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Topics of the Week

DUTIES OF LAITY.

In the course of his Advent pastoral letter the Right Rev. Dr. Isley, Bishop of Birmingham, Eng., says:—

The position of a Catholic minority in a Protestant country like ours will always be a position of difficulty and danger. Amongst the dangers arising out of this position there is one against which we would especially warn our faithful laity. We refer to the danger of their adopting, to a greater or less extent, the attitude which those amongst whom they live assume in regard to maintenance of their churches and of the clergy who minister in them. It would be a fatal error if the priest should ever come to be regarded like the ministers of other denominations, in the light of a salaried official, or the church he serves and the funds he administers as the property of the laity; they are ecclesiastical property, and are subject only to the supervision of the Bishop, in whose name and by whose authority the priest acts, and to whom alone, under God, he is bound to render an account of his stewardship. In contributing to the suitable maintenance of the priest, and in furnishing the material means for carrying on the necessary work of the mission, the laity should never forget that the money they thus supply they really give to God, in the person of His minister, and that henceforth it becomes a sacred thing, the ownership and administration of which are vested in the Church, and not in the original donors or their representatives. Moreover, the laity should never allow themselves to be tempted to imitate the example of those around them, and withhold their offering or diminish its just amount, because they may happen to disapprove of the manner in which it is administered, or of the priest who administers it. Their duty to support the pastor who is placed over them and the mission in which they reside is independent of and superior to all such considerations, and is imposed upon them by the very law of nature and by divine positive enactment.

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like that, the better it would be for them, the stronger would be their position, and the greater would be the success they would attain in every undertaking which they had in hand.

The history of the Benevolent Society, although its records were not very voluminous, was still very interesting. It was founded in 1761, and that was a period when to be a Catholic was to be a criminal, when for a priest to say Mass was a capital offence, and when a Catholic sent a child to a Catholic school it was a capital offence which might entail forfeiture of all he possessed. It was a good thing if the society coupled them up and limited them with callers of old days—those who lived before the establishment of the hierarchy, before Catholic emancipation in those old days when priests and laity struggled and fought for their religion, and it was a matter of satisfaction to them that they were now carrying on a work which was begun in those old days by the "Heroes" who kept alive the light of faith.

There were two forms of benevolence in particular which were to be commended. One was the assistance of children—the children of poor Catholic parents—in their education, so that they would be prepared to succeed as far as possible in the battle of life. He was glad to see a spirit arising—it was a resurrection, a renewal—of the spirit which was common in the old days of rising to the importance of doing something for the education of Catholic boys in the higher schools in the way of establishing exhibitions and scholarships, so that the boys of parents who were not overburdened with the goods of this world might have an opportunity of continuing their education to property equip them for their battle in life.

THE ONLY SECURITY.

As we look back some three decades to the day of our First Communion we are deeply impressed with the force of the following remarks which recently fell from the lips of that great American prelate Archbishop Ireland, because upon that day we received the pledge-card of total abstinence from the hands of a saintly and noble priest who has gone to his reward, Mgr. Ireland said:—

Avoid, as you advance in years, the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—in temperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow-men, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the ignorant, it is the generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every young man to go forth armed with the pledge of total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say: "I will take only one glass," but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point, we surely shall practice it in everything.

SPELLING REFORM.

Friends and foes of spelling reform presented their views to the Chicago Principals' Association last week. Sir John Thompson and Rufus M. Hitch, principal of the Calhoun School, declared the teaching of spelling by the word or symbol method to be a fad. They argued in favor of an immediate return to the old-fashioned system of teaching by the analytical and constructive method. W. E. Watt, principal of the Graham school, and E. O. Vail, editor of an educational paper, led the debate for the advocates of spelling reform.

Sir John Thompson said: "The visual method is not giving satisfactory results, and bad spelling is a sign of a slipshod education. Instead of teaching a child to spell cat, rat, or dog by using the letters, they now draw a picture of the animal on the blackboard, and the word is supposed to become associated with the picture in the pupil's mind. I insist that the graduates of our public schools to-day cannot spell as well as the children of one or two generations ago. I want you to go back to the good old system of analytical spelling."

Rufus M. Hitch said: "There are two classes of spellers—the tolerable and intolerable. Does it pay to be a tolerable speller? I think it does. My wish is that the spelling of our picturesque English may never be lost. Can we teach children to spell by symbols? Yes, if they are deaf and dumb. If not, no."

W. E. Watt said: "The word method of teaching spelling is not being used in a single school in Chicago. The pupils in my school are good spellers, and will, I believe, compare favorably with any children. The opponents of spelling reform have put up men of straw here to-day and thrashed them. They have based many of their arguments on conditions which do not exist."

E. O. Vail said: "Spelling is not an index to ability, as Mr. Thompson has said. He said he is by nature an incurably bad speller, but we all know he has been successful in the profession he adopted. He tells us that bad spelling is a sure sign of a slipshod education, although his own experience disproves the truth of the assertion."

GREAT CHANGES IN IRELAND DURING FIFTY YEARS.

Fifty-three years ago an Irish strapping budo adieu to his parents in the brisk little market town of Graigue, county Kilkenny, and joined the nameless thousands of Irish youths who were flocking to America. He came to Rochester, N. Y., and after many vicissitudes which were common to the experiences of immigrants in a strange land, he finally found himself settled in a comfortable coal business. He found that in the new land also, and in course of time sons and daughters were born to him, but through the years he kept as fresh and green in his mind as the sod of the Emerald Isle the memory of the home and dear ones he had left behind.

Thus it came to pass that one bright morning last September, Martin Barron of this city, says the Rochester (N.Y.) "Post-Express," found himself again in the little market town of his youth, with six short weeks before him in which to visit his surviving relatives and renew the acquaintance of such old friends as were left.

Mr. Barron is a cultured man—a fine type of the "Irish old Irish gentleman." To a "fringe" of his literary tastes, he adds a remarkably keen faculty of observation and a happy manner of narrating the results of his observations. A "Post-Express" reporter found him one morning sitting in his business office, surrounded with the evidence of his busy life in the choice collection of volumes which he keeps always near his hand. He appeared delighted to talk about his recent visit, and said:—

"When I left the old country my father and mother, one sister and four brothers were living. When I went back unannounced last fall, I found only my sister alive, but in the interval of half a century which had elapsed, I discovered that I had acquired five nieces, six nephews and more than 200 cousins. Fully one-fourth of the population of Graigue is related to me either by first or second ties of blood.

"The country was the same, only more beautiful than ever. Nowhere else in the world can there be grass and foliage so green, but alas, it all comes from the rain which is so old, Ireland's great climatic drawback. I spent sixteen days in my old home and it rained on fifteen of those. The country roads, however, were delightful—just about as good, in fact, as our asphalt streets.

"Great changes, of course, had come over the country in my absence. Magnificent railroads now span the land in every direction and more are constantly building. Let me tell you, too, that there are no grade crossings in Ireland. The roads either run under the tracks or over them. Fine vessels, too, navigate the rivers, and one of the pleasantest experiences of my trip was the ride I took up the river Barrow.

"Great changes have come to the people also. As a rule I found them better housed, better clothed and fed, much better educated and more comfortably fixed in every way than I had ever known them. The just and liberal laws of the country, and the times have done this. Now that the people have tenure to the soil, with ample protection in the matter of rents and fair remuneration for improvements made, they have an object for which to live and work. The absentee landlord is well a-feared of the country, but his power to oppress is gone, and even his inclination to do so, I believe.

"The rents are fixed for a period of ten years; tenants cannot be evicted for two years if they fall in arrears; and they have a redemption period of six months. All improvements made on property must be paid for at a fair remuneration. Under peculiar circumstances, leases are sometimes entered into between landlord and tenant, which do not carry with them rights of tenure. These are leases for any period less than one year. They are usually made out for eleven months, and are intended to reserve to the landlord the privilege of dealing with their lands as they desire. But I have a nephew who, under such leases, has held certain land for twenty-five consecutive years.

"Then, too, under the poor laws, the common laborers are excellently taken care of. The 'E. G.' as he is commonly known in other words, the 'poor law guardian,' is privileged used in a single school in Chicago. The pupils in my school are good spellers, and will, I believe, compare favorably with any children. The opponents of spelling reform have put up men of straw here to-day and thrashed them. They have based many of their arguments on conditions which do not exist."

"I found also that the farms held by tenants have fairly doubled in size since I have been there. Some people even have taken up farms, attracted by the high price which is paid for pork used in making Irish bacon, which is greatly in demand, though why it should be considered superior to American bacon I cannot understand. When I was in the country live hogs were bringing 124 cents a pound.

"The saddening thing about the country, however, is its absence of young men. They are all gone, and no one is left to carry on the business except the old men, the young men and boys. I saw hundreds of handsome, intelligent, well educated young men doing all the light work about the farms, in addition to their inevitable household duties. It is a cruel burden, almost insupportable, I should say, the women do the great bulk of the business of the country. They buy and market the live stock, superintend the putting in of crops, manage the dairies and their produce, attend to the work of wool-gathering and selling, and even transact the legal business that pertains to the renting of their property. The towns one finds them in charge of the shops, and nearly all the hotels are managed by them. Very good hotels they are, too, as I can testify.

"The trouble is that since manufacturing has been driven out of the country by the rigorous English laws, the business of agriculture is not sufficient to support the population, and so the young men have been forced to seek their fortunes elsewhere. When I left the country in 1846, Ireland had a population of 8,500,000. To-day her population is only 5,000,000. The crying need of the hour is for at least a sufficient measure of Home Rule to enable her to develop manufacturing industries and retain her population. The finest water power in the world is going to waste along her rivers.

"Very pathetic, yet mingled with a strain of inevitable Irish humor, were the experiences of Mr. Barron when he went about to make himself known to his relatives and old friends.

"When I reached Graigue," said he, "I did not go to any of my relatives at once, but took up my quarters in a comfortable hotel. I then sauntered out and began investigating the signs over the shops. The names over the shop doors were, in the main, the ones I had been familiar with in my boyhood, but I found, upon investigation, that the establishments were being conducted by the children and grandchildren of the people. I had one nephew. Nearly every generation has remained in the town. Finally, I turned into the shop of a man named Moylan, who had gone to school with me sixty years ago.

"Mr. Barron's account of his recognition by his old friend, after a series of intimate questions; the outburst of hospitality which would insist on his visiting Mr. Moylan and his family for 'at least a month'; 'have a drop of something and stay to dinner,' were all touchingly illustrative of the affectionate and emotional characteristics of the Irish people.

"If I had drunk of all the bottles of spirits that made their inevitable appearance every where I went," laughed Mr. Barron, "if I had accepted all the invitations to 'stay a month with us,' that were pressed upon me, I would have been in a state of chronic inebriety during my visit there, and, in fact, should never have gotten back here at all."

Then followed the pathetic narrative of Mr. Barron's visit to his aged sister, living a mile out of the village, and her positive refusal for hours to believe that the strange visitor could be her brother from America. Mr. Barron found her kneeling in a meadow, distressed beyond measure over the defiant and roguish antics of a baby scum of a grandson who had eluded her pursuit.

"No, no," said she, when her daughter had told her the visitor was her own brother. "He's not our Martie. Martie had black hair and

none of our folks ever wore a beard such as this gentleman wears. No, you'll not get me to believe that this is Martie."

It took a long time to persuade the old lady that time might have made such changes in "Martie" as it had in herself, but her skepticism could not hold out no longer when, once within the cozy farm house of his boyhood, Mr. Barron showed her a picture of his wife, the picture to which his sister possessed; and also presented to her a fine silk umbrella, the gift of her nephew in America, Dr. William M. Barron. Then the old lady's hysterical joy, expressed half in laughter and half in tears, broke forth in all the volubility of her Irish nature.

During the two weeks that followed, Mr. Barron set out most systematically to gather what information he could concerning the condition of the country and the history of his old friends and neighbors.

"I hired a jaunty car," said he, "and spent seven days in traveling out as many different country roads. I gave instructions to my driver to stop every man, woman and child we met on the road, while I had a bit of a talk with them. I drove up to the farmhouses, too, and talked with the folks there, besides calling on all priests in the neighborhood. I also called on a Mr. Birchall, the local magistrate, with whom I had had some correspondence in this country in the matter of settling up the estate of Irish immigrants who had died here. He was the fifth generation of his family who had held the office of magistrate. We had a fine visit, and on one occasion as many as six."

The English, Mr. Barron thinks, are beginning to realize the mistake they have made in discouraging manufacturing industries in Ireland, and he believes a reactionary sentiment is setting in that angurs well for the future of the country.

ROME AND THE UNITED STATES.

From this week's correspondence of "Innominate," the Roman correspondent of the New York "Sun," we take the following extract:—

The Holy Father has taken an important decision as regards the management of religious affairs in the United States; it is that of appointing in Mr. Sbarretti, a place Mr. Sbarretti, Archbishop of Havana. The action of the former Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines was merely a timid prelude, the decisive work began with the new representative of Rome.

Formerly a "suffragan" or precise writer at the Propaganda, then first auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington under Cardinals Saffold and Martini, latterly Archbishop of Havana, Mr. Sbarretti, who is an Italian by birth and a great culture expert, joins in American affairs. The choice is significant and is one which both Church and White House will find reason to approve. Through his tact and activity the political-ecclasiastical affairs in the Philippines will assume a liquid form to heretofore, and a granite mass on which will be built indestructibly the new American rule. At the moment of the climacteric, when the insular problem was most prominent, Leo XIII. sent an urgent summons to Cardinal Gibbons and Mr. Chapelle to go to Rome. The extraordinary call showed clearly his firm desire to co-operate with vigor and sympathy for the solution of undecided questions.

Some groups tried vainly to interfere with the wise conduct of the pontifical diplomacy on the pretext of better preserving the rights of the Church, but Leo XIII. has never ceased to listen to such centrifugal advice nor to create petty annoyances for the conquest.

From the height of his authority and of his genius the Holy Father maintains on every frontier the faultless policy of the Roman Pontiff. To make moral forces aid in strengthening patriotic unity; to give the Commonwealth the support of his evangelical ministry; to unite and not to divide; that is the high function that he assigns to Catholicism, above all in the countries where the Church may become a historical crucible of national unity. As distinctly as he set his face against Cubanlyism, he provided, in spite of the obstacles, the establishment in the Philippines of a firm and beneficent government.

The significant appointment of Mr. Sbarretti, a Roman, shows his plan clearly. A normal and permanent edifice must follow a transition period. The action of Leo XIII. coincides with the unexpected accession to office of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Perhaps it was at the Vatican that the new President was

greeted with greatest favor and applause. The French people alone showed equal sympathy. The German newspapers expressed their old dislike for American imperialism. The statesmen and theorists of Germany fear the coming of the new American hegemony in the world. The United States, with their compact territory, their economic self-sufficiency, and their excess of vitality seem to be the new power, the new civilization that will prevail.

The School Question In New York.

In the last issue of the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," Col. Alex. K. McClure tells the story of W. H. Seward's political battles, and from his sketch of the American statesman's career we take the following significant extracts:—

"It was Seward's attitude on the school question when Governor of New York that made his election impossible in 1860. He was a man of liberal ideas and positive convictions, and when he was nominated for Governor in 1858 he was given important support by the quiet efforts of Archbishop John Hughes, then the ablest prelate of the Catholic Church of America. The question has been superficially discussed, and I think it due to the truth of history to present the actual political condition that confronted the Republican leaders at Chicago in 1860 by giving Seward's own utterances on the school question. In his annual message to the Legislature, Jan. 7, 1840, he said:

"The children of foreigners found in great numbers in our populous cities and towns and in the vicinity of our public works, are too often deprived of the advantages of our system of public education in consequence of prejudice arising from a difference of language or religion. It ought never to be forgotten that the public welfare is as deeply concerned in their education as in that of our own children. I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by teachers speaking the same language as themselves and professing the same faith."

Seward's message on the subject was very elaborate, reviewing the whole question of educating the children of the State with great earnestness. He said that the issue was "whether parents have a right to be heard concerning the instruction and discipline of their children, and taxpayers in relation to the expenditure of public funds; whether in a Republican Government it is necessary to submit to an independent corporation between the people and the schoolmaster, and whether it is wise and just to disfranchise an entire community of all control over public education rather than suffer a part to be represented in proportion to its numbers and contributions. Since such considerations are now involved what has hitherto been discussed as a question of benevolence and of universal education has become one of equal rights, religious tolerance, and liberty of conscience."

This proposition from Governor Seward to divide the school fund of New York aroused very fierce and bitter discussion, and made him very narrowly escape defeat for reelection in the great Harrison sweep tidal wave against Van Buren that intensified the contest in Van Buren's own state. Seward would certainly have been defeated; but he was re-elected by a majority of 5,285. Some 1840 Archbishop Hughes addressed a letter of congratulation to him, to which Seward replied May 18, 1841, and made the letter public, elaborately reviewing the school question and reiterating his purpose to divide the school fund of the state between the Catholics and the Protestants. He said:

"I know that truth will ultimately become acceptable, and so in regard to the present state of the school question I am desirous that the real interest of the Catholics in the question should be known. If it were true, as some contend, that none but Catholic children are neglected I would nevertheless maintain that the Catholic children ought to be educated. If it be true that none but Catholics complain, I uphold the Catholics in complaining. If Catholics only are offended in conscience I maintain that that offence ought not to be continued by authority of law. Many Protestants have been offended because they feared that, by obtaining equal advantages of education for their children, Catholics might acquire undue influence, and, on the other hand, many Catholics have been led by misrepresentation to believe that such liberal sentiments as I have advanced could not be sincere. I am not now a candidate, nor can I forego an occasion when I shall either find it my duty or have a desire to offer myself for the suffrage of my fellow-citizens. Whatever may have been thought heretofore, I can afford now, at least, to be frank and honest. I reaffirm all I have previously said concerning the policy of this country in regard to foreigners and the education of their children."

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH CATHOLICS

By Our Special Contributor, "Cruz"—Continued.

As I promised to continue this subject in the present issue, and seeing that I have not been able, on account of unavoidable circumstances, to place my hand upon the sources of information on which I purpose drawing, I will merely form a species of hyphen between two sections of the subject, with some more extracts from the sheet of notes to which I referred in the last number. Since last week's contribution was written I have learned that I was right in my surmise, and that the late Mrs. Berlinguet, formerly Miss Pope, was the lady who gathered the information about the Scotch Catholic pioneers which I have been condensing into these columns. I will now proceed to complete what has been written by that lady about the parish of St. Raphael's. I will simply give her own words, without note or comment, and leave for another time the continuation of my own investigations.

HARDSHIPS AND LABORS.—I quote from the notes before me: "Through great and manifold hardships have these people (the Scotch Catholic pioneers) worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine church and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17th, 1792—Colonel John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry, and Attorney-General. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the war of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock, at Queenstown Heights."

SOME PROMINENT MEN.—Amongst others of note, sons of the Glengarry colony, to whom the writer of these notes refers, are two or three whose names I cannot omit in this rambling review. The lady quoted says: "Simon Frazer, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Frazer of Killbrock (the best female Scotch Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Father Fargurson in that language, and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the North-west Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Frazer River. From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonell, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonell was eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and Premier of the Canadian Government. His brother Hon. J. A. MacDonell, one of the Crown Ministers of the late Liberal or Grit Government, was Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario for five years." I will here interrupt the manuscript, to say that it can easily be seen this is the work of a lady more conversant with the beauties of literature, the charms of Catholic history in Canada, than with the details and technicalities of politics.

PLACES OF INTEREST.—I will now return to the manuscript: "Among the places of interest to a Catholic stranger in Canada, West (Ontario), there is none more enlightening than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and interweave with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access, so are most poetic places now-a-days." I will continue the description in the words of the lady, who evidently wrote from observation, but I must remark that she is speaking of twenty-five years ago, and that there was no Canada Atlantic, or C. P. R. in those days. "You leave Lancaster in a 'Black Maria' that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance. As you leave Lancaster a way-side work-shop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its cave depends a sign, upon which is depicted a figure of a man expectant at the most an intimation that festive bugles and neat jaunting sleighs are made within; but no 'A Large Supply of Elegant Collins Always on Hand.' This singular motto sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven mile drive and dismount at 'Sandfield's Corner,' your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. Along the side of the old military road you go under a series of giant height until you reach

Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide. Village there is none; only a post office and store, an inn, a school house, cottages, with a Church, presbytery and college." By the way, I would feel inclined to consider this as a pretty fair description of an ordinary country village, such as any to be found scattered over Ontario before the advent of railways. At all events I knew half a dozen or more villages the quaint old hamlet dedicated to that could neither boast a college, nor a regular post office.

THE CHURCH.—The Church stands on the brow of a hill, and is remarkably large and lofty for a country Church. On a chiselled slab over the door you read:
Teig De 4.
LILLECCXXI.
Entering you are struck by the beauty of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843, the Highland Society of Canada erected this tablet to the memory of the Honorable and Right Reverend Alexander MacDonell, Bishop of Kingston, (Born 1796, Died 1840. Though dead he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

Under the floor at the Gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the late Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the Church St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich, by Rev. Father Masterson, O.P. The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the Church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the grave yard many old tombs; one of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "In the Name of 'God,' to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieut. Angus MacDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The garden of the Bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its centre walks stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whereon we trace:
—A relic of Master Ian. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old Bishop's portrait looks down on his people, it shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The Church, house, college and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years."

HARMONY THAT REIGNS.— "The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The Bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston, the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of the house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow and pine, while the elms in every direction offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. A small river called the Beaudette winds through the country. Water scenery is certainly wanting in Glengarry."
Methinks I have now quoted enough to form my connecting link, and to furnish a fair idea of the Scotch Catholic settlement as it was a quarter of a century ago.

FIVE MINUTES SERMON.
CHARITY.—The unity of mind which St. Paul would have us individually cultivate and practice as the effect of God's patience, is, without doubt, charity towards one another. For charity induces us to love even our enemies, to show our love for all men by wishing and doing them good, to foster feelings of truly Christian friendship for our neighbor, and by them effecting a lasting bond of charitable union between relations, friends, and strangers, to glorify God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the early Christians glorified Him, with one mind and with one mouth.
But, alas! how often is the harmony inculcated by St. Paul disturbed! How often is the agreement of friend with friend destroyed by petty quarrels and childish disputes! How often, in fine, is the precept of charity violated on account of extreme sensitiveness in taking offence at trifles! If a person, perhaps unconsciously, does us an injury, we are at once enraged, instead of imitating our Lord's patience under said in disparage of us, or at least not altogether in accordance with our wishes, we forthwith take umbrage, cherish feelings of anger and hatred for the delinquent, vow our resolution never to forgive, and thus live in a state of constant and sinful enmity.
Some one says or does something, by way of innocent pleasure, and we immediately feel ourselves ill-treated. We are careful to observe the

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SATURDAY, December 14, 1904.

conduct of others, and if, perchance, we notice anything that does not accord with our view of things, we but too readily condemn it. We are not scrupulous in making rash judgments by attributing to our neighbor bad motives. We accidentally hear of the sins and misfortunes of those about us, and, instead of commiserating them in their misery and being silent about their faults, we are uneasy until we have made known that we were bound in charity to keep secret. We are ever straining our attention with the curiosity of seeing what others do, while we are blind to what we do ourselves. We are, in fact, very forgetful of the record of God's precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We do not wish others to injure us, why, then, are we guilty of injuring them? We do not like others to speak ill of us; why, then, are we not more cautious never to speak ill of them? We are offended at hearing ourselves judged falsely, on finding that our sins have been revealed and made public, on account of the peevishness and bad temper of our neighbor, by the refusal of friends to speak to us; and yet, with the most utter unconcern for the feelings of those we should love, we ourselves entertain unjust judgments, we ourselves sin by detraction, we ourselves are cross and impatient, we ourselves pass by others in the street or in social gatherings without offering them a sign of recognition. Do to others what you would wish others to do to you. Be charitable after the example of our Lord Jesus Christ. Remove from your minds all thoughts of hatred and ill-will. Promote charity, peace, and benevolence as far as it lies in your power.

What the Question Box Reveals.

Rev. Father Sutton's lectures to non-Catholics at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Portsmouth, N.H., attracted wide attention, says an exchange.
This was the first mission of the kind ever known in the district. An observant reporter who has occasion to meet many of the leading citizens of Portsmouth each day says that Portsmouth's chief topic of conversation during the week was these lectures and the Question Box. The answers of Father Sutton to the questions about "Predestination," "Free Thinker," and the Pope, were the sole topic during the mission. Subjoined we give a few to show the direction in which the non-Catholic mind is groping.

Q. Why do Catholics think that Mary has more power than Christ?
A. We do not think so. All her power comes from Christ. We love and reverence her just because she is the Mother of Christ, and our love for her, therefore, is all on His account.

Q. Why are the Irish people so ignorant?
A. The last United States census gives native-born illiterates at near two millions, and foreign-born illiterates at a little over half a million. This does not show that the Irish are the ignorant ones. Are not your own Irish neighbors as bright and intelligent as other people?

Q. How can I become a Catholic?
A. Call upon the priest and he will give you the necessary instructions, telling you how to know the truth and how to live up to it.

Q. What was the name of the first Pope, and in what year did he take his seat?
A. The word Pope is the "baby" word, "Papa," taken from the Greek. The first man to receive the title was probably Adam, the first father, and there are many popes taking the word to designate the visible head of the Church; the first was Peter, who was so appointed by Christ; and when Christ left this world Peter became the visible head of His Church. He went to Rome about B. D. 43.

Q. What is a Free-thinker?
A. One who pretends to think as he pleases. And it is a misnomer. The intellect is not free. The object of the intellect is truth; and when truth is presented to it the intellect, or thinking-box of man, recognizes it. When data are given to the mind it must act necessarily. If it act at all, thus, if I say "All men are white," "John is a man"—my mind must say "John is white." The very nature of our minds is such; hence it becomes an authority in the search after truth. So that there are no such things as free thought and free-thinkers. What becomes then of liberty (you say) if there is no free thought? The intellect is not the seat of liberty; those who admit the existence of liberty place it in the will. Liberty consists in the capacity of the soul to will or not to will. Political liberty consists in the right of each one to follow the bent of his will, so long as he does not trench upon the rights of others.

Q. Would a person who has fallen be received in the Catholic Church?
A. I take the word fallen to mean here one who has departed from that life of goodness so pleasing to God. If such a sinful soul returns with a deep sorrow for his wickedness, the Church would receive him with open arms. How did Christ act? Did He not receive poor sinners with loving condescension? Such is our office,—to raise the fallen, to console the afflicted. Our work is that of Christ, who said: "I have come to call all sinners to repentance."

Q. Why does God, who knows all things, past, present and future, cause to exist persons who, He knows, will lead such a life as must condemn them to hell?
A. To God all things are present—there is nothing past or future. It

is easier to raise a difficulty often than to understand its solution. Our limited mind can not fathom all the mysteries in God. Father Lambert answers this difficulty in these words: "The first thought that occurs here is that He who has the power to create can not be criticized by anything that He creates. You must admit that to be, to exist, is a good thing in itself. Therefore to cause things or persons to come into existence is a good thing. Then the Supreme Being has a right to call into being by His creative act whomsoever and whatsoever He wills. No one can deny this who admits that existence is a good thing or a better thing than non-existence. When I speak of the right of the Supreme Being I simply come down to a low plane of thought, for, strictly speaking, the Supreme Being has no rights whatever, because He is the right, the source, origin and measure of all rights. When we talk of rights we refer to relations between existences, creatures. But the Supreme Being is neither an existence nor a creature. He is simple, infinite, the source of thought and of things. Having no equal and being entirely unique, He bears no relation to anything, except that of cause, and things and thought bear no relation to Him except that of dependence. To talk about His rights to make the finite intellect, groping, as it is, in darkness, doubt, and uncertainty, the measure of the infinite intellect, the source of existence, certainty and truth. A moment's reflection will show us how absurd this is."

"Existence being a good thing, God has the right to create existences. Intelligence being good, He has the right to create intelligence. Liberty being good, He can give liberty to intelligent existences. Then to create intelligent free existences is good. This settles the question of right. It is just here that comes in the difficulty of your question. How can the Supreme Being create intelligent, free existences when He knows that some of them will abuse their liberty and deliberately and with malice aforethought place causes that of their very nature lead to eternal painful consequences to the place of those causes? The answer is very simple. It is this. Existence is a real good. Liberty is a real good. But existence and liberty make evil a possible, a mere possibility; therefore the Supreme Being had a right to do a real good, a possible evil to follow. This possible evil happened. You say, 'But why did God permit it to happen?' I reply that in giving His intelligent creatures liberty He had to include the possibility of its happening. He had to deny His intellect the possibility of giving it to them without the possibility of their abusing it. He could not give it to them and hold them responsible for its abuse. But why create a man that He knew would abuse it? Because the existence of that man is in itself a good, and will continue eternally to be a good, even though the man by his own act should make it miserable in reference to himself. His being is God's; his mode of future existence is his own."

In taking up the next question, Father Sutton said that, notwithstanding its length and form, he could read it in full, as had been requested. It is a choice bit of literature:
A parent asked a priest his boy to bless.
Who forthwith charged
He must first confess.
"Well," said the boy.
"Suppose, sir, I am willing."
"What is your charge?"
"To you it is a shilling."
"Must all men pay and all men make confession?"
"Yes, every man of Catholic profession."
"When do you confess to?"
"Any day, sir."
"Any day, sir, charge you?"
"Yes, a whole thrice a day."
"Then, do the deans confess?"
"Yes, sure they do; confess to bishops, and that smartly, too."
"Do bishops, sir, confess? If so, to whom?"
"Why, they confess and pay the Church of Rome."
"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd,—And does the Pope confess?"
"Oh, yes, to God."
"And does God charge the Pope?"
"No," quoth the priest, "God charges nothing."
"Oh, then God is best. God then is able to forgive, and always willing, to God I will confess, and save my shilling."
"I will not take up your time in answering this charge," said Father Sutton, in an amused but somewhat tired manner, "for it can be answered by any Catholic child in the city of Portsmouth. Any one of them, no matter how limited his knowledge concerning his Church, will tell you that no charge whatever is made to have sins forgiven." The reverend missionary thereupon turned to an altar boy and said: "Come, little man, did you ever pay to have your sins forgiven?"
The little fellow—a bright boy—stood up and in a clear voice replied: "No, Father."
"Did you ever hear of a priest telling anybody to pay in confession?"
"No, Father."
"To whom does the Pope go to confess?"
"To any priest."
"God, my little man; that is right."
Then, turning to the congregation,

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The certainty of correctness in fashion, a choosing from the richest furs in America, the assurance of right price and credit given to all reliable buyers, these are a few of the advantages offered at Chas. Desjardins & Co., the largest retail fur store in the world.

A PRIEST'S INVENTION.—An Italian Jesuit father named Cerretani, has a new invention, which is certain to be far-reaching in its consequences. This invention is known as telegraphography, which means writing by telegraph. The

principle of this new system lies in the mechanical arrangement whereby the motion of the transcribing pen results in two movements, always mathematically at right angles to each other. Continental scientists have expressed their wonder at Father Cerretani's invention, which they describe as a marvel of simplicity and astounding in the accuracy of its working.

CENTENARIANS AND THEIR WAYS.

A LOUTH MAN.—At the great age of 101 years, says a writer in the Baltimore "Sun," and with three generations of his descendants about him, there died recently Terence Murphy at his home, 1054 West Barre street, Baltimore, Md. To Mr. Murphy a man who had only lived the Scriptural limit of three score years and ten seemed a mere boy. He himself was full of years when he came from Ireland to America in 1863.
With a memory unimpaired almost to the hour of his death, a memory that was the marvel of those who knew him, Mr. Murphy could recall the Napoleonic wars, the days when railroads were unknown in Ireland, the invention of the telegraph, not to speak of such later day events as the Crimean War, the laying of the first ocean cable and the wonders of electricity in recent years.

The remarkable centenarian had lived since the death of his wife, a good many years ago, with his only daughter, Mrs. Annie Conroy, at the address given above. For a long time, and until about fifteen years ago, Mr. Murphy was employed by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and was a trusted and popular employee. Until last summer his health and vigor were remarkable, and he could walk about anywhere alone. His hearing of late years had not been quite as good as formerly, but his eyesight was well nigh perfect up to the time of his death.
Last summer while walking on the street Mr. Murphy had an attack of stroke from which his physicians said it was entirely impossible for him to recover, but he did nevertheless, and was soon apparently as well as before. On the day of Terence McKinley's funeral the old gentleman had a fall which was not thought much of at the time, but which developed into partial paralysis, and from that time on he was confined to his bed and sank slowly.
Up to the time of his death Mr. Murphy kept in bed with him his old walking stick, of which he was very fond. He had an idea that it might be lost if left outside. Naturally Mr. Murphy's health had been remarkable all his life. He never smoked tobacco in any form, and in his old age drank nothing stronger than beer, but he was fond of a glass of that beverage.
Besides his daughter, Mr. Murphy had four sons, two of whom, John and Terence, Jr., are dead. The other two, Patrick and Nicholas, live here. He had 19 grandchildren, 13 of whom are living, and 5 grand-grandchildren, all but one of whom survive.

Mr. Murphy was a native of County Louth, Ireland. His son Terence, Jr., was the first of the family to emigrate to America, and a few years later brought the father and all the rest of the family over. For many years Mr. Murphy was a devoted member of St. Peter's Catholic Church.

WALKS TO CHURCH.—Mrs. Eileen Coleman, of Hudson, Pa., celebrated her 108th birthday anniversary recently, and nearly everybody in the town congratulated her. She walked to Sacred Heart Church, as she does every Sunday, and received an ovation on the way home. She is as vigorous as many women thirty years younger, and old residents say she has not grown older in appearance in the last thirty or forty years. She reads without glasses, and thinks nothing of a five-mile tramp. When about 70 years old she was partly blind for a month, but her eyesight improved, and she has had no trouble with it since. She was born in County Mayo, Ire., and came to this country in 1820. Her memory is very good, and she recalls many important events in history.

CATHOLIC NOTES OF INTEREST.

GOING HOME.—Bishop Clancy, D.D., of Sligo, Ireland, who has been visiting the United States for past few weeks in the interest of educational affairs in his home diocese, has acted on the advice of physicians whom he consulted there and returned home. It appears that the climate here was proving most injurious to him.
Bishop Clancy expressed his great regret at being forced to leave America so soon, as it necessitated his cancelling many engagements he had expected to fill.
The bishop expressed himself as well pleased with the general outline of the free educational system in Chicago. This, he said, was far ahead of any similar public school work he had seen in his own country, while manual training there was absolutely lacking. If this branch of study were introduced, the bishop averred, the industries of Ireland could be developed, where the common people are raised to none but the lowest kind of toil.

A PRIEST'S INVENTION.—An Italian Jesuit father named Cerretani, has a new invention, which is certain to be far-reaching in its consequences. This invention is known as telegraphography, which means writing by telegraph. The

principle of this new system lies in the mechanical arrangement whereby the motion of the transcribing pen results in two movements, always mathematically at right angles to each other. Continental scientists have expressed their wonder at Father Cerretani's invention, which they describe as a marvel of simplicity and astounding in the accuracy of its working.

VARIOUS DONATIONS.

Mrs. Mary Judge of Salt Lake, Utah, who has already given \$10,000 to St. Mary's Cathedral, Salt Lake City, has also donated two magnificent memorial windows, to cost \$10,000 to \$20,000. On Thanksgiving Eve she sent to Bishop Scamman a letter in which she expressed a desire to establish a home hospital where the aged and infirm should receive proper medical and surgical treatment, to be conducted under the Bishop's management and control. She informed him that he might proceed with the necessary on her for all expenditures in connection therewith. Mr. Judge died in 1892. This institution will make no distinction in its work between Catholics and non-Catholics.
By the judicial decision about \$80,000 of the estate of John Murphy, late of Philadelphia, is granted to the Philadelphia Protectors for Boys.
The sum of \$10,000 has been given to Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah, by George P. Fenbody and William J. Fenbody of that city.

WORK OF LAYMEN.—Father Phelan, editor of the "Western Watchman," says: "The activity of lay Catholics should not extend beyond their parish lines. If parishes are to co-operate, let it be through their parish priests. If dioceses are to co-operate, let it be through their bishops. This is order."
Commenting on this the Milwaukee "Citizen" remarks: "This, perhaps, is the correct parochial view. We are inclined to agree with it except the first sentence. That too parochial and narrow a view for most of us to accept."

A PRIEST MURDERED.—From the Liverpool "Catholic Times" we clip the following:
The barbarous murder of a French priest, the Abbe Lardet, and his aged housekeeper, Madame Senais, is reported. After the crime the two bodies were placed on the priest's bed, a straw fire being lighted beneath. The door and window being closed, this one smothered. The assassins then robbed the presbytery. Abbe Lardet was a popular and charitable parish priest, and the murder excited horror.

FATHER CROWLEY'S CASE.—The case of Father Crowley of Chicago, which occupied the attention of our local daily press as an excellent sensational feature, is, we may conclude, from the following correspondence happily settled.
Chicago, Nov. 22.—To His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli: May it please Your Eminence. To save the honor of our beloved Church and bring peace and harmony to our faithful Catholic people, I sincerely regret if I have said anything disrespectful to Your Eminence or the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago. I am willing to co-operate with you in any honorable settlement in the city or elsewhere of affairs existing in this archdiocese. I am, with very much respect, etc.
JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY.
Chicago, Nov. 26.—To His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli: Pro-Legatus of our beloved Church and to repair the scandal I might have given to our faithful Catholic people, I sincerely regret whatever I may have said disrespectful to Your Eminence and to the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago. I do not retract anything I may have either said or written which could not be approved by the Catholic Church.
JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY.
Ex-Judge Moran, counsel for the pastor of the Cathedral in the injunction suit, is authority for the statement that the trouble has been practically settled. Beyond the wording of the above letters, the details of the settlement have not been given to the public.

PARISH EUCRES.—Rev. Lawrence C. M. Carroll, pastor of St. Patrick's, one of the largest parishes in Jersey City, declares there is an organized band which makes a business of attending the big eucres parties given in the city for charitable purposes and securing the prizes by dishonorable methods. At these eucres the prizes are awarded in order to the people winning the most games. Each player has a card, which is punched by an official scorer whenever the player wins a game. Father Carroll says these dishonest people have a punch concealed about them and surreptitiously punch holes in their cards for games they never won. At a large eucree held in Father Carroll's parish some of the players were discovered using the punches which they had brought with them, and they were denied the prizes, which their cards showed they had won. In order to circumvent these dishonest persons, Father Carroll has devised a new plan of drawing for prizes at the eucres held in his parish.

SEE OUR FURS.

That we are doing the business of the town goes without saying—our crowded store—the constantly arriving new goods and the number of customers who go to look elsewhere and then come back here to buy all prove it. There is nothing like them in town and nothing in the world in the way of low prices. Chas. Desjardins & Co., St. Catherine St.

OUR CUL

The word Box English language the fact that they are equally as the western world ally supposed to be of wood or other for the purpose goods. When you a Box it is under the possessor of nature; but when are "in a Box" by any means, within the compass chest; and when the compass work ation entirely suggested by the then if you throw low's ears, you totally different pecton with the ment; again you who has bungled badly, that is things" in had not mean that thing in a Box; wearing a Box-ception of conv your coat is made that it is a coat by designated by Boxwood tree from a wooden factory who do matches, or other as not perform the as the one who d prize ring. You English Box is a false in least th of various inter quently when, a hear and read so mas Boxes, it is follow that these presents, consist but, very probab include accord sanctioned, from fashion, in regard interest, friendsh the word Box is most applicable uage.

I did not set out of analysis words of the peo Box, but as I r immense variety, Christmas present, naturally led to ce of the term "Chri tures, and the h dow, the other d ed at the wonder things that are eally for this se How on earth su such a mass of ing in front of, could ever tell, are, and despite put there still r never see much l ass any of these is astounding wh money must be Christmas time, nious devices for the little ones. O a costly gentlem der the number o to supply him w go to meet all h him.

The mention switches me on t this season my always consecuti servations based rule. I have a g that verifiable, e, a driver of rein notice that h used by the me ment of the twen fact is that child the old-time Clau that rende delightful. When leap back over th twice twenty gals jure up visio Christmas, that ness, such as ne years, render you about one p ever? I may just revival of the with the spirit of is upon me, an do no injury, if ive of any great

We lived two mil and it was the t mas eve for a is to be prepared to the house Mass, and incid any neighbors w "have a lift." W sent to bed some der to give the opportunity of prep to the village, an fix up the Christ the stockings. O night I had made Santa Claus, for a belief in the go had in the existen the. The result them all no end could not get m they did persuade the blankets, the me to go to sleep that they decid Mass and to fix stockings, and do Claus on their lady, the nurse o Well, I concluded appeared to be a occur; so I cover pretended to see of time I can rec tion; my every t it had been last

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER ON CHRISTMAS BOXES.

The word Box is peculiar to the English language. Notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese have Boxes equally as pugilistic as any in the western world...

Las week I was visiting a friend on Sherbrooke street, and I had occasion to spend a few minutes with the five-year-old heir of the house...

The mention of Santa Claus switches me on to another track; at this season my reflections are not always consecutive...

While our Catholic women are not victims of the latter day mania of social or political clubs...

We lived two miles from the Church, and it was the custom on Christmas eve for a large double sleigh to be prepared to convey the members of the household to Midnight Mass...

considered themselves as guests and had not ventured to ask whether there was anything to be done...

RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

NEEDLE'S TRAVEL.—Being troubled with severe pain in her shoulder, Mrs. M. Mercer, of Union Hill, N.J., visited Weismann's dispensary...

WOMEN DOCTORS.—What may put to the test the determination of one of the "weaker sex" is the following case which is occupying attention in medical circles in England...

The woman doctor in that country has all her struggles before her. Recently the governors of the Macclesfield Infirmary appointed a Miss Murdoch Clark as junior house surgeon...

RAILWAY DISASTER.—After we had gone to press last week the news of a sad accident on the C. P. R. was received from Vancouver, B. C. A freight train was passing east at a slow rate around a dangerous curve...

IMMIGRANTS' ILLITERACY.—Analysis of the official figures of immigration for the fiscal year 1901 affords an interesting view of the relative standards of education among the common people...

FLASHES OF HUMOR.—A SHUT MOUTH CATCHES.—A physician says that people who sleep with their mouths shut live longest...

HER CHOICE.—Doctor: "My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water every year, and it is not good for you. You should have it boiled; that will kill them."

WOULD NOT TELL 'ER.—Mrs. Noozy: "I think it's the most ridiculous thing to call that man in the bank a teller."

A GIRL'S TASTE differs according to her age. At sixteen she wants a dude with toothpick shoes and a microscopic moustache...

TO SETTLE OLD SCORES.—"Mudstone, lend me \$150, will you?" "What for, old fellow?" "I want to pay my wife's funeral expenses."

THE POMPONS JUDGE.—When in a certain county district a month or two ago, says a business man, having an idle hour, I strolled into the country court-room...

toir on Monday. There were no really good cattle on the market today and 4c per lb. was about the highest price paid for any day...

EUROPEAN MARKETS.—London—On passage, wheat, sellers at an advance, maize rather firmer; country wheat markets, firm.

BRITISH CATTLE.—Edinburgh, Nov. 25.—Messrs. John Swan & Sons' weekly report on the live stock trade says:—The supplies of fat cattle on offer this week have been exceedingly large...

MILLIONS FOR MILK TRUST.—A Chicago company with \$2,000,000 capital is said to be back of a project to control the milk market in Columbus.

MARKET REPORT.—The opening of the week finds the grain situation very little changed if at all, but flour and feed prices are higher all round.

GRAIN.—New crop, No. 2 oats locally, at 50c to 51c; No. 2 barley, 56c to 57c; No. 3 extra barley, at 53c; buckwheat, 53c, east freight; peas, 80c high freight.

FLOUR.—Manitoba patents, \$1.10 to \$1.30; strong butters, 9c; sausage rollers, \$3.45 to \$3.60; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.80; Ontario patents, \$3.70 to \$4.

FEED.—Manitoba bran quoted \$20 to \$21; shorts, \$22 to \$23; bags included; Ontario bran in bulk, \$20.50 to \$21.50; Ontario shorts in bulk, \$22.50 to \$25.50.

ROLLED OATS.—Millers' prices to shippers, \$2.70 in bags and \$5.50 to \$5.65 per barrel.

HAY.—No. 1, \$10 to \$10.50; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; clover, \$7.25 to \$7.50 in car lots on track.

BEANS.—Choice primes, car lots on track, \$1.40 to \$1.50; broken lots, \$1.45 to \$1.55.

PROVISIONS.—Heavy Canadian short cut, mess pork, \$21 to \$21.50; pure Canadian lard in wood pails, 20-lb., \$4; Bour's Head brand, in 20-lb., wood pails, \$1.95 to \$2, and Glote, at \$1.72 to \$1.80; 20-lb. tin pails, 4c per lb.; hams, 12c to 14c, and bacon 14c to 15c per lb.

MAPLE PRODUCTS.—New syrup, at 61c per lb. in wood; 70c per tin; sugar, 9c to 10c per lb.

HONEY.—White clover, 10c to 10 1/2c per lb.; section; tins, 9c; buckwheat, 2c less.

BUTTER.—Choice creamery, 20c to 20 1/2c; seconds, 19c; winter butter, 19c to 19 1/2c; western dairy, 10c to 10 1/2c; rolls, 16c.

EGGS.—Selected cold storage, 22c; Montreal limed, 17c to 18c per dozen; best selected candled, 22c to 24c.

CHEESE.—Ontario, September, 9c to 9 1/2c; October, 9c to 9 1/2c; Eastern counties, 9c to 9 1/2c; Quebec, 9c to 9 1/2c.

POULTRY.—Turkeys, 7 1/2c to 8 1/2c; ducks, 6 1/2c; old fowls, 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. for dry; 7c to 8c; geese, 5c to 6c; chickens, 5c to 6c; old fowls, 4c to 5c per lb. for dry picked; birds; scaled stock from 1c to 2c less.

LIVE STOCK.—There were about 600 head of butchers' cattle, 20 calves and 400 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir on Monday.

Pure Gold Tomato CATSUP. "It's Like Mother's." NATURAL COLOR. NATURAL THICKNESS. NATURAL FLAVOR. Tomatoes and Crushed Spices only. TRY IT. Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

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

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned, Leonidas Villeneuve, lumber merchant, of the town of St. Louis, in the district of Montreal, Pierre Terrault, notary, of the city of Montreal, and Hilarie Corbett, greener, of the said town of St. Louis, in their capacity of testamentary executors and administrators, appointed by the late Honorable Joseph Octave Villeneuve, in his lifetime Senator of Canada...

1. To define the powers of the testamentary executors and administrators appointed under the said testament, especially to declare that they will have the powers given to fiduciaries by the civil code of this province. 2. The replacing of the testamentary executors and administrators, and their remuneration. 3. To prolong the term during which the succession may continue the partnership which has existed between the said Joseph Octave Villeneuve and Leonidas Villeneuve...

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

SATURDAY DECEMBER 14, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

WITHOUT A PLAN.—"How many men in old age realize that their great mistake was made when they sailed forth on the sea of life without a plan?" This question forms the central point of an article that we find in one of our Catholic contemporaries. It seems to us that there is a great deal of time, space, and words squandered weekly on similar subjects. We thoroughly understand that the writer of the article may have been short of subject matter and felt the necessity of dashing off something or other that would have the semblance of wisdom. Did any one ever know of a human being setting sail on the sea of life with a fixed plan before him? He would be a wonderful youth who could commence that voyage possessed of a complete chart and conversant with every current and wind that he would be likely to encounter on the way. A man, that is to say a young man beginning life, may select a trade or a profession, or any other avocation; but he is no more able to map out his own future than the one who has made no such choice. The selection is merely the choosing of the vessel in which he purposes sailing; but he can never foresee the accidents, the storms, the reverses, the icebergs and shoals that are ahead of him. There is but one chart, one plan, that can be considered as available in general, and the Church of God furnishes that one in the form of true religious education.

A POOR MAN'S CLUB.—District Attorney Philbin thinks that he has a good and practical idea in connection with Sunday entertainment for the laboring classes. He would have a number of small club rooms equipped with books, daily papers, indoor amusements and facilities, under the supervision, for the poor man to have his glass of ale on Sunday. He believes that workingmen would be glad to meet in these clubs and talk over matters of daily interest, free from the temptations of saloons. A very plausible theory; but of what practical benefit? The workingman might possibly be drawn on Sunday to the club, seeing that he ran less risk there than in the saloon, and was equally able to get his glass of ale and meet his cronies. But he would also be drawn away from his home and from the Church; and the danger of winding up his day in the saloon would not be lessened by the fact that he had spent the greater part of it in the club. The intention of the District Attorney may be very good, but we fear that he takes the string by the wrong end.

SCHOOL BOARD TROUBLE.—We glean from various old country reports, and especially from the remarks of Monsignor Harnett at the Nottingham School Board, that one of the great difficulties in connection with the Board Schools in England is that there is no attempt to teach even the central dogmas of Christianity. In order to avoid quarrels and disputes on the subject of religion the teachers are not required to declare any special belief in any doctrine. The moral drawn by the Rev. Monsignor is to the effect that of the people want definite and strong Christianity they must see that the denominational schools are maintained and have fair play. In a word, it is the same story over and over again; the public school, the state school, or whatever else you may choose to call the undenominational school, is purely and simply a godless school. It is against this dread danger that the Church struggles in every land and that Catholics seek to protect their children at any cost.

IN FAR NEW ZEALAND.—According to the New Zealand "Tablet" there seems to be a considerable amount of religious controversy...

going on in that country between the Catholic laity and the Protestant section of the population. To judge from the advice given to Catholics to cease quietly allowing themselves "to be made punching-bags for their assailants," it would appear that the more boisterous element amongst non-Catholics is animated with a very undesirable antagonism towards their Catholic fellow-citizens. The following paragraph would indicate the spirit that reigns:— "Happily, the great mass of our non-Catholic fellow-colonists are not fact-proof iron-clads—these are a small, if noisy, minority; and the chief use of controversy with them is (1) to furnish our Catholic laity (and especially those most exposed to annoyance—in shops, factories, public employments, etc.) with a ready answer to assailants; (2) to appeal to that great body of non-Catholics whose minds are fair and open to conviction, and (3) to discourage attack by letting those who are willing to wound understand that they will be held responsible before the public for their words."

DR. SPAHN'S CHAIR.—The appointment, by the German Emperor, of Dr. Spahn to the Chair of History at Strasburg University, is again creating a noise in that land of anti-Catholic prejudices. Dr. Spahn is a Catholic. Dr. Mommsen's protest is based on the theory that such an appointment is an infringement of the principle that in the universities there should be unshackled liberty of teaching. He considers that a Catholic professor cannot honestly utter what he finds in history, but must only teach that which agrees with Catholic dogma. Professor Hertling, of Munich, points out that this is a mere assumption, and he suggests that German Catholics may claim to have their views on history set before Catholic students in the universities just as do Protestants. It is this claim that the Kaiser recognized in appointing Dr. Spahn. It is wonderful how Protestant educationalists—be it in Germany, or Ireland, or elsewhere—seem to consider that the Catholic student must accept their views, while it would be preposterous to imagine the reverse—that is to say, Catholic teachings being set before the Protestant student.

LIPTON'S SHAMROCK.—Sir Thomas Lipton has evidently more than one characteristic of the race; he is not only a thorough sportsman, but also the possessor of a keen Irish wit. In responding to the toast of his health at the banquet tendered him in London on his return from America, he very appropriately and humorously said: "As they were all aware, there was no Shamrock perfect with less than three leaves, and Shamrock III., ought therefore to meet with better luck than Shamrock I., or Shamrock II." One thing, at all events, is certain that Lipton's pluck deserves success, and we really believe that America would not be sorry were he to carry off the cup with Shamrock III.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.—The veteran Nationalist, author and Parliamentarian, Mr. Justin McCarthy, has just reached his seventy-first birthday. Although he has abandoned forever the political arena, yet he is ever active as a writer, and he still wields a most powerful, effective and ever patriotic pen. Commenting upon his seventy-first anniversary, a contemporary remarks that "he has written as many miles of manuscript as any living man." What a retrospect is suggested by the following! "It must seem an age to Mr. McCarthy since he caught his first glimpse of London. The Crystal Palace was in Hyde Park then, and the Duke of Wellington was walking down Whitehall in his blue coat and white duck trousers. Lord John Russell was passing Reform Bill; Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, John Bright, and all the great virtuosos were in their prime." Few living men have written...

NOT QUITE ANGELS.—A very edifying incident is recorded of the conduct of three young men during the recent heavy fogs in London. It was a gentle service that they rendered to some of the Sisters of Nazareth House. The story is thus recorded:— "The collecting van was being out to make its way home after being out with two of the Sisters all day collecting food for the poor in the city and West End. When they arrived at Piccadilly the fog was so thick that the poor old man who was driving got nervous, and one of the Sisters was obliged to lead the van. After going some way three young gentlemen came forward and begged her to get into the van, and offered to lead the horse, which they did in turns, watching at the same time that no harm came to the Sisters from the vehicles behind, and walked all the way till they saw them safe at Nazareth House door. They never waited to be thanked, but raised their hats and in a second were lost in the fog. "Perhaps they were angels," suggested somebody who had begun to believe that the age of human civility was dead. "Yes," said the Sister, "I might have said the same, but one of them was smoking a cigar."

UNHAPPY POLAND.—According to the "Cologne Gazette" and the "Magdeburgische Zeitung" more drastic measures are to be taken against the Poles, on account of the spirit of unrest which seems to prevail in Poland. It looks as if a new rebellion was about to commence. Not unlike that of Ireland has been the career of Poland. Drastic measures to repress a spirit of unrest, sounds very like coercion to check free expression of sentiments and to gag all appeals for political justice. Poland seems to have ever been peculiarly friendless while awakening the sympathies of all liberty-loving people. Is it any wonder that a spirit of unrest should pervade a race that is galling under a yoke that might alone press down upon its neck? And because of that unrest, the Poles are to be punished. It is not unlike chaining a man to a prison wall and whipping him because he frets. However, Poland is weak, and the future presents very slight prospect of any great amelioration in her condition.

HEROIC SISTERHOODS.—Protestant testimony is not lacking when the heroism and self-sacrifice of Catholic Sisterhoods are mentioned. No matter how men may differ from our Church, no matter how opposed they may be to the teachings of Catholicity, they invariably give credit to our nuns for all the noble deeds that they perform, for the lives of purity and devotion that they lead. In time of war, when the nation's flag is in danger, the brave, the patriotic, the heroic, volunteer their services in defence of their country; equally heroic, the volunteering of nuns in the time of plague or pestilence. At a meeting of the Prison Reform League of Boston, an organization that aims at making prisons lead to prevention and a decrease of crime, Rev. Dr. Frisby, of the Ritualist Church of the Advent, made use of these remarkable words:— "Our prisons are a failure; they breed crime, and our reformatories also breed crime, for while some few are won to better things, the greater number return to their old, evil life. Then our prisons send some new influence, some new power that will reform character and give a new motive for life, and religion alone can do this. This is no dream. The thing is being done at the House of the Good Shepherd, where all classes, from wayward girls to hardened women who have been the despair of the courts, live under the care of Sisters, and are humanized and Christianized."

We have the commencement of a smallpox scare in this section of the Dominion, and we know, from past experience, that whenever such dangers menace, the Sisters of one or other of our communities are ever ready to accept all the risks and sa-

crifices consequent upon the nursing of the isolated victims. In Boston the dread pestilence of smallpox is more widespread than in our country; the Sisters of Carney Hospital wrote to the Mayor of Boston, offering to shut themselves up in the pest-house with the sick, and nurse them through the disease. The same thing was done some years ago in Lowell, when the nuns remained secluded with the stricken until the last sign of the disease had passed away. There is, especially in the eyes of the outside world, something wonderfully heroic in this free sacrifice on the part of the members of our sisterhoods; but the world does not know that this is only one manifestation of the real and all important sacrifice made on the day that a Sister became a member of a religious community. On that day she made the great sacrifice of her life, which meant any or every work of mercy that might be placed in her path by the will of God. Truly beautiful are the lives of those women who give up all for the service of God and the happiness of their fellow-beings.

THE NEXT EDUCATION BILL.—The next session of the British Parliament will be opened by the King, in person, on the 12th January, 1902. It will certainly be one of the most important, and may be epoch-making sessions that this generation has witnessed. The war question alone would suffice to tax the very best skill and statescraft of the Government. Apart from that all-important subject, there are questions of domestic policy that will test the ministry to the extreme. To say nothing of the Home Rule question and Ireland's various claims to just recognition, there is the matter of public elementary education.

It has been rumored, in a semi-official manner, that the Government will propose a bill to be introduced during the coming session to pay the whole cost of the secular education given in all voluntary schools, the managers to provide the buildings and to keep them in repair. If this were done the measure would prove highly acceptable and beneficial to the Catholic element. Decidedly such a bill would stir up the opposition and create an outcry on the part of certain secularist sections. It would then be for the ministry to prove its own strength and its earnestness by paying no heed to such opposition. With the majority that the Government commands this would seem a very easy course to follow; but is the Government so constituted as to resist any like appeals? In many instances the Cabinet has given evidence of a great lack of backbone, and the general opinion is that were it not for its immense majority in the House, it would be unable to cope with even the smallest of its difficulties.

It is often asked "what do the Catholics really want?" All they ask is very simple and very little. They ask nothing from the public purse for teaching their children their religion, but they insist that the public purse should pay for the purely secular education given in their schools, and that Catholic parents should be relieved of the burden of paying rates for the maintenance of Board Schools whilst contributing largely, at the same time, towards meeting the annual deficit incurred by most of their Catholic voluntary schools, through no fault of the managers, who have to satisfy the increasing demands of the Educational Department.

We take this definition of the situation and of the demands of the Catholic body in England from one of the most reliable of sources. Any way, it amounts to about the same thing as the Catholic demands in regard to separate schools either in the United States or in certain provinces of Canada. We can readily imagine the fever heat to which agitation would be worked up, were the situations reversed, and the Protestant parents were required to either have their children educated in purely Catholic institutions, or else bear the double burden of supporting two systems. It is passing strange that clear-headed men cannot see things in their real light.

RETREAT AT THE PALACE.—Since Sunday evening last Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, and all the priests of his household, have been on retreat. The preacher is Rev. Father Lemieux, vice-provincial of the Redemptorists. The retreat closes this evening. During the week only persons whose business was of a most urgent nature could have communication with any of the palace clergy. On Thursday morning, however, His Grace the Archbishop went down to the prison, and there celebrated Mass in the cell occupied by the condemned man, Laplaine. This act of consid-

eration on the part of the Archbishop was most keenly appreciated by the one whose execution will have taken place before this issue reaches our readers.

A BARBARIC CUSTOM.—In that dual habit which Germany seems to keep up, despite all the frowning down that it receives from outside, we find a trace of a barbarism that was once characteristic of the Teuton. When Lieutenant Blaskowitz, on the eve of his marriage, foolishly struck a brother officer, he was called upon to fight a duel, the result of which proved fatal to him. At his burial Superintendent General delivered an address, in which he entered a protest against what he called "the spirit of slavery which cannot and will not emancipate itself from the degrading bonds of prejudice and erroneous views of justice." The Emperor seems to have been impressed in the same sense, for he threatened with severest measures, the other day, two young officers who wanted to fight a duel, and by his interference prevented the young hot heads from perpetrating a crime. After all, duelling seems to be the most unrepensible of all manners of settling a difference. You can never convince a man by calling him out to be shot; no more can the killing of a man prove that you are justified or that he was in the wrong. It is to be hoped that a more Christian spirit will eventually efface this uncivilized practice.

CANCER CURE.—Dr. John Gilman, professor at the Halmemann College, Chicago, claims to have discovered a successful treatment for cancer. According to his own statement, "we are at the beginning of an era when cancer will have no terrors. In the last year and a half I have treated over fifty cases of cancer, including many forms of the disease, and have failed to find a single one which did not yield readily. I believe the disease can, in future, be broken down quickly and surely, even when treatment does not begin before the disease is well advanced." This certainly is claiming a great deal. We have no doubt whatsoever of Dr. Gilman's seriousness, nor do we say that he is over sanguine, but we certainly would prefer to await the verdict of the future, when his system shall have been fully and duly tested, before accepting the pleasant and encouraging information that his declaration contains. Possibly cancer can be cured; if this learned physician succeeds in discovering a treatment that will efface the terrors inspired by that dread disease, he will have a right to be ranked with the great benefactors of the human race.

THE FIRST SIGN.—The Municipal Council of Paris on Monday discussed the question of the applications for authorization made by certain congregations. The Council negatively by forty-four votes to thirty-three an order of the day in favor of the refusal of the required authorization, and adopted by thirty-nine votes to thirty-three an order of the day declaring the Associations Bill to be bad and anti-republican, and giving its opinion that no restriction should be placed on freedom of association.

PROHIBITS CHURCH FAIRS.—Sometime ago Archbishop Bruchesi sounded the death knell of bazars in Montreal. Now Maine Catholics are agitated by a decree of Bishop O'Connell of the Portland diocese. His Lordship says there must be no more church fairs of any sort because of the drain they have proved on poor families; furthermore, they have brought a train of evils from lotteries, excessive dancing, etc.

GALWAY CITY ELECTION.

We publish below a report of the recent Galway election, taken from one of our Irish exchanges, received this week, to point out how bitter and sensational were the reports which were published in the daily press of Montreal the day after the election was held. Our exchange says:— From the moment the polls opened in the morning at eight o'clock the doors of the booths were besieged with voters, and the recording of the votes went on without intervention until one o'clock. Up to that time it was estimated that at the five polling stations over 800 votes were recorded, and of these Colonel Lynch got at least two to every one cast for Mr. Plunkett.

FOR FINE FERS.

Just bear in mind that there is no firm in Montreal who can sell you such fine garments so reasonably as we can. Every skin we put into a garment matches every other skin, the seams are taped, the workmanship the best quality, and the workman-ship well, it's got to be the best to leave our store, Chas. Desjardins & Co., St. Catherine street.

ST. BRIGIDE'S NIGHT RAFFLE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 8th Dec., 1901: Males 289, females 38, Irish 141, French-Canadians 99, English 21, Scotch and other nationalities 11. Total, 377. The foregoing had night's lodging and breakfast.

supporters, and Mr. Plunkett, making no secret of his opinion that the famous anonymous deputee grossly misled him as to the condition of affairs in Galway.

The result of the poll has been declared as follows:— Lynch 1,247 Plunkett 471 Nationalist majority, 774

FORMER ELECTIONS.

1900. Morris (C) 883 Leamy (N) 465 Majority 117

1895.

Pinkerton (N) 596 Leamy (P) 465 Morris (C) 395 Nationalist majority, 181

1892.

Pinkerton (N) 644 Lynch (P) 598 Nationalist majority, 51

1886.

Pinkerton (N) unopposed.

At twenty-five minutes to eleven o'clock the High Sheriff declared the result of the Galway election as follows:—

Lynch 1,247 Plunkett 471 Majority 775

The result was received in the room with prolonged cheering. The High Sheriff then declared Colonel Lynch the member for Galway.

Mr. Henry Murphy, Col. Lynch's agent, in the absence of the member for Galway, proposed a vote of thanks to the sheriff for the manner in which the election had been conducted. He was glad to be able to say that no friction had occurred between either side during the entire election. Exaggerated reports of the situation in the town had been put about, but there was really no foundation for them. He might say that the same feeling existed among the opponents on either side as had existed between the candidates and agents. Mr. Horace Plunkett, the defeated candidate, had acted honorably and straightforwardly during the election, and he was sure Mr. Plunkett would take his defeat as they (the Nationalists) took their victory.

Mr. Horace Plunkett, in returning the vote of thanks, admitted that there had been some exaggeration in the description of the scenes in Galway during the present week. He admitted that while he was satisfied some days to come to the field against him, the magnitude of the victory, on which he congratulated his opponents, came to him as a surprise. He could only hope they would use their victory as well as he should try to bear his defeat. He should do his utmost to secure that so far as he and his friends were concerned no public interest should suffer by any action that they had thought well to take or that they might think well of to take in regard to the public objects they were pursuing. He must try for himself and his friends that, although they found themselves in strong opposition upon certain questions of policy to those who had defeated them, they were acting in what they considered to be the highest interests of the country. He was just as convinced now as when he came to Galway that it was absolutely essential to find some way of reconciling the industrial progress of the country with the political aspirations which various parties in Ireland hold. He need only, in conclusion, ask those with whom he had been in conflict, to try and forget any hard things which might have been said on his side or their own. Let them all profit by what they had learned, and let them try to hasten the day when they should be joined together in the cause of National progress. They must admit that there would always be differences between Irishmen, but he looked forward to a time when these differences would be fewer in number, and less acute than they were today. He should continue the work in which he had been engaged, but he should be justified in occupying the position which he now held, which he admitted to be somewhat anomalous if he could not in the near future find some means of fulfilling one of the conditions of that position which he had tried unsuccessfully to fulfil with the help of the citizens of Galway. He wished Galway good-bye now. He should probably not appear again in that constituency as a Parliamentary candidate, but he hoped he might have opportunities of taking an interest in the affairs of the citizens of Galway if such an opportunity occurred in the future.

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UNITED STATES... As one of our centrist and men... United... what prom... ing circum... this city. W... and co-op... land's Hom... required th... have always... accept their... the duty. O... last week a... zens was hel... for the purp... cal brough... Les... The... is to furni... aid to the... Ireland. The... meeting sta... to organize... thoroughly... Mr. J. E. R... evening the... and the fo... President, M... mary, Mr. J... or, John O'... mities was... J. Kavanaugh... organizing... members, wi... convened. Th... the meeting... was sub... sending of a... hundred pou... mond for us... Needless... perfect harm... ject for wh... been establi... gratulate th... fly upon th... their very... manner of p... serves to p... for so many... years and to... divisions th... less than a... the high talen... Irish leader... meet with b... sition from... and co-opera... ders of the... his immediat... sured of the... most enthus... our people in...

HOLY NAME most interest... money was th... at St. Patri... evening last... hundred and... solemn profes... confraternity... large an asse... proclaiming o... promise of... for the Most... Redeemer. plighted word... a spectacle th... After the H... pers of the H... tion was giv... Grath, and th... ceremony of... profession of... had satisfact... term of pro... Quinlivan off... ler, with his... choir, enhance... occasion, whil... sweet strains... heard yieldi... ers of Rev. I... seemed to be... melody one... hears amidst... old Ireland.

ST. PATRICK'S The annual me... rick's T. A. an... at St. Patri... ing last. The... bers were v... ing was doub... fact of the p... guished visit... Rev. A. E. Bur... Deputy of the... Rev. Fa... President, pres... Costigan, and... were vice-chair... The meeting... opened and a... Mr. John P. G... cretary, present... report of... Management, w... interesting one... the workings o... years, dwelli... detakings held... the good wo... which had atten... ings were held... since being 60... lost two of its... the death of... and J. Bresnan... three other ben... of wives of me... had also incre... but not to the... clial efforts had... the usefulness of... enlist the young... and the fruits of... beginning to b... The report of... Jas. H. Kelly, v... the finances sho... condition. The... bank, to the cr... fund, \$2,800. T... large surplus... fund, and the so... ties. The report of...

THE LAST SPIKE.

"Then there is nothing against him but his poverty." "And general appearance." "He's the handsomest man in America."

"Yes, that is against him, and the fact that he is always in America. He appears to be afraid to get out."

"He's the bravest boy in the world," she replied, her face still to the window. "He risked his life to drag me from under the ice," she added, with a girl's loyalty to her hero and a woman's pride in the man she loves.

"Well, I must own he has nerve," her father added, "or he never would have accepted my conditions."

"And what were these conditions, pray?" the young woman asked, turning and facing her father, who sat watching her every move and gesture.

"First of all, he must do something; and do it on his own bat. His old father spent his last dollar to educate this young rascal, to equip him for the battle of life, and his sole achievement is a curve that nobody can find. Now I insist he shall do something, and I have given him five years for the work."

where Bradford was placing a rail, "Will you skin mules?" "I can drive a team, if that's what you mean," was the reply. "How many?"

"Well," said Bradford, with his quiet smile, "when I was a boy I used to drive six on the Mount Pelier stage."

So he took the eight-mule team and amazed the multitude by hauling heavier loads than any other team, because he knew how to handle his whip and lines, and because he was careful and determined to succeed. Whatever he did he did it with both hands, backed up by all the enthusiasm of youth and the unconscious strength of an absolutely faultless physique, and directed by a remarkably clear brain. When the timekeeper got killed, Bradford took his place, for he could "read wind," an accomplishment rare among the laymen. When the book-keeper got drunk he kept the books, working overtime at night.

In the rush and roar of the fight General Dodge had forgotten the young man in corduroys, until General Casement called his attention to the young man's work. The engineers wanted Bradford, and Casement had looked at him, and, fearing defeat, had appealed to the chief. They sent for Bradford. Yes, he was an engineer, he said, and when he said it they knew it was true. He was quite willing to remain in the store department until he could be relieved, but, naturally, he would prefer field work.

He got it, and at once. Also, he got some Indian fighting. In less than a year he was assigned to the task of locating a section of the line west of the Platte. Coming in on a construction train to make his first report, the train was held up, robbed, and his baggage, a box of tools, a rifle, and a few dollars, were rescued by General Dodge himself, who happened to be following them with his "arsenal" car, and who heard at Plumb Creek of the fight and of the last stand that had been made by a band of men they had detached and pushed back from the burning train. Such cool heroism as Bradford displayed here could not escape the notice of so trained an Indian fighter as General Dodge. Bradford was not only complimented, but was invited into the General's private car. The General's admiration for the young path-finder grew as he received a detailed and comprehensive report of the work being done out on the pathless plains. He knew the worth of the man, for he had spent whole months together exploring it while he had been purposely placed by General Sherman, without whose encouragement the West could not have been known at that time, and without whose help a commander-in-chief of the United States army the road could not have been built. As pathfinders neared the Rockies the troops had to guard them constantly. The engineers reconnoitered, surveyed, located and built in-roads, the picket lines. The men marched to work to the top of the drum, stacked arms on the dump, and were ready at a moment's notice to fall in and fight. Many of the graders were old soldiers, and a little fight only rested them. Indeed there was more military air about them than about the young men who since been about the building of a railroad in this country. It was one big battle, from the first stake west of Omaha, to the last spike at Promontory—a battle that lasted five long years, and if the men had marked the graves of those who fell in that fierce fight their monuments, properly distributed, might have served as mile-posts on the great overland route to-day. But the mounds were unmarked, most of them, and many there were who had no mounds, and whose home names were never known even to their comrades. If this thing had been done on British soil, and all the heroic deeds had been recorded and rewarded, a small foundry could have been kept busy beating out V. C.'s. They could not know, these heroes fighting far out in the wilderness, what a glorious country they were conquering—what an empire they were opening for all the people of the land. Occasionally there came to the men at the front old worn newspapers, telling wild stories of the failure of the enterprises, at other times they heard of the election of a new president, tales of jobs and looting, but they concerned themselves only with the work in hand. No breath of scandal ever reached these pioneer trail-makers, or, if it did, it failed to find a lodging place, out here by the Casement, who was handling the graders, teamsters and Indian fighters. "No influential friends, no baggage, no character, just a man, able to stand alone—a real man in corduroys and flannels."

"I am able and willing to do any of these things—except the Indians—and I'll tackle that if nothing else offers."

"There's a man for you," said the General to his assistant as Bradford went out with a note to Jack Casement, who was handling the graders, teamsters and Indian fighters. "No influential friends, no baggage, no character, just a man, able to stand alone—a real man in corduroys and flannels."

came, they found Bradford and a handful of helpers just breaking camp in a sheltered hollow in the hills. Hiding in the crags, the warriors waited until Bradford went out alone to try to shoot a deer, and incidentally to sound a drift, and then they surrounded him. He fought until his gun was unloaded, and then emptied his revolver, but ever dodging and crouching from tree to rock, the red men, whose country he and his companions had invaded, came nearer and nearer. In a little while the fight was hand-to-hand. There was not the faintest show for escape; to be taken alive was to be tortured to death, so he fought on, clubbing his revolver until a well-directed blow from a war club caught the gun, sent it whirling through the top of a nearby cedar and left the pathfinder empty-handed. The chief sprang forward and lifted his hatchet that had caused more than one pale face to bite the dust. For the faintest fraction of a second it stood poised above Bradford's head, then out shot the engineer's strong right arm, and the Indian lay flat six feet.

For a moment the warriors seemed helpless with mingled awe and admiration, but when Bradford stooped to grab his empty rifle they came out of their trance. A dull blow, a sense of whirling round, swiftly, a sudden, sunset, stars—darkness, and all pain gone!

III.—When Bradford came to they were fixing him for the tent. He was back to a tree, his feet pinioned and his elbows held secure by a rawhide rope. He knew what it meant. He knew by the look of joy on the freshly-smearing faces at his waking, by the pitch-pine wood that had been brought up and by the fagots at his feet. The big chief who had felt his fist come up, grinning, and jabbed a buckhorn cactus against the engineer's nose, and when the latter tried to move out of reach they all grunted and danced with delight. They had been un-just the white man might not wake.

The tent, sailing westward in a burnished sea of blue, seemed to stand still for a moment and then dropped down behind the range, as if to escape from the hellish scene. The shadows served only to increase the gloom in the heart of the captive. Glancing over his shoulder toward the East, he observed that his captors had brought him down near to the edge of the plain. Having satisfied themselves that their victim had plenty of life in him, they began to arrange the tent. With the return of consciousness came an inexpressible longing to live. Suddenly his iron will asserted itself, and, appealing to his great strength, he surged until the rawhide ropes were buried in his blood. Not for a moment while he stood on his feet, and fought them on the morning of that day had hope entirely deserted him. Four years of hardship, of privation and adventure had so strengthened his courage that to give up was to die.

Presently, when he had exhausted his strength and sat quietly, the Indians went on with the preliminaries. The tent was pitched, the darker, the shadows in the foothills deeper as the moments sped. Swiftly the captive's mind ran over the events of the past four years. This was his first failure, and this was the end of it all, of all the years of working and waiting.

Clenching his fists, he lifted his hot face to the dumb sky, but no sound escaped from his parched and parted lips. Suddenly a light shone on the semi-circle of feather-framed faces in front of him, and he heard the familiar crackling of burning boughs. Glancing toward the ground he saw that the fagots were on fire. He felt the hot breath of flame, and for the first time realized what torture meant. Again he surged, and surged again, the cedars cracked, the red fiends danced. Another effort, the rawhide parted and he stood erect, with both hands freed. He felt new strength, new hope. He tried to free himself from the pyre, but his feet were fettered, and he fell among his captors. Two or three of them seized him, but he shook them off and stood up again.

But it was useless. From every side the Indians rushed upon him and bore him to the ground. Still he fought and struggled, and as he fought the air seemed full of strange wild sounds of shouts and shots and hoof-beating on the dry, hard earth. He seemed to see, as through a veil, scores of Indians. Indians and on horseback, naked Indians and Indians in soldier clothes. Once he thought he saw a white face gleam just as he got to his feet, but at that moment the big chief stood before him, his battle-axe uplifted. The engineer's head was whirling. Instinctively he tried to use the strong right arm, but it had lost its cunning. The roar of battle grew louder. The roar descended, the left arm went up and took the blow of the handle, but the edge of the weapon reached over and split the white man's chin. As he fell heavily to the earth the light went out again.

Save for the stars that stood above him it was still dark when Bradford woke. He felt blankets beneath him, and asked in a whisper: "Who's here?" "Major North, me call him," said the Pawnee scout, who was watching over the wounded man. A moment later he saw a light, and was leaning over Bradford, encouraging him, assuring him that he was all right, but warning him of the danger of making the least bit of noise.

bitarily fixed the meeting of the mountains and plains far up in the front hills.

When Bradford returned to the West he found that the whole country had suddenly taken a great and growing interest in the transcontinental line. Many of the leading newspapers had dug up their old war correspondents and sent them out to the front.

These gifted prevaricators found the plain, unvarnished story of each day's work as much as they cared to send in at night, for the builders were now putting down four and five miles of road every working day. Such road building the world had never seen, and news of it now ran round the earth. At night these tireless story-tellers listened to the strange tales told by the trail-makers, then stole away to their tents and wrote them out for the people at home, while the heroes of the stories slept.

The track-layers were now climbing up over the crest of the continent, the locators were dropping down the Pacific slopes with the prowling pathfinders peeping over into the Utah Valley. Before the road reached Salt Lake City the builders were made aware of the presence, power and opposition of Brigham Young. The head of the church had decreed that the road, and as the Central Pacific had surveyed a line that way, and General Lodge had declared in favor of the northern route, the Mormons threw their powerful influence to the South. The Union Pacific was boycotted, and all good Mormons forbidden to aid the road in any way.

Here, again, the chief engineer brought Bradford's diplomacy to bear on Brigham and won him over. While the Union Pacific was building west, the Central Pacific had been building east, and here, in the Salt Lake basin, the advance forces of the two companies met. The United States Congress directed that the rails should be joined wherever the two came together, but the bonus (\$32,000 to the mile) left a good margin to the builders in the valley, so, instead of joining the rails, the pathfinders only said "Good-bye!" and then "Good-bye!" and kept on going. The graders followed close upon the heels of the engineers, so that by the time the track-layers met the two grades paralleled each other for a distance of two hundred miles.

The rails actually met, the Government compelled the two roads to couple up. It had been a friendly contest that left no blood. Indeed they were all willing to stop, for the iron trail was open from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

V.—The tenth day of May, 1869, was the date fixed for the driving of the last spike, and the official opening of the line. Special trains, carrying prominent railway and Government officials, were hurrying out from the East, while up from the Golden Gate another train bringing the flower of "Frisco" wit, and some of them to take an active part in the celebration. The day was like twenty-nine other May days that month in the Salt Lake Valley, fair and warm, but with a cool breeze blowing over the sagebrush. The dusty army of trail-makers had been resting for two days, waiting for the people to come in clean store clothes, to make speeches, to eat and drink and drive the golden spike. Some Chinese laborers had opened a temporary laundry near the camp, and were coining money washing faded blue overalls for their white comrades. Many of the engineers and foremen had dressed up that morning, and a few had fished out a white shirt. Judah and Strawberry, of the Central, had little chips of straw hats that had been harvested in the summer of '65. Here and there you saw a sombrero, the wide hat of the cowboy, and the big, soft, shapeless head cover of the Mormon, with a little bunch of whiskers on his chin. General Dodge came from his arsenal car, that stood on an improvised spur, in a bright, new uniform. Of the special trains, that of Governor Stanford's was first to arrive, with its straight-tailed locomotive and celestial servants. Then the U. P. engine panted up, with its burnished bands and balloon stack, that reminded you of the skirts the women wore, save that it funneled down. When the ladies began to jump down, the cayuse of the Con-

voys began to snort and sidestep, for they had seen nothing like these tents the women stood up in.

Elaborate arrangements had been made for transmitting the news of the celebration to the world. All the important telegraph offices of the country were connected with Promontory, Utah, that day, so that the blow of the hammer driving the last spike was communicated by the click of the instrument to every office reached by the wires. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the people were rejoicing and celebrating the event, but the worn heroes who had dreamed it over and over for five years, while they lay in their blankets with only the dry, hard earth beneath them, seemed unable to realize that the work was really done and that they could now go home, those who had homes to go to, eat soft bread and sleep between sheets.

Out under an awning, made by stretching a blanket between a couple of dump-cars, Bradford lay, reading a "Frisco paper" that had come by Governor Stanford's special; but even that failed to hold his thoughts. His heart was away out on the Atlantic coast, and he would be hurrying that way on the morrow, the guest of the chief engineer. He had lost his mother when a boy, and his father just a year previous to his banishment, but he had never lost faith in the one woman he had loved, and he had loved her all his life, for they had been playmates. Now all this fuss about driving the last spike was of no importance to him. The one thing he longed for, lived for, was to get back to "God's country." Stanford for the Central, Governor Stanford for the Central, Governor Stanford for the Union Pacific, heard the prayer offered up by the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsburg, heard the General dictate to the operator:

"All ready," and presently the operator sang out the reply from the far East: "All ready here!" and then the silver hammer began beating the golden spike into the laurel tie which bore a silver plate, upon which was engraved:

"The Last Tie Laid in the Completion of the Pacific Railroads. May 10, 1869."

After the ceremony there was hand-shaking among the men and some kissing among the women, as the two parties—one from either coast—mingled, and then the General's tent boy came under the blanket to call Bradford, for the General wanted him at once. Somehow Bradford's mind flew back to his first meeting with this boy. He caught the boy by the arm, held him off and looked at him. "Say, boy," he asked, "have I changed as much as you have? Why, only the other day you were a freckled beauty in high-water trousers. You're a man now, with whiskers and a bustle hip. Say, have I changed, too?"

"Now, you're just the same," said the boy. "Come now, the Gen's waitin'."

"Judge Manning," said General Dodge, in his strong, clear voice, "you have been calling us heroes; 'you have been calling us heroes,' and now I want to introduce to you the hero of all this heroic band—the man who has given of muscle and brain all that a magnificent and brilliant young man could give, and who deserves the first place on the roll of honor among the great engineers of our day and age."

As the General pronounced the Judge's name Bradford involuntarily clenched his fists and stepped back. The Judge turned slowly, looking all the while at the General, thrilled by his eloquent earnestness, and catching something of the General's admiration for so eminent a man.

her father had been listening to the wonderful story of the last five years of the engineer's life. When the young lady's mind, and had been informed of the conditions of engagement of the young people, he left nothing unsaid that would add to the fame and glory of the trail-maker. With radiant face she heard of his heroism, tireless industry and wonderful engineering feats; but when the narrator came to tell how he had been captured and held and tortured by the Indians, she slipped her trembling hand into the hand of her father, and when he saw her hot tears falling he lifted the hand and kissed it, leaving upon it tears of his own.

The Judge now produced his cigar-case, and the General, bowing to the young lady, followed the great financier to the other end of the car, leaving Mary alone, for they had seen Bradford coming up the track.

The dew of her sweet sorrow was still upon her face when Bradford entered, but the sunshine of a smile soon dried it up. The hands he reached for escaped him. They were about his face; then their great joy and the tears it brought blinded them, and the wild beating of their happy hearts drowned their voices so that they could neither see nor hear, and neither has ever been able to say just what happened.

On the day following this happy meeting, when the consolidated special was rolling eastward, while the Judge and the General smoked in the latter's car, the ten-year-old boy brought a telegram book to the happy pair. It was delivered to Miss Manning, and she read it aloud:—

"Washington, May 11, 1869. General C. C. Dodge: 'In connection with millions I sat yesterday and heard the mystic tale of the telegraph battery announcing the nailing of the last spike in the Great Pacific Road. All honor to you, to Durant, to Jack and Dan Casement, to Reed and the thousands of brave fellows who have wrought out this glorious problem, spite of changes, storms and doubts of the incredulous, and all the obstacles you have now happily surmounted.' W. T. SHERMAN, 'General.'"

"Well!" she exclaimed, letting her hands and the telegram fall in her lap, "he doesn't even mention my hero."

"On, yes, he does, my dear," said Bradford, laughing. "I'm one of the 'thousands of brave fellows.'"

Then they both laughed and forgot it, for they were too happy to bother with trifles.—Og Warner, in Frnk Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Not long afterward the battle seemed against the Romans, and the white flag was hoisted. For his services of the Romans voted him an oxen, a white bull and three cows, gold, for courage; and the citizens and one of the offered up the white flag to Mars, and gave his companions in de-

OUR

STORY OF TWO

There were never any people than they were famous for their hardihood, a verance and by the heroic qualities they the conquerors of the before this happened many reverses, and were put to it to against their number. A always happened at such times when them in the face, so er and stauncher would count on war state. I'll find a recollection of some one of most every page. In of Rome from first to of heroism.

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An Object Lesson to the average housewife is the ease with which washing can be done when Surprise Soap is used.

It is a pure, hard soap which means to the economical housewife that it goes further than other soaps. It is therefore a money-saving soap.

For best results follow the directions on wrapper. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co. St. Stephen, N. B.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Notice is hereby given that the Estate Leon Benoit Alfred Charlebois, of Laprairie, will make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session, to be authorized to sell its immovable properties and to make a division of the assets of the said Estate. Montreal, November 21, 1901. LOUIS MASSON, Testamentary Executor.

C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator. 180 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal. Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty. TELEPHONE 1183. YOUR BEST FRIEND. Save your money. Buy Scott's Emulsion. It is the best thing you can buy for your health. It is the best thing you can buy for your health. It is the best thing you can buy for your health.

FEEDS ONE—STARVES OTHER

Feeds the body—starves the microbes! That is what Scott's Emulsion does in consumption.

We can't expect to understand all about these germs and microbes the doctors talk of. They say that one kind causes consumption. Consumption microbes feed on weak lungs. Perhaps that's so.

At any rate we know that Scott's Emulsion has a peculiar action on the lungs which gives the lungs new life and vigor. Healthy lungs starve the microbes out.

Life for the lungs and flesh for the body, that is what the consumptive has a right to expect from Scott's Emulsion. An ideal food and tonic for any form of wasting disease.

A MARVEL OF THE CRIB

Never had there been a merrier or more joyful Christmas Eve in the town of Chartres, than that on which occurred the events which this little story will recount.

venerable bishop paused to prostrate himself, the Virgin Mother showed him the pillar near which the poor woman had fallen.

habed in his diocese, the Bishop says: "To my mind, every dollar spent in support of the Catholic press has two great effects. It is invaluable personally to those rendering the assistance; it is of immense value to the parish where the help is given, through the intelligent and wholesome interest in all things Catholic which the truly Catholic paper never fails to create, and further among the Catholic faithful."

LONGEVITY IN IRELAND. The Registrar-General for Ireland, in his report for 1900, congratulates the Emerald Isle on the fact that nearly 20 per cent. of her people die of old age.

NOTES FOR FARMERS. FARM PRODUCE.—All kinds of farm produce are selling at a higher price this year than for a long time previous.

Notes for farmers regarding sheep and mutton prices, and the state of the wool market.

JEWELS FOR VIRGIN'S CROWN.

A most edifying feature of the observance of the feast of the Immaculate Conception was witnessed in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Philadelphia, where at the solemn service the members of the Sodality of the Sacred Virgin gave old gold and jewels of all kinds to be wrought into a crown for the historic statue of the Virgin that adorns the chancel of the Church.

THE POPE AND THE IRISH COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. William Murphy, rector of the Irish College in Rome, had the honor of being received in private audience by the Holy Father on Saturday, Dr. Murphy was accompanied by a deputation of students. The Sovereign Pontiff received his visitors with the greatest affability and benevolence, dwelling upon Ireland's traditional fidelity and filial devotion to the Holy See.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles, Cal., well knows, says the "Catholic News," the great amount of good the Catholic press accomplishes, and he has taken occasion publicly to testify on that point.



ARE YOU SATISFIED With Your Walk in Life?

If not, wear Mansfield Shoes; wear them because there's wear in them—because they're as stylish, as comfortable and as easy fitting as any shoe on the market that's selling for \$3.00.

MANSFIELD, The Shoelist, 124 St. Lawrence Street, MONTREAL, Que.

ties so that horses will be scarce in Ottawa this year. LIVE STOCK.—At the Chicago live stock show Canadian sheep are taking a creditable stand.

English mutton sheep could also be considered in three classes, the long wools, the middle wools and the mountain breeds.

English breeds on the whole recommend themselves to our climate and on the whole there is no reason why the best mutton in the world could not be produced here.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store, St. James Street SATURDAY, December 14, 1901

INTOYLAND

Nowhere else will you see such an array of Mechanical Toys, Animals, Soldiers, Dolls, Dolls' Houses, Tea Sets, Magic Lanterns, gleaned from the principal Toy markets of the world. Here's a small list of price hints.

A MANUFACTURER'S Stock of Dainty Silk Waists. The Big Store has just purchased the entire surplus stock of Silk Waists from one of the leading manufacturers of these goods.

PLATED WARE. Pickle Jars in Crystal Glass with frame and base of silver plated ware, \$1.50.

Sleeping Suits. The finest dress in the world to watch for Santa Claus, you can't catch cold in them.

XMAS LINENS.

Snowy White Table Napery forms an adjunct to the festivals of Xmas time that were impossible to forego.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1768 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal

GRAND TRUNK XMAS AND NEW YEAR Holiday Rates. SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE.

SCHOOL VACATIONS. Single First Class Fare and One-Third for Round Trip, Going Dec. 7 to 31, inclusive.

Ship-Loads of Carpets. Of the newest and best, at prices to warrant you in ordering every thing you want for floor and windows, at Canada's only exclusive Carpet warehouse.

THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDING.

THE PENNY SYSTEM. Supt. Jones, of the Public Schools, in Cleveland, has devised a plan for receiving contributions, from pupils, to the McKinley National Memorial Fund.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. 2548 St. Catherine Street, corner of Montreal Street. Terms Cash. Telephone, Up 2746

COLONIAL HOUSE, - PHILLIPS SQUARE.

Christmas Goods!

ANY ONE OF THE UNDERNOTED ARTICLES MAY BE HAD FOR...

ONE DOLLAR

LESS FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

- Boys' and Girls' Leather School Bags. Boys' and Girls' Fancy Laced Moccasins. Ladies' Felt Slippers in Blue, very soft and light.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - MONTREAL.

Vol. LI, N. TOPIC

IMPORTANT F. Monday and Tuesday the first annual Industrial Department Civic Federation rooms of the new in New York City, sought last May representatives of the ing corporations, the leaders of the organizations and the general public, of establishing the ciliation and volu as a means to pro lock-outs. The top at that meeting w of Machinery on Shorter Hour Move Joint Agreement M ing Strikes and Lc nament Executive e ed, and the scope of thod of future proo m. Decidedly tch a representative o in the sense that leading employers States, the heads labor organization tive Americans wks of life. The tation was at first pian; but it now s practicable pathw opened out for it. object ever became no doubt that its most beneficial eff varied grades in the

WAR ON LAZY M. Mrs. Sophia Demuth Hill, who has set on against "lazy men" Nation has run her ing no more fame er by smashing salo tively that the int nuth should follow of her great sister what we can glean idea is to have a lay ing policemen to be are lazy and who ca find work whereby families. There is stances in the heart ton, and sledge ham furnished by the au man convicted of la to work a regulatio hours daily breakin will be paid 50 cen money to be hande and, in the case of no families (such as the money is to go fund. By the way, see how the law ap who neglect to sup les on account of l ect men who have port. Mrs. Demuth active female illust principle she adopts intendent of the A

MR. RED

John E. Redmond, Irish envoys, who s on Wednesday, hav following address to America:

To the people of A been announced the Parliament will roas 17th of January, at National Convention moned to meet in Du of the same month, perinted the arrang slated by both the old. Before doing s desire to place a our countrymen in A reasons which prom to this country and we hope to attain b In the first place, Press our acknowledged enthusiasm" with v been received wherev gone, by the people of blood, and the many good will and symph have received from American people, fro ing American statesm all sections of the p ately, we were un more than about on ten invitations, exte short though our tou believe it has been e ing before the peopl a true statement of present in Ireland. We came here at the United Irish Leas the organization of a united Irish people s