews this winter with the conversations we used to hold when my opinions were unsettled, and my principles (if they deserved the name) detestable, and though there may be somewhat more decency at present, I am uneasy at the thought, that the whole tenor of my conduct, such as it has appeared to you, was far from that of one who lived purely and truly for Heaven and for religion. The fact was this—Last summer I took up an idea, acquired in moments of negligence, that I should act wisely by indulging somewhat more freely in the spirit of society, by assuming the gaiety of innocence, enjoying to a considerable extent the pleasure which nature and society afford me, and substituting a religious practice of greater external cheerfulness for the laborious and penitential one which my conscience told me I ought to pursue. Experience has shown me that I was wholly in error, that I was forming to myself a false conscience, which was rapidly and secretly conducting me back to all the horrors of my former life, and that whatever may be true of those who have always lived in the practice of the true faith, nothing re-

mains for me but labor, penitence, and retirement. In this conviction, and the resolutions which it suggests, I find peace and hope, and only in them. Do not suppose that it is solitude or lonely habits of thinking which bring these serious thoughts into my mind. The more I see of society and of life, the more they become stamped upon my reason. Whether the Almighty will enable me to act up to them, or no, I am most grateful to Him for having opened my eyes to my danger, and it is my gratitude to Him, as well as my friendship, my real, sincere, unalterable goodwill towards you, that urges me to this perfect unobscuring of my thoughts; for the thoughts of eternity, in the greater number of instances, ought not to be made the subject of any light correspondence or discourse. How can I, in common reason, judge otherwise than I do of myself? When I look back to our conversations, what do I find them but a tissue of self-conceit and self-complacent sentiments—of mutual self-deceptions—of sneers at our fellow-creatures—of everything that is the reverse of humility and religious charity? While the very best part of our discourse consists of disquisitions on a subject on which I have learned to consider wilful and unjust. All these things convince me that I can hardly live, in the world with safety, and I am endeavoring, with an aching heart, to make up my mind to resign every object here, except that of pursuing my literary habits in the bosom of my family. Believe me,—that my personal regard for you is in no degree lessened by these thoughts, and you shall always find me ready to do for you the duty of a friend. I do not ask you, nor even wish you, to answer this, because I fear you could not now return any answer that would give me real satisfaction. I only wish that you could fairly understand my feelings on the subject, as it is probable that in our future correspondence or conversation you will hear little or nothing of it. I entreat you to pardon the length of this letter, and to reflect upon these subjects, after the necessary preparation of thought, and feeling, and intention. I return you the Camera Lucida which you lent me, with many thanks, and am your sincere friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

"I intended to send the Camera with this, but am obliged to send it off by post, so that I will give you the former when we meet.

"If there be anything in the above which strikes you as showing too free an interference in a question which concerns you in so intimate a manner, let me request your forgiveness, my dear—, and believe that it is a real interest in your welfare—an esteem for many good qualities which you possess, and not any presumptuous desire of intruding on the secrets of your heart, that dictates it. Believe me, there is no one at this moment that wishes you better, or that is more ready to show his friendship for you in any way whatever that his duty will allow him.

Your friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

cent., so it is easy to understand the inducement which makes the practice of adulteration so prevalent.

"Some of these adulterations are quite harmless; that is to say, no serious effects will result from taking one of these powders. The strength of the drug is merely weakened. Others, however, are far more serious, as, for instance, the substitution of acetanilid for phenacetin. The latter drug has become commonly used that it might almost be considered one of the ordinary household drugs, and it is now dispensed, as a general thing, without a physician's prescription.

"As all druggists know, acetanilid acts as a heart depressant, and though a physician might prescribe phenacetin for a person whose heart action is weak, it is easy to see that if that person were given a phenacetin powder which really contained nothing but acetanilid the results might be serious indeed, and the druggists who sold the adulterated drug should be held responsible for the criminal deception.

"We have a list of several drugs which we will examine in the same way in the near future; some, in fact, are already under way. Only last week we completed the analysis of cream of tartar, and out of the 115 samples collected and examined, seventy-eight were found to be pure. In this affair we may exonerate the druggists, for the twenty-nine samples secured from them were good, the thirty-seven adulterated ones having been bought at grocery stores.

"As everybody knows, cream of tartar is one of the commonest household drugs, and quantities of it are sold every day. Among the adulterated samples which fell into our hands twenty-two were found to be mixtures of alum, starch, acid phosphate or calcium and cream of tartar; twelve were mixtures of the same three ingredients, but showing not the slightest trace of cream of tartar; two were mixtures of starch, alum and some tartrate; one was bicarbonate of soda.

"It is astonishing how easily some of these adulterations might be detected, and it would seem that any one in the least familiar with chemicals could discover the flagrant deceptions. For example, some drugs which are sold in their pure state in a fine soft powder frequently have substituted for this a hard granular substance.

"One would not think of using small bits of paraffin cut into pieces resembling the crystals of thymol, yet this deception is resorted to in the sale of an adulterated preparation of this high priced antiseptic.

"Boric acid, which finds its way into nearly every household, is sometimes sold by druggists mixed with three times its weight of powdered borax, and again samples of it which are nothing but borax have come to the eye of the investigator.

"This latter drug, by the way, is extensively adulterated. Some analyses have shown samples labelled 'pure borax' to be an alkali of an entirely different character.

"There is much to be said against the indiscriminate labelling of drugs, and particularly in regard to those compounds which contain alcohol. Men and women who buy patent tonics would be amazed if they knew what a quantity of alcoholic spirits they take into their systems with each glassful of the medicine. The percentage of alcohol, so cleverly disguised by other drugs, is enough to give the consumer a taste for spirituous liquors.

"However, this adulteration is by no means so dangerous as that which is found in many of the so-called catarrh cures, which contain so much cocaine that they are most deleterious.

"Spring and carbonated waters do not escape the hand of the cheat. It is known to be a fact that drivers of wagons which deliver yichy, seltzer, soda and other carbonated waters keep a supply of extra labels in their pockets and when the stock of one particular kind of water gives out the remaining bottles are relieved of their labels and others pasted on, according to the demand."—New York Herald.

Catholics form but 23 per cent. of the total population of Australia; the other 77 per cent. are Protestants. So they formed a league against the Catholics and were cocksure to carry their point at the ensuing general elections. But they were mistaken. They had overlooked certain things which the Catholic press tells them very tersely thus: While this looks so simple as to be beyond conception, says the Cath-

olic News of Sydney, Australia, there are a few things which the leaguers have quite forgotten. The first is as to the number of Protestant and Catholic sympathizers. When the South Australian clergy got the question put to a vote of the whole people in that colony, they were certain of the result. But they were mistaken. The people in South Australia are more non-Catholic than in any other province. Catholics are only about 14 per cent. of the people and yet the referendum signally defeated the Protestant claim for having its religion taught at the public expense.

You see there could not have been a "Catholic vote" to terrorize politicians in that case, because it was the people voting themselves, and not their candidates. This little fact might have caused the Protestant League to reverse their ideas about the "Catholic vote." The same causes are at work elsewhere. And they vitiate all the calculations of the leaguers. It is true to say that the Catholics are only 23 per cent. of the population. But it is not true to say that the other 77 per cent. are in the least degree a cohesive body, thinking together and desiring Protestant ascendancy.

In fact, it is just the other way. It is scarcely true to say that there is any large body of Protestant opinion anywhere in the colony. This may seem a strong thing to say. But the facts justify it. The one powerful motive with our Protestant clerical friends for getting back religious instruction which they so freely gave up years ago, is that they find indifference permeating their churches through and through. They cannot get worshippers. Their churches are half empty—or more than half. They now recognize the cause of it. When they so readily gave up religious instruction, and supported the secular act, they did not foresee the consequences to themselves. It was really an act of Protestant suicide. They see it now, and they want to bark back. But their own secularism has barred the road of return. They invited secular education, it came, and has created a nation of secularists, who refuse to dance any longer to Protestant piping. The non-Catholics are no longer Protestants. Their own clergy taught them that religion in the day schools was a thing of no consequence, and they are now acting on the teaching of their teachers. The Protestant churches for three decades have been sowing the dragons' teeth of secular instruction. It has sprung up into a community of armed secularists.

The process has always been quite apparent to the Catholics. They refused from the first to touch the secular doctrine. In Victoria they have spent out of their hard earnings and out of their pittances, 2,500,000 pounds for the support of their own schools. They have kept their own schools. They have kept their faith, as Protestants have lost theirs. All these things have to be taken into account when our deluded Protestant friends begin to reckon up their political strength.

They have no strength, and they will find it out in time, and their present attack on Catholicism will fall as flatly as every other attack has fallen. Wilberforce Stevens told them, thirty years, that the Secular Education Act would rend the Catholics in twain. They believed him, and that was the motive that made them take so readily to secular education. The Catholics, it was plain to them, would have no means of teaching their religion as soon as the denominational schools were closed. How blind then was their wisdom! They couldn't foresee the splendid enthusiasm with which a people, whose religion is more than a daily ornament, would leap to the defence of what is dearest to them. And so it came about that while the Secular Education Act split up Protestantism, and virtually dissipated it into the thin air of indifference, it welded the Catholic body with the cement of mutual sacrifice.

These are matters which the clerical organizers of the new league quite overlook. They gave up their religion when they gave up teaching it to their young, and now they vainly call for a Protestant vote which will not come. Of course, there are people of Protestant faith still. But they are of surprisingly fewer numbers, and they are not at all united. Some of the broadest of the Church of England clergy have refused to join in this new raid upon Catholicism. Then there are Non-conformists like Dr. Rentoul, who are equally scandalized at what they declare to be the injustice of this Protestant outbreak against Rome. Dr. Rentoul and the Church of England press organ both declare that instead of Protestants making an attack on the Catholics, they ought to imitate them in establishing religious teachings of their own.

They can not help confessing that the Catholic body was the only one

in the State which never wavered in its condemnation of purely secular teaching. They proclaim their belief that the Catholics, in so far as they give sound secular education to their children, are as much entitled to be paid for that work as the children in the State schools are entitled to be paid for. If that claim of the Catholics for a separate grant were conceded Protestants might receive the same assistance and establish their own schools. But the common honesty and equity of the case stands out conspicuously—that if Catholics have to pay out of their own pockets for the education of their young, the Protestants have no right to demand that the State shall pay for theirs.

The Redemptorist Order In Western Australia.

The Redemptorist Fathers in Western Australia have at last taken steps to build their monastery at North Perth. His Lordship Bishop Gibney has most generously given them the site, which is upon rising ground situated a mile and a half from Perth railway station. The land given contains nearly twenty acres. A tram line from the city leads to it. On November 9th, 1902, the Bishop, assisted by many of the clergy, performed the ceremony of laying and blessing the foundation stone of the Church and the new monastery. The Very Rev. Father O'Farrell, the Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers in Australia, was present. About \$4,000 was contributed in connection with the ceremony.

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. JOHN CLINE.—Every week we are called upon to record the death of one or more of the Irish Catholic pioneers in Montreal. The latest name to add to the roll is that of Mr. John Cline, for two score years associated with the Water Department of this city. Mr. Cline had passed the allotted span by more than a decade, and like all his fellow-countrymen who came to Montreal in the days long ago, he faithfully performed every duty as a member of St. Patrick's parish and as a citizen of Montreal. The funeral was held on Friday of last week, at St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, and the interment took place in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. May his soul rest in peace!

MR. DANIEL MARTIN.—Another old and respected citizen passed away last week, in the person of Mr. Daniel Martin, aged 82 years. He was a member of St. Patrick's parish for fifty-six years, and a member of St. Ann's Temperance Society in this city over thirty years. He took the pledge from Father Matthew in Captain Hickson's Grove, Dingle Co., Kerry, Ireland, 68 years ago. The funeral service was held at St. Patrick's Church, Wednesday, February 11. A daughter and grand-daughter survive him.—Holyoke "Transcript" and Boston papers please copy.—R.I.P.

WOMEN'S ILLS.

Promptly Relieved and Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and strengthen the vital organs to perform their functions regularly. They bring the rosy cheeks and shapely forms that tell of good health and happiness. To the growing girl they are invaluable. To the mother they are a necessity. To the woman of forty-five they mean relief and ease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine that science has devised for women at all periods of life. These pills succeed when all else fails. Thousands of grateful women endorse the truth of these statements. Mrs. John White, Sahanaetion, Ont., says: "It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for the ailments that afflict so many women. I suffered greatly and the periods were very irregular, but thanks to these pills I am now quite well and free from the pains that made my life almost a burden. I cheerfully give my experience for the benefit of suffering women." Remember that substitutes cannot

cure and see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed, post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

A Sermon On Wine.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Rev. Dr. Hamilton Schuyler, pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church, Newark, is in "hot water" over a question of wine. He preached a sermon last month in which he pointed to the miracle of the changing of water into wine as an evidence that Our Lord meant wine to be used.

"Bread and water," he added, "while they are capable of supporting life, do not themselves satisfy human craving. We want more than human necessities. We want something that is able to exhilarate, something that will bring a glow to the heart, quicken the pulse and refresh and gladden the spirit."

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Trenton has discussed the subject, and came to the conclusion of offering up prayers for the conversion of Rev. Dr. Schuyler. In fact, they are said to have spoken long and severely, between themselves on the matter, and to have said things not altogether complimentary to the "erring minister," as they call him. This is a subject that does not come exactly within our domain. As a rule, we avoid comments upon the many sensational and eccentric sermons that come from the various denominational pulpits. But this is a peculiar case. There is no denying that the wine, or grape juice, has, in certain lands, been regarded as a daily beverage; it is equally certain that Judea and the surrounding oriental countries belong to the category in question. That Our Lord sanctioned the use of wine is as undeniable as that He formally condemned the abuse of the same. It is no easy matter to conclude from one disjointed passage in a sermon what the trend of the entire discourse may have been. We can readily understand the indignation of the zealous ladies of the Temperance Union. While we are a positive advocate of temperance, and believe absolutely in the principle of teetotalism, still we can see the matter from Dr. Schuyler's standpoint, and we do not think—as far as the few passages of his sermon before us go—that he is unreasonable. Where, however, the minister may have "erred"—if he did err (for we repeat that we do not know what he said beyond the above-quoted lines)—seems to us to be in not distinguishing between the use of wine, as it was used in the East and at the time of Our Lord, and the use and abuse of alcoholic liquors, drugged wines, and all the villainous stuffs that are poisoning, destroying (physically and morally) whole generations in our age. Wine is a very general term, and it means, in the ordinary acceptance, far more than the pure juice of the grape. We do not deny that opium, laudanum, arsenic, and a multitude of deadly poisons are of great benefit when used, in certain cases of sickness, and according to medical prescription. In the same way is wine, or brandy, or whisky, or any other liquor susceptible of being very useful and even, in some cases, salutary. But we will never advocate the indiscriminate use of poisons—mineral or liquid; no more would we advise the unrestricted use of intoxicants. In fact, we believe that it is only very extreme cases that the medical man is justified in prescribing either poison or liquor—for they are both equally dangerous and deadly. But we cannot so stultify ourselves as to declare that wine was not made to be used. The worst feature of the whole question, in our mind, is that tendency to use texts of Scripture to justify every imaginable act—good, bad, or indifferent. Here again are we face to face with the necessity of some infallible interpreter of the Scriptures. Left to ourselves we could twist almost any text of the Bible into a justification of acts that the general law of God condemns.

Subscribe to the "True Witness."

Food and Drug Adulteration.

The struggle to obtain pure food for our New York city has been aided by the enactment of pure food laws, and it is the belief of the Health Department that the only way to secure protection against adulterated drugs is by following the same line of action against this other public menace.

Phenacetin was the first drug chosen by Dr. Deghue for critical examination and test, for, as the representative of this new band of crusaders said, phenacetin and all headache remedies are among the commonest drugs sold. "It is true that this particular drug is not a patented one," said Dr. Deghue when speaking of the results of his recent analysis, "and for that reason it would be difficult to place the blame for adulteration where it belongs; yet it is safe to presume that the foreign firms that make phenacetin would hardly use acetanilid or any inferior drug as an adulterant, when probably the ac-

tual chemicals are not at all expensive."

Keeping his plan of campaign a secret from all except those of the Department of Health concerned in the affair, Dr. Deghue sent his assistants on a tour of the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn to purchase at random sample powders of phenacetin as dispensed by druggists. These samples were duly labelled with the name of the pharmacy from which they were secured. When about four hundred had been collected the chemical analysis was begun. This was, so says Dr. Deghue, most thoroughly and carefully carried through.

Of the 373 samples of phenacetin which were analyzed 315 were found to be adulterated, and in some cases the powder contained an entirely different drug or drugs substituted for the one for which it was sold. Only fifty-eight pure samples were found among the 373.

"The approximate cost of phenacetin wholesale is about \$1 per ounce, while that of acetanilid and some of the various other common adulterants may be said to average twenty-five cents per pound. When druggists receive from fifteen to twenty-five, and even thirty cents for ten grains of this adulterated phenacetin there is a profit of several hundred per-

The Dilemma of Secularists in Australia

Catholics form but 23 per cent. of the total population of Australia; the other 77 per cent. are Protestants. So they formed a league against the Catholics and were cocksure to carry their point at the ensuing general elections. But they were mistaken. They had overlooked certain things which the Catholic press tells them very tersely thus: While this looks so simple as to be beyond conception, says the Cath-

shall take effect from January, 1903. to purchase at their requisites for cleanliness shall a caretaker be appointed to reside in a the employment of Christian Brothers in schools, your respectfully recommends as are from time to time between their and this board." add that the secretary is paid one thousand dollars, and has a fine Hall. These facts are information that critical letters on Catholic school affairs

A CATHOLIC PARISH.

(From the Missionary of the O.M.I.)

Example is a powerful Apostolate. Good example, therefore, is always useful, and ought to be made known, especially when it is given by a whole parish.

On October 2nd, 1902, I left New Westminster, where I was taking a little rest after travelling from "France la douce," and I began a new journey. Well, this one was not so long as the first.

It was, however, to take his place for a month that I went there. He had to make his retreat, and to see a few friends all around. So I became parish priest. What a good parish I had. I understood more and more every day of my sojourn there.

I had many cases like the following:—One morning, a long while before Mass, an Italian young woman came. "Padre, I am told you arrive from 'home,' be so kind as to hear my confession, I cannot speak a single word of English.

Although coming from many places, my parishioners were in great part Irish. I shall never forget how edifying are these sons of Erin. How faithful they remain to the devotion of the first Friday.

Every night the Rosary exercise was attended by a large congregation, and there were several men who had just come out from their morning work. On Saturdays and Tuesdays I had always several confessions in three tongues; how unhappy I was to not be able to understand many poor Austrians; the little German I know was useless.

by the English Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace, I was called by a Protestant family to the bedside of an agonising member. "Catholic prayers are more powerful at the last moment." I had occasion to speak with a few Protestants; they were true gentlemen with me, and I got on very well with them. Once, however, I was obliged to have recourse to my poor title of D.D., and my interlocutor went away with many new ideas.

F. LARDON, O.M.I. St. Eugene Mission, Kootenay, British Columbia, November, 1902.

Fraternal Societies

THE A. O. H.—The following is an official statement of the membership of the Order on December 31st, 1901:—

Table with 3 columns: State, A.O.H., L.A. Lists membership numbers for various states like Alabama, Arkansas, California, etc.

A RUMOR.—It is said that some of the local members of the A.O.H. will make an effort to enlist the sympathy of the members of the organization on this continent in favor of a movement having for its aim the publication of an Irish Catholic daily newspaper.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B.—Another of the series of eueches given by the above society, was held on Tuesday eve's last in St. Patrick's Hall, and was largely attended. These eueche parties have been held weekly since the opening of the winter season. Every Tuesday the hall was filled with members and friends of the society. Prizes were given on every occasion, and, to say the least, the society has had a most enjoyable season.

The eueches were organized principally to induce young men to associate themselves with the cause of temperance, and it is very gratifying to know that about twenty young men became members of the old organization. The last of the series of eueches will be held on Shrove Tuesday evening, which, by the way, will be the sixty-third anniversary of the foundation of the organization. It will take place in St. Patrick's Hall, and from the present outlook a most successful entertainment is assured. St. Patrick's T. A. & B. can trace its history to the year 1840, and ever since that time it has always been prominent in every undertaking in connection with St. Patrick's parish and the Irish people of this city.

Sacredness Of Marriage.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We have consecrated many a column to the subject of Christian marriage, and we have constantly argued that the great increase in divorces and in divorce facilities is mainly due to a growing lack of respect for the marriage tie, and an ever spreading disregard for the sacramental dignity of the marriage state. Away back, towards the beginning of the last century, that famous Irish Protestant orator, Charles Phillips, in an address to a jury, gave a magnificent lesson to the people of his day, when he said: "Of all the gifts we most reverence, of all the beauties we most enjoy none surpass the nuptial contract. It is the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the sanctity of passion, the sacrament of affection. The slender curtain that shades the marriage state has for its purity the whiteness of the mountain snow, and for its protection the texture of the mountain adamant. Let not ever that sanctuary be invaded, nor its venerable deity be ever torn from its shrine by the polluted hands of kindness, prayerless, remorseless divorce. Let not religion be defiled, morals violated, nor the canons of the living God fully spurned."

If in his expressions we find more of the exuberance of his matchless rhetoric than the exactness of theological definition, at least the fundamental principles, whereon the Catholic sacrament of matrimony is built, find a place in the heart and in the language of that gifted son of the Old Land. It is with a sense of satisfaction that we pass from these eloquent phrases of a sincere man of another faith, to the more precise and practical words of a learned and zealous member of the Catholic hierarchy. Recently Archbishop Farley gave expression to his views upon marriage and divorce, in language that will permit of no misconception. His Grace, in an American contemporary, has laid down very clearly the teachings and practices of the Church on this subject, and we feel that we are performing a duty when we reproduce that which he has written for the eye of the American public. It is thus that Archbishop Farley writes:—"It is a great question—the most important before the country. It is a question of morals and religion. Our faith holds that a large family is a blessing, and as a rule Catholics have large families, because they are taught that marriage is a holy state and they must bring up their children in the fear of God.

"Any violation of that end is criminal—morally criminal. No Catholic can be a practical Catholic who does not take this view of the obligations contracted in the sacrament of matrimony.

"No Catholic habitually violating the sacred ends of marriage would be allowed to approach the sacraments of the Church. This is the law of the Church—the moral law governing the whole question of marriage. Any one persistently violating this law would be living a habitual state of mortal sin.

"Such is the position of the church on the question, as it has ever been held and ever must be held, no matter what theories of Malthus or others may be advanced.

"As far as the question of economic goes, the theory opposed to large families is founded on falsehood, for even the poor find their greatest happiness in their numerous progeny. I have spent many years among the poor and those who work, and in my experience it has been the rarest thing to see a dark look greeting a new birth. The man of faith feels that another soul has been born to inherit heaven, and he would feel himself guilty of a heinous crime for it to be otherwise.

"Look at France! Its population has fallen below what it was ten years ago, and it is traced by its own rulers to this very cause—a violation of the laws of marriage. Such a condition exists entirely in the infidel portions of France. The widespread evil is the result of Voltaire's teachings. It is that country's curse and the people's shame.

"A remedy for this lies in the practical recognition of the sacred state of marriage by men and women. When they care more for cats and dogs than for children it is not surprising that divorce is frequent and popular among the people of that class.

"As I said before, we find the source of this evil in the failure of men and women to look upon marriage as a holy sacrament. Divorce naturally follows, and is one of the

evidences of the evil. A man or woman who feels that separation may soon follow marriage cannot be expected to have much regard for the other sacred end of wedlock, which is children. This is not a new question. It is as old as religion. The Church has always taught the sacredness of marriage, and there can be no other answer to the problem than a faithful observance of God's commands."

Comment would seem almost superfluous; we have here the law of the Church, and, at the same time, an exposition of one of the grandest dogmas of our religion. Dogma, moral, and discipline are all blended in one brief, but complete lesson.

Catholic Happenings.

CATHOLIC MEMORIALS.—Maryland's bronze statues of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and of John Hanson, now in position in Statuary hall, in the capitol at Washington, were formally accepted by Congress the other day. The statues were placed there in accordance with a resolution of the Maryland Legislature, just as the State of Wisconsin has placed the statue of Pere Marquette there. Thus there are now statues of two great Catholics of historic fame in the hall—Pere Marquette, discoverer of the Mississippi and Charles Carroll, the Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence.

THE CONGREGATION of Sacred Rites has before it at the present time 292 cases of canonization and beatification.

ALL LANGUAGES.—The "Catholic Columbian" says:—

A unique feature of the Cleveland celebration in honor of Pope Leo's silver jubilee will be addresses in the languages of all the different nationalities in the diocese, by the pastors representing the nationalities. As the foreign element in Cleveland number as many as twelve types, the symposium will be an interesting one. The nationalities represented are as follows: The German, Irish, Polish, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Ukrainian, Greek, French, Italian, Slovak, Magyar, Croatian, Krainer. It is expected that Rev. John NaHale will deliver the Gaelic address. The celebration will take place at Gray's Armory on March 3. All the necessary committees were appointed to complete the final arrangements, at the meeting held last Sunday. Bishop Horstmann will preside at the meeting, and the presidents of all the Catholic societies in the city will be vice-presidents. It will be a magnificent testimonial to the benign and venerable Father of Christendom.

AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL for Catholic boys will be established in Granby, Holyoke, Mass., this spring, and the Augustinian Fathers who will have charge are expected in Holyoke about March 1st. The school will be the gift of Rev. Charles Crevier, who has contemplated this generous act for many years. Father Crevier has a large farm in Granby, which was purchased, it was thought, with the ultimate object of making it the site for what will be one of the finest institutions of the sort in the United States.

TO RUN FOR GALWAY.—The "Ottawa Free Press" reports:—"The cable report that Mr. C. R. Devlin, the present Canadian Commissioner in Dublin, is about to become a candidate in Galway for the representation of that county in Parliament, receives some confirmation from the rumor that he is about to be succeeded in his office by his brother, Mr. E. Devlin.

JESUIT STUDENTS.—The first two scholarships at Oxford university granted under the terms of Cecil Rhodes' will have just been awarded by the Government of Rhodesia. Both go to Catholics, students of a Jesuit college. In his letter announcing the nomination Earl Grey pays a high tribute to the important work the Jesuit Fathers have done in Rhodesia among both whites and blacks.

MAUDE GONNE was received into the Church at the convent of the Carmelites in Paris this week. It is announced that during the present month, Miss Gonne will be married to Major John McBride, the leader of the Irish Brigade in the Boer War.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.—One of the most elaborate celebrations ever given in honor of a Philadelphia, is now being prepared for Archbishop Ryan by the Catholic clergy of his archdiocese to mark the 50th anniversary of the ordination of that prelate as a priest. The important event will take place Sept. 8th, this year.

The Murder of Father Augustine.

In the United States Senate on Feb. 2 the resolution introduced by Hon. Joseph L. Rawlins (Rep. Utah), calling for information in regard to recent court martials in the Philippines of U. S. Army officers, accused of torturing Filipinos, was further discussed. Hon. James H. Berry (Dem., Ark.), speaking of the attempted execution by Mr. Proctor (Rep., Vt.) of Captain Brownell, the self-confessed murderer of Father Augustine, said:

"I do not think I ever heard a more remarkable defense put forward to excuse and acquit a man charged with wrongdoing. The Senator from Vermont stated that Capt. Brownell had been charged with cruelty, and the Senator sent to the clerk's desk and had read a letter signed by Captain Brownell, which has just been printed in the "Record."

"Captain Brownell says in his own defense that this priest, Augustine, had been professing friendship for the Americans while at the same time he was acting as treasurer for the insurgents, Captain Brownell says, having heard of this man, to use his own language, he had ordered him to be delivered to him on a United States gunboat; that he cautioned this man to be taken to his headquarters, and that he there informed him that he had reliable information that this priest, Augustine, had a certain amount of money which belonged to the insurgents; that Captain Brownell tried to persuade the man to give him an order for the money, but the priest refused; that thereafter, after using all the arguments that he could, he directed that the water cure, so called, should be applied to this priest so as to compel him to give an order for the money; that after the man had undergone that treatment Captain Brownell again tried to reason with the priest, who again refused; that Captain Brownell thereupon ordered the application of the water cure a second time, and that, finally, suffering from the torture inflicted by Captain Brownell's order, the priest said he would sign the order for the money, and he did sign it.

"The officer says he had promised this man the very moment he signed the order that the punishment would cease, but after the order had been signed, he says that he had been directed to find out the whereabouts of a certain Filipino colonel; and so he called on this priest to give him that information. The priest refused; whereupon, notwithstanding the officer's promise that if the priest would give an order for the money further punishment would not be inflicted, he directed the water cure to be again applied to the priest because he refused to tell of the whereabouts of the Filipino colonel; that he continued to refuse, when the water cure was again administered, that the priest died while they were inflicting the punishment upon him. True, he says, that he got a physician to certify that the priest was not drowned by the water, but that he died, I think the statement is, from fatty degeneration of the heart.

"That is the defense which the Senator from Vermont puts into the "Record" for this American officer, who says in his defense that he inflicted this torture, that the man died while it was being inflicted under his orders, and that his motive and purpose in doing so was to make the man give an order for the money. That is the statement which the Senator from Vermont thinks is sufficient defense for the American officer. I want to read now just a word or two from the statement made by the Senator from Vermont, about this matter, who had read the defense of this officer before he made the statement. The Senator from Vermont said:

"Mr. President, Captain Cornelius M. Brownell was a Vermont officer. I have known him well for years. There is no better specimen of the volunteer soldier in Vermont or in any other State than Captain Brownell. He was a captain in the militia before the Spanish war."

"Now, we are told—and the statement goes to our young men at West Point, who are being trained for officers of the army—that a Senator of the United States, a former Secretary of War, regards this man as the best specimen of an American volunteer officer. I am not here to heap epithets of abuse upon Captain Brownell, but he has put into the record over his own signature

statements which ought to condemn him in the mind of every fair and humane man in the United States. He says that this priest, under the operations of the torture which was inflicted upon him by his order, died, and that the motive which actuated him to inflict the punishment was to force this man to give to this officer an order for money, and that is defended upon the floor of the Senate of the United States!

"It will be remembered that this man, Captain Brownell, comes from one of the older States of this Union; from a State which prides itself upon the education of its people, which claims that they are peculiarly enlightened and civilized Christians, and especially that they are humane. He comes from a State whose people have often concerned themselves about the wickedness of other people, but they never concede that they have any wickedness of their own; and yet the Senator from that State tells us that this officer, who deliberately and coolly, by torture, murdered a man, the motive being to obtain money from him, is to be held up as the highest specimen of an American officer. It may be that the sentiment of the country has gotten to that point, Mr. President; but it seems to me that if we should allow what has been said here to pass as a sufficient defense for an act of this kind and nothing be said to controvert it, this Senate would be placed in the position of having approved what the distinguished Senator from Vermont has said.

"Of course, as I have said, I have no words of abuse to put upon this officer; we have no statement except his own; we have not the statement of any other witness; and the statement which has been presented to us is the statement of this officer. If there be doubt as to the statement, I can read it. After having inflicted this torture, Captain Brownell says: "Endeavoring in all this proceeding to act in a gentlemanly manner, but firmly, I told him that the idea of compulsion was abhorrent to an American officer."

"This officer says that, and yet we are told that his act was excusable and justifiable. I believe, Mr. President, before this unjust, unholly and disgraceful conquest of the Philippine Islands was undertaken, if an American officer had perpetrated such acts as this officer has admitted he perpetrated he would have been universally condemned from one end of this country to the other; but the men who forced that war feel it incumbent upon them to defend every act committed in its prosecution.

"I want to say that in making this statement I am not attacking the Army of the United States. I hope and believe that there are but few officers aside from this one who would have ever perpetrated an act of this character; certainly there are few who would ever have undertaken to defend it by admitting it. What I say applies to this officer. I do not seek to apply it to others. In fact, in the statement made here it will be found that the officer says when he went the last time to inflict this punishment—I will read his own language, so that I may not misquote it: "I directed him to be conducted to a house apart from the headquarters in order that he might be quietly and carefully dealt with, as the night guard was on at headquarters and there were a large number of enlisted men within hearing."

"It seems that even he thought that it was necessary to conceal from the enlisted men this diabolical act. I regret that any man wearing the American uniform should ever have perpetrated such a crime, and I more regret that the Senator from Vermont should have attempted to justify it on the floor of the Senate."—New York Freeman's Journal.

With Our Subscribers.

Here enclosed you will find my subscription for the coming year to the "True Witness." I am glad to see our fine old Catholic paper progressing from year to year. I have been receiving it now for more than twenty-nine years, but never was it so attractive, so full of interest, and so replete with good information, on every topic interesting to Catholics, as under its present able direction, and supported by its numerous and brilliant staff of correspondents.

I remain, dear Sir, Very sincerely yours, J. O. FARRELL, Priest.

Enclosed please find my subscription for the "True Witness" for the coming year. The "True Witness" is very welcome every week.

Yours truly, J. B.

Extract From Postoral of Administ of Manila

(From the Freeman's Journal, New York.)

The most noble and characteristic of the Church is her Catholicity or universality. Judge of all, and if there be any presence any distinction since it will surely be in fact helpless in this world.

God is the father of all, for all, savior, redeemer, judge of all, and if there be any presence any distinction since it will surely be in fact helpless in this world.

The Church being the God, she appears from the of the world with this universality. (Ad Rom. Cp. from the time Jesus Christ to man this divine Church grandeur and magnificence appeared before her all frontiers, all colors of races, all colors of all languages, all the mystery and lineage. In the God and of His Church we one family; we are all His all brethren, and therefore Church there is no other law than this beautiful love God, who is our father neighbor as our brother. St. Matthew, xxii., v. 40.

Before democracies were the words "liberty, equality, fraternity" came into use of God was a society whose soul was in the defense of rights, in the proper meaning words. In the Church is born with a right to rule are no prelates or positions of inheritance or testament. Jurisdictional charges, from the to the priorate of L are filled by either election. The canon law is democratic law, which gives pers of citizenship, nobility, etc. All the offices are of sons of all classes, without consideration than that of science, morality and knowledge receive the same baptism, same creed, hope for the same. The Church is essentially catholic because she extends while world and her gospel ed, to all human creatures, xvi., v. 15.) Within her list equality, all races, languages of civil government, of St. Paul to the Colossians, v. 11.) She rejects no one poor, learned or ignorant, of low degree, good or bad or servant, superior or which the Church has not, and where her missionaries announced the divine word, even testified to it with the Church is Catholic in because she extends to all places, all men, all truths, all the needs of humanity counts a greater number of children than any sect can follow. But her soul more ample and universal body. From her society as she has received immen she influences the State, arts and sciences, shapes laws and makes herself felt in the circle and in all the life.

The Church is also apostolic both as regards her doctrine. In the ministry of the Apostles, the power of orders and jurisdiction of the administration of the

Extract From Postoral Letter Of Administrator Of Manila.

(From the Freeman's Journal, New York.)

The most noble and sympathetic character of the Church of God is her Catholicity or universality. All men are equal by reason of their origin, of their nature and of their future destiny. All, without distinction, are works of His hands, His image and likeness, and we may all be participants, if we so will, of His grace and glory. Before God exist no irritating inequalities; in His presence disappear all privileges, favoritisms and unjust discriminations of persons. (Astor, 10, 34.)

God is the father of all, provider for all, savior, redeemer and just judge of all, and if there exist in His presence any distinction or preference it will surely be in favor of the helpless in this world.

The Church being the work of God, she appears from the beginning of the world with this mark of universality. (Ad Rom. Cp. 2.) But from the time Jesus Christ revealed to man this divine Church in all her grandeur and magnificence there disappeared before her all national frontiers, all colors of races, all privileges of classes, all differences of languages, all the mysteries of descent and lineage. In the sight of God and of His Church we all form one family; we are all His children, all brethren, and therefore in the Church there is no other fundamental law than this beautiful law: to love God, who is our father, and our neighbor as our brother. (Gospel of St. Matthew, xxii., v. 40.)

Before democracies were born and the words "liberty, equality and fraternity" came into use the Church of God was a society whose whole soul was in the defense of these rights, in the proper meaning of the said words. In the Church no one is born with a right to rule; there are no prelates or positions held by inheritance or testament. All the jurisdictional charges, from the Papacy to the parishes of La Trappe, are filled by either election or selection. The canon law is the most democratic law, which gives no papers of citizenship, nobility or estate. All the offices are open to persons of all classes, without other consideration than that of talent, science, morality and knowledge. All receive the same baptism, recite the same creed, hope for the same heaven. The Church is essentially Catholic because she extends over the whole world and her gospel is preached to all human creatures. (St. Mark xvi., v. 15.) Within her bosom exist equality, all races, languages and forms of civil government. (Epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians, iii., v. 11.) She rejects no one, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, noble or of low degree, good or bad, master or servant, superior or subject. There is not a single country in which the Church has not members and where her missionaries have not announced the divine word, and have even testified to it with their blood. The Church is Catholic in all things because she extends to all times, all places, all men, all truths and supplies all the needs of humanity. She counts a greater number of faithful children than any sect can count of followers. But her soul is even more ample and universal than her body. From her society and humanity have received immense favors. She influences the State, favors the arts and sciences, shapes legislation, and makes herself felt in the domestic circle and in all the walks of life.

The Church is also apostolic. Apostolic both as regards her ministry and doctrine. In the ministry she is apostolic because the Apostles received from Jesus Christ the double power of orders and jurisdiction for the administration of the holy sacraments. From the Apostolic See, after the death of the Apostles, the ministers of the Church received the power to teach, rule and govern the people of God. She is apostolic as regards doctrine, because she has not, nor could she have, any other doctrine than that taught by the Apostles sent by Jesus Christ to teach all people. This power was transmitted entire to their successors in the Apostolic ministry as a sacred deposit which could not be altered in a single point without interrupting the current of this divine stream which is diffused over the whole body of the Church as the blood which nourishes and vivifies the body is continually diffused over the body by the heart. Just as a member of the body loses its life and movement the moment the communication is cut between it and the source of life, so is he a rotten member without life and without movement who derives not his ministry and his doctrine from the Apostles, because he is not in communion with the Apostolic See, the centre of Catholic unity. He is not an Apostle, he is a sectarian; he is not a shepherd, but a robber and a highwayman in the flock of Jesus Christ; he is an intruder who has no other intention than that of robbing and killing and destroying the flock. (St. John, xix., v. 1 and 10.)

By which you see, venerable clergy, that the Apostolic ministry is an institution established by God in the Church to maintain and perpetuate the true doctrine of the Faith against the intrigues of heretical innovators who preach other doctrines which flow not from the fountain of the Apostolic ministry, but from the poisoned springs of the passions of heresiarchs.

This sacred ministry must exist for ever, because it has for its object the edification of the mystic body of Jesus Christ, till Jesus Christ shall come to judge the world and reward each one according to his works. Thus was it understood by the Apostles who, during their lives, procured successors for themselves in the sacred ministry, ordaining them that they, in their turn, might transmit the power they had received to others fitted for its administration, who should maintain intact the deposit of the Faith. Thus St. Paul ordained Timothy Bishop of Ephesus, and Titus Bishop of Crete. "O Timothy," he says, "to the first presbyter that he is committed to thy trust." (I. Timothy, vi., v. 20.) "Know ye also that in the last days shall come dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness, traitor, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures more than of God. Having an appearance indeed of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Now these avoid." To Titus he said: "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting

and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee; choosing for this ministry those who shall be without crime." (Titus i., v. 5.)

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Pope St. Clement, a disciple of St. Paul, declared (Corinthians): "God sent Jesus Christ," he said, "and Jesus Christ sent his Apostles. These faithful ministers * * * elected the primates of the new-born Church, and after having proved them * * * made them Bishops and deacons with authority over those who should believe in the word of the Gospel, enjoining upon them that they should hand over the ministry to other men equally proved, who should at their death succeed them."

Listen to St. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons in the second century: "It would be an endless task to enumerate the succession of the ecclesiastical unities founded by the Apostles, and we therefore confine ourselves to making patent the tradition and doctrine of the faith and doctrine of the Church of Rome founded by the glorious Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, by the uninterrupted succession of its Bishops till our own days; and we easily confound all those who either from caprice or from vanity or blindness in their evil teachings aim to rob the Church of its harvest. (Adver. haeres. Book III., chap. iii.) Then commences the catalogue of the Bishops of Rome, successors of St. Peter, as we shall see later on."

Tertulian, speaking of the individual churches of his time, affirms that they are Apostolic, because they are children of the mother churches founded by the Apostles and because they have received without change the doctrine of the faith transmitted through the Apostles to those who succeeded them in the Apostolic ministry. (Praescript No. 20.) If some heretical sects should presume to trace back their origin, he adds, to the Apostolic times, the best way to confound them is to oblige them to show the constant succession of their Bishops, a succession which must show that their first Bishops were intimately connected with the Apostles or with their legitimate successors who have persevered to the end in the communion of the doctrine of the Apostles. (Praescript No. 32.)

St. Paul, speaking of the Apostolic ministry and of its teachings, expresses the same thought. "God himself," he tells us, "gave some Apostles, and some Prophets, and some Evangelists and some other pastors and doctors." (Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, iv., v. 11.) And to what end? "For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edification of the mystic body of Christ. Until we all meet in the unity of the Faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ. That henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by wickedness of men, by the cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive." (Ibid., v. 12-14.)

St. Ciprian, refuting Novacian, who had introduced a schism into the Roman Church, speaks thus: "Novacian belongs not to the Church nor should he be considered a Bishop, since having broken the tradition of the ministry and of the doctrine—he is successor of no one, but proceeds from himself, taking to himself an authority which no one has given him." Nemini succedens, a seipso ortus est. (Epistle 76.) In him, in fact, the same as in all heresiarchs and founders of new sects, the ecclesiastical unity, together with the tradition of the Church was broken. Such sects are not Apostolic, and therefore are not churches, but synagogues of Satan, for St. Paul warns us that the Church of Christ is built upon the foundation of the Apostles and of the prophets who preceded them; super fundamentum Apostolorum et Prophetarum. (Ephesians, ii., v. 20.)

Whereby, you see, venerable clergy, that the whole Church of Christ centres in the unity of the Apostolic ministry, no less than in the Apostolic doctrine received through an uninterrupted tradition. Whichever of these two is wanting, the unity is broken and the true Faith corrupted. Thus affirm the Apostolic fathers and doctors of the primitive Church, as we have seen. Luther and the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century committed moral suicide by suppressing ecclesiastical ordination, and denying openly the Apostolic tradition. By this policy, which had not been adopted by the heresiarchs of other times, they let it be understood most clearly that the churches—so they called them—which they founded, were not Apostolic nor churches at all, for they lacked the character of Apostolicity which they had voluntarily rejected. All those who interfere in the sacred ministry or their own authority," says on this subject the Holy Council of Trent, "or who have been chosen by

the people or by the secular power, or by the civil magistrates, must not be held to be ministers of the Church, but as highwaymen and robbers who have not entered in at the door, but who, by their own temerity, have invaded the sheepfold of the sheep of Christ." (Sess. xxiii., chap. iv.)

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The bishops, having at their head Cardinal Boschi, Archbishop of Ferrara, will present to His Holiness the symbolical keys, made of gold. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 20th, 21st and 22nd.—A solemn Triduum, celebrated in the Church of the Apostles, in thanksgiving to God for the prolongation of the life of the Pontiff and to implore a continuation of his life. The sermons will be preached by the following pastors of churches in the Eternal City: Fathers Maiolo, Ferrini and Centi.

On Sunday morning a solemn Pontifical Mass will be celebrated by the Cardinal-Vicar, assisted by pastors of the churches of Rome. In the evening there will be a solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the Te Deum will be chanted. Sunday, February 22nd, at noon, a banquet to 1,000 poor people of the city, to be given at the Vatican by the international committee in honor of His Holiness, the father of the poor. The committee not only asks Catholics of the whole world to celebrate the jubilee by their presents, but by gifts to the poor and works of mercy.

Tuesday, March 3rd.—His Holiness, carried in the sedia gestatoria, will enter the Papal chapel, where he will receive pilgrimages from all parts of the world. He will wear the golden tiara to be given by the committee, and arriving at St. Peter's he will give the Pontifical Benediction urbi et orbi, after which the Te Deum will be chanted in union with the Catholic world.

Thursday, March 5th.—Solemn reunion in the Church of the Apostles. The musical programme will be under the direction of the celebrated leader, Dom Laurent Perosi. Cardinal Ferrara will deliver an address, and Mgr. Vincent Sardi will read a Latin poem. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 6th, 7th and 8th.—Solemn Triduum in the Church of the Gesu. Sermons will be delivered by Rev. P. Zocchi, Mgr. Radini-Tedeschi and Cardinal Satolli. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given each evening by a Cardinal.

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Random Notes And Gleanings.

A QUEER PRACTISE.—Touching upon the growing inclination of certain vendors of patent medicines to illustrate their announcements in the secular press by pictures of nuns, the "Catholic Union and Times," of Buffalo, makes the following timely remarks:— Catholic instinct is again offended by the flaring picture of an imaginary Sister of Charity going the rounds of the public press for advertising patent medicine. Subjoined to the coarse features of said picture appear voluminous endorsements of "peruna" as a panacea for all ills to which flesh is heir, alleged to have been written by "Sister Superiors" and "Sisters of Charity" of Detroit, Mich., and elsewhere. This, we submit, is not edifying, especially since the pictured face is anything but spiritual. Away with it! Such things are painful to Catholic feeling. Think of St. Vincent de Paul tolerating such exhibitions among his spiritual daughters!

AN ANGLICAN PRELATE.—The Cleveland "Catholic Universe" remarks:— The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the head of the English Episcopal Church, seeks to have his princely salary of \$75,000 a year increased. Were he getting only \$700 we would not blame him since market prices have advanced.

ONLY ONE NAME.—In the current number of "The Ecclesiastical Review," a correspondent who signs himself "Propagandist," has an article on the use of the words "Catholic" and "Roman Catholic" in designating the Church. He says: The Church has never once recognized or admitted "Roman Catholic Church" as her name. On the contrary, whenever the subject has been discussed, and it has been authoritatively discussed, the decision has always been that the name is the Catholic Church, without addition or modification.

A WAKENING.—A conference of educators was held in Chicago last week to see if a modus vivendi or a modus agendi cannot be arranged in order to have religious education introduced into the public school curriculum.

OLD MEN'S HABITS.—An American journal says:—When William C. Whitney announced last year that he had retired from active business operations, giving as his reason that at sixty years of age a man who had won independent means in his life's work, should then look forward to the rational enjoyment of his remaining time, the late Abram S. Hewitt was asked his opinion of this new doctrine in American life. He had just returned to his home at a late hour of the afternoon, after a long day of active toil in his office, at the age of eighty years. It was on one of the few occasions on which Mr. Hewitt seemed slightly ruffled by a question asked with the friendliest intent. Turning quickly he replied: "It is no affair of mine what Mr. Whitney or any other man chooses to do with the years of his life after sixty. Every man to his taste. There are different interpretations of one's duties to himself and the community or the state. Some men find more pleasure in their work than in other pursuits which they may lack the leisure to cultivate. Other men have other ideals which are more desirable and attractive than their round of work. Who am I to pass judgment on whether a man should retire from active life at sixty? If I am in active daily labor at eighty, it is because I like it. If I had liked something else better, I would have retired sooner."

A NEW MOVE.—The Paris correspondent of "The London Standard" is informed that the French Ministry has been warned that if the English Benedictines are expelled from Douai, as is proposed under the Associations Law, a demand for compensation amounting to £100,000 will be supported by the British Government.

A QUESTION OF LANGUAGE.—A Catholic exchange says that the greater part of a recent sitting of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris was devoted to the discussion of an interpellation on the Government's circular forbidding the use of the Breton dialect in preaching and cate-

chising the churches of Brittany. M. Lamy, Republican Liberal Deputy from Brittany, denounced the circular as vexatious and tyrannical. He said that over 40,000 inhabitants of Brittany could only speak Breton. "To forbid the teaching of the catechism in Breton is to suppress the Catholic religion in Brittany," he said. Premier Combes defended the measure as necessary. He said the priests ought to be auxiliaries to the teachers and aid in the propagation of the French language. Premier Combes concluded his remarks by asserting that he would rigorously enforce the circular suppressing the salaries of those priests who disobeyed it. After some further discussion, the Chamber by 349 to 135, voted an order of the day approving the declarations of the Government. There have thus far been handsome majorities for the Government in connection with the congregation laws. Many priests have already been suspended in Brittany for persisting in the use of the Breton dialect.

A PINK PARISH HOUSE.—Why pink is the color selected for an institution to be erected for the benefit of a parish, is more than we can tell. At all events Rev. James Townsend Russell, of St. James' Church, Brooklyn, intends to construct a building of pink pressed brick, trimmed with terra cotta. It is to contain a large grillroom, club rooms and a swimming pool. The cost is to be fifty thousand dollars. The society women of the parish have taken a great interest in the affair, and the pastor has announced that he will raise the money by giving dramatic readings in public. The first reading will be on the 21st February.

A Religious Pawn-Shop

The Boston "Post" tells a strange story of a peculiar pawn-shop that exists in that model and literary city. The account thus begins:— "In the heart of the exclusive Back Bay under the very eaves of aristocratic Trinity Church a little pawnshop flourishes, remarkable not only for its environment, but in that it undoubtedly is the cheapest in the world, the only one conducted by a church and the only one that is run solely on a philanthropic basis. Four per cent. a year is its rate, so cheap that every other pawnshop in the city and in the world, in fact, would be plunged into bankruptcy if run on a similar plan. From a tool to a jewel, and from a bit of silver plate to your salary, can you go to Trinity Chapel pawnshop and raise the money for your emergency. This philanthropic pawnshop is open every day but Sunday, two hours daily, from 11 to 1. The sexton at the chapel door said: "Yes, they do lend money here," and he pointed out a little room in the rear of the church, where the money is lent and jewels received.

It is a plain, uncarpeted, bare little room, big enough to hold a small book case, a desk, a chair and a settee, and a very few people at a time.

A young lady is in charge of this queer pawnshop, and she claims that the profits do not pay her salary; it is, they tell us, a purely philanthropic institution. We will believe it, for four per cent. a year is a very low rate of interest to charge. However, we are strongly under the impression that there is a tiny pick of money to be made out of it. The money loaned, on the security of articles that are equal in value to the amounts, is not so badly invested after all. What bank in the United States would give more than four per cent. interest on the same money if deposited therein? Very few, if any. It is quite possible that the object is to relieve the needy and at the same time to oblige them to repay that which they received by holding in security objects that they value—at least sentimentally. It is also probable that there is an idea of effacing the appearance of charity or alms-giving, for many people have a horror of asking for charity who would not be averse to accepting help provided it were in the form of a loan. We have no intention to criticize the good purpose of the promoters of this religious pawnshop; but we cannot help feeling that it is a dangerous experiment. There are thousands of people in the world today who would be ashamed to be seen going into a regular pawnshop, and who consequently avoid them. Yet, once one of these people gets over the first attempt to pawn, once the practice is inculcated by the church organization, there is no longer any barrier of shame to keep them from frequenting the pawnbroker's shop. The transition is so easy that we need not insist on this dangerous phase of the matter.

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Subscribers. You will find my for the coming year to "ness." I am glad to old Catholic paper pro- year. I have it now for more than years, but never was it so full of interest and so good information, on interesting to Catholics, present able direction, d by its numerous and of correspondents. Dear Sir, sincerely yours, O. FARRELL, Priest. Please find my subscrip- "True Witness" for the r. The "True Witness" come every week. Yours truly, J. B.

Father Heiter on Socialism.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

In his crusade against socialism which he began in this city, the first of last week under the auspices of the Federation of German Catholic Societies, Father Anton Heiter instituted the formal movement for the organization of labor unions within the ranks of the church, all socialistic ideas to be excluded. The movement had its inception last spring, but formal inauguration of it was delayed until the coming of a strong character like that possessed by Father Heiter, who was one of the foremost exponents of the anti-socialistic idea in Buffalo, where socialism was crushed out of the unions.

Father Heiter is delivering six lectures here, in which he explains the socialistic idea, the position of the church toward it and the best course to pursue in crushing it out. While opposing socialism in every sense Father Heiter insists that municipal ownership must be considered apart from the socialistic idea. He does not concede to the socialists the origin of the idea, but insists in fact that it is antagonistic to the socialistic suggestion of "collective ownership."

In his lecture on this subject he said:

"Is the collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution really the means to end all the distress of our day, and will it free the working classes from wage slavery? That it would do so is confidently claimed, and this claim has taken hold of the minds and hearts of the people. It is a theory which all socialists advance and in which they believe, no matter how they differ on other questions. The anarchist, the ever arguing social democrat, the socialistic labor party of America, as well as the socialistic labor party of Illinois, all subscribe to this principle, and declare explicitly that the end and object of their agitation is to secure the collective ownership of all means of production and distribution.

"What is to be understood by collective ownership of production and distribution? The social democrats admit that communism is a dream which will never be realized, because it is contrary to nature and is based upon the theory that there be an individual equality which, as experience shows, has never existed. For this reason they draw a distinction and advocate that only the means of production be given over to collective ownership.

"It is claimed that by drawing this distinction Marx cleared communism of all that is visionary and raised it to a science. Under the term 'means of production' we understand all that produces wealth, such as money, land, tools, machinery, forests, mines and all means of transportation. On this question there is a great deal of confusion in as well as outside of the socialistic ranks. The opponents of socialism consider all collective ownership as socialistic, as for instance the control of railroads and mines by the state. That is an error. The state and the municipality may control some of the means of production without properly being accused of socialism, and in fact there has been at all times and in all nations private property and public property long before there were any socialists or social democrats.

"Even if the state should control all the means of production we would not have socialism, but state socialism, and if socialists advocate measures tending in that direction, they do so only as a means to an end.

"State socialism is by no means the end for which they are working. The principal object of the socialistic agitation is the absolute abolishing of the wage system. Socialism and public ownership are two entirely different ideas. Socialism demands the downfall of the present social order. Public ownership is a state socialism which does not interfere with the social order, and the platform of the socialistic party of America directs special attention to this difference, and warns the laboring classes explicitly against the so-called public ownership agitation."

Then turning his attention to the real object of the socialists, which he declared to be the establishment of economic equality, Father Heiter said:

"The aim and object of the socialistic party is economic equality, and this cannot be accomplished without

abolishing the present system of society, and under the system which will be established after the reorganization all means of production will belong to society, or, as they say, the universal association of production and distribution. Society alone will produce and manage commerce, trade and traffic. The members of this society will be equal; nobody will own, nobody will govern; all will work, all will govern, everyone will be a stockholder, a leader, a worker, and will draw dividends according to the measure of his labor and his earning power. Not in money—for there will be no money—but in orders for his needs, and what he receives he may use in peace.

"And how is this to be accomplished? Nothing easier. The working classes will organize a political party and will secure political power; when they have once secured this political power they will proclaim the abolishment of private property. They will do away with the old state and its government, and its distinction of classes, and in its place they will establish a society which alone will own all the means of production and distribution. The question of right is not to be considered, for, as our fathers declared themselves independent of King George of England, as Abraham Lincoln emancipated the slaves and did not ask regarding the rights of the slave owners, so has socialism, when in power, the same right to proclaim economic equality."

Then turning to the other side of the question, Father Heiter declared that the matter of adjustment, as the Socialists see it, is not so easy after all, because neither the authors of the Declaration of Independence nor Abraham Lincoln violated a natural or divine law.

He continued: "Lincoln surely acted honorably when he freed the slaves and acknowledged their human rights. But Lincoln and the fathers of the country did not overturn the social order, and in this is the great difference between them and the Socialists. Rightly does the Holy Father say that private ownership is absolutely necessary to social peace and to social order, and that the abolishing of the same would first of all injure the laboring classes for why does the laborer work? In order to secure property. He works for wages, the wages are his, and he has a right to do with them as he chooses. If he saves and purchases property with his savings this property is his reward in another form and he does with it what he pleases. If the Socialists abolish private property they take away from the laborer the right to use what he earns, according to his wishes. They rob him of the opportunity to work himself up to an independent position. Furthermore, the abolishment of private property is a violation of the natural law."

Father Heiter then turns his attention to the origin of the natural law and argues in favor of it because of its age and the soundness of its foundation.

"The law that man may own property," he said, "is older than the state. Man existed before the state, and he had a right to own before there ever was a state. The state cannot, therefore, rob him of the rights which he had before it came into existence. This is in full accord with the law of God, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.'"

"The state has not the right to rob any person of his natural rights or the rights of his family. On the contrary, it is the duty of the state to protect these rights. The idea of collective ownership is an unpardonable and unnatural twisting and widening of the power of the state. It is for the citizen to produce and to carry on the business, and it is the duty of the state to protect him and his business, and to see that nobody takes undue advantage of him; that the justice and right be supreme and that the weaker will not become the prey of the stronger."

Father Heiter's warfare on socialism has brought him international fame. He was born fifty years ago in the Palatinate, Bavaria. After he had received his preliminary education in a parish school in his native village he continued his studies at Innsbruck, where he was ordained a priest at the age of 24. After his ordination he went to Rome, where

he received the degree of doctor of divinity.

Thus equipped for his pastoral duties Father Heiter came to America to labor among the German Catholic population. His first Catholic Church in Buffalo, N.Y., where he acted as assistant priest for a short time. He was next appointed pastor of the Church of the Seven Dolours in Buffalo. The new field was an important one, and his pastoral duties were onerous, as his parishioners were numerous and their little church inadequate. Father Heiter immediately set to work to secure a new edifice, and plans were prepared for a magnificent structure to cost \$150,000. To this plan was added a schoolhouse, with facilities for the accommodation of the 1,500 pupils in the parish.

The membership of the Church of the Seven Dolours grew rapidly until it reached the second place in Buffalo, the number of families in the parish reaching 1,500. Following a philosophical bent Father Heiter took up the study of socialism, finding in the work of combating it a broad field in which to exercise his rare gifts of logic. His writings and utterances against social democracy have attracted widespread attention through the United States, and leading European opponents of socialism long ago accorded him a foremost position as an authority on the subject.

Father Heiter speaks both in German and English. He is editor of the "Aurora and Christliche Woche," a German paper, the proceeds from which are devoted to the support of a German orphan asylum in Buffalo.

Father Heiter is connected with numerous German Catholic fraternal societies in Buffalo, several of which he founded. Attempts to infuse the spirit of socialism into the labor unions in Buffalo attracted his attention last spring, and he immediately set to work to stamp it out. He pointed out what he called the dangers of socialistic teachings and impressed on his parishioners the fact that he favored labor unions. He wanted them imbued with the Christian spirit, however. He even went so far in his opposition to socialism as to engage in debates with his opponents. Bishop Quigley, the successor of Archbishop Feehan in this city, co-operated with him, and issued pastoral letters forbidding parishioners from joining unions pervaded by the socialistic spirit. These letters in addition to Father Heiter's work are believed to have been the means of stopping the spread of socialism in Buffalo.

An Irish Centenarian.

Two interesting old persons live in and near Canandaigua, N.Y. They are Mrs. Slattery Dwyer, aged 104, of the village, and Mrs. Miller, who lives in the country, and who is now in her 95th year.

Mrs. Dwyer is a typical old Irish lady, whose relations, also residents of that village, have pretty well established her age to be at least 104 years, although the old lady herself is positive she is nearer 110 years. The exact date of her birth is not known.

She was married to John Dwyer in Tipperary, Ireland, over sixty years ago, and soon came with him to this country. At the time of her marriage she was forty years of age, and Dwyer was a widower with several children. Her memory is wonderful, going back to minor historical events in the Emerald Isle, which shows familiarity that could only come from actual association therewith. For one thing she relates the unusual experiences in the time of The Big Wind in Ireland, early in the last century, at which time she worked heroically with her relatives in caring for and saving stock from destruction, accomplishing deeds that only a strong, mature woman could perform.

Mrs. Dwyer exercises, eats healthily, using her own natural teeth, and her eyesight is good. On pleasant days the centenarian strolls out to the homes of her neighbors or sits out in the yard of her little home in Niagara street.

Mrs. Dwyer says she never knew a member of her family to die, from natural causes, before reaching nearly or quite to the century mark. She has no near relation in this country, but is well looked after by the members of her husband's family. He died some years ago, and no children survive.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 15th Feb., 1908.—Males 200, females 35. Irish 158, French 112, English 21, Americans 4. Total 395.

MISSION

BY THE
Passionist Fathers,
AT
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,
MONTREAL, P. Q.
SUNDAY, MARCH 1st, 1903.

Continuing for Three Weeks.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unjust man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him, and to our God, for He is bountiful to forgive."

—Isaiah, vi. 7.

OBJECT.

The object of the Mission is to offer extraordinary opportunities for hearing the *Word of God* and worthily receiving the *Sacraments*. The Church enriches with special favors those who make the Mission well.

We should all earnestly pray to God that not one member of the parish may fail to profit by this season of grace.

In the words of St. Paul:—"We exhort you, that you receive not the grace of God in vain."

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

The Mission will open at the late Mass, Sunday, March 1st. Both men and women should be present, but not children.

The Masses on Sunday will be at the same hour as on Sunday outside of Mission time.

On week days the Masses will be at 5 and 8 o'clock. The earlier Mass will be followed by a short Instruction; and after the last Mass there will be a sermon.

In the evening, at 7.30 o'clock, there will be the Rosary, Instruction and Sermon, followed by Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

There will be Mission Exercises, specially for children, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday afternoons, at the hour to be announced.

Persons who are not Pewholders may secure seats for all the Exercises of the Mission, by applying at the Sacristy on or after Sunday, February 22nd.

CONVERTS.

During the Mission, in the true spirit of charity, every facility will be afforded for the instruction or information of non-Catholics, who may be desirous of knowing the true teachings of the Catholic Church.

CONFESSION.

Confessions will commence on Tuesday evening of each week.

Hours for Confessions.—In the morning, from 5 to 7 o'clock, and from 8 to 11.45. In the afternoon, from 3 to 5.45 o'clock, and at night from 7.30 to 10.15 o'clock.

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.

Books of Instruction and Devotion, Beads, Crucifixes, Scapulars, etc., may be procured at the Sacristy.

This selection of religious articles is particularly recommended to those making the Mission. The ceremony of enrolment in the Scapular and blessing of religious articles, will be performed at stated times during the Mission.

ADVICE.

During the Mission, not only renounce sin, but avoid all vain amusements, idle conversation and useless reading, and apply yourself earnestly in prayer and meditation to the great affair of your eternal salvation; God alone knows how near you are to eternity. We beseech all attending the Mission to pray earnestly for the conversion of sinners. Those who have at any time led their fellow creatures to sin should repair the past by leading others to God. St. James tells us that he who causes a sinner to be converted, "shall save his own soul from death, and cover a multitude of sins."

R. F. QUIGLEY,
Ph.D., L.L.D., K.C.,
ADVOCATE, BARRISTER and SOLICITOR,
Member of the Bars of New Brunswick and Quebec,
—WITH—
Brosseau, Lajoie and Lacoste,
Advocates and Barristers-at-law,
7 PLACE D'ARMES, Montreal.

The OGILVY STORE

FIRST WEEK AFTER THE SALE!

For this week we will offer some Specials in the Linen and Mantle Departments.

Below will be found a list of Children's Wear at special low prices.

CHILDREN'S WEAR, 6 Months to 12 Years.

Children's Drawers, plain, hemstitched, embroidery and lace trimmed, 17c to \$1.25.

Children's Skirts, lace and embroidery trimmed, also hemstitched frills, 40c to \$3.75.

Children's Pinafores, lace and embroidery trimmed, also plain, 30c to \$2.00.

Children's Dresses, large assortment of styles and trimmings, 75c to \$6.00.

Children's Corset Waists, sizes 18 to 26 waist measure, 25c to \$1.75.

Children's Bedford Cord Coats and Reefers.

Children's Pique Coats and Reefers.

Children's Sailor Dresses, in cream, navy and crimson, \$1.25 to \$5.00.

SPECIALS FROM THE LINEN DEPARTMENT

Square Doilies, 30c up to \$1.00.

Table Linen, 65 inches wide, 35c a yard.

All Linen Roller Towelling, 60c a yard.

27-in. Crash Dish Towelling, 12c a yard.

Good Bath Towels, unbleached, 16c each.

Good White Bath Towels, 25c each.

A Job in Bath Mats, 95c, \$1.65, and \$2.25.

40-inch Pillow Cotton, 11c a yard.

44-inch Pillow Cotton, 12c a yard.

46-inch Pillow Cotton, 13c a yard.

White Marseilles Quits.

\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.10 and \$2.25.

Best Attention Given to Mail Orders

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS,

St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

PHILIP MELLADY,
North Stanbridge, P. Q.

NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of building a railway from "Grandes-Piles" to "La-Tuque," in the county of Champlain, thence, in a northerly direction to any point in the same county with power to build branches to connect with the Great Northern railway and the Quebec and Lake Saint John railway.

E. GUERIN,
Attorney for petitioners.
Montreal, Feb. 19, 1908.

Two men in the garb of geese were riding along a remote road one morning in the month of December, about the year 1827, or thereabouts, not certain which. The men were remarkably clear, keen, and intelligent. They were riding on a horse-frost for the few previous nights had set in, and then the fields had about them, melting, the snow, however, as the sun shined, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys, beams could not reach, until the sun chilled their influence to absorb the feathery which covered them. Our equine had nearly reached a turn of the road, when, skirting the brow of a small declivity; but, be this as it may, the flat at its foot was covered over with furze bushes, and grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon its surface, coming within about two or three and fifty yards of this angle, a horseman noticed a lad, not more than sixteen, jogging on the top of them, with a keg upon his back, one of them was immediately with that vicious parker, habitual sagacity which marked a practiced gauger among ten men. For a single moment, he drew up his horse, an action however slight in itself, intended more plainly than he could have wished, the obvious intention was the pause, it betrayed for no sooner had the lad noticed than he crossed the ditch and appeared round the angle we have named, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, amount, cross the ditch also, and see him, was only the work of a few minutes.

"We have him," said the horseman to his companion. "As for me, I have him. One thing is certain, that he cannot escape us."

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion. "As for me, I decline taking any part in the pursuit. It is a fair bet, I might say, that you will not catch it out between you. I am now only through curiosity, and had scarcely concluded when I heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty cheerfulness which betokens a cheerful and contented man, and an utter contempt of all apprehension:

"Oh! Jimmy," she sez, 'you are a true lover,
You are all the riches that I care for;
I solemnly swear now, I'll ne'er be another,
My heart is fixed to never be more."

The music then changed to a wailing whistle, and immediately the horseman was confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with frize, who on seeing them exhibited his features a most ingenious and natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with a mark of respect, putting his hat on his side, said, in a voice the tone of which spoke of kindness and respect:

"God save ye, gentlemen."

"I say, my lad," said the horseman, "where is that customer with the keg on his back? He crossed the ditch here this moment."

"When, where, sir?" said the horseman with a stare of surprise.

"Where? when? why, this is the place."

"And was it a whisky keg, sir?"

"Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton. "I found me, if the cunning rascal is not sticking me in the cross-examination already. I had a coat, where is the boy with the keg?"

"As for a boy, I did see one, but the never a keg he had on his back. Hadn't he a grey frize coat?"

"He had."

"And wasn't it a daumy bit of a coat, the skirts, please your honor?"

"Again he's at me, Sirra, you tell me where he is in half an hour, I shall lay my whip to his shoulders!"

"Theorra a keg I seen, the last keg I seen was—"

"Did you see a boy without a coat, answering to that description?"

"You gave no description, Sir; but, even if you did, wouldn't you see it, how could I tell you anything about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain, who examined the gauger, in a furze bush?"

"Where is he gone to? You tell me, I shall see him. As for the keg, I cannot be far from us. But where is he?"

"Dad, I saw a boy wid a keg on his back, and he was singing the same song as you are now."

The Gauger Outwitted.

himself, furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again, "lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"Theorra bit of it I hid—it fell off o' me, an' I lost it. Sure I'm looking after it myself, so I am ; and he moved over while speaking, as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it. "Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you see anything so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal? You don't understand him now."

"Here, you simpleton; harkee, sirra, there must be no playing the lapping with me. Back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes from this spot is the wrong one. So back here, you, sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces."

The boy walked sheepishly back, and appeared to look about him for the keg, with a kind of earnest stupidity which was altogether inimitable.

"I say, my boy," asked Stinton, ironically, "don't you look rather foolish now? Can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can," replied Condy, holding up his left; "there's my right hand."

"And what do you call the other?" said Cartwright.

"My left, bedad, anyhow, an' that's true enough."

Both gentlemen laughed heartily.

"But it's carrying the thing a little too far," said the gauger.

"In the meantime let us hear how you prove it."

"Aisy enough, sir," replied Condy, "because I am left-handed. This," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me, whatever you may say to the contrary."

Condy's countenance expanded after he had spoken into a grin so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm that Stinton and his companion both found their faces, in spite of them, get rather blank under its influences.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the gauger, "are we to be here all day?"

"Come, sir, bring us at once to the keg."

He was here interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long, and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement.

"What's the matter? What new joke is this?"

For some minutes, however, he could not get a word from the other, whose laughter appeared as if never to end. He walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together, with a vehemence quite intelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other.

"Confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick, perfectly feeble."

"You have it to yourself, at all events," observed Stinton.

"And I shall keep it to myself," said Cartwright; "for if your sagacity is overcast, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won't interfere." Now, in this contest between the gauger and Condy, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton.

Condy, during the whole dialogue, consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth, Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark barely visible upon the hoar-frost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a stanch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was that Condy, having no other resource, trundled it off towards the furze, into which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and, with the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such encounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner, as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion; so that in point of fact they never could have suspected that the whiskey lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as

rueful and mortified as the other's was joyful and confident.

"Who's sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he. "Who is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?"

"Theorra give you good of it," said Condy, sulkily.

"What is your name?" inquired Stinton.

"Barney Kerrigan's my name," replied the other, indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it, nor afraid to tell it to you or any man."

"What, of the Kerrigan's of Killoghan?"

"Ay jist, of the Kerrigan's of Killoghan."

"I know the family," said Stinton; they are decent in their way."

"But come, my lad, don't lose your temper, and answer me another question."

"Where were you bringing this whiskey?"

"To a better man than ever stood in your shoes," replied Condy, in a tone of absolute defiance—"for a gentleman, any way," with a peculiar emphasis on the word gentleman.

"But what's his name?"

"Mr. Stinton's his name—Gauger Stinton."

The shrewd exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condy for upward of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condy, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never wincing, but appeared, by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

"Well, my lad," he continued, "that is very good so far; but who sent the keg to Stinton?"

"Do you think," said Condy, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him—"do you think that you can make me turn informer? There's none of that blood in me, thank goodness."

"Do you know Stinton?"

"How could I know a man I never saw?" replied Condy, still out of temper; "but one thing I don't know, gentlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whiskey or not?"

"As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy—I'm Stinton."

"You, sir!" said Condy, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to. And now I'll tell you what you must do for me."

Proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask for Miss Stinton—take this key, and desire her to have the keg put in the cellar."

"She'll know the key; and let it also be as a token that she is to give you breakfast. Say I desired that keg to be placed to the right of the five-gallon one I seized on Thursday last, that stands on a little stillion under my blunderbuss."

"Of course," said Condy, who appeared to have misgivings on the matter. "I suppose I must; but somehow—"

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condy still eyed him with suspicion. "And, sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for such a weary trudge as I had wid it but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half a crown, "take that along with it; and now be off— or stop. Cartwright, will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg? I'll guarantee its excellence, for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter—that's entre nous."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, "say to my daughter that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day that is enough."

"I most positively would not trust him."

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stinton, "on second thought, to place such confidence on a lad who acted as adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back and re-examine him at all events."

Now Condy had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

"Bad cess forever attend you, Stinton, agra," he exclaimed, "for there's surely something over you—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind. If the could boy hadn't his croubs hard and fast in you, you wouldn't let me walk away wid the whiskey, anyhow."

"Bedad it's well I thought o' the Kerrigans; for sure enough I did hear Barney say that he was to send a keg in to him this week, and he didn't think I knew him either. Faix, its many a long day since I knew the sharp puss of him, wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they follow me, and do up all? Anyway, I'll prevent them from having suspicion on me before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him more thoroughly, so that they found him meeting them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "how do I know that either of you is Mr. Stinton, or that the house you directed me to is his? I know that if the whiskey doesn't go to him I may have the country!"

"You are either a deeper rogue or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton; "but what security can you give us that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton, I'd be very glad to have the whiskey where it is, and even to tell you my breakfast. Gentlemen, with me the truth, because I'd only be murdered out of the face."

"Why, you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicions both together, "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

"Bedad thin, thrue, enough, I never thought of that at all, at all; but I beg your pardon, gentlemen, an' I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regard that it's kilt and quartered I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by anybody."

"Do what I desire you," said the exciseman; "inquire for Mr. Stinton's house, and you may be sure the whiskey will reach him."

"Thank you, sir. Bedad, I might have thought of that myself."

This last clause, which was spoken in a soliloquy, would have deceived a saint himself.

"Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

"I am at length," said Cartwright, "if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived he would have made the best of his way from us. A rogue never wanders only puts himself in the way of danger or detection."

That evening about five o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others arrived at the house of the worthy gauger, to partake of his good cheer.

A cold frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than their generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg. "That keg, my dear," he proceeded, "which the country lad who brought the key of the cellar left here to-day." "A keg," repeated the daughter, with surprise.

"Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg; I said so, I think."

"But, papa, there came no keg here to-day!"

The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

"No keg!" said the gauger.

"No keg!" echoed Cartwright.

"No keg, indeed," re-echoed Miss Stinton; "but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five-gallon—'Oh!' groaned the gauger, 'I'm knocked up, outwitted—oh!'"

"Bought and sold," added Cartwright. "Go on," said the gauger; "I must hear it out." "As a token," proceeded Miss Stinton, "that he was to get the five-gallon keg on the little stillion, under the blunderbuss, for Captain Dalton." "And he got it?" "Yes, sir, he got it, for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But Maggy—hell and fury, hear me, child—surely he brought a keg here and left it; and, of course, it's in the cellar!"

"No, indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five-gallon one that was in the cellar away with him." "Stinton," said

Cartwright, "send round the bottle." "The rascal," ejaculated the gauger, "we shall drink his health." And on repeating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger.

C. A. McDONNELL,
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- CHILDREN'S SNOW SHOVELS—Steel, Only 7c each.
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- STOVE SHOVELS—Best Round Handled Steel Shovels, 15c. For 7c.
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- SINK BRUSHES—The best. Can be boiled to clean. Worth 12c. For 7c.
- SCOUR BRUSHES—10c ones. For 7c.
- SINK SHOVELS—With rubber edge. Only in this Sale, 7c.
- CLOTHES' LINE—40 feet Best Sial Clothes Line, For 7c.
- STAIN REMOVER—Removes stains instantly, without destroying the finest fabric, 25c. For 7c bottle.
- MACHINE OIL—Large 3 ounce bottles. Best Machine Oil. Worth 10c. For 7c each.
- FURNITURE POLISH—The best. Large 15c bottle. For 7c.
- 50 ONLY, WRENCHES—Worth 15c. For 7c.
- PUTZ PASTE METAL POLISH—The best for all metals, large tin. Worth 12c. For 7c.
- QUICKSHINE STOVE POLISH—Large 10c tin. For 7c.
- METAL POLISH—For all metals. Large 15c tin. For 7c.
- FRENCH BLACKING—Large 10c tin. For 7c.
- SHINOLA SHOE POLISH PASTE—The best yet, 10c tin. For 7c.
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SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal,
No. 2116.

Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle of the same place, Hvery stable keeper,
Plaintiff,
vs.
The said George H. Hogle,
Defendant.

Public notice is hereby given that the Plaintiff has this day instituted an action for separation as to property from the said Defendant.
Montreal, February 6th, 1903.

SMITH, MARKEE & MONTGOMERY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Two men in the garb of gentlemen were riding along a remote by-road; one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or '28, I can not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing; the hoar-frost for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our questrians had nearly reached a turn in the road, which, we should observe in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity; but, be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studed over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon its surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad, not more than sixteen, jogging on towards them, with a keg upon his back. The lad, who was immediately met by the two questrians, was dressed in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open, artless character of the boy's song, the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle, the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed him half a crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approached him, as if it had been a bait he could not resist; a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he seized him. "Come, now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "you will oblige me by stripping." "And why so?" said the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curiosity, perplexity, and wonder. "Why so?" replied Stinton; "we shall see—we shall soon see."

"Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me?" said the other, his features now relaxing into such an appearance of utter simplicity as would have certainly made any other man but a gauger give up the examination as hopeless, and exonerate the boy from any participation whatsoever in the transaction.

"No, no," replied the gauger; "by no means, you young rascal. See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion—"the keg, my precious;" again turning to the lad—"Oh, no, no, it would be cruel to suspect you of anything but the purest of simplicity."

"Look here, Cartwright,"—having stripped the boy of his coat and turned it inside out—"there's a coat—there's thrift—there's economy for you."

"Come, sir, tuck on, tuck on instantly. Here, I shall assist you. Up with your arms, straighten your neck. It will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you now, Cartwright? Did you ever see a metamorphosis in your life so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree on seeing the red coat when turned become a comfortable gray frieze—one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognized him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humor, might be supposed to feel.

The gauger, in sifting the matter and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condy, for it was indeed

"We have him," said the gauger, "we have him. One thing is clear, that he cannot escape us."

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion. "As for me, not being an officer of His Majesty's Excise, I decline taking any part in the pursuit. It is a fair battle, so fight it out between you. I am with you now only through curiosity." He had scarcely concluded when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension:

"Oh! Jemmy," she sez, 'you are my true lover,
You are all the riches that I do adore;
I solemnly swear now, I'll ne'er have another,
My heart is fixed to never love more."

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with grey frieze, who on seeing them exhibited his features a most ingenious air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said, in a voice the tones of which spoke of kindless and deference:
"God save yo, gentlemen."
"I say, my lad," said the gauger, "where is that customer with the keg on his back? He crossed over here this moment."
"When, where, sir?" said the lad, with a stare of surprise.
"Where? when? why, this minute, and in this place."
"And was it a whiskey keg, sir?"
"Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton. "Confound me, if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already. I say red-coat, where is the boy with the keg?"
"As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had."
"Hadt he a grey frieze coat, sir?"
"He had."
"And wasn't it a daumy bit short about the skirts, please your honor?"
"Again he's at me. Sirra, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"
"Theorra a keg I seen, then, sir. The last keg I seen was—"
"Did you see a boy without the keg, answering to that description I gave you?"
"You gave no description of it, sir; but even if you did, when I don't see it, how could I tell your honor anything about it?"
"Where is the fellow, you villain?"
"Where is he gone to? You admit you saw him. As for the keg, it cannot be far from us. But where is he?"
"Dad, I saw a boy wid a short

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We will offer some
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WOMEN'S WEAR,
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Drawers, plain, hem-
stitched and lace trim-
mings, 1.25.
Girdles, lace and embroid-
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Dresses, large assort-
ment and trimmings, 75c to
\$1.50.
Corset Waists, sizes 18
to 28, measure, 25c to \$1.75.
Bedford Cord Coats and
Blankets.
Sailor Dresses, in cream,
\$1.25 to \$5.00.
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Dresses, 30c up to \$1.00.
Girdles, 50c to \$1.00.
Collar Towelling, 65c a
dozen.
Dish Towelling, 12 1/2c
a dozen.
Towels, unbleached, 16c
a dozen.
Bath Towels, 25c each.
Bath Mats, 95c, \$1.05,
and \$1.25.
Low Cotton, 11c a yard.
Low Cotton, 12c a yard.
Low Cotton, 13c a yard.
Marseilles Quilts.
\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.10 and
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Cupboards, fitted with large glass doors, 8 fitted with 2 drawers

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Racks in Elm, golden with 4 large double hat books, bevelled mirror, and brass umbrella pen. price \$6.65.

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OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. On Daily Greetings

PEOPLE meet each other at all hours of the day, on the street, in the cars, on shopping, or otherwise, and they seem to find it necessary to add to the passing salute some conventional, and more or less meaningless words. It is a generous and kindly spirit that prompts these greetings, and it shows that there exists a degree of mutual respect. But the cold formality that is so general, and the utter uselessness of the information imparted, make an observer smile. There is always one great and invariable subject upon which all—rich, poor, educated, or illiterate can say a few words—and that is the weather. If it is a very cold day, and you are obliged to bury yourself in your furs (if you have any), it seems almost funny to be told by each one you meet that "it is a cold day." The same in the case of heat, or of rain, or of bright clear weather. You are greeted with a bit of information that is entirely superfluous. But this is not half as bad as to be told that it is "a fine day," when, probably, it is raining, sleeting, freezing, or snowing in a most disagreeable manner. Yet, you are inclined to answer that it is "very fine," while you know perfectly well that neither you nor your friend believes anything of the kind. I merely draw attention to this every-day and every hour occurrence, which has its ludicrous aspect, while it seems so natural; my aim is to show how very meaningless are some of the strange greetings that appear to be of the very essence of modern politeness.

A WELCOME EVENT.—Very welcome is the event, be it what it may, which is of a sufficiently extraordinary character to attract general attention and to consequently furnish every person with a subject for greeting. It may be an eruption of Mount Pelee, or a general election result, or a street car strike, or a big snowstorm, or a breaking up of the ice, or a flood, or a conflagration—no matter what it is, the event furnishes the ordinary citizen with something to say a couple of words about when he meets his neighbor on the street. It seems to me that the coal famine has afforded more topics for passing remarks than any other matter during the past winter. In fact, it was a subject upon which all could speak, all could give expression to opinions, and all could find time to linger for a few extra moments, probably, in the hope of securing some extra information. Every person must have remarked how glad one is to be able to have some item of news to impart to a neighbor. So is it that people are generally radiant when they meet friends, and possess, or think they possess, some surprising word of information to say as a morning greeting. For my own part I always find it a relief when midday comes and I am over the ordeal of telling my acquaintances what kind of weather we are having, and what the latest bulletin contains. After that hour, as a rule, all these morning salutations are over. Still, when evening comes on, and you are returning homeward, you have to go through about the same ordeal. I am not finding fault with this custom—for it has long since become a custom—but there is a certain class of people whom I actually dread to meet. They are not the ordinary business men or the hurried people who rush past you with a word fired sideways as if a hunter were trying to shoot you on the wing. They constitute a very different category of citizens.

Notes on Temperance.

LIQUOR LAWS.—"There has been introduced in the Texas legislature," says the New Orleans "Times-Democrat," "one of the most radical liquor laws in the Union, placing all manner of restrictions on the saloon business. Strange to say, the law was prepared by the liquor-dealers themselves, and will have their ardent support. But little over a year ago a stalwart prohibition movement struck Texas. Nine out of ten counties holding local option elections voted against licensing the sale of liquor. As in Mississippi and other States, the prohibitionists, having carried a majority of the counties, decided upon appealing to the legislature for a state election which would pass on the liquor question for the entire state. A few years ago prohibition would have been voted down in Texas by an overwhelming majority, but the movement is so strong now that the saloon people believe it could carry the Lone Star State. They are afraid of the election, and are working to avoid it. In order to do so, they have offered the bill to which we refer. "Every saloon-keeper in renewing his license yearly, must make oath that he has violated no statute, that he has allowed no minors or students to drink in his saloon; that no gambling is permitted there; that the saloon is not kept open after hours or on Sunday, and that he has not violated any of the laws. If he does not so swear, or if he is de-

THE FUNNY MEN.—Every person has met with at some time in his life, the individual who is always loaded with the "latest joke," or a "good story. It is quite possible that you have heard the same thing several times before, or may have read it in the columns of some publication, but you are obliged to stand and listen to it again, and what is more you must laugh at it, and make believe that it is entirely new to you. This often becomes a veritable annoyance. I had a good old friend some years ago—he has long since gone to his eternal rest—who was an enthusiast on educational matters, and a philanthropist in his own way. He had always something new, fresh, original, instructive to tell you. Were it only for five minutes on the street corner, he would pour out a fund of information that was most delightful. There was only one little drawback in him. He had a funny story to tell by way of illustration. The first time I heard the story it made me laugh, and I thought it exceedingly appropriate and clever. The second time that he told it to me I still found it drole, but it had lost its flavor. But when I discovered that each time I met him, no matter what was the topic of conversation, he always had the same old story to tell, with the exact same introduction, the exact same details, and the exact same concluding laugh. I began to avoid meeting him. In fact, I grew to have a holy horror of that story. One afternoon he came to spend a few hours with me at my house, and I planned up to get over the story as soon as possible. So I made a remark that at once led up to the old story. He told it with all the original gusto of the very first time; and when it was done, we entered into a chat for two hours, and I rarely ever enjoyed anything more than that conversation. I had no dread of the story, for he never told more than once at the same meeting. I frequently thought over this strange peculiarity, and I wondered whether the old gentleman really imagined that he was telling me his story for a first time, or whether he believed that I had forgotten it. At all events this only shows how careful one should be not to contract any such habit. It is much harder to get rid of it than to allow it to take root in your mind.

CONCLUSIONS.—This observation may not be of any great practical utility, and the reader might well say that they contain nothing new. I admit that each one will recognize that I am penning exactly his own ideas and experiences; but the beauty of it is that these very observations are those most likely to provoke reflection. Your knowledge of their truth only makes them the more striking, and, therefore, the more useful. As I am not a professional social reformer I cannot pretend to point out the remedies for these petty defects. The most I can do is to draw attention to them and then leave it to the good sense of my readers to make whatever application they may deem fit. My observations have been going on for years now, and they have covered a very wide range of subjects, and the further I go the more subjects I see ahead that I may never have the opportunity of treating. But, in a humble sphere I seek to give the public the benefit of my curbstone observations, and if any good is thereby done, I feel that I do not spend those long hours on the street and in the various by-ways of the city in vain.

on appealing to the legislature for a state election which would pass on the liquor question for the entire state. A few years ago prohibition would have been voted down in Texas by an overwhelming majority, but the movement is so strong now that the saloon people believe it could carry the Lone Star State. They are afraid of the election, and are working to avoid it. In order to do so, they have offered the bill to which we refer.

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ted in violating any statute, his license will be taken away from him, and he will be prohibited from operating a saloon for two years. If he swears falsely, he is in danger of a long term in the penitentiary for perjury."

BLACKLISTING THE DRUNKARD.—"Harper's Weekly" thus refers to the new liquor law in England:—

"American liquor laws either prohibit or restrict rum-selling. Few of them aim at preventing or diminishing drunkenness by punishing the drunkard and depriving him of liquor. Few of them discriminate between qualified drinkers and drinkers who are not qualified. The new British licensing act, which went into operation on Jan. 1, aims to make just that discrimination. Drunkenness heretofore has been comparatively pleasant for the drunkard, and very disagreeable for sober people. This new licensing act is designed to make drunkenness disagreeable to the drunkard. Heretofore it has been the glad and lawful privilege of a British subject to get drunk at any time and anywhere. The police could not touch him unless he was also disorderly. The new act regards drunkenness as itself a form of disorder, and provides that any one found drunk in a public place may be arrested, prosecuted, and punished. Three convictions within twelve months entitle the offender to be rated as an habitual drunkard. The prescribed treatment is to send him to prison for a month, photograph him while there, and to send a copy of his photograph to all the licensed liquor-sellers in his district, with a notice not to give or sell him any liquor for three years. This is called blacklisting the drunkard. If a publican is caught serving liquor to a blacklisted man, it may cost him £10 (\$50) for the first offence, and £20 (\$100) for the next. That tends to make the rum-sellers careful whom they sell liquor to."

Hill of Tara is Sold.

The historic hill of Tara, Ireland, was sold at auction last week and realized the sum of \$18,500. The purchaser was a lady, whose name was not announced.

The hill of Tara is in the County of Meath, near Navan, about four miles from the road running to Dublin. The place consists of nothing but a succession of grass covered mounds, which, however, are associated in the patriotic mind with many of the ancient glories of Ireland. Much of the tradition on which popular sentiment is based concerning Tara is, however, legendary. Moore's poem, a thing of pure imagination or fancy, has built a "hall" on these hills and peopled it with chiefs and ladies bright. Petrie, the Irish archaeologist, has written a notable essay on this subject, in which is brought together a considerable mass of matter dealing with this spot and the traditions concerning it. It is said that it was here that Thea, wife of Heremon, the first Irish king, ordered a palace built for herself. From "Thea" to "Tara" is an easy transition, but this origin of the name is warmly disputed. Ledwith and Pinkerton, eminent archaeologists' flatly deny that there are any architectural remains whatsoever at the place. But Feircearnte File, the Irish bard, mentions that a college of sages existed there, and also a parliament hall for all Ireland. The great hall of Tara is described by Eochaidh O'Flinn, a poet of the tenth century. Furthermore, it is noted in an ancient manuscript at Trinity College, Dublin, in which it is described as being 900 feet square. It contained 150 apartments, 150 dormitories, and could accommodate 1,000 guests. It contained vast quantities of gold and silver ornaments. The truth of this description is claimed as being attested by the number of gold and silver ornaments excavated in the vicinity. The monarch, with the four minor kings of Leinster, Ulster, Munster and Connaught, sat on an elevated throne in the middle of the hall and thence ruled the National Council, which met at periodical times. The literature on Tara, its origin and its great buildings, is quite voluminous.

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Will Remove, May 1st, to Birks' building.

Great Men Who Have Been Silent.

A tendency towards extreme taciturnity would appear to be a distinguishing feature of the majority of the world's greatest men. Since the period of Julius Caesar, who was reputed to be the most silent man of his time, genius has nearly always been accompanied by briefness of speech, as witness the following notable examples of taciturn celebrities:—

Count Von Moltke, the famous German commander, was hardly known to open his lips save when absolute necessity demanded the effort. The Duke of Wellington was similarly silent. Napoleon rarely spoke when he could avoid the process, nor did Blucher, his great opponent, gain a reputation for loquacity, he also being an unusually quiet soldier.

In the arena of statecraft a similar state of affairs would seem to prevail. Lord Palmerston, the famous Premier, was silent as the proverbial fish. "Dizzy" was only talkative when thundering forth his eloquence in the Senate.

Coming to the world of science and discovery we find that Sir Isaac Newton rarely spoke save to answer a question; that Leibnitz was equally reticent; that Galvani was known to pass many days without uttering more than a few syllables; and that Ampere, the famous French electrician, spoke so rarely that his servants would chronicle the fact when it occurred.

Authors are rarely great talkers, but few writing men have carried the art of reticence to such a height as did Honore de Balzac, the great French romancier. Unless he chanced to be in congenial society he would not utter a single word beyond the ordinary phrases demanded by etiquette, and whilst engaged in typing out a new work he would often pass several days talking to no one but himself.

Mozart was sparing in his speech, Beethoven was likewise reticent, and it is related of Frederick Chopin that he loved silence better even than music. Rossini, Gluck and Handel were loquacious talkers, but Wagner, whom some critics place above these masters, was silent to the point of dumbness, save when discussing musical matters.

Among members of the histrionic profession it is rare to encounter taciturn people, but one notable example of a great actor whose powers of speech were almost limited to the stage is furnished by W. C. Macready, the celebrated tragedian, whose reticence was a byword in the theatrical society of the day. Macready was distinguished by a curious abruptness of manner and converse; and in many quarters he was known as the "Silent Tragedian."

In the world of medicine greatness is frequently accompanied by non-talkative habits. Witness the case of the famous Dr. Abernethy, who rarely spoke more than a half-a-dozen words during an interview with a patient, whilst on occasions he would come and go without uttering a single syllable. The late M. Pasteur was also an exceedingly quiet individual, as was the great French surgeon Nelaton. The latter when visiting a patient rarely opened his mouth save to utter the word "Mieux" (better). If the patient were worse he said nothing at all. The late Lord Tennyson was a singularly reticent man, and in this respect he was matched by his brilliant contemporary, Thomas Carlyle. It is related that on a certain occasion the Sage of Chelsea paid a visit to the Poet Laureate and remained with him several hours. Throughout the visit both of them smoked incessantly, but no word was spoken, until Tennyson remarked, in his deep, thrilling voice, "Pass the matches, please!" Sober afterwards Carlyle took his leave, remarking as he went that he had enjoyed his time immensely. Doubtless there is a touch of exaggeration in this story; but the fact remains that both poet and philosopher were among the most silent of the world's great men.

The Stage Irishman.

In the treatment he receives from authors and actors, caricaturists and paragraphers the Irishman is the most maligned individual in the community. It makes no difference that there are a million of them here in the United States, and perhaps a half million in New York; no one seems to notice the variety which they display. Upon the vaudeville stage he is red-headed, fat-nosed, large-mouthed, awkward and ignorant. He em-

plays a hideous brogue and invariably uses bad grammar.

I have been playing Irish characters for many years, and am of Irish blood myself. I know "Pat" at home and abroad, and yet, much as it may astonish the reader, I never yet met an Irishman such as is presented before the variety foot-lights or in our so-called humorous papers.

The trouble is that people have fads and theories, and after these are once started the facts are of no importance. If the latter agree with the theory, well and good; if they do not, so much the worse for the facts.—Edward Harrigan.

Bigotry in Scottish Infirmaries

Father Matthew Power, S.J., of Edinburgh, has done Catholicity a good service, says the London "University," by drawing attention to the fact that if an applicant for the position of nurse in the Edinburgh Infirmary has every qualification for that post, but belongs to the Catholic faith she will not be accepted. The "Hospital" denies Father Power's assertions, and says that Miss Spencer imposes no religious tests. Father Power returns to the charge in the Edinburgh "Evening Dispatch," and proves his contention up to the hilt, and gives three instances where competent nurses were rejected by Miss Spencer merely on account of their religion. More than that, out of the whole staff of nurses there was only one Catholic, and Father Power hints that she did not remain long after her Catholicity was discovered. Of course, the bigoted deny that religion has anything to do with the question. Still, it is a strange fact that the Catholic nurse is an almost unknown quantity in all our non-sectarian institutions. Indeed, in Glasgow, a number of years ago, an agitation was started by the extreme section of Protestantism with the object of excluding the Catholic women who washed out the wards. There seems room for a branch of the Catholic Democratic League in the large centres of industry in Scotland.

SAFETY FOR LITTLE ONES.

Mothers Should Exercise Great Care in Choosing Medicine for Children.

Every little one needs a medicine at some time, and mothers cannot be too careful in making a selection. The so-called "soothing" preparations, invariably contain opiates and other harmful drugs, which stupefy the little one, and pave the way to a constant necessity for the use of narcotic drugs. Undoubtedly the very best, and the very safest medicine for little ones is Baby's Own Tablets. They are mildly laxative and gentle in their action, and cure all stomach and bowel troubles, relieve simple fevers, break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Where these Tablets are used, little ones sleep naturally, because the causes of irritation and sleeplessness are removed in a natural way. Experienced mothers all praise this medicine. Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I have ever used for children of all ages. They are truly a blessing to baby and mother's friend."

These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given to a new-born babe. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid, at 25c a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MORTUARY STATISTICS.

The fifteen principal causes of death, with the rate per 100,000, as made public by the American Census Bureau, are as follows: Pneumonia, 191.9; consumption, 191.5; heart disease, 134; diarrhoeal diseases, 85.1; kidney diseases, 88.7; apoplexy, 66.6; cancer, 60; old age, 54; bronchitis, 48.3; cholera infantum, 47.8; debility, 45.5; inflammation of brain and meninges, 41.8; diphtheria, 34.4; typhoid, 33.8; and premature birth, 33.7. Death from all principal causes shows a decrease since 1890, the most notable being consumption, which shows a decrease of 54.9 per 100,000.

Death of a Catholic Leader.

Mgr. Schaepman, D.D., the leader of the Dutch Catholics, who was stricken down by illness during a visit to Rome, died on Wednesday, the 21st Jan., at a Franciscan Convent in the Eternal City. The Holy Father sent his own physician to consult with Mgr. Schaepman's doctor, and His Holiness made frequent inquiries as to the patient's condition. Though the case was considered dangerous from the first, hopes were entertained that the distinguished sufferer would recover; but the heart being affected, he sank rapidly at the end. His last words were "Jesu veni," and a prayer for the Holy Father. His fellow-countryman, M. Moritz von Vollenhoven, Father Hongroën, M. Plan, and a representative of the journal "Het Centrum," which he founded, were at his bedside when he passed away. By his death the political and literary world of Holland in general, and the Catholic Church in Holland in particular, have sustained a great loss. Born in March, 1844, at Tubbergen, where his father was burgomaster, he entered the priesthood in 1867, and in October, 1868, started for Rome, where the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him. After his return to Holland, in 1870, he was appointed professor of ecclesiastical history at the Seminary of Rysenburg. In 1880 the constituency of Breda, in Catholic Brabant, sent him to The Hague as a member of the Second Chamber of the States General. Here he soon gained influence. The breadth of his views, his practical knowledge of current national affairs, and his urbanity of manner procured him many admirers. But he was in advance of many of his friends, and for a time there was much estrangement and friction between him and the leaders of his own party. Later he became the recognized leader of the whole Catholic party. As such he strongly advocated the rapprochement with the Kuyper party, which ultimately resulted in the downfall of the Liberal Pierson Cabinet and in the advent of the present Coalition Ministry. Dr. Schaepman was offered a portfolio in it, but declined, chiefly on account of failing health. Dr. A. Kuyper, however, has remained one of his staunchest friends up to the last. The deceased was an accomplished orator, and many of his poems have become very popular, both in the Northern and in the Southern Netherlands. He spoke fluently German, French, and Italian as well as Dutch. When the last German Catholic Congress was held at Cologne his was one of the most impressive speeches addressed to those present. He spoke enthusiastically of the progress the Catholic Church had made in Holland, and of the freedom it enjoyed. Catholics, he said, made headway in every rank of life, and the fullest liberty was given to every religious Order. To the progress that has been made his policy contributed largely.—Catholic Times.

A New Observatory.

While the unthinking world is harping on that old and worn-out anti-clerical chord and condemning religious orders as the survivals of medievalism, we find the members of these same orders sending forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, not only missionaries of Christ's Truth, but also pioneers of science and profane knowledge. A small, but very significant item, of news comes to us from New York; it needs no comment, it is a whole volume in itself. It reads:—"Father Edmund Goetz, S.J., a famous South African astronomer, who has spent the last fourteen months conferring with American scientists, has sailed for France. He will go directly to Paris, where he will procure the astronomical, magnetic and meteorological instruments with which to begin the work in the first reliable observatory ever established in South Africa. It will be located at Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa."

The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.

Here thou art but a stranger travelling to thy country, where the glories of a kingdom are prepared for thee; it is therefore a huge folly to be much afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.

The Catholic Sick Room

SENDING FOR THE PRIEST.

1. Do not wait till the doctor gives the patient up, so that nothing short of a miracle could save him. Long before that, usually, there is "danger," not perhaps immediate, but still danger, and the priest ought to be sent for, because one of the prayers used in giving Extreme Unction begs for a perfect restoration of health, physical as well as moral, of body as well as of soul, so that the sick man, through God's mercy, may be able to return to his usual employment. Not that we need wait even for this remote danger. Sickness often opens the door for grace, and therefore it is advisable to let the priest know as soon as the patient takes to his bed, especially if he be one who has led a careless life. Nor ought we to wait till such a person himself asks for the priest, nor attend to his excuses for putting it off, still less blind him to his danger. People sometimes defer sending for the priest, lest they should alarm the patient. On a properly instructed Catholic his ministrations, and especially the sacrament of Extreme Unction, as explained above, ought to have an exactly contrary effect. But, while urging the importance of calling the priest in good time, let it not be thought that, when the sick person has already lost his senses, it is altogether too late and useless. The Church of Christ, being a loving mother, has foreseen this unfortunate contingency, and provides for it as far as possible. Therefore send for the priest.

2. At the same time do not send for him unnecessarily. But it will not do to run risks. In sudden and violent attacks of any kind, in typhus and scarlet fever, small-pox, inflammation of the lungs and other rapid diseases, in which delirium comes on soon, and likewise in serious accidents, no time is to be lost. An ordinary fracture of the leg or arm is not a "serious accident," but a bad fall or a heavy blow very often is.

3. A doctor who is reluctant to allow a priest to come would seem to have had little experience among Catholics. Those who know us are only too glad to hear that he has been to the sick room, and not unfrequently though not Catholics, they send for him themselves, because they notice that, whatever may be the explanation of it, after the administration of the rites of the Church there ensues a great calm, and in many cases this is half the cure. There is not nearly as much chance for a man who is harassed in mind and conscience, as well as in body, as there is for one who is in peace.

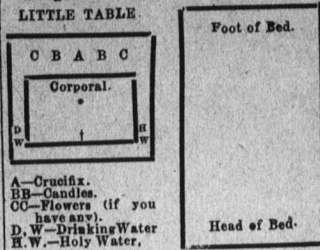
4. Except when it cannot be helped, do not send a mere child, or a non-Catholic, for the priest. Let the messenger be some one who can give an intelligent answer as to the name and address of the sick person, whether or no delirium has already set in, what the nature of the sickness is, when it commenced, whether any priest has been already there, and if so whether he administered any of the sacraments, and, if not, whether the patient can swallow without vomiting. This is all the more necessary when the priest happens to be out, and the call has to be registered for him. If he is at home, the messenger ought not to go away until he knows whether he is wanted further.

5. While waiting for the priest, help the patient, whether a Catholic or not, to make acts of love of God, and contrition, especially if death or delirium is imminent. Make use, if possible, of prayers that he knows.

Holy Communion or Extreme Unction, and that the sick person may be able to see our Lord on the Cross.

N.B.—All these arrangements must be made before the arrival of the priest.

Diagram for Catholic Sick Room.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRIEST.—1.

Be on the lookout for the approach of the priest, so as not to keep our Lord waiting at the door.

2. When he comes receive him in silence, and lead the way to the bedside, carrying in your hand a lighted candle or taper; with this light the candles on the little table as soon as you enter the room, and do not extinguish your own.

3. Kneel down at a convenient distance, with your face toward the Blessed Sacrament, praying for God's merciful help, and there remain until the priest has finished the Asperges and prayer.

Note 1.—Here, if the sick person wishes to confess, you leave the room, closing the door after you, but keeping within easy call, so that, at a given signal, you may return and kneel as before.

4. The next thing is to say the Confiteor, in Latin if you can, but English will do, and after the Miserere, as also after the Indulgentiam, say Amen, as the servers do just before Holy Communion in Mass.

5. At the third repetition of the Domine non sum dignus, rise and see that the napkin or communion cloth is in its proper place and, if the room be at all dark, hold your taper so as to throw light on the patient's face, while the priest is giving Holy Communion; after which return again to your former position.

Note 2.—If you have not got a taper in your hand, take a candle off the table, and restore it to its place before you kneel down again.

Note 3.—This is the place for Extreme Unction, if the priest intends to give it at this visit.

6. When the priest is about to depart, take notice whether he makes the sign of the cross or not over the sick, holding the pyx-burse in his hands; if he does, that is a sign that he is still carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and you must escort him to the door, keeping your candle burning. Otherwise you extinguish it as soon as you get out of the sick room, not before.

7. Now return to the room, rinse out the small vessel used in giving Holy Communion and throw the water on the fire, or in some respectful place. Put out the candles carefully, so as not to make a smell, but leave the Crucifix and the holy water. Lastly, if the patient would like it, kneel at the table and say a few short prayers with him, such as short acts of hope, charity, contrition and resignation. But beware of wearying the weary. Rather encourage them to sleep after their exertion, and help them to pray later on when they are refreshed.

8. Say morning and night prayers, kneeling by the bedside, such as the Our Father, Hail Mary and short acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition. Once or twice a day you might also read an appropriate prayer, chosen out of the devotions for the sick, especially an act of resignation, adding invocations of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the Angel Guardian, Patron Saints, etc., and this even though the patient shows no sign of consciousness. He may be quite alive to what is going on, though unable to speak or move. But beware of pestering. Father Anderledy used to tell a story of a good priest who, on his death bed, was ceaselessly pined with this kind of spiritual food by his over-zealous confessor till, at last, the dying man mustered all his strength into his lips, and said: "Are you nearly done? Will you never cease bothering?" Let us remember that a man just before leaving this life, may easily want a little private talk, so to speak, with our Lord, and we must not deprive him of the opportunity by telling him what we would say. When the

agony begins let the departing soul be comforted by the voices of friends interceding for it with God.—From a Catholic Truth Society Pamphlet, by Father Splaine, S.J.

"This water is for the priest to wash from the tips of his fingers any particles of the Blessed Sacrament that may be adhering, after he has given Holy Communion. When he has done so, he gives the water to the communicant to drink. Two table-spoonfuls is amply sufficient, but, if it is put into a deep tumbler, he cannot reach it, and to put it into a large basin is absurd."

"This is not a useless admonition. Not unfrequently people will turn to chairs and kneel in front of them, with their backs to the Blessed Sacrament."

Catholic Library Question In New York.

At a reception given in his honor by the Catholic Library Association of New York, at the Hotel Majestic last week, Archbishop Farley defined his position toward Comptroller Groat's recent announcement that the public libraries which remain outside the consolidated New York Public Library, made possible by Mr. Carnegie's gift, would hereafter lose the appropriations granted to them annually by the Board of Estimate. Last year the Catholic Library Association received from the city \$17,000. To deprive it of this support in the future, the Archbishop said, would be unjust.

While he admitted that in many respects a consolidation with the New York Public Library would be advantageous, the Archbishop said it would cause the Catholic Association to lose autonomy and would defeat the very purpose for which it was organized and developed.

"For it could not be supposed," said he, "that any general library would agree with us as to the character of the books that are fit for circulation, and since we could not control the character of the books, it is easily seen that innumerable difficulties would arise, the tendency always being to make the public library an unsafe place for our people, especially for youth."

The Archbishop went so far as to say that many of the public libraries of New York were filled with literature that would be poisonous to a Catholic mind. He could not understand, he proceeded, why the city authorities should desire to compel Catholics either to consolidate their libraries or to lose their appropriation, for the Catholic library can do a work which no other public library can. He added:

"There is also a matter of equity to be considered. An implicit contrast, it seems to us, was entered into, the State promising the appropriations through the city, if we maintained our library at the proper standard. If we allowed the library to fall below the standard required, our property was to revert to the State, which would take it under its control and see that the library was used as originally intended."

"Now, the standard of a library such as ours has become can be maintained only by the receipts of the appropriations, as it is not reasonable to expect that our private resources would be requisitioned to so large an extent to do what is purely a public work, and the work, be it remembered, that we engaged in almost at the request of the State."

"We are, therefore, put in this dilemma by the proposed action of the city authorities: If we wish to retain our property, we must spend from our private income the amount of money that heretofore we have received from the city. If we do not spend that money, we cannot keep the library up to the standard required. So that we must either consolidate or, if we do not, the State can take our library and make it part of the New York Public Library, whether we like it or not, unless we out of our private funds maintain it at its present standard."

"We do not think that it is sufficient reason for the city to force this consolidation on the ground that the city is obliged by its contract with Mr. Carnegie to support the libraries that bear his name. We have no objection to this system, but we don't feel that its existence should be made a pretext for forcing us out of business."

When we look back we do not look with any great satisfaction on our pleasures, on our games and pastimes; but we look with pleasure on whatever has made us stronger, wiser, freer, more at home in God's universe.

Our Boys And Girls.

GRANDPA.

My grandpa says that he was once a little boy like me, I s'pose he was; and yet it does seem queer to think that he could ever get my jacket on, Or shoes, or like to play With games and toys, and race with Duke, As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see, Nurse says I must be good And mind my manners, as a child With such a grandpa should, For grandpa is straight and tall And very dignified; He knows most all there is to know And other things beside.

So, though my grandpa knows so much, I thought that maybe boys Were things he hadn't studied They make such awful noise, But when I asked at dinner for Another piece of pie, I thought I saw a twinkle In the corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out And left us two alone, I was not quite as much surprised To find how nice he'd grown, You should have seen us romp and run! My! now I almost see That p'raps he was, long, long ago, A little boy like me.

—Selected.

BEARS AND BEAR TRAPS.

James Henry and his grandfather were inspecting the Zoo in Central Park, New York, the other day, when they came to the big cage which holds a fine specimen of the white polar bear. The big animal was reared on his short, stocky hind legs, and with his forepaws on the bars he seemed about to speak to the keeper who stood outside.

"If he had a brown coat, he might be a brother to the dancing bear we saw in the country yesterday," said the grandfather.

"I wonder which is the happier," remarked the boy, "the brown bear, which dances all day to that bag-pipe music, or this big, lazy creature who has nothing to do but amuse himself?"

"You might ask James," suggested the grandfather.

Instead, James Henry asked the kindly old man: "Tell me how they catch bears, grandfather?"

"Most bears that are taken alive owe their fall from freedom to traps of one kind or another," he answered. "This white bear was probably trapped by some crafty Eskimo. The dancing bear came from the Rocky Mountains and was probably captured when a cub."

"In the Adirondacks, in Maine and other mountain districts a great deal of trapping for bears is carried on at certain times of the year. Once I spent a week with some trappers in the North Woods. The trap they used was made of steel. It has jaws a foot wide and a strong double spring. They set them in spots which bears are likely to visit. They are covered with moss and surrounded with prickly brush, except on one side."

"You could never guess what they used for bait—a bit of honey and a slice of cheese, an old moccasin, a bit of bright cloth. Anything he can smell with his cold, black nose, or see with his pig-like eyes will serve. They like luxuries, these shaggy creatures, and they are more curious than women or a New York crowd. To one or the other of these traits he generally falls a victim."

"It would not do to fasten the trap to a tree, for the bear, in his frenzy, would surely break the chain or tear his leg free. So it is fastened to a block of wood, which catches in the underbrush and makes it impossible for the victim to travel any great distance. The trail is never in doubt, for the bear, in pain and anger, chews at the trees and tears up the ground, leaving a path as plain as a roadway."

"How do the trappers kill the bear when they find him?" asked James Henry.

"Usually with a blow on the head from the blunt end of an axe," answered the old man. "A good trapper never makes a miss, and a single blow puts the bear beyond further suffering."

James Henry had nothing to say for a few minutes. The usual smile was missing from his face. "I'm

sorry for the bears that fall into traps," he said, finally. "They must suffer terribly."

"It is rather cruel," responded the grandfather, "but perhaps you can tell me a hunting story in which the hunted do not suffer so much."—Selected.

HOW POLLY CURED THE CAT.—Did I ever tell you how our cat Sizer was cured of his habit of catching birds? No? Well, I must tell you, for I think it was the most effective object lesson Sizer ever had. He was a great pet, and had learned to do some pretty tricks, but had one propensity which was as wicked as could be—no bird was safe if Sizer could reach it.

He had eaten two of mother's canaries, and the neighbors had threatened to kill him if he came into their houses. At last, however, Sizer met his equal.

Aunt Clara wrote to mother that she would spend the summer with us, and would bring her big parrot. Mother was perfectly willing to have Polly come, and we children were wild with delight. We had never had an opportunity of knowing a parrot—neither had Sizer! One day mother was busy preparing Aunt Clara's room, and John and I were helping her. Suddenly mother dropped down on the nearest chair, saying, "Oh, dear! I have forgotten Sizer!" In a minute she was able to explain that in her joy that Aunt Clara was coming, she had forgotten Sizer's love of birds. "What if anything should happen to the parrot?"

We thought we could give Sizer a way. It is easy to give a cat away, but he will not always stay given. So we presented him to the man who brought vegetables from his farm four miles from the city, and mother felt relieved.

At last Aunt Clara came with trunks and boxes, and a big cage containing her pet. Polly was a handsome bird, green and gold, with a few beautiful red feathers, a wise, solemn expression and an accomplished tongue. She was very tired after her journey, and began to say, "Polly! sleepy! Good night, Polly! Hello, boys!" and stretched her legs and neck to get rested.

We young people felt as if we could stand by and listen to her all night; but Aunt Clara said she would be cross if she was kept awake too long, and John carried the cage to Aunt Clara's room. In the morning we heard cries and squeaks that startled us at first, but very soon a jolly "Ha, ha, boys! Good day, Polly! Good day!" assured us that Miss Polly was the author of the strange sounds.

Aunt Clara said at breakfast that she had put Polly's cage on the porch up stairs, so that her ladyship might enjoy the fresh air. She was so very noisy, she added, because she could see a big gray cat on the fence. We all knew that Sizer was four miles from the fence and only caught bears, grandfather.

"Most bears that are taken alive owe their fall from freedom to traps of one kind or another," he answered. "This white bear was probably trapped by some crafty Eskimo. The dancing bear came from the Rocky Mountains and was probably captured when a cub."

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motion in the dining-room. Father ran in with his glasses in one hand and newspaper in the other; mother came, dismay on every feature; we children ran to the scene, of course, and in a minute Aunt Clara came.

Such a sight as we beheld! We all stood transfixed for an instant, and then burst into loud laughter. Polly had evidently been dozing on the broad window-sill, when Sizer had made an attack. When we saw them Polly was holding Sizer with her strong claws, and had his ear in her sharp, cutting bill. Sizer was fairly howling, and trying his best to use his claws on Polly.

The parrot made some inarticulate noise all the time, and then they rolled off on to the floor. There was a mixture of feathers and fur for a second, and Sizer dashed madly past us, and we could hear him "spit" as he fled the scene. Polly began to smooth her ruffled plumage, and was evidently none the worse for the conflict. She was still very angry, and screamed after Sizer, "Poor pussy! Poor pussy! Polly's mad! Polly's mad! Hello, boys!"

She would hardly allow Aunt Clara to soothe her, and was quarrelsome for two or three days. No one dared say, "Poor pussy," in Polly's hearing. It is needless to say Sizer was cured. He returned to the house after a few days, with a much injured ear, but nothing could induce him to enter the dining-room, and the sound of Polly's voice seemed to terrify him. From that day the sight of a cage seemed to recall the encounter, and as far as he was concerned a caged bird could hang in safety.—J. M. H., in our Dumb Animals.

CHAPTER III, C.

In the meantime, Hard became a subject of vehemence at the side-table, to which the squadrons had returned. A fair-haired girl declared that his "pet." A second class distinction for herself.

"He gave me an O'Dell he was last here," said "And me a stick of pepper. He gave me a—" in a "a kiss."

"And me two."

"He didn't."

"He did."

"I'll tell dadda it was the potato-peel while ago."

"Ah, ha, tattler, tell-tale!"

"Silence there!—fiel fi-words are these?" said "Come, kiss and be free both of you, and let me more."

The young combatants with her injunction, duelling paragraphs say, terminated amicably.

"But I was speaking," resumed, "of the family Cregans. It was once Mr. Hardress's father in a night make an Englishman. When their little Killarne was left to the Cregans, many other additional play that were made on sion, it behoved Mr. Ba to erect a family vault ament in his parish church had scarcely, however, gions for its construction fell ill of a fever, and wa enjoying the honor of "the new cemetery himself, over the fit, and made it first cares to saunter ou the church and inspect the which had been prepared ception. It was a hands monument, occupying a ner of the churchyard, and over by a fine old sycam Barney, who had no taste turesque, was deeply mofinding his piece of sepulch thrown so much into t "What did I or my peop said to the architect, "tha be sent skulking into th I paid my money, and I own value for it." The was accordingly got rid sporting, flashy one erect the gateway, with the C and shield (in what herat was picked up I cannot me to say) emblazoned o piece. Here, it is to be aspiring Barnaby and his may one day rest in peac "That would be a valn fear," said Kyrie, "at l as Mr. Cregan is concern were true, as our peasan that the churchyard it made of a scene of midn and revel, by those who carousals are long concl what relationship is ther that family and Mrs. Ch. "She is step-sister to gan."

"Indeed! So near?"

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THE COL

The Social Duties Of Catholics.

At a recent concert given under the auspices of the League of the Cross, at Peckham, Father Alphonus spoke at the conclusion of the programme about the advantages of such entertainments. Their popularity was undoubted, and there was this to be said in their favor, that whatever might be said against them they were a means—and a very effective means—of bringing the people together, a thing which was of vital necessity in the Catholic life of London if Catholics were to hold their own. Life in London made the public opinion of a parish, which was such a powerful factor in the provinces, absolutely inoperative in this metropolis. It was only by coming together on occasions like the present that they felt the common bond of Catholic social life.

Every man and woman (he contended) ought to take an interest in the social life of the parish. They existed not to share their own distinctive lives with others, but to preserve that life, and, by making it strong, leave the lives of those about them. The social duties of Catholics were too little heeded in the present day. We were split up into parties of all shades of opinion, which dissipated our forces and made them ineffective. There was abundant room for a Catholic party in the metropolis, and if we were better organized, if the duty of organization were more effectually brought home to the people, it were better for us as Catholics, as citizens. No thing would be done while each parish was dissociated from the other. Sporadic efforts were made now and then to organize Catholic life, and they failed because they were sporadic. Efforts had been made within the last few years to remedy this evil. Cardinal Vaughan had given us the Catholic Association, which was doing so much good. He hoped it would continue its beneficent mission in spite of its critics, and prove a blessing to the Catholic life of the metropolis. Then there was the Catholic League of South London, which, he was sorry to say, did not receive the support it deserved. The League was a brave attempt to bring home to Catholics their social obligations and duties. It had done much, and would do more. It had gathered to itself certain earnest spirits which were doing good in many centres, and it had given us an opportunity of judging men who were continually clamoring for more earnest effort, and who were yet content with lip-service. They reminded him of the men who said, "I come my Lord," and came not. He hoped Peckham would never be behindhand in its social duties. There was much which he might say on this subject, but he saw some of the audience were beginning to feel uncomfortable (laughter). He thought that a good sign, and he commended them to the keeping of their own consciences. He was sure before the year was out he would have them among the active workers of the parish, helping one another, and ready to prove by the strength of the faith that was in them (cheers).

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CHAPTER IV

HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST

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THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER III., Continued.

In the meantime, Hardress Cregan became a subject of vehement debate at the side-table, to which the juvenile squadron had returned. One fair-haired girl declared that she was his "pet." A second claimed that distinction for herself.

"He gave me an O'Dell-cake when he was last here," said one.

"And me a stick of peppermint."

"He gave me a—" in a whisper—"a kiss."

"And me two."

"He didn't."

"He did."

"I'll tell dadda it was you threw the potato-peel while ago."

"Ah, ha, tattler, tell-tale!"

"Silence there!—fie! fie!—what words are these?" said Mrs. Daly.

"Come, kiss and be friends, now, both of you, and let me hear no more."

The young combatants complied with her injunction, and, as the duelling paragraphs say, "the affair terminated amicably."

"But I was speaking," Mr. Daly resumed, "of the family pride of the Cregans. It was once manifested by Hardress's father in a manner that might make an Englishman smile. When their little Killarney property was left to the Cregans, amongst many other additional pieces or displays that were made on the occasion, it behoved Mr. Barry Cregan to erect a family vault and monument in his parish churchyard. He had scarcely, however, given directions for its construction, when he fell ill of a fever, and was very near enjoying the honor of "handselling" the new cemetery himself. But he got over the fit, and made it one of his first cares to saunter out as far as the church and inspect the mansion which had been prepared for his reception. It was a handsome Gothic monument, occupying a retired corner of the churchyard, and shadowed over by a fine old sycamore. But Barry, who had no taste for the picturesque, was deeply mortified at finding his piece of sepulchral finery thrown so much into the shade.

"What did I or my people do," he said to the architect, "that we should be sent skulking into that corner? I paid my money, and I'll have my own value for it." The monument was accordingly got rid of, and a sporting, flashy one erected opposite the gateway, with the Cregan crest and shield (in what herald's office it was picked up I cannot take upon me to say) emblazoned on the frontispiece. Here, it is to be hoped, the aspiring Barnaby and his posterity may one day rest in peace.

"That would be a vain hope, I fear," said Kyrle, "at least so far as Mr. Cregan is concerned, if it were true, as our peasantry believe, that the churchyard is frequently made of a scene of midnight mirth and revel, by those whose earthly carousals are long concluded. But what relationship is there between that family and Mrs. Chute?"

"She is step-sister to Mrs. Cregan."

"Indeed! So near?"

"Most veritable; therefore, look to it. They tell a story"—But the talkative old gentleman was interrupted by the entrance of a new actor on the scene.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN, ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST.

But what pen less gifted than his of Chios, or his of Avon, the delineator of Vulcan or of Ormus, can suffice to convey to the reader any idea of the mental and bodily proportions of this new comer, who thrust his small and shining head in upon the family party, to awaken their curiosity, and to rob Mr. Daly of so many attentive listeners as he

numbered around him at this moment!

The person who opened the door acted as a kind of herdsman or outdoor servant to the family, and was a man of a rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck; his legs long and clumsy, with knees and ankles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking sticks which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since; his joints hung loosely like those of a postboard Merry Andrew; his body was very small; his chest narrow; and his head so diminutive as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid the foundation of a giant, but, running short of material as the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking within the dimensions of a dwarf. So far was this economy pursued, that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished with hair; and the nose, with which the face was garnished, might be compared for its flatness to that of a young kid. "It looked," as the owner of this mournful piece of journey-work himself facetiously observed, "as if his head was not thought worth a roof, nor his countenance worth a handle." His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness which was much to be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a kangaroo, or the fins of a seal, the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasions they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested, namely, the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the barony.

The costume which enveloped this singular frame, was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge riding coat of grey frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calfskin, with the hairy side outwards; a shirt, of a texture almost as coarse as sail cloth, made from the refuse of flax, and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Grey worsted stockings, with dog-skin brogues well paved in the sole, and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornments of this unassuming personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to a recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices, so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic order, in one coup d'oeil.

The expression of the figure, though it varied with circumstances, was for the most part thoughtful and deliberative; the effect, in a great measure, of habitual penury and dependence. At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a spot of ground in the neighborhood of Limesick, and was well to do in the world, but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of bere, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings, and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimata of Irish misery—begging, enlisting, or emigrating—by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms; an office for which Lowry by his long and muscular legs, and the lightness of the body that encumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excellent honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been at first anticipated. He had, moreover, the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patrons than the latter would

willingly admit, and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simper, which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

"Hat Lowry—" said Mr. Daly, "Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the postmaster?"

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice, then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally straightening his person, and gazing on his master, replied, "To lose it I did, sir, for a piece."

"To lose what?"

"The place of postman, sir, through the country westwards. Sure there I was a gentleman for life if it wasn't my luck."

"I do not understand you, Lowry."

"I'll tell you how it was, master. After the last postman died, I took your recommendation to the postmaster, an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to thravelling,' sir, says I, 'for Mister Daly, over, and—' 'Aye,' says he, 'takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs, I see.' 'Middlin', sir, says I (he's a very pleasant gentleman), 'it's equal to me any day, whether or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment.' 'T'would be heard if you didn't get that, anyway,' says he; 'well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I don't know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his recommendation than Mister Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could.'"

"Well, and what was your agreement?"

"Ten pounds a year, sir," answered Lowry, opening his eyes, as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum, "besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year."

"'Twas very handsome, Lowry."

"Handsome, master? 'Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure three I was, a made gentleman all my days, if it wasn't my luck, as I said before."

"Well, and how did you lose it?"

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Lowry; "I was going over to the postmaster yesterday, to get the 'T'ralee mail from him, and to start off with myself on my first journey. Well an' good, of all the world, who should I meet, above upon the road, just at the turn down to the post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the freestone in the streets? So I turned back."

"Turned back! for what?"

"Sure the world knows, master, that it isn't lucky to meet a red-haired woman, and you going of a journey."

"And you never went for the mail bags?"

"Falks, I'm sure I didn't that day."

"Well, and the next morning?"

"The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place."

"And you lost the situation?"

"For this turn, sir, anyway. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure I thought I was cock sure of it, an' I having the post-master's word. But indeed, if I meet that treestone crathur again, I'll knock her red head against the wall."

"Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now."

"'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardon, sir," provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry."

The man now walked slowly towards Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance, as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said: "The horse, sir, is ready this way, at the doore abroad."

"Very well, Lowry. I shall set out this instant."

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round, and walked to the door, with his eyes on the ground and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavoring to recollect something farther which he had intended to say.

"Lowry!" said Mr. Daly, as the hands of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

"Lowry, tell me—did you see Filly O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday?"

"Ah, you're welcome to your game, master."

"'Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry, and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face."

Lowry opened his huge mouth (we forget to mention that it was a huge one), and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. "You are welcome to your game, master," he repeated; "long life to your honor."

"But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the county gaol?"

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed in his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it, however, as a new piece of "the master's game," he laughed, and tossed his head.

"Folly on—sir—folly on."

"Because, if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A rope maker! a manufacturer of rogues' last neck-cloths—an understrapper to the gallows—a species of collateral hang-man!"

"Ah, then, Missiz, do you hear this? and all rising out of a little old fable of a story that happened as good as five years ago, because Moriarty, the crooked hangman (the thief!) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, and nobody knowin' of him, an' bought a couple o' pen'p'rh o' whip-cord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowes or hangmen in his life. That's the whole toto o' their insinuations."

"Never mind your master, Lowry," said Mrs. Daly, "he is only amusing himself with you."

"Oh, ha! I'm sure I know it ma'am; long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke."

"But, Lowry—"

"Ah, Heaven bless you now, master, an' let me alone, I'll say nothing to you."

"Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday."

"Middling, sir, like the small platees, they tell me," said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation; "but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a luxter, an' she told me it was a bad fair, because she could not sell her piggins; an' I met a pig-jobber, an' he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high; an' I met another little meagre creature, a neighbor that has a cabin on the road above, an' he said 'twas the best fair that ever came out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Mr. Hardress Cregan was there, an' if he didn't make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man."

"A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it?"

"Some o' them boys—them Garryowen lads—sir, to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comin' down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin reflecting on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creature! Well, if they did, Master Hardress heard 'em; and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em. 'What's that you're saying, you scoundrel?' says he. 'What would you give to know?' says the other, mighty impudent. Master Hardress made no more, only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon Master Hardress, but faith they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed; it isn't a goose or a duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all."

"And where were you all this while, Lowry?"

"Above in Mihil's door, standin' and lookin' about the fair for myself."

"And Eily?"

"Ah, hear to this again, now! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, master, that's what I'll do," and suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

"Well, Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, as the latter rose and laid aside his chair, "I suppose we are not to expect you back to-night?"

"Likely not, sir. If I have any good news to tell, I shall send an answer by Lowry, who goes with me; and if—something seemed to stick in his throat, and he tried to laugh it out—'If I should be unsuccessful, I will ride on to the dairy-

farm at Gurtenaspig, where Hardress Cregan promised to meet me."

Mr. Daly wished him better fortune than he seemed to hope for, and repeated an old proverb about a faint heart and a fair lady. The affectionate mother, who felt the feverishness of the young lover's hand, as he placed it in hers, and probably in secret participated in his apprehensions, followed him to the steps of the hall-door. He was already on horse-back.

Kyrle seemed about to reply, but his young horse became restive, and as the gentleman felt rather at a loss, he made the impatience of the animal an apology for his silence. He waved his hand to the kind old lady, and rode away.

"And if she should play the tyrant with you, Kyrle," Mrs. Daly continued in soliloquy, while she saw his handsome and graceful figure diminish in the distance, "Anne Chute is not of my mind."

So said the mother as she returned to the parlor, and so would many younger ladies have said, had they known Kyrle Daly as well as she did.

While Mrs. Daly, who was the empress of all house-keepers, superintended the removal of the breakfast-table, not disdaining with her own fair hands to restore the plate and china to their former neatness, the old gentleman called all his children around him, to undergo a customary examination. They came flocking to his knees, the boys with their satchels thrown over their shoulders, and the girls with their gloves and bonnets on, ready for school. Occasionally, as they stood before the patriarchal sire, their eyes wandered from his face towards a lofty pile of sliced bread and butter, and a bowl of white sugar which stood near his elbow.

"North-east!" Mr. Daly began, addressing the eldest.

It should be premised that this singular name was given to the child in compliance with a popular superstition; for, sensible as the Dalys were accounted in their daily affairs, they were not wholly exempt from the prevailing weakness of their countrymen. Three of Mrs. Daly's children died at nurse, and it was suggested to the unhappy parents, that if the next little stranger were baptized by the name of North-east, the curse would be removed from their household. Mrs. Daly acceded to the proposition, adding to it at the same time the slight precaution of changing her nurses. With what success this ingenious remedy was attended, the flourishing state of Mr. Daly's nursery thenceforward sufficiently testified.

"North-east," said the old gentleman, "when was Ireland first peopled?"

"By Bartholomew, sir, in anno mundi 1956, the great-great-great-great-grandson of Noah."

"Six greats. Right, my boy. Although the Cluan-Mac-Nois makes it 1969. But a difference of a few years, at a distance of nearly four thousand, is not a matter to be quarrelled with. Stay, I have not done with you yet. Mr. Tickleback tells me you are a great Latinist. What part of Ovid are you reading now?"

"The Metamorphoses, sir, book the thirteenth."

"Ah, poor Ajax! he's an example and a warning for all Irishmen. Well, North-east, Ulysses ought to supply you with Latin enough to answer me one question. Give me the construction of this: Mater mea sus est mala."

The boy hesitated a moment, laughed, reddened a little, and looked at his mother. "That's a queer thing, sir," he said at last.

"Come, construe, construe."

"My mother is a bad sow," said North-east, laughing; "that's the only English I can find for it."

"Ah, North-east! Do you call me names, my lad?" said Mrs. Daly, while she laid aside the china in a cupboard.

"'Tis dadda you should blame, ma'am; 'twas he said it. I only told him the English of it."

This affair produced much more laughter and merriment than it was worth. At length Mr. Daly condescended to explain.

"You gave me one construction of it," said he, "but not the right one. However, these things cannot be learned all in a day, and your translation was correct, North-east, in point of grammar, at all events. But (he continued with a look of learned wisdom) the true meaning of the sentence is this: Mater, mother, mea, hasten; sus, the sow, est, eats up (edere, my boy, not esse), mala, the apples."

"O, it's a cran, I see," said the boy with some indignation of tone.

"One isn't obliged to know crans. I'd soon puzzle you if I was to put you all the crans I know."

"No so easily as you suppose, perhaps," said his father in dignified alarm, lest his reputation should suffer in the eyes of his wife, who real-

ly thought him a profound linguist; "But you are a good boy. Go to school, North-east. Here, open your satchel."

The satchel was opened, a huge slice of bread from the top of the pile above mentioned was dropt into it, and North-east set off south-west out of the house.

"Charles, who is the finest fellow in Ireland?"

"Henry Grattan, sir."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because he says we must have a free trade, sir."

"You shall have a lump of sugar with your bread for that. Open your satchel. There; run away now to school. Patey!"

"Sir?"

"Patey, tell me, who was the first Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the present reign?"

Patey, an idle young rogue, stood glancing alternately at the pile of bread and at his father's face, and shifting from one foot to another like a foundering nag. At last he said stoutly—

"Julius Caesar, sir."

"That's a good boy. Ah, you young villain, if I had asked you who won the last boat-race, or how many hookers went by this morning, you'd give me a better answer than that. Was it Julius Caesar sailed round the revenue cutter, near Tarbert, the other day?"

"No, sir, it was Larry Kett."

"I'll engage you know that. Well, tell me this, and I'll forgive you! Who was the bravest seaman you ever heard of? always excepting Hardress Cregan."

"Brown, sir, the man that brought the Bilboa ship into Youghal, after making prisoners of nine Frenchmen; the fellows, dadda"—the boy continued, warming with his subject—"were sent to take the vessel into France, and Brown had only three men and a boy with him, and they retook the ship, and brought her into Youghal. But sure one Irishman was more than a match for two Frenchmen."

"Well, I perceive you have some knowledge in physics and comparative physiology. There's some hope of you. Go to school." And the pile of bread appeared a few inches lower.

The remainder was distributed amongst the girls, to whom the happy father put questions in history, geography, catechism, etc., proportioned to the capacity of each. At length he descended to the youngest, a little cherub, with roses of three years' growth in her cheeks.

"Well, Sally, my pet, what stands for sugar?"

"I, dadda."

"Ah, Sally's a wag, I see. You do stand for it, indeed, and you shall get it. We must not expect to force nature," he added, looking at his wife, and tossing his head.

"Every beginning is weak, and Sam Johnson himself was as indifferent a philologist once in his day. And now, to school at once, darlings, and bring home good judgments. Nelly will go for you at three o'clock."

The little flock of innocents, who were matched in size like the reeds of a pandean pipe, each under each, having left the scene, Mr. Daly proceeded to despatch his own affairs, and possessed himself of his hat and cane.

"I'll step over to the meadow, my dear, and see how the hay gets on. And give me that pamphlet of Hutchinson's—Commercial Restraints—I promised to lend it to Father Malaehy. And let the stranger's room be got ready, my love, and the sheets aired, for I expect Mr. Windfall, the tax-gatherer, to sleep here to-night. And Sally, if Ready should come about his pigs that I put in pound last night, let him have them free of cost, but not without giving the fellow a fright about them; and above all, insist upon having rings in their noses before night. My little lawn is like a fallow-field with them. I'll be back at five."

(To be continued.)

A BOY'S ANSWER.

"What are the holes for?" asked little Emma, looking at the porous plaster that her mother was preparing to adjust on Willie's back.

"It's funny you don't know that, sister," interposed Willie. "They are to let the pain out, of course."

Have great, great trust, and great gratitude; when we see all we have to be grateful for it will be too late.

Nothing makes strictness more attractive or more imperative than the evidences of God's love. In proportion as we love Him we appreciate His sanctity.

There is a frankness which is brutal, and I detest it; a frankness which is indiscreet, and I fear it; a foolish frankness, and I pity it. There is also a frankness which is opportune, delicate, and good; honor to it!—Abbe Roux.

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

Household Notes. Notes for Farmers.

THE KITCHEN.—The kitchen is the housewife's kingdom, and second to no apartment in the home in importance.

Finish of the woodwork in the kitchen should be without ledge or ornamentation to catch dust or dirt.

Floors may be tiled or hardwood oiled, finished with a varnish.

Washable white sash curtains should be slipped on small brass rods and fastened securely to the window sash.

THE TOAST CURE.—Many sufferers from indigestion are now successfully trying the toast cure.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics.

The past week, says the Ottawa "Free Press," has been busy for the Experimental Farm officials.

Mr. A. G. Gilbert spent most of the week in the city, attending the annual poultry fair.

Mr. Frank T. Shutt during the week visited Hamilton, where he addressed a gathering on fruit growing.

Mr. J. H. Grisdale has been engaged in Quebec on a lecturing mission. His addresses were devoted to local needs and a vast amount of knowledge was disseminated among the people of the lower province.

Mr. W. T. Macoun who left some time ago for the Maritime Provinces is in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. H. Court, of the Agricultural Department, gives an account of a series of valuable experiments just completed at Storrs Agricultural Experimental station, Connecticut.

The Connecticut Agricultural College owned a herd of about fifty cows and up to 1897 it was untaunted. But in November, 1898, a cow, which during the year had yielded 262 pounds of butter fell suddenly ill.

The herd was then tested with tuberculin, when twelve animals responded, making a total of fifteen out of a herd of forty-eight animals, that had contracted the disease in one year, demonstrating how remarkably infectious it is.

The elimination of tuberculosis from a herd is a gradual process. One tuberculin list is not sufficient as new cases will develop from time to time.

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, also improve yourself.

animals slaughtered in some cases, 16 months after first response showed mere traces of the disease, which had then made little or no progress and the condition might indicate possible recovery.

While there may be animals showing physical symptoms of disease, there may be others in the herd in a condition to spread the disease.

What is known as the "Bang" or isolation method is economical when a large herd is affected or when a small herd of valuable animals is diseased.

A few years ago there was considerable agitation in Ottawa and vicinity over the question of diseased animals, but little has been heard lately.

MEDICAL NOTES.

PNEUMONIA CONTAGIOUS.—We wonder if the fact that patients and their friends ignore the contagiousness of pneumonia is often due to professional negligence.

Pneumonia is a highly contagious disease, the cause of which is a micro-organism in the sputa of those suffering from the malady, and contracted by inhaling this germ.

During the illness the greatest pains should be taken to prevent soiling bed clothing, carpets or furniture with the sputa, and after the illness the patient's room should be thoroughly cleansed and ventilated.

The fact that the disease is most prevalent in the winter, when people are most crowded together, and live most of the time in badly ventilated apartments, makes obvious the necessity of thorough ventilation of houses, offices, factories, theatres, churches, steam and trolley cars and other public places.

Laymen should be taught not to be afraid of a patient who has pneumonia, influenza or tuberculosis, but to be afraid of lack of cleanliness about him during his illness, of failure to enforce prophylactic measures, and of close, badly ventilated apartments during the season when these diseases most prevail.

Since pneumonia is most fatal at the extremes of life—the young and the aged—special care should be taken to guard children and old persons against exposure to the infection of those already suffering with the disease and against cold, privation and exposure to the weather, which are potent predisposing causes.—American Medicines.

SYMINGTON'S GOFFEE ESSENCE

Wit and Humor.

Tim: They say bank notes get full of microbes. Jack: Tain't no use trying to make bank notes unpopular.

Young Doctor: Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure? Old Doctor: Those who have nothing the matter with them.

A High Testimonial.—Lady (engaging a maid): "Was your last mistress satisfied with you?" Maid: "Well, mum, she said she was very pleased when I left."

Barber (applying the lather): "I think I've got a better soap now than I've ever had before." Customer: "I can't see any difference. It all tastes alike to me."

Editor: You haven't mentioned the bridegroom's name in this wedding report of yours. Reporter: Oh, yes, I have. I've got him down "among those present."

"Well, my man," said the tourist to the man who was digging a grave, "do people often die here?" "Nay, sir," answered the man, "they are like the rest of us, they only die once."

Customer: Why doesn't that spinner, Miss Brown, deal at your shop any more? Grocer: One of my clerks insulted her. Customer: How? Grocer: She overheard him telling some one that she was our oldest customer.

Mamma: You must be awfully careful, darling. The doctor says your system is all upset. Little Dot: Yes, it is, mamma, 'cause my foot's asleep, and people must be terribly upset when they go to sleep at the wrong end."

Maid: Yes, sir, this house has just been finished and is to be at a low rent. Home-Seeker: Will they grant a lease for three years? Maid: Three years? In a half that time it will be dry enough for the governor to live in himself.

"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them." "But I charge you two shillings just the same." "What for?" "Well, sir, you charged me five shillings the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with me."

Kill or Cure.—In a Cornish fishing village a miserly old fellow's wife fell ill, and he called in a doctor. "I am willing," he said, "to pay you liberally for your services. Do what you can for my poor wife. Here is £5 ready for you, kill or cure." The woman died, and the doctor asked for his money. "Doctor," said the bereaved one, "did you kill my wife?" "Great Scott! No, I did all I could to save her." "Did you cure her?" demanded the husband. "No, she died in spite of all my skill." "Then," said the miser, "I don't see what you are bothering me about. Our contract was £5, kill or cure; and on your own admission you have done neither."

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Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominic street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 2.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Fridays of every month in this hall, corner Selgrouse and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1872.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. Its regular meetings are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Conor and G. H. Merrill.

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EPISCOPAL "If the English-speaking best interests, they would see powerful Catholic papers in the mark"

NOTES

THE DAILY WITNESS

Mr. George E. Cl... founder of the "True Witness" used to say "flapdoodle is the they feed fools on."

A recent article in the "News" is of the flapdoodle over the heading "Peace" it deals with the prospect of the land question to pacify the country, and

"It is strange that wealth flows so abundantly into the larger of the fish which the smaller which is in most respect similarly situated, do share this wealth. It is a question of geographical climate, of education, of religion? There is a portion of good land climate, though very is, if anything, more than that of England, Scotland. It is to be served, however, the man Catholic people seldom self-reliant, always inclined to look to government for benefit to blame government misfortunes."

One is tempted, after reading a statement, to ask the writer a practical question: is he simply ignorant of the child's history of Ireland ever read Gladstone's correspondence to England's treatment of Ireland? Can it be possible that we are not aware that, for England, manufacturers of evictions were suppressed in English statutes that still student in the face? Does anything of the penal law wholesale confiscations, of and barbarous evictions?

"Is it a question of mate, education or glion?"

No, it is not a question of exception, in so far as the master was for so long, it is not a question of religion, but the Faith in Ireland to be upheld at the sacrifice of liberty and of life, and if "Soghar Aaron" is so de Irish heart, it is because to know the history of Ireland, that he earned his name, that he earned his affections, by standing in the mountain pass, beside of the dying, at the his life. The readers of the "Daily Witness" must be sadly immersed in the news, if such articles as the referred to can find an abode in their intelligence.

A QUEER STATEMENT special case, based upon the condition of a patient, in the physician, while giving made some very queer statements.