

TRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Callaghan, P.P. President, Justice C. J. Doherty, F. E. Devlin, M.D., 2nd J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

TRICK'S T. A. & D. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, after Vespers. Committee of Management meets on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McLaughlin, President; W. P. O'Connell, Vice-President; Joseph J. Young, Secretary, 716 St. Anne Street, St. Henri.

S. T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Rev. Director, McPhail; President, D. M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, Dominick Street; M. J. Cassar, 18 St. Augustin Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Church, at 3.30 p.m.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Organized 1885.—Meets in the Ottawa street, on the first of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. C.S.S.R.; President, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, Thomas J. Hart; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1885. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the third Thursday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, Miss Ann O'Connell; Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell; Recording Secretary, Miss Emma O'Connell; Treasurer, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell; Rev. Father McGrath.

MISSION NO. 6 meets on the fourth Thursdays of each month at 816 St. Lawrence Street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; J. J. O'Connell, Vice-President; James J. O'Connell, Sec.; James J. O'Connell, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Recording Secretary, 1000 St. Denis Street.

CANADA, BRANCH No. 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Monday of each month. Officers: J. J. O'Connell, President; J. J. O'Connell, Vice-President; J. J. O'Connell, Sec.; J. J. O'Connell, Treasurer; J. J. O'Connell, Recording Secretary; J. J. O'Connell, Secretary; J. J. O'Connell, Rev. Father McGrath.

At the meeting of the Congregation to-day Cardinal Satolli asked when the conclave would be opened. Cardinal Oreglia replied that he thought that on the evening of Friday, July 31, all the cardinals might enter their cells and be ready for the first meeting of the conclave.

How does the correspondent know that this conversation took place? He has absolutely no proof of it; yet he can safely rely upon the fact that no person else has any proof to the contrary, and the mem-

The True Witness



Witness

Vol. LIII., No. 4

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & C. CO., Limited, 250 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1135. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance. All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & C. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1135.

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.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE PRESS AND CONCLAVE.

Now that the great Pontiff is dead and buried and that the representatives of the press have no more occasion to invent sick-room scenes, they turn their attention to the coming conclave. Already have they canvassed in every sense the views, opinions, aims, aspirations, ambitions, jealousies, conspiracies, plots, combinations, external and internal disputes, international interferences, foreign influences, and every imaginable fiction that might closely or remotely be associated in their minds with the election of a Pope. It is quite probable that some one of them will climb up to the roof of the edifice and finding his way down the chimney hear the deliberations of the members of the conclave, note the proceedings and tell the entire world all that is going on within the walled enclosure. Already it is amusing to note the comments of the press; they are so precise, are drawn from such authentic sources, and are believed by two-thirds of the readers throughout the world. About one of the sagest comments upon the entire situation—and one that is the more remarkable as it comes from the non-Catholic press and stands out in contrast with thousand of others scattered over the world—is made by the Montreal "Gazette." In referring to the coming election the "Gazette" says:—

"The cardinals now assembled at Rome are men, moved by the weaknesses of men. There is no doubt rivalry among them as to which will be selected to sit in Peter's chair as head of the Roman Catholic communion and wear the honors and do the work pertaining to that unique position. But there is also wisdom and prudence among them, and their hopes and fears are not made public through the news correspondents. The ablest Cardinal may not be selected. A safe and prudent man is sometimes preferred to one of conspicuous strength; but whoever is chosen will be a man of capacity, and no ecclesiastic from this continent will have more than his vote to influence the selection."

Naturally men have the feelings and impulses of men; but in this case all such merely human inclinations are strictly subservient to the grand conception of a guidance of the Holy Ghost and a perfect submission to His controlling Hand. The "Gazette" says truly that "their hopes and their fears are not made public through the news correspondents." That is the point upon which we are most desirous of dwelling. No report, then, by a press correspondent need be considered in any other light than that of guess-work.

We have before us a lengthy correspondence that bears the date line of "Rome, July 24," on the very face of which we read "invented for the occasion." In one section of it we are told that:—

"At the meeting of the Congregation to-day Cardinal Satolli asked when the conclave would be opened. Cardinal Oreglia replied that he thought that on the evening of Friday, July 31, all the cardinals might enter their cells and be ready for the first meeting of the conclave."

How does the correspondent know that this conversation took place? He has absolutely no proof of it; yet he can safely rely upon the fact that no person else has any proof to the contrary, and the mem-

bers of the Congregation are too much occupied with the important matters before them to pay any attention to much less to contradict such stories. Then he tells of a drive that Cardinal Oreglia took through the Papal gardens, the surprise of the workmen to see the Papal carriage out and the displeasure of the Cardinal at something or other. Just as if the correspondent could know anything about it, even were such the case. He cannot claim that he had a seat in the carriage or that he had been admitted to the gardens. Then he says:—

"The Camerlengo did not appear to be satisfied with what he saw. He shook his head, exclaiming dismally: What decay; what neglect. I could not remain shut up in this melancholy place. I should die in a year."

Just as false as all the rest. Does he pretend that in all those years of close touch with Leo XIII. Cardinal Oreglia never saw the Vatican gardens, until the Pope died and he got a chance to have a ride in his carriage? The very words he puts into the mouth of the Cardinal are too clearly intended to serve as the basis of some fictitious story regarding the relations of the Quirinal and the Vatican. But he forgets that the world has long since been aware that no spot, of equal size, on earth, ever received such close attention as has the Pope's garden. It is a clumsy piece of invention at best.

The New York "Tribune" sets forth the situation as it is, and then spoils its own truthful remarks by falling back upon the press despatches to show that what is known to be the case is not so. Here is how it opens its article:—

"From one point of view a Papal Conclave should of all gatherings be most free from external, political and sordid influences. The venerable princes of the Church are shut in in the historic temple appointed for the purpose alone with themselves and their God. They are not in communication with the outside world. They are not supposed to be subject to its sway. They are theoretically waiting before the altar for Divine guidance in the choice of a new Vicegerent of God on earth."

Quite correct; and if it only stopped here the article would be perfect. But it adds:—

"So much for the theory. In practice the case is far different. Our despatches from Rome and other capitals for days past have been filled with reports of what amounts substantially to 'electioneering' in the Sacred College, and of the bringing to bear of all sorts of influences upon the ballotings of the cardinals. There are candidates well known in advance. There are factions in the college, and even talk of combinations and 'deals.' Nor are these entirely or chiefly of domestic and ecclesiastical origin. Civil politics plays a large part, and even the politics of non-Catholic powers."

Here the work of the press-man comes in. That which is theory to the "Tribune," is in reality both theory and practice. But sensational journalism could not allow it to go at that; so the second explanation must be invented in order to keep up the steam. The question of the veto right, claimed to be enjoyed by France, Spain, Austria, and possibly other lands, has stirred up considerable comment. However, one of our American contemporaries

answers this in a brief and clear manner, as follows:—

"A deal of nonsense is going the rounds of the press relative to the so-called right of veto in the Papal conclave. Shortly after his accession to the Papacy, Leo made clear and final the position of the Holy See with regard to this alleged prerogative. Nowhere is there evidence that any Supreme Pontiff ratified officially the usage of any such right. In the absence of any decree or bull the contention arises from a misconception of the privilege allowed Catholic powers which rallied to the support of the temporalities of the Church during the wars of the Middle Ages. So far from being explicitly defined in any treaty or concordat the concession was made only in recognition of valuable service rendered in defense of the temporal dominions of the Pope. As such protection has ceased so does the claim to special prerogative. It will become even more professedly Catholic powers to revive the contention when in the hour of the Church's trial, these selfish powers refused individual and concerted action to safeguard the patrimony of Peter. If custom ever tolerated any concession the traditions of the past 20 years relieve the aforesaid governments of any embarrassment in the choice of a successor to the Papal Chair. Permitting and recognizing the invasion of the Papal States by the usurper King of Italy, the governments of Europe disqualified themselves from exercising any influence in the conclave. Then and there the contention to veto lapsed."

TROUBLES OF MILLIONAIRES.

In one of our American contemporaries we find this note:—

"Now it is asserted that the great John Rockefeller will wage war on saloons that threaten to locate in the vicinity of his Standard Oil University. When the whisky devil and the Prince of Oil clutch their trusty blades, the nations may well stand amazed. Soon will resound the crunch of shivered mail and shattered skulls."

Since this was published there is another piece of news about the same Mr. Rockefeller. On the 23rd July, instant, on Wall street, that gentleman lost millions in one sweep, through a slump in stocks, a crash that he had not anticipated.

A DESERVED RECOGNITION.

Already we have spoken of the pension accorded by the British Government to Mr. Justin McCarthy, the eminent journalist, correspondent, and Nationalist politician. It is always a source of pleasure to note the approval of others in matters of this kind, and we consequently reproduce a comment from an Irish Catholic organ of the old country. It will be remarked that a distinction is drawn between a litterateur and a high official, and we think the point is well taken. The comment is this:—

"Every Irishman, and we hardly doubt, every Englishman, will approve of the pension granted from the Civil List to Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Parnell's lieutenant in the old days, and his successor in the lead of the Home Rule majority. Of course, the grant is made solely on account of Mr. McCarthy's literary achievements, which have been great. We fancy the best of his works is the 'History of the Four Georges,' though as to that opinions may differ. The amount of the pension is more than usually large, namely, two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, but considering the pensions given for non-literary work under Government, such as those given to the Secretary of State on retirement, which runs to as much as several thousands a year, literature shows up badly in monetary fruits, speaking from the national point of view. More considered a Secretary of State in retirement than any sick lion of letters. But so it always was, and for a long time, at least, will be. Besides it must be remembered Mr. McCarthy is still useful, whilst retired Ministers are generally useless when their one occupation's gone."

It would be to the credit of every government in the world if, instead of bestowing pensions on those who have done absolutely nothing for the

country, they were to encourage art, science and letters after the example of the British Government in Mr. McCarthy's case. In fact, we hope that this is merely a precedent and that the Government of Great Britain will extend its generosity to other very deserving writers, whose works have helped to build up the literature of the language and whose remunerations have been far below their merits and their needs. In truth, even though this is a young country, still our Canadian Government might wisely take a leaf from the same book. It would tend to encourage men and women in a field for which their aptitudes fit them, but in which they cannot labor on account of a lack of remuneration.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

The secular press of the city has been elaborate in its reports, interviews, sketches and remarks concerning Rev. R. J. Campbell, the youthful successor of the late Rev. Dr. Parker, at the Temple in London. This young preacher has been taking a flying trip over this continent, and he speaks of it, in all its phases, as though he had lived here twenty years. This may be either an evidence of his exceptional powers of observation and expression, or it may be another illustration of that class of knowledge which in the majority of hurried travellers is merely superficial. In his run from Toronto to Montreal he has found the country much to his liking, and has said:

"I have rarely seen a more smiling landscape. The farms between Toronto and Montreal are cultivated as farms should be cultivated; there were no ragged ends. It seems to me that the future is only just opening up for Canadians; undreamed of resources are about to be exploited. I am going back to England with the firm intention of preaching 'Go to Canada.'"

This will be delightful news for the inhabitants of the great metropolis, and will constitute a pleasant memory, of freedom and vast expanses, for himself when walled up in that great prison of a city. He also remarked that it was greatly to our credit, and no doubt much to our profit that the two races should live in harmony, side by side. When he was in South Africa during the war, he remarked that he met the Canadian contingent, among others, and whatever we might think about the war, its cause, and result, it was a wonderful thing that a Canadian contingent going to the help of the Mother Country should include men of two races and two tongues.

This was a kindly and appropriate expression.

However, we are more interested in Mr. Campbell's views concerning such questions as the Education Act in England, for with these he is familiar, or should be so. Of course, he sees that Act through Nonconformist glasses, and naturally we are not in harmony with his views. He tells us that he objects to the Act for many reasons, and amongst them he gives exactly those which were advanced by the Nonconformist opponents of the measure in every one of its stages. These five objections were set forth by him in an interview and as they indirectly touch on a question of paramount interest to us in Canada, we reproduce them, as given in Rev. Mr. Campbell's words:—

"1. It destroys the School Boards, which for thirty years have commended themselves to the British public as the most efficient instrument of primary education. They have had the great advantage, too, of being in close touch with the people, and the people have shown great interest in them. They were publicly managed, and, of course, supported from the public purse. Under the new Act they will continue, but under a new educational authority, not elected primarily for educational purposes at all, but for municipal purposes. We are amazed that any Government should think of destroying a system so popular and effective as this has proved.

"2. We object to the new Act because it has placed denominational schools entirely on the public purse, while allowing private management

to control. This means that in 8,000 parishes in our country the only available elementary school will be a Church of England or Roman Catholic denominational school, privately managed, but publicly paid for.

"3. Nonconformists oppose the Act because of its injustice to the Nonconformist teacher. This act will operate in such a way that in more than one-half the elementary schools of the country no Nonconformist will be eligible for a headmastership. And yet these schools will be entirely supported by public money.

"4. The Act perpetuates a grievance which Nonconformists have felt for many years, viz., the unfair pressure brought to bear upon Nonconformist children by Anglican denominational schools. The atmosphere is episcopalian, and although a conscience clause exists, by which Nonconformist children may be withdrawn from the Anglican religious instruction which is given, it is difficult to put it in force. In rural districts the child whose parents refuse to permit him to receive such instruction is often marked as a sort of black sheep and made to feel a culprit. The Act, by giving these schools free access to the public purse, perpetuates this system.

"5. But most of all non-Conformists object to the Act because they will themselves be rated to pay for these schools. That is, we shall be taxed for the maintenance of a system of religious instruction in which we do not believe and against which our very existence as Nonconformists is a standing protest."

THIS APPEARS A STRONG CASE.

This is in one sense what Catholics have been claiming for long generations in England and what the Nonconformist refused them. This is what lies at the bottom of the Separate School Question in the United States, and what the Protestant element would never recognize. This is what we asked for in the matter of the Catholic schools in Manitoba and what an "Equal Rights" set of advocates considered preparations. The Rev. Mr. Campbell and his friends object to pay any of the general tax for educational purposes, because the Catholic and Anglican schools are to receive aid from the State. From time immemorial the Catholics have been not only paying their share of the taxes, but have actually been receiving no benefit at all. They were placed in the dilemma of supporting their own schools and the Public Schools at the same time, or else of sending their children to be educated where there would be inculcated principles contrary to their religious teachings. Worse still; in England and in Ireland for long generations the Catholics had not even the privilege of supporting schools of their own, nor of having any at all. This reign of injustice is drawing to a close and yet this Rev. Minister and his friends would have it perpetuated. And yet the cases are not exactly analogous. There is no comparison between the disabilities under which the Catholics suffered and certain inconveniences that Nonconformists may experience under the new Act. The whole story is one of "whose toes are trod upon." There is little or no sympathy for the Catholic under an oppressive rule of government. He is expected to stand it with a smile and be grateful that he is allowed to live. But stern revolt comes when the non-Catholic has not got everything his own way.

to control. This means that in 8,000 parishes in our country the only available elementary school will be a Church of England or Roman Catholic denominational school, privately managed, but publicly paid for.

"3. Nonconformists oppose the Act because of its injustice to the Nonconformist teacher. This act will operate in such a way that in more than one-half the elementary schools of the country no Nonconformist will be eligible for a headmastership. And yet these schools will be entirely supported by public money.

"4. The Act perpetuates a grievance which Nonconformists have felt for many years, viz., the unfair pressure brought to bear upon Nonconformist children by Anglican denominational schools. The atmosphere is episcopalian, and although a conscience clause exists, by which Nonconformist children may be withdrawn from the Anglican religious instruction which is given, it is difficult to put it in force. In rural districts the child whose parents refuse to permit him to receive such instruction is often marked as a sort of black sheep and made to feel a culprit. The Act, by giving these schools free access to the public purse, perpetuates this system.

"5. But most of all non-Conformists object to the Act because they will themselves be rated to pay for these schools. That is, we shall be taxed for the maintenance of a system of religious instruction in which we do not believe and against which our very existence as Nonconformists is a standing protest."

Grand Annual Excursion

To LAKE ST. PETER, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY

MONDAY, August 3rd, 1903.

Str. BEAUPRE (formerly Montreal) will leave Victoria Pier at 1.30 P.M. SHARP. Progressive Euchre Party and Concert on board. Special Ticket for Euchre Party can be had on Steamer day of Excursion. CASEY'S ORCHESTRA has been engaged. REFRESHMENTS AT CITY FAIRIS. Tickets—Adults - - - 50c Children - - - 25c JNO. P. GUNNING, Secretary.

Pastoral Letters On Death of His Holiness The Pope.

ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

PAUL BRUCHESI, by the Grace of God, and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Montreal.

To the Clergy, secular and regular, to the religious communities, and to all the faithful of our diocese, health, peace and benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Archiepiscopal Palace, Montreal, 20th July, 1902.

Dearly beloved Brethren,

The fatal tidings which we have dreaded during the past few days have just reached us; Leo XIII. is dead. How deeply we are pained in heart by those words. The very moment we are penning them the funeral knell which resounds in the air is tolling from the bellfries of all the churches of Montreal.

What a contrast with the triumphant acclamations which we heard about the same hour in St. Peter's Basilica on the 20th of February 1878. The newly elected successor of Pius IX. then made his appearance before 50,000 people and imparted his first blessing to Rome and the world at large. What rejoicing! What transports of rejoicing! What transports of delight! What heartfelt manifestations of piety! What ardent wishes of longevity for him whom the Holy Ghost had selected for the Supreme Head of the Church! That ever memorable event has remained engraved on the tablets of memory as one of the sweetest of our life. We assisted at the inauguration of a reign not less glorious than fertile in works, a reign the duration of which, by an act of divine goodness, has transcended our most sanguine expectations.

Twenty-five years have elapsed, and now the magnificent reign is closed. The voice of the great Pope is silent, his hands will impart blessings no more. The Pontifical throne is vacant, the Vatican is described because its King is gone; and our bells interpreting by their sad and mournful tones the language of universal sorrow proclaim aloud that the Church is a widow, and that the Catholic people are bereft of their father.

True such a great loss should not have surprised us. How could the Venerable Sire of ninety four conquer the grave illness which had befallen him? Nevertheless his struggle with death bordered on the prodigious. The entire world followed its every phase, its minutest detail with an interest and a hope which bespoke the love and veneration in which he was held. Skilled physicians employed all the resources of their art. It seemed to them that to prolong his precious life for a few years or even for a few weeks was a holy work of which the Church might benefit immensely.

We hoped against hope. From every corner of the globe the fervent prayers of millions of souls ascended to the throne of the Most High. They solicited perhaps a miracle. Perhaps was it not rather a continuation of the miracle which has elicited the admiration of the world for so many years?

Though Leo XIII had already accomplished great things it seemed as if he was to behold with his own eyes the triumph of his goodness which nothing had been able to weary and of his gentleness which remained divinely serene in spite of the severe ordeals through which his soul had passed. Such was his earnest desire. Mindful of the words of the words of Our Lord about the Apostle Saint John we might beseech the Master to leave his faithful servant upon earth till the hour marked for His divine intervention in behalf of the desolate Church. The Master had His own secret designs. He wished that affliction and charity should sanctify the last days of Leo XIII, and so they were. Affliction and charity did indeed fill the heart of our great Pope from the beginning of the sad persecution of those admirable religious congregations with whose cause he had identified himself.

The persecutors belonged to the nation which of all others had been the constant object of his solicitude and tenderness. He condemned, he deplored their nefarious deeds; but he ever loved the nation itself, France, and he was always confident that it would return to a sense of duty and continue the traditions of its glorious past. We are sure that he thought of France till the end. He never spoke of it but in the kindest and gentlest of terms. He preferred to drink the bitter chalice to the dregs rather than do anything that might lead to a deplorable rupture between the Church and her eldest daughter; and he went to Heaven bearing with him the hope of contemplating from on high the triumph of virtue, justice and liberty, which it was not given him to contemplate here below. A beautiful, a precious death, a worthy echo of a grand life. Leo XIII. was without the shadow of a doubt the most prominent figure of the age and this affirmation is the recapitulation of the testimonies which all have rendered to his memory.

His influence upon society, the rulers of nations, the clergy, the monastic Orders, the laboring classes, the sciences and literature has been unparalleled and Catholics are not the only ones to endorse this statement. We cannot read without emotion the homages which have been paid him by the ministers of other religions and by the non-Catholic press of our country as well as of that of England, Germany and elsewhere. Everywhere it is felt that a great man has just disappeared from the scene of this world.

Whole libraries might be filled with the volumes which have been already published to narrate his deeds, to study and comment his writings. The Encyclicals which he has issued during the past twenty-five years will be reckoned amongst the finest doctrinal and literary monuments of the Papacy. They are like special codes resuming the teachings of the past on questions of faith or morality, of exegesis, of domestic or public economy and pointing out to man his important duties, according to his condition in life. They contain the secret of true happiness for families and for society. They will be a luminous and beneficent beacon for this twentieth century into which we have entered.

What has not been said about our illustrious Pontiff? Men of the highest authority and the most brilliant writers have praised his profound knowledge, his love of literature, his marvellous activity, his broad-minded diplomacy and his skilful combinations; his unflinching loyalty to doctrine in its entirety, his toleration for persons and his flexibility in the solution of the most delicate problems; his firmness of character and his patience amidst the events and acts which would impede the realization of his projects. But what has not been sufficiently remarked and what we desire to proclaim here is that Leo XIII. was above all a man of prayer.

It may be said that his life was spent in prayer and that is the secret of his numberless works and of the success with which they were crowned. Those who have had the honor of assisting or serving him know that the best hours, the long hours, the days, during which the most weighty affairs engaged his attention, were consecrated by meditation, the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, thanksgiving, the recitation of the Rosary and by sweet communion with Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother. He loved knowledge but he loved piety more; that piety of which St. Paul said: "It is profitable to all things having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

What has he not done to remind our age of the immortal lessons of the seraphic Mendicant of Assisi which it had forgotten and to urge the masses to be enrolled under his sacred banner. Did he not place in the hands of all Catholics the omnipotent weapon of the Rosary, and year after year did he not love to treat in language, ever increasing in pathos, of the greatness and the goodness of Mary. Did he not officially and solemnly consecrate the whole world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and did he not reserve for himself the honor of composing the admirable formula of that consecration?

We must not enlarge further on the subject, but those religious acts which we have just mentioned suffice to reveal the intimate sentiments of Leo XIII. and to justify the title of a man of prayer which we have given him.

No wonder then that piety with all its consolations and charms embalm the last days and the dying moments of our Pontiff. What courage amidst his sufferings, what calm at the approach of death, what perfect submission to the will of God. He was told one day that he might recover; he was ready, he said, to resume his heavy burden. He felt

his strength failing him; he said he was ready to go: "I am conscious, said he, that I have done my duty," and he centered all his thoughts upon the eternity which awaited him. He received the last sacraments with that lively faith which he had enjoined on others, strove to gain all the indulgences which the Church possesses in her treasury, begged that the Mass should be offered in his presence, near his sick bed, invoked with all his heart the Virgin of Carmel and asked for a last absolution that his soul might be still more purified. Venerable Patriarch of the New Law he blessed the Cardinals and the other prelates who surrounded him on bended knees, after which he resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker. It has been said: "He died like a great man;" let us say rather than he died like a just man, as a true priest should die, and we have only to repeat with the inspired penman: "Blessed they who thus die in the Lord." Dearly beloved brethren, filial duty and gratitude impose upon us a duty which we must fulfil. Priests and people, it will be a consolation for you all to discharge this debt in union with us. Consequently we enact what follows:

1.—Tuesday next, July 28th, at nine o'clock, we shall sing a solemn service in our Cathedral for the repose of the soul of Leo XIII. We hope the faithful will assist in large numbers. The clergy are especially invited to attend and the religious communities are requested to send their representatives.

2.—Thursday, July 30th, a service shall be chanted in all the churches of the archdiocese, at the hour which will be judged most suitable. A Low Mass shall be said in our religious houses where a solemn Mass will be impracticable. On the eve of those different services, at 7 p.m., in all the churches, the bells shall be tolled during the space of one hour.

3.—Priests must omit the name of the Pope at the Canon of the Mass and his prayer at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

4.—At the Mass, the prayer de Mandato for the Pope shall be replaced by the prayer Pro Eligendo Summo Pontifice, until the election of Leo's successor.

5.—Finally, we exhort you, dearly beloved brethren, to receive Holy Communion, to recite the beads, to assist at the Masses which will be celebrated in your respective parish churches. You will have only to follow the inspiration of your Catholic hearts.

Soon the conclave will be open and another Pope will be elected. Pending the election of God's choice, we love to repeat for the Father whom we have lost the beautiful prayer of the Church: O God, who by an ineffable design of thy Providence wast pleased to place thy servant Leo among the number of thy sovereign priests, grant, we beseech thee, that he who upon earth held the place of thy Son may be admitted into the society of thy holy Pontiffs.

The present Pastoral Letter shall be read and published at the parochial Mass in all the churches and chapels of the diocese, wherein divine service is held, and in chapter to the religious communities, the first Sunday following its reception.

Given at Montreal, under our hand and seal and the counter-sign of our chancellor, the 20th of July, 1903.

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.
By order of His Grace, the Arch.,
EMILE ROY, priest,
Chancellor.

ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC. — Leaving aside all the special regulations, which apply to the diocese of Quebec regarding the ceremonies and prayers and various observances ordered for the occasion, and leaving aside the introductory remarks which simply state the fact of the Pontiff's death, and the duty for all Catholics to unite with the Church in her sorrow, the pastoral letter of His Grace, Archbishop Begin, contains the following passages, which we translate:—

"It is not our intention to here present you with a lengthy eulogy of the illustrious aged man whom Heaven has just snatched from our universal affection and admiration; such a life could not be condensed into the space of a pastoral letter. Scarcely am I enabled to set before your gaze the leading traits of that imposing figure whose grandeur and majesty dominated so wonderfully the second half of the nineteenth century.

Leo XIII. was the man chosen by God to demonstrate to the world, despite the evil times of the hour, the incomparable vitality of the Church and her invincible power. And he gave that demonstration in such a manner as to win the esteem and support not only of all Catho-

lics, but even of our separate brethren.

"He leaves behind a doctrinal work that is immense and worthy of the most glorious ages of Christianity. His Encyclicals are veritable treatises whence future generations will copiously draw the most precious treasures of sacred knowledge. Philosophy, theology, history, Holy Writ, social and labor questions, he has touched upon almost all subjects, solved all these problems, and carried light into even the most remote regions of human duty. One of his most beautiful titles to glory will be his having restored in honor in all Catholic schools, the teachings of the Angelic doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas; teachings so solid, so safe, so much in accord with the sublimity of our Faith and the aspirations of our reason, so suited, also, to supply the arms required to combat modern error.

"Thanks to this powerful impetus given by Leo XIII. to religious sciences, thanks to his name, to the ardor and activity of his charity for souls, we have beheld, between the Church of Rome and the dissentient Churches of East and West, established currents of sympathy which give us reason to hope, in a near future, for a realization complete of the Divine expression "one fold and one shepherd." No doubt many prejudices still remain to be dissipated, many errors to be combated; but it would seem as if we had entered upon a new era of tranquility. The Catholic Church is better known, better appreciated, better understood. The Pontifical letters to the Bishops of the Orient, of England, of Scotland, of America, commence to bear fruits as consoling for the Church as they are creditable to their author.

"What has Leo XIII. not done to extend the spiritual Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and assure to the Church her just share of influence in the government of human affairs? As Pius IX. had displayed zeal in maintaining intact Catholic Truth against the pretensions of false science and the attacks of the impious, so his successor devoted his efforts to the important work of social regeneration. Immutability on the basis of principle, defending the right and justice, he applied himself in a most skillful manner to the restoration, or the consolidation of that harmony which should obtain between the Church and the State. Education principally, a cause so dear to his heart, was the object of his solicitude, and he neglected nothing to place the Catholic youth of all lands under shelter from the dangers that spring from the neutral school. Canada also, which owes to him the signal honor of the first Canadian Cardinal, can never forget that other memorable benefaction of the Encyclical 'Affari vos,' wherein Catholic principles in educational matters are so clearly defined.

"Amidst so many works, and occupations of all kinds, Leo XIII. never lost sight of the pious undertakings and salutary devotions so necessary to Catholic zeal in the work of salvation of human souls. He blessed them, he encouraged them. With what touching piety, with what accents of faith and love did he not preconize the culte of the Most Blessed Virgin, exalt her goodness, her power, her grandeur and prompt the people of Canada to implore her assistance. No Pope ever contributed more than Leo XIII. to have Mary loved, and to encourage the faithful to the devotion of the Holy Rosary.

"Nothing escaped his glance; he had an eye upon all our needs; his heart bled at the recital of all misfortunes; his intellect, vast as the world, was ceaselessly engendering generous ideas and conceptions, calculated to procure the glory of God, the good and happiness of the peoples, the maintenance of peace, the triumph of justice and true liberty. God had endowed him with a universal genius.

"Fos is it, as for all Catholics, a filial duty to send up to the throne of the Most High, most ardent prayers, that the soul of our lamented Father and Pontiff be received as soon as possible, if it be not already received, into the society of the saints and the company of the Divine Savior whose faithful and devoted Vicar he had been on earth. Let us pray for the repose of the soul of His Holiness Leo XIII. Let us pray also for the Church that she may happily pass through those times of tears and mourning, and that a new Moses, according to the heart of God, may arise soon to assuage our sorrow and to frustrate the efforts of Satan and of Hell."

Catholicity In Australia.

It is quite clear that in the Australian colonies Catholicity is making splendid progress in every direction, and not a small share of the credit is due to His Eminence Cardinal Moran and the splendid phalanx of Bishops and priests that he commands. We might take a hurried glance at some of the movements connected with the Church in that far off land, and learn therefrom the lesson that all energetic and worthy efforts teach. In regard to the establishment of clubs for boys and men, we find the following interesting item in one of our Australian exchanges:—

"At a representative meeting of the Catholic laity, held in the Central Club rooms, Melbourne, His Grace the Archbishop presided, and the questions of ways and means with regard to the proposed Cathedral Hall was discussed. A statement of receipts and expenditure was presented, which showed that the sum of £4,117 8s 10d had been subscribed up to date, and the debit balance amounted to about £3,000. The estimated cost of the hall would be over £5,000. It was unanimously decided to proceed with the erection of the hall as soon as possible. In reply to Mr. Slattery, His Grace the Archbishop said that non-Catholics would be admitted to the club rooms. The announcement was received with applause. His Grace briefly outlined the aims and objects of the club rooms. The boys would be instructed and provided with suitable recreation, and nothing left undone to make the club rooms as attractive as possible to the young people of both sexes. In regard to the men's club, literary and social advantages would be placed within the reach of the members who would have the privilege of introducing country friends as honorary members of the club."

Elsewhere we learn that the Redemptorist Fathers are erecting a monastery in North Perth, and that already the walls are up to their full weight, and the roof is almost completed. The success that the Redemptorists have had in Australia is of the same character as that which attends their labors in every other section of the world. We, in Canada, have a practical test of the great influence for good that this grand order possesses and we are, therefore, the more confident that in the antipodes the same success will attend their work.

The Christian Brothers also have found their way to Australia and are there emulating the members of their splendid community in every other civilized land. Bishop Gibney has established many monumental records of a life given to philanthropy, but none transcend Clontarf, the magnificent edifice devoted to the upbringing of neglected boys, which he has erected at a cost of over ten thousand pounds, at a charming site on the Canning River. The interior of the building is handsomely decorated and fully equipped, and in keeping with its striking exterior. There is not a finer educational institution from an architectural or a scenic point of view, to be found in Western Australia. It is devoted purely to neglected children whom the Bishop educates, boards and clothes, for an average annual fee from the State of twenty pounds per head. The Christian Brothers have the charge of this institution.

As so many friends and admirers of the Brothers read our paper, it might not be too much if we clip the following detailed account of their work and its success, from the "W. A. Record," the Catholic organ of that section of Australia.

"It is not, however, so generally known that the brotherhood is controlling the school at Clontarf, where the best skill of the Brothers is freely placed at the service of lads whose upbringing has not been of the strictest. Brother Ryan, who is in charge at the school, is celebrated for his erudition, and it would be an anomaly in any other body but a Catholic brotherhood for so eminent a scholar to be attached to the class of work which he now controls. But a desire to further the interests of the Church and a loyal obedience to his superior's will are ever distinguishing features of members of Catholic brotherhoods. One, therefore, is not a whit surprised to find Brother Ryan and his colleagues as happily engaged in educating the wards of the State committed to their charge from the police court

as they would be in training the sons of the most affluent in the land. Clontarf is undoubtedly a splendidly built and equipped institution. The rooms are capacious and beautifully finished. Interior arrangements are excellent, from the bathrooms—where the new arrivals are first introduced to the establishment through the medium of a hot bath—to the dormitories, where they sleep comfortably on beautiful beds. At present there are 104 boys in the school, which is in consequence just comfortably filled. Their management and care does not seem to worry Brother Ryan. Himself and two other brothers constitute the staff, and he considers they are sufficient for the supervision of such a large number. The matron, Mrs. Kay, who is as good as a mother to the boys, and a cook complete the establishment.

"Brother Ryan is a delightful optimist. He considers the boys are just as good as any other people's boys. They had only been a little wild, he considered, and were easily made amenable to the influences which surrounded them at Clontarf. "The Catholic Church has never joined hands with the loafer and the improvident. The virtue of work is placed co-equal with the virtue of prayer. Plenty of suitable work is found for the lads at Clontarf, and an inspection of the garden reveals the fact that they have been effectively employed. When Brother Ryan took charge in September, 1901, the nine acres of rich swamp land—which are a feature of the institution—were almost hopelessly wild. The soil was knitted over with vigorous growths of couch grass, bullrushes held sway in many places, while the absence of adequate drainage conveniences made the land sour and unprofitable. All this today is changed. Brother Ryan and his boys have won the mastery over the weeds, and the natty rows of calabages and other vegetables give promise that the land will be put to beneficial use. The boys are taught to work in the garden, to milk, to handle horses, to bake, to kill a sheep, and generally to do that which will make them an acquisition to employers of agricultural labor. All the bread used at Clontarf is baked by the boys in huge ovens, and two sheep are slaughtered a day by wards of the institution.

"The Brothers exercise the keenest interest on behalf of their wards. They not only give them a scholastic and practical education of great value, but they also put them in the way of saving money. A smart lad of fifteen is considered by Brother Ryan to be competent to take service with an approved master, and here it may be remarked the demand for the boys far exceeds the supply. If the boy is hired out for four years his remuneration is fixed at £12, £15, £18, and £21 for each of the years respectively. The money is collected by Brother Ryan and banked to the lad's credit in the Savings Bank. At the close of his period of service the boy has thus a substantial start in life. I heard of cases where, under these circumstances, boys had prospered, and the cheering feature of their conduct from Brother Ryan's point of view was that they had remained loyal Catholics and became useful and well behaved members of society.

"No account of Clontarf would be complete without some reference to its princely benefactor, Bishop Gibney. Where there are neglected children to be educated and trained, where there is sickness and disease to be combated by patient nursing, or where human frailties leave numbers of unfortunates distressed in our streets or in our slums, there the Catholic Bishop of Perth has spent his own money to provide the necessary establishments in which betterment and relief can be provided. The deep sympathy which Dr. Gibney bears for all sections of suffering humanity can be measured to some extent by the noble endowments of land and money which he has bestowed for their relief. From Albany to Beagle Bay, Western Australia is studded with institutions erected and maintained by Bishop Gibney at great expense for the benefit and elevation of various classes of society. The good which he has unostentatiously performed is immeasurable, the example which he has set the whole community one which can well be imitated."

STRUCK OIL.

A great oil well was struck on the Charles Moyer farm, 1 1/2 miles near Ohio City, O., recently. At a depth of 1,212 feet sand was tapped and at 30 feet in the sand the drill stem fell in a crevice and oil began to flow at a terrific rate. It is estimated it will make 1,000 barrels a day. There were no tanks up yet and much oil is being wasted. The lease is owned by the Knob Oil Company if Deshler, O. Thousands of people are viewing the well.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

PUBLIC HONESTY very false idea that days to the effect that morality and honesty in private life is a how these principles public life. It is a cheat your neighbor from him, but it is of extra ability and rob the public and tion, wealth, or honest false pretences. If you and false principle condemnation it was words pronounced, in dress by Secretary M America's foremost p. The words of t are so very striking true that we will retire section of his spe with this subject. I words were these:—

"There is one quality and a hope above all others—a thousand t beyond all others—we very life insist, and t ity of public honesty. "There is no dishonesty so subtle, so dangerous, so fatal a betrayal of a public trust be great or not but believe that those who do the pe honest and true. If I wise I would despair

"But at intervals ulcer of corruption cities, in the States, When it betrays itself for surface treatment, must reach under ev root that each may cast away.

"Sometimes I seem deny to condone the who are guilty of t crimes, to set up in d government a standar not be tolerated in pri warning lest that the Let us not easily be which are made light be investigated with t tiality of a court of l offence be proved l of the people come lik bolt from on high. h hand of justice be st edicts tempered with mercy.

"We can forgive all show mercy to all ot but let the people say sin, unpardoned and here upon the earth, dishonesty of a public

If this language find in whatever cases the in his mind at the tim ering of his address nonetheless exactly in and in every condition Here in Canada, in ou our city; in matters of Provincial import; in municipal character; in cerns the public servic ministration of the af country, or those of a improvement, for vigilan action on the part of free from the taint of esty. They are the gu public interest, for it and they should consic their duty to assist in ing out all manner of other public dishonest people have the votes, power, to drive from those who are known direction—and it is the duty to do so.

AFTER DEATH TH Newspaper fads seem come a necessity to-da that has nothing abso tional to give its read to find some means of tention, and the poor e his brains until he ha some fad that is likely morbid interest. Crem its course and it now ing new or startling; for the prolongation of thing of the past and hour of life, gone de tomb of the "lost arts, must be found to keep of morbid excitement. T "Evening Journal" has idea of advocating com mortems, and it elabo tem that would do cred able ghoul. It claims t human being dies this first thought in the m law-maker and of the be

Subscribe to the 'True Witness'

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

PUBLIC HONESTY.—There is a very false idea that prevails now-a-days to the effect that as long as morality and honesty are preserved in private life it does not matter how these principles are broken in public life.

There is one quality upon which, and a hope above and beyond all others—a thousand times above and beyond all others—we must for our very life insist, and that is the quality of public honesty.

There is no disease of the body politic so subtle, so powerful, so dangerous, so fatal as the corrupt betrayal of a public trust, whether the trust be great or small.

But at intervals the malignant ulcer of corruption appears in the cities, in the States, in the nation. When it betrays itself it is no time for surface treatment.

Sometimes I seem to see a tendency to condone the offence of those who are guilty of this crime of crimes, to set up in dealing with the government a standard which would not be tolerated in private life.

Let us not easily believe charges which are made lightly. Let them be investigated with the cold impartiality of a court of law, but if the offence be proved let the displeasure of the people come like a thunderbolt from on high.

We can forgive all else; we can show mercy to all other offenders, but let the people say that the one sin, unpardoned and unpardonable here upon the earth, shall be the dishonesty of a public servant.

In this language finds application in whatever cases the speaker had in his mind at the time of the delivering of his address, they apply nonetheless exactly in every land and in every condition of public life.

Here in Canada, in our province, in our city; in matters of Federal or Provincial import; in matters of a municipal character; in all that concerns the public service and the administration of the affairs of the country, or those of any section of the country, there is room for improvement, for vigilance, for honest action on the part of those who are free from the taint of public dishonesty.

After Death the Knife.—Newspaper fads seem to have become a necessity to-day. The paper that has nothing absolutely sensational to give its readers is bound to find some means of attracting attention, and the poor editor worries his brains until he has discovered some fad that is likely to awake a morbid interest.

Elgin, Ill., is as noted for its butter as for its watches. Last year the district of which it is the centre produced 45,121,360 pounds of butter valued at \$10,887,784.

Elgin, Ill., is as noted for its butter as for its watches. Last year the district of which it is the centre produced 45,121,360 pounds of butter valued at \$10,887,784.

Events in Ireland. The rather unseemly wrangle which took place in the Dublin Corporation on Monday on the question of presenting an address to the King on his approaching visit was not at all creditable to the section of professing Nationalists in that body who by hook or by crook are desirous of subverting their Nationalism to their flunkysism.

The rather unseemly wrangle which took place in the Dublin Corporation on Monday on the question of presenting an address to the King on his approaching visit was not at all creditable to the section of professing Nationalists in that body who by hook or by crook are desirous of subverting their Nationalism to their flunkysism.

The rather unseemly wrangle which took place in the Dublin Corporation on Monday on the question of presenting an address to the King on his approaching visit was not at all creditable to the section of professing Nationalists in that body who by hook or by crook are desirous of subverting their Nationalism to their flunkysism.

The rather unseemly wrangle which took place in the Dublin Corporation on Monday on the question of presenting an address to the King on his approaching visit was not at all creditable to the section of professing Nationalists in that body who by hook or by crook are desirous of subverting their Nationalism to their flunkysism.

FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The establishment within easy reach of New York of a municipal sanitarium for consumptives to accommodate 500 patients will be an advanced step by that city in dealing with dread tuberculosis.

Mr. Folks has just submitted to the board of estimates a comprehensive report on the subject, in which he strongly recommends the establishment of such an institution. With his report he submits the plans of two architect firms for such a sanitarium.

The first step Commissioner Folks took was to determine what would be the best location for such a hospital within easy reach of New York. After carefully examining the topography of the vicinity around New York, Mr. Folks is prepared to state that there can be found within a distance of 40 or 50 miles from New York a considerable number of sites, offering an elevation of from 600 to 1,000 feet, and in reasonable degree the other requirements or recommended at present.

Mr. Folks suggests that from 250 to 400 acres of land should be acquired. As to the general type of buildings required, Mr. Folks states that it will not be necessary to construct extensive structures for the patients. On this point he says:—

Cheap wooden structures for some of the patients and tent-cottages, such as have been constructed at the tuberculosis infirmary, connected with the Metropolitan Hospital, Blackwell's Island, are, probably, better suited to the needs of the patients, so far as dormitory purposes are concerned, than more expensive buildings.

In estimating broadly the cost for land, buildings and maintenance, the commissioner says the land can be bought for from \$25,000 to \$100,000; the buildings for \$450,000; maintenance, \$182,500 a year.

In view of the fact that the proposed sanitarium is to be for the treatment of cases in the early stages of the disease," the report says, "and as plenty of food, especially eggs and milk, is a necessary feature of the treatment I should estimate the cost per capita per diem at \$1, or the total for a year for an average of 500 patients of \$182,500. This amount might be reduced if sufficient land were provided, to permit the carrying on of dairying, poultry raising and vegetable and fruit raising on a considerable scale.

In this estimate I have taken the term maintenance as including the cost of food, clothing, bedding, salaries, medical supplies, light and fuel and ordinary repairs."

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Elgin, Ill., is as noted for its butter as for its watches. Last year the district of which it is the centre produced 45,121,360 pounds of butter valued at \$10,887,784.

EVENTS IN IRELAND.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—On this subject, the Belfast "Irish News" says:—

The rather unseemly wrangle which took place in the Dublin Corporation on Monday on the question of presenting an address to the King on his approaching visit was not at all creditable to the section of professing Nationalists in that body who by hook or by crook are desirous of subverting their Nationalism to their flunkysism.

The rather unseemly wrangle which took place in the Dublin Corporation on Monday on the question of presenting an address to the King on his approaching visit was not at all creditable to the section of professing Nationalists in that body who by hook or by crook are desirous of subverting their Nationalism to their flunkysism.

IRISH EXCHANGES.

IRISH exchanges to hand this week contain reports of the unveiling of a beautiful memorial cross to the late John Boyle O'Reilly, in Douth Churchyard, Drogheda, on a recent Sunday.

The cross is of Celtic design, resting on a plinth, in front of which is carved a life-like bust of the poet patriot in Carrara marble. At either side of the bust are symbolical figures representing Erin and Columbia, these figures rest on pedestals on which are engraved in high relief the Irish harp and the American eagle.

The monument, which stands some fourteen feet high, is a splendid example of Irish workmanship. The Rev. Father Anderson, O.S.A., upon whom devolved the task of drawing aside the veil which enshrouded the bust, said a pleasing duty was imposed on him—to unveil the monument erected to commemorate the heroism, the patriotism, and genius of one of Ireland's greatest and noblest sons.

It was a coincidence that his first appearance in public life as a fighting Irish priest was on a memorable occasion known to few of those who were listening to him to-day.

There were some present, however, who remembered that in the dock in Green street, in Dublin, a fearful calumny, the vilest possible to conceive, was flung against a body of men who combined together to free their native land and while in dungeon vile they were proclaimed to the whole world as assassins and cut-throats.

John Boyle O'Reilly was one of them. He (Father Anderson) was living in Dunganvar in those days, and he vowed there and then that if a chance offered the character of those men would be vindicated, and the day came, thank God, when their character was vindicated. The man who uttered the calumny was defeated at the poll at Dunganvar, despite all the horse, foot, and artillery which the Castle concentrated in his aid.

That was his (Father Anderson's) first entry into public life, and to-day he was honored by being asked to unveil the statue of a great and good Irish patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly.

Father Anderson then unveiled the statue amidst prolonged cheers. A meeting was subsequently held in a field close to Douth Castle, the birthplace of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The chair was occupied by the Mayor of Drogheda. Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P., said that on the monument of John Boyle O'Reilly might be inscribed the words, "I bear no hate to living things, but love my country above my King."

In these days when so many men who profess themselves to be Nationalists were standing by the King above their country it was well to see a man standing by the principles of John Boyle O'Reilly.

AT OMAGH.—The visit of an Irish American to Omagh, recently, is recorded in the following words in an exchange:—"The Honorable Mr. Gibbons and wife paid a passing visit to the new Church of the Sacred

their churches occupied by the stranger, that faith still survived, not in decay or weakness, but in strength and wealth and fruitful vigor. They had for centuries suffered, perhaps as no other people on the face of God's earth had suffered, so long and so merciless had their suffering been. But God at length began to reward them in the sight and in the estimation of all men. The ancient Faith had triumphed, and the ancient race was not gone yet.

A PERSONAL NOTE.—In the issue of July 17th, the "Roscommon Messenger" the following editorial reference is made to a well known and patriotic citizen of Montreal:—"Mr. Michael Fitzgibbon, brother to the popular Chairman of the County Council and Castlereagh Board of Guardians, made his annual trip to this country a few weeks ago from Montreal, and after visiting England and the continent in connection with his extensive business stores in Montreal, Canada, visited his relations in Castlereagh, which place he left on Tuesday evening on his return journey, and will sail from Queenstown this day (Saturday)."

Mr. Fitzgibbon is one of the leading citizens of Montreal where he is highly esteemed, not alone by his own countrymen whom he always takes a keen interest in, but by citizens of all classes who admire his many personal qualities and superior business capacity. He has taken a prominent part in all National movements in Canada and the States, where his name is a household word amongst all prominent Irishmen. He was accompanied on his return journey by his nephew, Mr. M. Fitzgibbon, Castlereagh. We wish both gentlemen a pleasant trip across the Atlantic.

IRISH EXCHANGES to hand this week contain reports of the unveiling of a beautiful memorial cross to the late John Boyle O'Reilly, in Douth Churchyard, Drogheda, on a recent Sunday.

The cross is of Celtic design, resting on a plinth, in front of which is carved a life-like bust of the poet patriot in Carrara marble. At either side of the bust are symbolical figures representing Erin and Columbia, these figures rest on pedestals on which are engraved in high relief the Irish harp and the American eagle.

The monument, which stands some fourteen feet high, is a splendid example of Irish workmanship. The Rev. Father Anderson, O.S.A., upon whom devolved the task of drawing aside the veil which enshrouded the bust, said a pleasing duty was imposed on him—to unveil the monument erected to commemorate the heroism, the patriotism, and genius of one of Ireland's greatest and noblest sons.

It was a coincidence that his first appearance in public life as a fighting Irish priest was on a memorable occasion known to few of those who were listening to him to-day.

There were some present, however, who remembered that in the dock in Green street, in Dublin, a fearful calumny, the vilest possible to conceive, was flung against a body of men who combined together to free their native land and while in dungeon vile they were proclaimed to the whole world as assassins and cut-throats.

John Boyle O'Reilly was one of them. He (Father Anderson) was living in Dunganvar in those days, and he vowed there and then that if a chance offered the character of those men would be vindicated, and the day came, thank God, when their character was vindicated. The man who uttered the calumny was defeated at the poll at Dunganvar, despite all the horse, foot, and artillery which the Castle concentrated in his aid.

That was his (Father Anderson's) first entry into public life, and to-day he was honored by being asked to unveil the statue of a great and good Irish patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly.

Father Anderson then unveiled the statue amidst prolonged cheers. A meeting was subsequently held in a field close to Douth Castle, the birthplace of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The chair was occupied by the Mayor of Drogheda. Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P., said that on the monument of John Boyle O'Reilly might be inscribed the words, "I bear no hate to living things, but love my country above my King."

In these days when so many men who profess themselves to be Nationalists were standing by the King above their country it was well to see a man standing by the principles of John Boyle O'Reilly.

AT OMAGH.—The visit of an Irish American to Omagh, recently, is recorded in the following words in an exchange:—"The Honorable Mr. Gibbons and wife paid a passing visit to the new Church of the Sacred

Heart, Omagh. Mr. Gibbons lives in New Orleans, and resembles his eminent brother, the Cardinal, in height and appearance. He was so much pleased with the church, whose second spire is just being completed, that he called on Monsignor M'Namee and congratulated him on having the "most tasteful" church in Ireland. He also added a handsome subscription as a testimony of his admiration, and said he was so much pleased with the beauty of the church that he would recommend it for assistance to some of his rich friends in New Orleans. This unsolicited compliment is highly appreciated by Monsignor M'Namee and the people of Omagh.

IDEA OF ARBITRATION

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Wonderful, indeed, how widespread the idea of international arbitration is becoming. If the idea assembly at the Hague turned out to be a mere theatrical display, we cannot affirm that it was devoid of results. The attention of the rulers of the different lands was brought forcibly to the possibility of some other means of arbitrating difficulties than by the old-time and barbaric method of arms.

While the King of England has been in Ireland on a mission of friendship and pacification, the cordial understanding between France and Great Britain, that received its initial impetus when the King visited Paris, and which received a second impulse when the President visited London, seems to have been gathering strength and momentum. Some seventy Senators and Deputies of France visited the Capital of Great Britain on the invitation of some British members of Parliament. They were right royally feasted. One of the leading Frenchmen in that excursion, Baron d'Estournelles, said:—"It is not an alliance between England and France, nor a settlement of the Egyptian question that we are after. Our aim is more modest, but not the less practical. We desire to propagate and encourage the idea of settling by means of arbitration all international difficulties, should war be declared between Russia and Japan it is scarcely likely that France would take any active part in the conflict, on the Russian side. No more would England help Japan, her treaty not obliging her to do so unless Japan had two countries to fight against. Thanks to the good relations existing between France and England, the neutrality of France would have for effect the abstention of England from any part in the war."

This language on the part of such a representative man indicates as we have said, how deeply rooted is becoming this idea of arbitration. This would almost lead in our own time to a realization of that day which Tennyson so graphically pictured, when he sang of a time

"When the war-drums beat no more, In the Parliament of men, And the battle flags are furled, The federation of the world."

And when that day does come, its advent will be hailed with expressions of joy interblended with gratitude to the memory of the great Pontiff Leo XIII., and such temporal rulers as Edward VII. who have harmonized with his conceptions of Peace.

A STRANGE CASE. Co. William J. Best died suddenly at San Rafael, California, on the sixth of April last, and his body was sent home to New Jersey, and buried in the family lot. For some reason the Californian authorities afterwards became suspicious and telegraphed to the sons of the deceased. They had the body exhumed, and found that the lungs, stomach and other organs in which any traces of poison might be found, had been all removed, and the cavity filled with sawdust. A Doctor Wood, in whose house Col. Best died, had made a visit to Atlantic City, N.J., but went away a short time ago, and the authorities have tardily begun to look for him. Colonel Best was a native of Ireland. He had made a large fortune, and was visiting California on professional, legal business when he came to his mysterious end. He was in excellent health, though over seventy years of age, and impressed all who met him with his remarkable vigor and activity of mind and body. He was of a cheery, good-humored disposition and apparently without an enemy in the world. "Jersey justice" has lost its traditional vigilance, if it cannot solve this painful and tragic mystery.—Boston Pilot.

A telegram from Peking states that three native Christians have been murdered at Ping-lo-hsien in Shensi.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

THE KING AND IRELAND.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

To all appearances the King and Queen have won their way to the hearts of the Dublin people. It does not appear that the refusal of the City Council to present an address has had much effect, one way or the other, and the black-flag incident only tends to bring out in stronger relief the real sentiments of the people. The reception of the King at Maynooth is one of the most remarkable events in connection with the royal visit. When we consider the tone of the address presented by the Catholic clergy of that renowned ecclesiastical institution, and the sympathetic reply of the King, in which he manifested a deep concern in Catholic educational matters, as well as a thorough knowledge of conditions at Maynooth, we cannot fail to note a great promise for the amelioration of the country's position and in the prospects of the Catholic religious and educational cause. The tour of the humbler districts and his coming in touch with the laboring and trades classes of the people, as well as his gifts of money to the poorer and deserving inhabitants of the city, are so many evidences of a kindly disposition, and one that is calculated to awaken corresponding sentiments in the hearts of the people. One strong indication of the benefits that must flow from this closer contact between sovereign and subjects is the change in tone assumed by those whom no person can ever accuse of subservience. Take, for example, one of the very strongest Irish patriots—William O'Brien—when he perceives how beneficent this visit is likely to become, he joins in the chorus of praise and lifts his voice in behalf of better feelings between the two Islands. And so it would seem to be all along the line. The King has yet a few days to spend in Ireland, and by the time that this contribution is before the readers he will have left for Cowes. If the remainder of his journey proves as happy as the first part the result cannot but be incalculable for the Irish cause.

While the sovereign is going amongst the people the House of Lords has passed the first reading of the Land Bill. The second reading is fixed for next week, and it is not likely that the Upper House will cast any serious impediments in the way of its passage, and we need not ask about the sovereign's sanction to the measure—for in reality he is the one who engendered it.

One of the great drawbacks of the past has been the continued estrangement of the head of the State from Ireland. Only twice in those sixty odd years of her reign did Queen Victoria set foot on Irish soil, and each time only for a few hours. Yet she had a regular residence at Balmoral in Scotland. This keeping away was well calculated to impress the Irish people with an idea of alien rule. And no people cares to be slighted—whether the slight be intentional or not. It is not royalty, in itself, that Ireland objects to—if so we would have long since ceased to recall with pride the days of Ireland's great kings and her royal standard, her Hugh O'Neills and her Brian Borus, her sunburst and its significance—it is to oppressive government and unsympathetic rulers. And both of these are becoming subjects of history now. The present King expressed the hope that his reign might be coincident with Ireland's recovered happiness and prosperity—and it looks as if such were to be the case.

IN CHINA. A telegram from Peking states that three native Christians have been murdered at Ping-lo-hsien in Shensi.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. An old school adage used to read, "Honesty is the best policy," and so it is nowadays, unless dishonesty pays better and is not found out. The recent arrest of Senator Culom's nephew for defrauding the government is a case in point. His pecuniaries were found out, but how many more remain who are not discovered? The sacrifice is found usually in the one that is so honest that he is clumsy in his appropriations.—New World.

Golden Jubilee Of Bishop Cameron.

In the month of June, 1895, Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, celebrated the silver jubilee of his episcopal consecration. All those who took part in that memorable celebration will recall the pomp and heartiness with which it was celebrated. This week the diocese of Antigonish has again had a memorable occasion when to honor, in a signal manner, the grand prelate whom God has given to preside over



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CAMERON

its prosperous career. This time silver gives place to gold, and instead of an episcopal it is a sacerdotal jubilee. The fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, a memorable event in a worthy life which took place on the 26th July, 1853. On this occasion, needless to say, all the homage and tributes of eight years ago were renewed, and with additional fervor on account of all the good done since then by the one who is the object of so much love and veneration. The sermon on the former occasion was preached by His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax; this time the eloquent tribute, echoing the sentiments of all, fell from the lips of Rev. Father Doherty, S.J., of Montreal. Eight years ago in replying to all the addresses, from clergy, laity, and special institutions fostered by him, Bishop Cameron said: "Were I not an old man, I should be in danger of falling into the sin of pride whilst listening to the encomiums that have been bestowed upon me so lavishly to-day, but being an old man, one who must shortly render an account of his stewardship, I can take to myself but the credit of a small share of what has been done during my administration." This humility was destined to be once more put to the test, and again, and with better reason, could he speak of being an old man, and could he repeat those last words of his address on that memorable occasion, when he said: "There are things that remain to be done, and though, as I said, I am an old man, I still hope to live long enough to be able to accomplish them." And God has bountifully granted the realization of that hope, and he has accomplished more than he had then anticipated. And we hope and pray that for many more years to come Bishop Cameron may be spared to carry on the work of his diocese and to finish off the ornamentation of that stately structure of a religious organization, the foundations of which he laid in the days of his youthful and apostolic vigor.

The life of Bishop Cameron is the history of his diocese, and constitutes a glowing chapter in the story of Catholicity in Nova Scotia. This would be a fitting time and place to tell that life-story, and it can be done in a brief manner. From a souvenir pamphlet, published by the Casket Printing and Publishing Co., on the occasion of the celebration of the silver jubilee of Bishop Cameron, we have taken the facts.

The Right Rev. John Cameron, D.D., was born at St. Andrews, Antigonish County, Nova Scotia, on the 16th February, 1827. Thus the good

Bishop is now in his seventy-sixth year. His father was a native of Lochaber, in Scotland. His mother, Christina McDonald, was born at Moidart. His father and other members of his family were Protestants, who subsequently became converted to Catholicity. At the age of seven young Cameron was sent to school. He began to study Latin at the Grammar School at St. Andrews. In September, 1844, when he was in his seventeenth year, he was sent to Rome, where he began to study for the priesthood at the College of the Propaganda. The chair of dogmatic theology was then held by the celebrated Professor Graziosi, under whom Pius IX. had made his studies; and that of mathematics was held by the famous mathematician Tortolini. There, in 1845, young Cameron met with Cardinal Cullen of Dublin. A close friendship grew up between the future Bishop and the future Cardinal. So great was it that Bishop Cameron once remarked that he owed more to Cardinal Cullen than to any other man living or dead.

the Canadian hierarchy and half a century of priesthood has he beheld. It is, then, with no ordinary feelings of gratitude to God for past favors, and sincere and hopeful prayers for the future of the good Bishop, that the clergy and laity of Antigonish unite in doing honor to him on such an occasion as his golden jubilee.

We might here subjoin a few brief notes regarding the history of the diocese of Antigonish. Until 1817, Nova Scotia formed part of the diocese of Quebec. In that year it was made a vicariate, immediately subject to the Holy See. The Reverend Edmund Burke, whose life the present Archbishop of Halifax has written, was consecrated Bishop of Zion and Vicar Apostolic of Nova Scotia. In 1820 Bishop Burke died, and only in 1827 was his successor appointed, in the person of Rev. William Fraser. He was consecrated Bishop of Tanen "in partibus." On the 7th April, 1842, Bulls were issued appointing the Rev. William Walsh, P.P., of Kingston, coadjutor to the Bishop of Tanen, with the title of Bishop of Maximianopolis. On Sept. 21st, 1844, by Apostolical Letters issued by the then reigning Pope, Gregory XVI. the Vicariate of Nova Scotia was divided into two parts, each being erected into a separate diocese. Bishop Fraser was appointed to the See of Arichat, and Bishop Walsh to Halifax. Bishop Fraser died in 1851. He was succeeded by Bishop McKinnon, who was consecrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, by Bishop Walsh, in 1852—the consecrating Bishop soon after being promoted to the Archbishopric of Halifax.

For over a quarter of a century Bishop McKinnon presided over the diocese of Arichat. His health began to fail in 1877, and the present Bishop Cameron was called upon to administer the affairs of the diocese. In July, 1877, Bishop McKinnon was promoted to the Archbishopric of Amida, "in partibus," and Bishop Cameron succeeded him in Arichat. In September, 1879, Archbishop McKinnon died.

Seven years later the title of the See was changed to Antigonish, and thus Bishop Cameron became the first Bishop of the new diocese. Since that day forward we have seen, in a hurried manner, the strides made by this grand and flourishing diocese, and the results of the administrative ability and the unceasing energy of the learned prelate who has done the work of construction, and around whom, to-day, thousands gather to commemorate the half century that he has passed in the priesthood of the Church and the service of God, and of his people. Heartily do we join in the fervent wish so admirably expressed in the words "Ad multos annos."

Late Happenings In the Capital.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, July 29.

SECOND LETTER. — Although your correspondent sent you considerable news, at the beginning of the week, from Ottawa, still so many important matters now centre at the Capital that it may be well to forward you an appendix to that communication. Before touching on the political situation I may be permitted to say a word about other events.

There is in progress this week at the Basilica a novena to St. Ann, whose feast was celebrated last Sunday. The object of the novena is to prepare a great pilgrimage to the shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. On next Tuesday the pilgrimage will take place, and it is likely to be the largest ever seen from central Canada. Next Saturday and Sunday the indulgence of the Portincola is to be gained by visiting the Blessed Sacrament in the Basilica from 3 p.m. on Saturday till sunset on Sunday. On complying with the usual conditions of Confession and Communion a plenary indulgence may be gained every time a visit is made accompanied with prayers for the intention of the Church.

THE CONCLAVE. — The Ottawa "Evening Journal," a non-Catholic organ, referring to the coming conclave, says:—"The conclave that is to elect the successor of Pope Leo XIII. is probably the only really reporter-proof gathering in the whole world. The weightiest cabinet secrets occasionally appear in the press before their time, and there are even instances recorded of the inner fastnesses of a Masonic lodge being penetrated. But the Cardinals take no risk, and wall themselves in, till their decision is reached. And only

reports emanating from Rome till the actual appointment is made, will be mere guesswork."

WHOOPING COUGH.—Ottawa is having an epidemic of whooping cough; no less than five deaths have resulted during the past week from this illness. The cases are no isolated and reports do not have to be made to the health authorities. It is a very contagious sickness and generally goes the round of an entire family. The civic isolation hospital has saved the Capital from epidemics of smallpox and scarlet fever; it might be well if it were also used for the whooping cough patients.

ON POLITICAL SITUATION. — The great political crisis is drawing to a close, and before these lines will be in press the Premier will have delivered the long-looked-for declaration of the Government's policy concerning the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway project. At first the New Brunswick members seemed all inclined to follow Mr. Blair into opposition on this subject; but it seems now that the Liberal contingent from that province has rallied back to the cause of the Premier. It will now be my duty to tell the readers as much as is possible of the inner workings of the matter. What I now write I take from personal knowledge and not hearsay.

The great trouble between Mr. Blair and the Government was that he, being Minister of Railways, felt that it was a slight to have all the negotiations in this matter carried on by the Premier alone, without any consultation with him. It was this that started him on the opposition track, and once he broke loose, he glided straight out of the Cabinet. The Premier, on the other hand, recalling the experiences of Sir John Macdonald, and Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, felt it safer to keep all the negotiations to himself until such time as all money arrangements were practically settled. He seemed also to have some faith in the saying that "too many cooks spoil the soup." Be that as it may, he did keep the transaction in his own hands, and whether, like Mackenzie, he was "standing sentinel over the treasury," he certainly did not confide his operations to the Minister of Railways, and the latter determined to get out—and he did so. At that very moment, we might say very truly, the fate of the entire enterprise hung in the balance — for then it was that the representatives of the G. T. R. and of the Government, and their respective lawyers, were trying to come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement. This movement of Mr. Blair's naturally put a check on the proceedings for a few days. Finally, question after question was asked, day after day, in the House, by the leader of the Opposition, as to when the Government's policy would be made known. But the Premier avoided the issue by stating that the legal gentlemen were still at work on it.

Almost every day Messrs. Hays, Wainwright and others interested came to Ottawa, and held meetings in the Premier's room, or in that of Hon. Mr. Fielding, in the House of Commons. Still the session dragged on. Opposition was made to the passage of estimates, and precious time was being lost on all sides. At last a semi-official statement was made last week that this week the Bill would be introduced.

But this week began as did last week end. Finally, on Tuesday at noon Mr. Hays, Mr. Morse, and Mr. Wainwright reached Ottawa. All afternoon they were in consultation with the Premier and the Ministers of Justice and Finance. The House adjourned a little after eleven on Tuesday night, and the members went home to dream of the uncertainties of the next day. Not so the group in Mr. Fielding's room. They sat on, until at half-past eleven a settlement was reached. It was then, and only then, that Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick handed out the momentous notice that was to appear in the next day's votes of the House. It read thus: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on Thursday next; a Bill intitled an Act for the construction of a National Transcontinental Railway." Very brief, but meaning millions, meaning the most gigantic movement since the days of 1881 when Sir John Macdonald introduced the Canadian Pacific Railway Bill.

The ordinary procedure, and that followed in the case of the C.P.R., is for the Governor-General to send a message to the House informing that body that a contract has been signed between His Government and a certain company; setting forth in his message the details of that contract. Then the Premier moves a resolution to the effect that it is expedient to supplement that contract with certain grants of money, or lands, or both, or either. This resolution, on its second reading, is debated, and if adopted, he then bases a Bill upon it and introduces the same, which when passed be-

comes an Act of Parliament. On the present occasion another procedure has been adopted. In view of the lateness of the session, and the desire to soon bring it to a close, in order not to retard the debate by mere formalities, on Wednesday the above notice of motion appeared, and on Thursday the Premier introduced his Bill, explaining all the details. This done the debate may go on, and while it is in progress the resolution will be presented, with the contract. So the one debate will cover the whole ground. At the end of the debate the Premier will move the House into committee to consider the resolution. An amendment will be moved to his motion, on that amendment a vote will be taken, and by that vote the Government will stand or fall. If the resolution is voted down, the Government resigns; if carried, the Bill will be at once put through its different stages, passed and sent to the Senate for sanction. There it will engage a fresh debate, but not likely a protracted one.

The other remaining matter of importance is the Redistribution Bill. The committee has made its report in the form a schedule to that Bill; but the Opposition has some dozen pages of amendments, which as a minority report, will take the form of a resolution to be moved by Hon. Mr. Borden and seconded by Hon. Mr. Haggart. This will create another serious and protracted debate. But that will end the session, for it is hoped that in the intervals the supplementary estimates for 1908-9, will be pushed through—and the urgency for them is great.

I have attempted to thus sum up the entire situation. Nothing new can be added save what may arise from the Premier's speech. After that it will be simply a general debate.

THE CENTENAL OF EMMET'S DEATH.

To the "True Witness," Montreal.
Dear Sir,—Departed but not forgotten should be the motto of every true Irishman on the 20th Sept.,

1908, for on that date 100 years ago, a young and promising career was brought to a premature close by the execution of a true patriot, Robert Emmet.

I would like to ask the different Irish societies of the city of Montreal if they intend to do honor to his memory on that memorable day. If so, it is time the young Irishmen L and B Association, St. Patrick's Society, Hibernians, and all other Irish organizations should take the matter up at once, so that they may have ample time to prepare themselves, and make the 100th anniversary of Robert Emmet a day to be remembered.

Yours, etc., AN IRISHMAN.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

The regular weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club was held on Wednesday, and the attendance was a large and enthusiastic one. The chair was occupied by one of Montreal's leading non-Catholic advocates—Mr. F. E. Meredith, K.C. He congratulated the Club upon the good work it was doing, and expressed the hope that ere long the enthusiastic executive of the organization would behold the realization of their ambition in the erection of a new and commodious quarters upon its present site, which it had recently acquired.

The following took part in the programme: Miss Tootsie Durand, accompanied by Madame Durand, was well received, and had to respond to several encores; Miss Clark sang two songs, and also gave piano selections; Mr. Thos. F. Cuddehly recited "Fontenoy" with much taste; Seamen Cousins, of the steamship Dominion, in song and dance; showed that he was an expert. Others who took part were: Thos. Wright and E. Carey, steamship Dominion; Mr. Johnston, steamship Atbara; and P. Morris, R.M.S. Tunisian. Miss Orton was the accompanist.

INDIA AND CEYLON'S CHOICEST BLEND A Pure and Perfect Tea LILAC TEA

It never tastes insipid, and you will never grow tired of it.
LILAC TEA ... 25c per half pound package, 50 cents per pound.
FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Proprietors.

"TUBORG" BEER

Philip W. Heyman's Danish Pilsener Beer, Brewed and Bottled in Copenhagen.
To those of our customers desiring a light, refreshing and palatable drink, we can confidently recommend "Tuborg Beer."
"PUBLIC OPINION" about TUBORG LAGER BEER can be judged by the output in 1902, which was 59,981,283 bottles (reputed pints).
"Tuborg" Danish Beer ... \$1.60 per dozen pints.
(In original cases of 6 dozen pints, \$8.70 per case)
FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Agents.

COLGATE & CO.'S, NEW YORK, Fine Toilet Soaps.

Fine Toilet Waters, Specially Fine Handkerchief Extracts, Fine Sacket Powders, Fine Tooth Powder. True Bay Rum.

We carry a full stock of the above articles, which are the best of their kind.

COLGATE'S TOILET SOAPS.	Per box.
Caprice, 3 cakes in a box	\$0 40
Gerosa, 3 cakes in a box	0 40
Heliotrape, 3 cakes in a box	0 85
La France Rose, 3 cakes in a box	0 85
Mountain Violets, 3 cakes in a box	0 85
Sweet Pink, 3 cakes in a box	0 85
Vivior, small size, 12 cakes in a box	0 95
Vivior, large size, 3 cakes in a box	0 63
Italian Violet, in superfine boxes, 3 cakes in a box	1 70
Elder Flower, 12 cakes in a box	1 25
Superfine Violet, 3 cakes in a box	1 20
Lettuce, 3 cakes in a box	1 20
Superfine Jockey Club, 3 cakes in a box	0 95
Cashmere Bouquet, large size, 3 cakes in a box	0 85
Cashmere Bouquet, small size, 12 cakes in a box	1 85
Sweet Lavender, 3 cakes in a box	0 63
Benedictine, 3 cakes in a box	0 63
Guest Room, 3 cakes in a box	0 45
Ormeau, small size, 3 cakes in a box	0 25
Brown Windsor, small size, 3 cakes in a box	0 25
Glycerine, small size, 3 cakes in a box	0 25
Honey, small size, 3 cakes in a box	0 25
White Castile, 12 cakes in a box	1 00
Pine Tar, 3 cakes in a box	0 35
Medicated Tar, 3 cakes in a box	0 35
Cold Cream, 3 cakes in a box	0 33
Palm, 12 cakes in a box	0 70
Rico, 12 cakes in a box	0 70
Turkish Bath, 12 cakes in a box	0 70
Sandal Wood, 3 cakes in a box	0 95

FRASER, VIGER & CO., THE NORDHEIMER Building, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 & 211 St. James St. ESTABLISHED 1866.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, July 27. SOCIAL EVENTS.—On Sunday last Rev. Canon Beauchamp, pastor of the Gattineau Point, who has recovered from a recent attack of illness, under the effects of which he spent four weeks in the Water Street Hospital, commenced the first of a series of garden parties—to be continued each Sunday during the warm season—for the benefit of St. Francois de Sales Church. The party took place in a splendid grove on the main road to the village, and about one thousand people attended. An improvised band rendered good music during the evening and bountiful refreshments were served.

THE PASTORAL LETTER of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, on the death of the Pope, was read in all the Catholic Churches on Sunday. The announcements were made of the different hours of the Requiem Masses for the repose of the Pontiff's soul. On Monday at 7, in St. Anne's Church, and at 8, in St. Patrick's Church the requiems were sung. On Thursday, at 8, in both St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart Churches the Masses were said. On Tuesday, at 6.30 a.m., at the monastery of the Precious Blood, Elmhurst, a most solemn service was held.

FEAST OF STE. ANNE.—As the Catholic population of Canada have adopted Ste. Anne as a patroness, her feast was celebrated with unusual eclat and pomp in the different churches of the city. Tridiums and novenas preparatory to the feast had been held. The feast was absorbed in Ste. Anne's parish, as the patronal one especially of that parish, with great solemnity. The same can be said of St. Bridget's Church, where the number of communicants was exceptionally large. At the Basilica Rev. Canon Bouillon sang High Mass, and a most edifying and eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Pierre, of the Capuchin Order, on the devotion of the early settlers in Canada to many great saints, and especially to Ste. Anne.

GUARDS CONVENTION.—An elaborate programme of festivities to take place in connection with the Garde Champlain convention next Sunday, was given out in the Basilica by Mgr. Routhier, V.G. It was as follows:—

La Societe Ste. Jean Baptiste to join the grand parade, marching with the local organization and other visiting Gardes from all parts of Canada and New England States, who are to proceed from Cartier Square to the Basilica where a special Low Mass will be celebrated at eleven a.m., after which all will go and pay homage to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, relative to the solemn Requiem service to be celebrated in memory of the late Pope Leo, Mgr. Routhier read a pastoral letter from His Grace the Archbishop, in which expressions of sorrow were given and laudatory references were made to the distinguished head of the Catholic Church. In connection with this grand service which will take place at the Basilica on Wednesday at 9 a.m., His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti will officiate pontifically, assisted by prominent clergymen. All the parish priests will be in attendance at the ceremony as their general yearly retreat begins this evening at the Ottawa University. His Excellency the Governor-General has signified his intention to be represented at the ceremony and invitations have been sent to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Cabinet, Ministers, the Supreme Court and other local judges, the president of the Senate the speaker of the House of Commons, the Senators, members of Parliament, the Mayor and aldermen, the president of the different benevolent and literary societies, the press and members of liberal professions for whom places have been reserved in the main body of the Church. The galleries are to be reserved for the ladies and other places in the Church for the general public. La Garde Champlain will have sentries at the different doors of the Basilica to facilitate the entry and numerous ushers will be on hand to place the invited and other persons. His Grace the Archbishop is to pre-

side at the ceremony and all the priests of the diocese are to recite prayers for dead Pontiffs and the "De Profundis" during the eight days following the service in memory of the late Pope.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.—In the municipal circles Ottawa is having many little disappointments. The long-talked-of transferring of the Weather Bureau from Toronto to Ottawa has been abandoned. The representations made by Toronto people to Hon. Mr. Prefontaine seem to have changed the Minister's views, and the Bureau will remain in the Western city. But one good comes of the agitation—decided improvements in that institution are the conditions on which Toronto may keep it. For months, since the last big fire, Ottawa has gone mad over the removal of the lumber piles. And now that the matter has come in proper form before the City Council, the Fathers of the Capital have decided to let the piles alone. So Ottawa is still to have her lumber piles—a unique feature, if not an ornament, of the city.

ARCHBISHOP KATZER DEAD

Most Rev. Frederick Xavier Katzer, Archbishop of the Milwaukee diocese, died at 8.40 Monday night, July 20, at St. Agnes' sanatorium, Fond du Lac. From the "Catholic Citizen" of Milwaukee, we take the following pathetic picture of the last hours of the distinguished prelate:

A few moments before the final struggle for life ceased the Archbishop raised himself slightly on his pillow and in a voice scarcely above a whisper pronounced the words: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

The doctors bent over the distinguished patient and in an agony of suspense the watchers simply waited—waited for the end they knew was at hand.

A short interval and the patient again opened his lips to speak. To straining ears the last words were almost unintelligible: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph—" Yet another moment of unconsciousness and the spirit had departed.

The cause of Archbishop's Katzer's death was cancer of the pancreas, the gland which furnishes the digestive juices. The beginning of his illness dates back two years. A trip to Europe resulted in temporary improvement. On his return, however, last fall, the old conditions of ill health reasserted themselves, although the Archbishop continued the discharge of his diocesan duties. In March last his condition became such that he decided to go to St. Agnes' sanatorium, Fond du Lac, believing that rest and a course of treatment would result in his regaining his health. Meantime, the Archbishop's condition was growing worse. He suffered no pain, but continued to grow weaker and lost in weight about three pounds a week. About ten days ago his condition became so grave that he was confined to his room. From that time on he failed rapidly and it was known his death was only a question of a few days.

The archbishop had made his arrangements for passing away as he had been conscious for some time that his time was drawing near. He had directed the disposition of the diocesan property weeks ago, and had made all bequests, so that there was nothing on his mind regarding his temporal affairs when the time came.

The deceased prelate was born in Ebensee, Austria, February 7, 1843. After a preparatory course in Latin at home, he studied in the Jesuit College at Linz, Austria, from 1857 to 1864. He came to the United States in the latter year, and was graduated in theology from St. Francis de Sales' Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., in 1866. In the same year he was ordained priest by Bishop Henn, and was professor of German, mathematics, theology and philosophy in the seminary until 1875. For ten years thereafter, he was secretary to Bishop Krautbauer, of the diocese of Green Bay, Wis., and pastor of the Cathedral. In 1879 he was appointed Vicar-General of that diocese and attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore as the theologian. He was appointed administrator of the diocese December 17, 1885, and consecrated Bishop of Green Bay, Wis., in that city September 21, 1886, by Archbishop Heiss, assisted by Bishops Vertin and Ireland. He was promoted to Archbishop and transferred to the diocese of Milwaukee in 1890, and received the pallium from the hands of the Cardinal August 20, 1891.

A Tribute To Thomas Davis

To the Editor of the "True Witness." Dear Sir,—About 50 years ago, I wrote to the "True Witness," Mr. Clarke was the proprietor, I send you an article on Thomas Davis, if you print it very well, if not transmit it to me. Yours truly, R.

We all know that the best inspiration of the living, is the memory of the dead. The heart of the patriot, self-sacrificing as it is, and strong in its own proud rectitude of principle, is not, and never can be insensible to the grateful affections of a future age. His labors are not only for the generation among which he moves, but embraces all future time, and he seeks no recompense for his exertions, still the consciousness that his efforts will be remembered when he is no more, helps to sustain and uphold him, in the path, which duty points out to him. The subject of this paper will touch slightly on the career of one, who during a very short but highly eventful and brilliant life, did more to create and foster among his countrymen, a strong sound national feeling, than any man who ever preceded him, and that, too, in the face of obstacles that appal and utterly dispirit a soul less deeply impressed, with the grand mission he had in view, the presiding genius, in fact, who worked and toiled, and who brought to his work many of the noblest faculties with which man was ever endowed. Need I name Thomas Davis, born in the South of Ireland, he inherited all the strong characteristics of a race from whom he sprung, his father being a Welshman, and his mother a native of Ireland, and as Mitchell, his dear friend and noble biographer states, he chose ever to identify himself with the Celt, the Celtic language, and Celtic literature. Educated in Trinity College, Dublin, his associations there never warped the early and gushing feelings for the cause of his motherland, for like many of our best patriots, who like himself, were educated, here, he left that institution with the best feelings of his nature matured, and with the firm resolve to apply his faculties in teaching his countrymen the duties and the responsibilities, with the best means of attaining nationhood. In connection with the choicest spirits of that eventful period and a few of his friends, established the "Nation" newspaper, which soon became the exponent of the time. His labors during this period, as all his contemporaries admit, were of the most exhausting kind, and his system soon became strained to the uttermost to bear the pressure of his most arduous work. The impulse derived from a pure purpose together with his own natural fervor sustained him, but only for a very short time, and at the most critical period of the Nation's life his career was cut short.

Davis was little known during his lifetime, in his essays and poems he has left a legacy that are invaluable, and they serve to show how incalculable was the loss his countrymen sustained in his early death. His essays are mainly devoted to throw light on the early history of his country, as well as on her present resources, could be best turned to advantage. But his most impressive teaching to his countrymen are conveyed in his lessons, on the importance of education, as a step towards the regeneration of his country. His poems and miscellaneous writings all tend towards the same point, and a celebrated English review has stated, that no country ever produced such a profusion of impassioned poetry, as Ireland, during the few years preceding 1848. His whole soul was absorbed in the grand passion of placing his country in her true position among the nations, and he clung to her, with a tenacity of devotion never surpassed, and consecrated to her cause the years of his young life, and dying at his post, he bequeathed to his countrymen a name that will be held sacred through all time. The inspiration of a noble purpose and a nobler nature, sustained him through life, and at death, the gra-

titude of a whole people, went down with him to the grave. He was also cut off, in the midst of his usefulness, and there were none left to fill his place. He has gone, but his teaching are not forgotten, they shall live with the memory of him who gave them birth. Men yet to be born, shall bless that name as we bless it to-day, and though the generation in whose midst he toiled and for whom he died, is fast passing away, his memory shall not pass away.

A DOCTOR'S FAD

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Dr. Charles W. Littlefield, of Alexandria, Ind., states that with one ounce of common salt, six ounces of pure water, six ounces of alcohol, of 90 degrees, mixed together in an ordinary glass vase, and two ounces of aqua ammonia placed in fine little plates, and the whole covered with a glass cold air tube, he has created life in the form of tens of thousands of atoms, or animated substances like unto well-developed germs of life. This is very interesting. We have not the remotest doubt about the statement of this learned doctor; all that we would presume to correct is the expression "created." He has produced, or procured living atoms, by this means, we do not deny. But he did not create life. To have created life he should have commenced with no substance at all. He could not procure these germs, or atoms, with life in them, unless he had the salt, water, glass, alcohol, and ammonia. And even with these, each in a separate condition, he could not have produced any such result. So it is not creation, although the obvious aim is to disprove the truth of creation by proving the power of man to produce life. But all these small ideas came to nothing, like the atoms of life engendered by the conditions imposed in this combination. Moreover, there is nothing at all wonderful in this. Suppose this doctor had taken a fresh piece of cheese and placed it in a damp cellar and sprinkled a little salt over it; in a few hours he would discover life, atoms moving, germs of well-developed life. Yet he could not well say that he had created life in the magots. He simply placed the existing substances in the conditions that experience tells us will engender a species of life. But without the cheese and the given conditions no life would result, no matter how clever the scientific efforts of Dr. Littlefield. And it is the same story all along the plane of scientific research. From time immemorial man, with a perverted ingenuity and a pride akin to that of Lucifer, has been making all imaginable kinds of efforts to prove that creation is a fable and God a myth; but man has failed in every instance, and God goes on to exist, creation to be believed, and the unsoundable problem of life and death to mystify the finite mind of God's vain creature. It is well it should be so, otherwise the perfect plan of the universe would soon be destroyed by the very being in whose favor it has been set.

ANTI-TREATING MOVEMENT. In the current issue of the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," Dr. Hallinan, Newcastle West, has an article in the course of which he says 11,000 people have taken the anti-treating pledge in West Limerick, and he believes that the bulk of them have kept it. He says that if the Anti-Treating League be taken up earnestly and worked effectively through the country for five or six years it will as far as one can forecast do as much, if not more, towards ending intemperance than any movement hitherto started in Ireland.

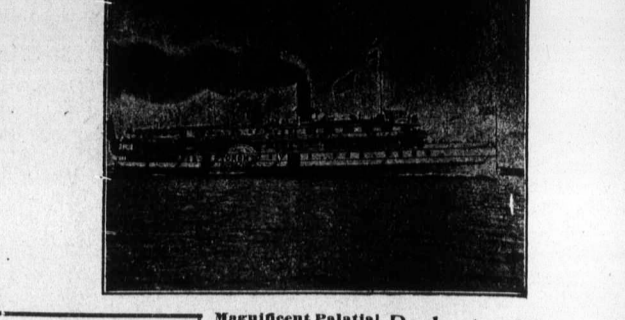
Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

DENTIST. Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 883 Dorchester Street. Gorner Mansfield

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company "Diagara to the Sea" AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE



SUMMER HOTELS THE MANOIR RICHELIEU MURRAY BAY, QUE. THE TABOUSAC TABOUSAC, QUE. Magnificent Palatial Steamers Leave Toronto for Rochester, Kingston, Clayton and Intermediate Ports. Embracing a delightful sail across Lake Ontario, a trip through the fascinating scenery of the Thousand Islands, the Venise of America, and the exciting descent of all the marvellous rapids to MONTREAL (the Metropolis of Canada) Where connection is made for cool and refreshing night ride to the famous old walled city of QUEBEC (America's Gibraltar) Thence on to Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Pointe au Lac through the fascinating scenery of this remarkable river is unequalled for wild For FURTHER PARTICULARS, APPLY TO H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, W.P.A., JOS. F. DOLAN, C.P.A., L. H. MYRAND, 2 King St. E., Toronto, Can. 128 St. James St., Montreal, Can. Dalhousie St., Quebec, Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

OUR REVIEWER. JESUIT EDUCATION.—"Jesuit Education, Its History and Principles viewed in the Light of Modern Educational Problems" is the title of a book recently written by Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S.J. According to a reviewer it would seem that this work is by no means a mere academic exposition of the history and principles of Jesuit education. On the contrary, the author reviews the system chiefly in the light of modern educational problems, such as the electric system, the value of the study of the classics, the functions of the college and its relations to the high school and the university, the vexed question of moral training and religion in the classroom. The work is thus analyzed:—"The first part of the volume gives the history of Jesuit education, as compared with the earlier Protestant and the later undenominational systems. It explains the causes which led the majority of Protestant, and a few Catholic educationists to oppose the methods of the Ratio Studiorum, and answers their charges in detail. "The second part explains the theory and the practice of the Ratio Studiorum in the light of modern problems from the intellectual, moral and religious point of view." No doubt that this must be a valuable addition to the educational literature of our day, and will serve to dispel a lot of those clouds that obscure the non-Catholic mind in regard to the training imparted to youth by the members of the Society of Jesus.

Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. Main 2161. ST. PETER and COMMON Sts.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. HIGH-CLASS WHITE American Shirt Waists Celebrated "Eagle" Brand Make At Less than Manufacturers' Cost! A lucky stroke in buying placed this lot of beautiful White Waists at our disposal on practically our own terms. Most Ladies know that this particular make is pitched to the highest key of excellence, as regards workmanship, style and materials, and commands a very wide patronage from the elite of fashion in New York and other American cities. The assortment embraces the various up-to-date styles, such as Monte Carlo, Duchess front, etc. The regular values range from \$6.00 to \$7.50. Our clearing price during the present week will be... \$2.95 N.B.—These Shirt Waists it is well to remember, are good for all the year round, and particularly adapted for evening winter wear as well as summer wear.

Wanted to Borrow ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. THE FABRIQUE AND TRUSTEES OF ST. MICHAEL'S, of this City, are desirous of borrowing money in sums of One Hundred Dollars or more, at four and a half per cent per annum, to be used in the construction of their new church on St. Denis street. For further details apply to Rev. John P. Kiernan, P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL.

SPECIAL IN LADIES' SUMMER WRIST BAGS A beautiful line of Wrist Bags, steel mountings, wide pockets, worth 90c. To clear at 50c. JOHN MURPHY & CO. 2825 St. Catherine Street, corner Metcalfe Street. Terms Cash.....Telephone Up, 2748

A Non-Catholic Tribute to Leo XIII.

By Rev. Dr. H. G. Me... the Presbyterian Church, Amboy, N.J.

The life and record of Leo XIII. was the subject of Mendenhall's sermon in the Presbyterian Church at Perth Amboy, N.J. It is as follows:— The eyes of the universe turned toward the Vatican as that distinguished Pontiff, the earthly spiritual father of millions of worshippers, long battle against death, justly have men of all no religious creeds, roasts which have told of creeping nearer and nearer sunset.

What a wonderful life! Only seven years would reach the century years of age and yet sceptre of power which emperors would gladly old age has been as full as the sunset above the hills is full of beautiful mind clear and alert, force unabated, his hearing bright eye sparkling of his genius, with indomitable moves on serenely to whence no traveler bravely as the young contented in ancient this ancient ruler of a grows young as he goes "dim unknown."

Not only is he regarded his vitality, but career has been one which ed itself full of surprises world itself. The Church Leo XIII. is the honor of his predecessor, Pius come narrow and restrictive and in personal seclusion drew back from contact great political powers that were hostile to the awaited for God's time. Leo has pursued a different course and went out to measure into political waters with the Christendom. He has created, but to ally and has striven not to wide breaches, but to heal them, stir up strife, but to all What has been the result? man Catholic and the churches are closer to they have ever been since 400 years ago. Leo has shown proof as a statesman. His Germany, the citadel of belief, has brought the terms. Bismarck and Leo enemies—the German seeking to crush the Church, the laws of the "drastic against the Catholics. "Priests and subjected to heavy fines. * * * They were read Papal encyclicals. "There was protest against the laws from Protestant Catholics.

Leo took a different predecessor. He wrote letter to Emperor William father of the present appealing to his sense of right these wrongs. The desired effect. The allowed to lapse, and peror must depend upon of the Catholic deputation to overcome tendencies of the people mark took off his iron he said: "No real states to make combatment institution."

Other briefs from his Church at large have break down the wall of that part of believers of the world. He gave sound upon the questionism, socialism, and trio of monsters, three cratic as well as monament. He has spoken to the home from lax-appealed for its stability law of God. One of t

nnedy,
Corner Mansfield
ON.
rio
ng
ND PLEASURE ROUTE

A Non-Catholic's Tribute to Leo XIII.

By Rev. Dr. H. G. Mendenhall, in the Presbyterian Church, Perth Amboy, N.J.

The life and record of Pope Leo XIII. was the subject of Rev. H. G. Mendenhall's sermon in the Presbyterian Church at Perth Amboy, N. J. It is as follows:—

The eyes of the universe have been turned toward the Vatican in Rome, as that distinguished man who is the earthly spiritual father of millions of worshippers has made his long battle against death; and anxiously have men of all faiths, and of no religious creeds, read the bulletins which have told of the eclipse creeping nearer and nearer to his sunset.

What a wonderful man he has been! Only seven years more and he would reach the century mark — 93 years of age and yet holding a sceptre of power which kings and emperors would gladly grasp. His old age has been as full of surprises as the sunset above the Albanian hills is full of beautiful colors. His mind clear and alert, his natural force unabated, his heart full of love, his bright eye sparkling with the fire of his genius, with indomitable will, he moves on serenely to that home whence no traveler returns, and, bravely as the young knight who contended in ancient tournament, this ancient ruler of a great church grows young as he goes out into the "dim unknown."

Not only is he remarkable as regards his vitality, but his public career has been one which has crowded itself full of surprises to the world itself. The Church, of which Leo XIII. is the honored head, under his predecessor, Pius IX. had become narrow and restrictive in policy and in personal seclusion. He drew back from contact with the great political powers of the world that were hostile to the Church and awaited for God's times to fulfill his hopes. Leo has pursued a very different course and went himself boldly out to measure intellectual and political swords with the rulers of Christendom. He has sought not to create, but to allay antagonisms. He has striven not to widen religious breaches, but to heal them; not to stir up strife, but to allay it.

What has been the result? The Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches are closer together than they have ever been since the separation 400 years ago. The differences which were so marked then have almost vanished. This new century has witnessed a union for moral power which we trust will increase in glory until we can all see face to face to those questions which have to do with man's uplifting and happiness.

Leo has shown prodigious power as a statesman. His contest with Germany, the citadel of Protestant belief, has brought that nation to terms. Bismarck and Pius were bitter enemies—the German chancellor seeking to crush the church and making the laws of the empire more drastic against the Catholic subjects. "Priests and bishops were subjected to heavy fines and penalties. . . . They were forbidden to read Papal encyclicals in the churches." There was an earnest protest against the enforcement of the laws from Protestants as well as Catholics.

Leo took a different tack from his predecessor. He wrote an autograph letter to Emperor William, grandfather of the present emperor, appealing to his sense of justice to right these wrongs. The letter had the desired effect. The laws were allowed to lapse, and now the emperor must depend upon the votes of the Catholic deputies in the Parliament to overcome the socialistic tendencies of the people, and Bismarck took off his iron hand when he said: "No real statesman desires to make combat with a permanent institution."

Other briefs from his hand to the Church at large have done much to break down the wall which divided that part of believers from the rest of the world. He gave no uncertain sound upon the questions of communism, socialism, and nihilism—a trio of monsters threatening democratic as well as monarchical government. He has spoken on the dangers to the home from lax morals and appealed for its stability from the law of God. One of the most im-

portant documents coming from his hand has had to do with labor and capital. In it he says that "the Gospel is the only code in which are found the principles of true justice, the maxims of that mutual charity which ought to unite all men as the sons of one father, and the members of the same family." Our own President was filled with admiration at its tone.

In this way he has entered into the life of the whole world—its social relations and its political developments—and the impress has been marvelous. Indeed, Crispi, the Prima Minister of Italy, who always opposed the Papacy, and in his religious views a radical free thinker, admitted in a speech to Parliament: "We must not forget, gentlemen, that we are dealing with a man who commands the respect and admiration of the civilized world." He certainly in these hours when darkness has come upon his life, has developed through his church new channels of activity and hope for the world; and, while no doctrines have been changed nor policy ignored, with more open ways and winning manners, the church has gone on to possess a larger hold upon the activities of the world.

Much as we may differ on points of religious controversy, we all must admire the glorious public record of this man who has done so much for the advancement of his people throughout the world. To them he has, indeed, become the Holy Father. With an astute mind, with far-reaching purposes, with a searching vision, he has been the equal of all the statesmen with whom he has come in contact and to the advantage of his church. He has enabled us Protestants to look with more tolerance and goodwill upon this church and to see in its members brothers like ourselves who are reaching out for the best and highest and truest aims in life. After all we are one. The Christ which is the hope of our lives is the inspiration of theirs, and the blood that cleanses our souls from sin is the same precious blood which saves them.

We do not know but that in the clashing of interests in the world this great church may come to our aid to help us save the land which we love so much. This we do know that in regard for this old Book Leo has given us to know that his church believes in the infallible Bible as the Word of God—and allows no unholy hand to tamper with its truths. In the sanctity and purity of the home he has allowed no bending from rigid laws of the New Testament times and we honor and revere him for it.

Thus as the Pope of a mighty church, which high position he has filled so grandly for a quarter of a century, he is coming to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn that cometh in in his season. The world walks with slow and measured tread about his sickbed and waters with its tears his worn and wasted body. The great men, the noble men, who are the world's rulers, lift their hats as he passes on to the house of sepulchre, and he will take his place in history as one of the greatest leaders the church has had.

We would rather, however, come to look at him as a man—pure and spotless in his life of unblemished character, beloved by those who knew him best—he is, indeed, sinking to rest behind the western hills like the sun in yonder sky, leaving behind him the glow of a holy life which sheds its radiance far out upon the world.

Upon the sickbed of the Pope may I put my flowers, and to the Catholics of this city, who have been burdened with the grief at the illness of their Holy Father, may I extend my sincerest sympathy and mingle my tears with theirs.

Our Boys And Girls.

THE ORANGE STORY. —It was told me by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey; and I am going to tell it here and now to every one, because I never have found any child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and came so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent, I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big, and the other quite small.

"One orange is for you," I said, "and the other you must carry to

Louka, which one will you give him?"

Maritza waited a long while before answering. At any time she would have thought it very rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited even longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and then the other. After a little more urging from me she whispered, "This one." It was the biggest one.

Curious to know the struggle which had made her so long in deciding, I said: "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy."

Maritza dug her little stockinged toes into the carpet, and twisted her apron hem before she answered.

"Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces, and the other only eleven. Anna would not like to take six pieces if I had only five."

"You cannot see through the orange skin, Maritza, to tell how many pieces there are. How is it you know?" I asked.

Then Maritza told me the orange secret, and this is it:

If you look at the stem end of an orange you will see that the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a little wheel, with spokes going out from the centre. If you count the spaces between these spokes, you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell, as Maritza did, how many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as every apple has five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find it is not so. Why not? Well, I do not know. But, perhaps, away back in the history of the orange, when it was a flower, or perhaps when it was only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells, or makes some of them outgrow the rest. Then the number of cells is fixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was just a little green button, just beginning to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange, try to find out its secret before you open it.

BAD-MANNERS PUNISHED.—Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a western railroad. He was usually alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now; isn't it?" I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

"Oh, yes! thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes to nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman he coolly said:—

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word smart, and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied: "I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss."

The "boss" came in, and seeing the stranger, cried out: "Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—"

Mankind's Waste of Food.

Economists agree that all over the world people waste as much food as they consume. Practical men who have studied the subject say that the inhabitants of American cities are more wasteful than those of similar communities in Europe, and that in New York the greatest waste occurs.

"New York is far and away the most wasteful of all our cities," said an official who has had great experience in the disposal of refuse in several American communities. "Flat life leads almost inevitably to waste."

"In Philadelphia there are comparatively few flats, and probably not one hundredth part as much food is wasted there as in New York. In Philadelphia people are economical, and the women do their housekeeping very carefully."

"The same remarks hold good of Boston, in a rather less degree. Chicago and St. Louis are wasteful cities, but not nearly so wasteful as New York, Pittsburgh and Cleveland are also very wasteful. I think I would rank them next to New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City are decidedly less wasteful than Manhattan."

"As compared with her American sister, the English housekeeper is a model of economy. As a rule, the London housewife provides for her family only just as much food as they can eat."

"Her country cousin is even more careful. The idea of throwing away half a pound of steak or a couple of lamb chops, as the Gotham housewife does without a qualm would frighten her."

"But if you want to see real economy in housekeeping you must go to Scotland. In Edinburgh and Glasgow the women have reduced the elimination of waste to a fine art." Dr. J. M. Woodbury, New York's Commissioner of street cleaning, agrees with this official as far as his own town is concerned.

"It is only natural," said the Commissioner the other day, "that the richest cities in America should also be the most wasteful. New York, I should say, wastes more food than any other city."

"It must waste pretty nearly as much as it consumes. I am simply astounded at the large quantities of food given to my department by fellow New Yorkers to throw away."

"Can you give an idea of the total quantity? Are there any statistics available?" the Commissioner was asked.

"No; it is a matter that defies statistics," was the reply. "But the experience of our department is that almost every store, market, house and flat in New York daily throws away a large quantity of food. The total is enormous."

"If you go down to the department dumps, where the refuse collected all over the city is deposited in scows for ultimate disposal, you will be surprised to see how large a proportion of the refuse consists of foodstuffs. You will then be able to realize what a wasteful city New York is."

Two of these dumps were visited. In both places there were several big scows laden with nothing but food—hundreds of tons of it. Potatoes, bread, apples, tomatoes, bananas, meat, turnips, onions were piled up in great heaps on the scows with a thousand other eatables.

"Is it always like this?" one of the officials of the department was asked.

"Yes; always so, more or less," he answered. "Often there is a great deal more food than this to throw away. Look at this cart."

As he spoke a cart came along the wharf and tipped into the nearest scow a load composed entirely of vegetables and fruits.

"Is nothing ever done with this food?" the visitor asked.

"Nothing; it is all thrown away," was the answer. "And, as you see, it is not nearly all bad when it comes into our hands. Half of it, if not more, is good to eat."

"Unless you have actually collected their refuse you have no idea of the wastefulness of the average family in a New York flat."

"The wife buys a steak and gets dinner ready, and then the husband comes home from business and says, 'Put your hat on, little girl. I've got tickets for the theatre, and we'll have some dinner first at a restaurant.' So the whole dinner she has prepared is thrown away."

"Even when they do dine at home the dinner is almost always much larger than they can eat, and a third or a half of it ultimately comes to us."

"And they hardly ever give it away to the poor. In the first place, it is difficult for a beggar to tackle a family living in a flat. In the second place, New Yorkers seldom encourage beggars in any shape or form."

"I knew a man who was shocked at the family waste and said that all the uneaten food must be put aside and given to the poor. He told two or three hoboes to call for it. In a week the word had gone around that he was an easy mark, and there was a procession of beggars up the stairs to his flat all day long."

"The janitor complained, and his own servant told him that she would leave unless he got another girl to do nothing but answer the door. So he had to give up his charitable scheme, and now he sends all his waste food down the dumbwaiter like other people."

"The waste of fruit in New York is incredible. Every banana steamer brings hundreds of thousands of bunches of fully ripe bananas, beautiful, yellow fruit, just ready to eat. The trade will not handle fruit in this condition; it wants green fruit. All these ripe bunches are thrown away."

"Only a short time ago over a million bananas brought in by the British steamship Chickahominy were wasted for this reason. Last year I remember an Italian steamer coming in with a cargo of lemons."

"The market was glutted at the time, and there was no price for them. It was cheaper to buy lemons here than to import them. The whole cargo was given to our department to throw away."

"This sort of thing seems an awful waste, but I can assure you it is not at all uncommon. On a smaller scale, it is always happening at our markets."

"A fruit dealer has a few boxes of oranges or tomatoes. The market is just closing, he can't get his price, and rather than sell them for five cents less he hands them over to us to throw away. That happens every day."

"It makes a man's heart bleed to see such immense quantities of good food thrown away, while many people, even in prosperous New York, haven't enough to eat."

But, in spite of this indictment, the student of economics must go to the tropics to see the greatest waste of food. Most tropical countries produce enough to feed a hundred times their population.

Take Jamaica, for instance. She exports large quantities of bananas, oranges and pineapples to the United States, but millions of those fruits are left to rot on the ground.

A walk through miles of plantations shows thousands of trees weighed down by luscious fruits which have not been picked, because the market price at the moment did not pay for the cost of export. Those fruits are all left to rot.

The world's mango crop is the greatest waste of all. The mango is one of the finest fruits in the world and perhaps the most nourishing. It grows in bewildering profusion in most parts of the tropics.

The negroes eat nothing else in the mango season. They sit under a mango tree and gorge themselves all day long. An average tree bears over 5,000 mangoes, each as big as a large orange, and there are hundreds of thousands of mango trees in Jamaica alone. The natives, with all their appetite, cannot eat 1 per cent. of the crop, which may be estimated at 10,000,000,000 mangoes a year.

Unfortunately the fruit cannot be exported. It will not stand a sea voyage unless it is treated with greater care than is profitable to give. Thus it is that many tropical countries are covered at certain seasons of the year by rotting mangoes.

An American travelling in the West Indies once rode along a mountain path which was carpeted for miles by fallen mangoes. In some places they were a foot deep.

There is a great waste at sea, where it is generally supposed that food is regarded at its proper value. On the big passenger liners the stewards throw overboard every day almost as much food as the cabin passengers eat—sometimes more.

On a voyage on a West Indian steamer a New Yorker saw nearly two million bananas and oranges thrown overboard because they were ripening too fast. All day long the sailors hove the golden bunches of fruit to the waves. A yellow streak of wasted food stretched as far as the eye could reach in the wake of the vessel.

There is enormous waste of food in the great cattle and sheep-rearing countries, especially in New Zealand, Australia, Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela. Hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle are slain merely for their hides, horns and hoofs, the exportation of the meat being unprofitable.

A man who worked on a sheep run in New South Wales declared that he once saw the carcasses of over

six thousand sheep on one farm. They had been slain, for their wool alone, and none of the meat was used.—New York Sun.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

The general cry that we hear is against the jury system in courts of justice. It seems to us that men are inclined to take extreme views on subjects of this class. The jury system has its blemishes as well as its merits, and it is not safe to condemn, in a wholesale manner, that which has proved the bulwark of a country's liberty, and a barrier against the encroachments of executive tyranny. In dealing with this question, as far as the United States is concerned, Mr. Henry Budd, of Philadelphia, gave an address before the Maryland State Bar Association, a short time ago, in which he not only upheld the jury, but even condemned the interference of the judge with the judges of the facts. His remarks are, in part anyway, well deserving of attention. He said:—

"The inroads of the bench are manifested in a sort of schoolmasterly authority sought by some judges to be asserted over the jury. There is no doubt as to the fact that the jury is supreme, and it is as much a piece of impertinence on the part of the judge to attack finding of fact, and to rate, reprove or rebuke the jury for its verdict, as it would be for the foreman of a jury at the conclusion of the judge's charge, and after consultation with his fellow-jurors, to rise and say: 'If Your Honor please, the charge which you have just delivered is inadequate, badly founded in law, not properly applicable to the facts, and we can account for such a charge only upon the supposition that Your Honor has been governed by some improper motive or is lacking in professional education.' One can imagine the consternation that such an address would create. The foreman would be committed for contempt, and justly so. Yet, would his conduct be any worse than that of the judge who presumes to rate the jury when the result of its deliberations upon a subject expressly put by the law beyond his control has not been in accordance with what he thinks the result should have been?"

In closing he said:—

"Are we prepared to go any further in a direction whose tendency is to have an important part of the criminal law really administered by a judge alone, and not by a judge in conjunction with a jury, each with well-defined functions? Can we afford to allow our most cherished institution, the one we have regarded as the most valuable guardian of our private rights and our liberties, to be any further restricted in action, its domain further encroached upon?"

"These questions, gentlemen, I leave you, and with them those words of a distinguished Federal judge: 'Distrust of the jury is distrust of the people, and a distrust of the people means the overthrow of the government our fathers founded.'"

While this gentleman goes somewhat into the other extreme, we might point out that our system in Canada observes a very just medium between the two. According to our system a distinction is made between criminal and civil law cases. In the Criminal Court the facts of a case, as told by witnesses, have generally the greatest bearing upon the justice of the judgment. Therefore, the jurymen, who are supposed to be experienced in that line are fully masters of the facts, while the functions of the judge are principally confined to presiding over the court and interpreting the law for the jury. It is otherwise in civil matters. There the facts can be more easily ascertained from written and oral evidence, the more sensational character being subdued, the judge is better calculated to make these facts fit into the laws and to give judgment according to that law as based upon the evidence. There are, however, cases of great commercial importance, in which experts are required to weigh the evidence and to decide. It rarely happens that a judge is so universally qualified that he can be looked upon as an expert in every instance. In these cases our civil law provides for a trial by jury, which is obtainable in an application from the lawyer representing one of the parties to the suit. It is, then, the duty of the officer who summons that jury to see that men of a special experience be called so that the jury may practically be one of experts. This is a system which has worked most admirably in Canada, especially in this province, and the adoption of it would put an end to the conflicts that exist elsewhere between the advocates of the system and those of the entire judicial system.

chester, Kingston,
ayton and
ail across Lake Ontario, a trip
enery of the Thousand Islands
the existing descent of all, the
Metropolis of Canada)
ade for cool and refreshing
illed city of
frica's Gibraltar)
y, Tadoussac and Pointe St.
able river is unequalled for wild
the Pilgrimages and Excursions
L. H. MYRAND,
l, Can. Dalhousie St., Quebec
ntreal, Can.

Sailors' Club
ILORS WELCOME.
very Wednesday Evening

MURPHY
& CO.

CLASS WHITE
n Shirt Waists

"Eagle" Brand Make
 in Manufacturers' Cost!

price during
 \$2.95

MURPHY & CO.

The Papacy Never Dies.

At the present writing the question of choosing a successor to Leo XIII. in the Pontifical chair is of paramount importance. For this reason the traditional method of selecting a Pope is a topic of more than ordinary interest.

Popes may die, but the Papacy lives for ever. With temporal princes their succession may come to an end. Reigning families may become exhausted; dynasties have come and gone; but by divine right the line of the Popes will last till the end of the world. The methods of electing the successor of St. Peter have changed in the nineteen centuries that the Popes have reigned, but as soon as one is canonically elected he assumes unto himself all the prerogatives of the Papal Chair. There is no prince in all Christendom whose power is greater. The influence of the Vicar of Christ is not confined to any race or people. It is not exercised by force of arms, nor is it maintained through the civil power. His jurisdiction is over the hearts of 260,000,000, and his word is obeyed with far more alacrity and submission than is accorded to any other ruler in the world. He is the successor of the Prince of the Apostles. He holds to all the faithful the place of the Vicar of Christ, and they acknowledge his infallibility in matters of faith and morals. These facts alone give to the election of the Pope an importance that is not attributable to any other event in history.

In the first place, it is a condemned proposition to maintain that the laity have any strict right of suffrage in the election of the Pope. In ancient times the vote of the Roman clergy, cast in the presence of the faithful, was the elective power; but as the Papal dignity increased in wealth and splendor of temporal authority it often became an object of human ambition. For this reason it was deemed necessary to enact laws that definitely settled the mode of election. This was done by Symmachus in the year 499.

The history of the interference of civil princes in the election of the Popes fills many a dark chapter in the Papal records. It is the old story of the state, with its stronger power, laying its blighting hand on the liberties of the Church. It was not till 1059, under Nicholas II., that the Papacy was completely emancipated from any subjection to the Empire, and his successor, Gregory VII., the glorious Hildebrand, was the last Pope who ever intervened the emperor of his election before proceeding to be consecrated and enthroned. The Third General Council of the Lateran (1179) confined the right to elect to the cardinals without reference to the rest of the Roman clergy or of the people, and required a two-thirds vote for a valid election.

The word conclave is of a little later origin. It originated in the custom of selecting a hall whose door could be securely fastened (cum clavi—with a key) behind the voting cardinals until they agreed by a two-thirds majority on a candidate. In some instances, where the stubborn electors held out, a diminishing quantity of food was served so as to hasten an agreement, and in one instance, where a year and one-half elapsed before a definite result was obtained, the roof was removed and the venerable fathers were left to the inclemencies of the weather until they came to a conclusion.

Any one may theoretically be elected Pope. He need not be a cardinal, nor even a priest. He need not be an Italian. Not a few persons of ignoble birth and of mean antecedents have been elected to the Papacy, which they have illustrated by their virtues or their learning. Sixtus V., 1585-1595, was a swineherd in his youth, and he repeatedly affirmed the fact when he was Pope. It was Sixtus V. of whom Queen Elizabeth of England said, when asked to marry, that she would offer her hand in marriage to no one but Sixtus, and he would not accept it. The present Cardinal Gotti's father was a stevedore. Almost every nationality has had a representative in the Chair of Peter, but for several centuries the Italians have kept the accession within their own nation, for the reason that the papedom has been a civil principality.

As soon as the Pope breathes his last the Cardinal Chamberlain takes possession of the Apostolic palace. He proceeds to the death chamber,

assures himself of, and instructs a notary to certify to, the fact that the Pope is really dead. Then the ring of the Fisherman is broken and the seal destroyed. The body is embalmed and carried in procession to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the Vatican Basilica, where it remains for three days, the feet protruding a little through an opening in the iron railing which encloses the chapel, that the faithful may approach and kiss the embroidered slipper. The nine days of funeral services are gone through with. During the last three days the services are performed at an elevated and magnificent catafalque. On each of these days five cardinals in turn give the absolution, and on the ninth day a funeral oration is pronounced. The body is reverently put into a cypress-wood coffin. This is put into a leaden case properly inscribed, and then all is placed in a wooden box covered with a red pall, and in this condition it is carried to the last resting-place, previously selected by the deceased.

On the tenth day the cardinals assemble in the forenoon, and the preparations are made for the Conclave. All the persons who are to remain in the Conclave—as prelates, custodians, attendants on the cardinals, physicians, barbers, masons—are passed in review and take an oath not to speak even among themselves of matters concerning the election. Every avenue leading to the Conclave, except the eight loopholes, is walled up by the masons; but one door is left so that it may be opened by the late coming cardinals or to let out any one who may be expelled, or who for any good reason may be obliged to go out. Any one who leaves cannot return. This only door has a combination lock, to be opened by the key of the prince marshal outside and of the Cardinal Chamberlain inside.

The food for the cardinals is introduced by a turn, so well known in convents of cloistered communities.

The next day, after Mass of the Holy Ghost, the balloting begins, and continues until some one receives the necessary two-thirds. The ballots are cast into a chalice on the altar.

There are now 63 cardinals in the Sacred College. Some may, on account of distance—as Cardinal Moran of Australia—or on account of age or infirmities, be prevented from being present. If they were all present it would require 42 votes to elect. It would seem from the present aspect of the Sacred College that a good many ballots may be taken before the requisite number is secured.

In the last Conclave Cardinal Pecci was so pre-eminently a leader that it took but one ballot practically to settle the question of his election. In all probability it will take more than one to settle the choice in the present Conclave. It is ordinarily very foolish to prophesy, but it is especially so when the subject matter of the prophecy is the outcome of the Conclave. There is an old Roman proverb which says, "He who enters the Conclave as Pope comes out of it as Cardinal." It does not always happen that the verdict of the Cardinals ratifies that of public opinion or of the public press. In fact, the more prominent cardinals, who are well known to the world at large, are generally the leaders of parties, and are for that very reason the less likely to draw unto themselves the suffrages of two-thirds of the Sacred College. They are the ones who have positive characteristics and practically stand for definite policies, and for that reason they have awakened opposition to themselves. Moreover, leaders are not always necessary in the Papal Chair. Leo XIII. has been so pre-eminently an aggressive character, and his brilliant mind has illuminated so many departments of church work, and his organizing hand has co-ordinated so many church activities, that a quiet, placid, conservative man might easily maintain the status quo for many years to come. The meek and humble Cardinal Chiaramonti, who became Pius VII., was far better fitted to withstand the eagle-like aggressiveness of Napoleon the First than Cardinal Consalvi would have been, or a dominating spirit like Sixtus the Fifth would have been. If the latter were pitted against a Napoleon, there would have been wreck and ruin throughout the Church.

Moreover, in discussing the papabile, one is often deceived in the qualities of a cardinal's character. Cardinal Pecci was ranked among the liberals, and it was expected that he would establish a policy of agreement with the Italian Government; but the very first act of Leo XIII. was to affirm irrevocably the attitude of protest against the usurper who ruled in the civil principality of the Church. There is always a reserve in the ecclesiastical world in Rome that the outside world rarely penetrates, and conse-

quently it knows little of the great moving forces in the Sacred College. These things have been said in order that too much weight may not be placed on any conjectural list of would-be Popes. Still it is allowable to discuss the chances various candidates may have and the characteristics that would seem best fitted to the times and the difficulties before the Church.

The question of the Christian Democracy is one of the great burning problems. Socialism is a growing quantity in Germany and elsewhere. It can be met in the best way by diffusing a deep and widespread knowledge of the true socialistic principles among the people. Hence the Propaganda of Christian Democracy was instituted by Leo XIII. The next Pope must carry this work to its fullest perfection. The next Pope must be one who will extend a warm hand of greeting to the throngs who have been born amidst Protestantism and who now are as sheep without a shepherd. Organized Protestantism is fast going to pieces, and unless the next Pope opens wide the door of the Church to the wandering flocks they will be led away into poisonous pastures. The next Pope should have an intimate knowledge of the great English-speaking races, where the church is as strong as it is anywhere else in the world. Leo frequently recognized the strength of Catholicism among the English-speaking people, and frequently affirmed that "America is the future." A mere nationalistic Pope, who would not be able to rise above the provincialism of his own race, would be, humanly speaking, a disaster. The next Pope should be one who would be able to open out the resources of truth and the wealth of religion that there is in the bosom of the church, and bid all nations come unto her especially those who are without a knowledge of God, to drink of the living fountains.

The names of Rampolla and Gotti and Sarfo and Ferrara are most frequently mentioned.

Cardinal Rampolla, the present Secretary of State, has been an alter ego of Leo, is in touch with his ideas, and is intimately acquainted with his most secret policies. He is, moreover, a man of profound piety and deep religious spirit. He may be depended on to carry out the projects of Leo XIII. in all their detail. Were he elected his reign would be in touch with progress.

Cardinal Gotti is a Carmelite, a man who has been trained to the religious life. All his life he has been a close student and a man of prayerful and devout spirit. He has held many high and responsible positions. In the pursuit of duty he has visited our western world; at one time was Delegate Apostolic to Brazil. Though he has not been in touch with high politics as some of his conferees in the College of Cardinals have been, still it is said that the Kaiser has expressed the greatest admiration for him and has given it out that he would be pleased if Cardinal Gotti was the one selected. Gotti has come from the very loins of the people, and if he were the next Pope it would be altogether likely that strong sympathies would be established between him and the common people. The many social questions that need the bold hand of religious leadership for their solution may find such vigorous treatment in Cardinal Gotti.

Cardinal Satolli is a profound theologian, having been most of his life a professor. He has, moreover, been in touch with life other than Italian, and he professes to love America very much. It is quite certain that his residence in this country has given him large knowledge of the great races of the world. Moreover he has been a close student of Leo, and he has absorbed not a little of his broad and comprehensive spirit.

But a truce to all these vain prognostications. When the door of the Conclave shuts behind the last cardinal, the intrigues of the world are shut out. There will be no vetoes from the civil power, for more than ever is the Church separated from the civil power, and more than ever is she in touch with the people. The Catholics of the world are able to contemplate the future with greater equanimity and with a larger hope than ever in the history of the Church.

In some few places the Church may be in sore straits, but never before has there been such world-wide loyalty to the See of Rome, or such

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"IMPERIAL LIMITED" TRIP WEEKLY FAST SERVICE between Montreal and Vancouver, leaving Windsor St. at 11:40 a.m., SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Daily Trans-Continental Train at 9:40 a.m. next day.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA sleeping Car Service. Commencing June 25th, and every Tuesday and Friday thereafter, through sleepers leave Montreal, Windsor St. at 7:25 p.m., for St. Andrews, returning leave St. Andrews Mondays and Wednesdays, arriving Montreal 8:05 a.m. next day.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD, Scarborough, etc. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Trains Lv. Windsor St. 9 a.m., week days, 8 p.m. daily.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

REGATTA - BELCEIL. AUGUST 1st. 1903.

MONTREAL to BELCEIL and Ret. 70 Cts. GOING DATES—P.M. Trains July 31, and all Trains August 1. RETURN LIMIT—August 3.

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" daily at 9 a.m. at Toronto at 4:41 p.m., Hamilton 5:40 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont. 7:15 p.m., Buffalo 8:20 p.m., London 7:40 p.m., Detroit 9:30 p.m., Chicago 7:20 a.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above Train

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD and SEA-SHORE. Car Service, Lv. Bonaventure Station 8:00 a.m. week days, 8 p.m. daily.

SUBURBAN SERVICE TO PT. CLAIRE. Commencing Saturday, July 25, and each Saturday during the month of August, also on Thursday, July 31st, and Monday, August 3rd, on account of Senawabaka Cup Races, Train No. 29, leaving Montreal at 12:10 noon, will run through to Pt. Claire, stopping at intermediate stations. Returning train will leave Pt. Claire at 12:53 p.m., arriving Montreal 1:24 p.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

NOTICE.

The relations and creditors of the late James Court, during his lifetime, syndic of Montreal, are notified to attend at the office of L. Bedard, Notary, No. 47 St. Vincent street, Montreal, on Monday, 10th August, 1903, at 5 o'clock p.m., to assist at a family council to name a curator to the vacant succession of the said late James Court, who died "ab intestat," at Montreal. Montreal, 30th July, 1903. L. BEDARD, N. P.

profound enthusiasm for the advancement of religion. They who have assisted during the last few years at the great ceremonies of the Pontifical Jubilee, and have seen the multitudes from every race and country, and have realized that sensation of greatness and strength and energy that seemed latent in the throngs that filled the grandest Basilica on earth, and have witnessed the deep feeling of world-power and universal supremacy that possessed the hearts of the people, as the white phantom of the Pope passed along like an apparition, have no element in their vision of the future that proclaims anything but glorious success and increasing greatness for the Church of Christ.—Catholic World Magazine, August, 1903.

A SAD CALAMITY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.

Ottawa, July 29.

On last Monday the priests from the different parishes in the diocese of Ottawa met at the University of Ottawa for their annual retreat. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presided, and Rev. Father Hamon, S.J., was the preacher. In the evening, about half-past nine, when they separated to go to their respective rooms, Rev. Father G. Lyonnais proceeded to the third story, and mistaking the door that opens on the elevator for that of his room, he passed in and fell thirty feet down the shaft. The elevator door had been left unlocked and the lift was at the fourth story. His cries attracted the others, and he was taken out in a dying condition. Dr. Parent, who was summoned, confirmed the fact that the priest was dying. He was taken to the Water Street Hospital, where the Archbishop administered the last rites and where he soon after expired.

Father Lyonnais was born near Quebec in 1858, and was in his forty-fifth year. He made a brilliant course of studies at the Quebec Seminary, and there graduated in 1883. He was intended by his parents for the legal profession; but in 1888 he

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

Ribbons That Sell Readily. Cheap Reading For Summer.

Grenadine Ribbon, 3 1/2 in. wide, choice colorings for Neckwear. Sale price, per yard.....14c

Fine Quality Silk Ribbon, raised patterns, 4 inches wide, colors cream, blue or pink. Sale price, per yard.....19c

Soft Silk Ribbon, plain colors, various shades, 4 inches wide. Sale price, per yard.....19c

Occasions Where Umbrellas Are Necessary

May and may not be numerous in the course of next month. It is always well to be prepared for any contingency though. Umbrellas, in price.

Men's Umbrellas, with union covering, steel rod and fancy handle. Sale price.....75c

Ladies' Gloria Silk Umbrella, steel rod, paragon frame, fancy handle, silver and gilt mountings. Sale price.....\$1.80

Many of the Smartest Afternoon Gowns Are Made of Voile

There are many different weaves represented in these stocks, but no value inferior to the undernoted: All Wool Snowflake Colored Voiles (all flaked with white), in various colorings, 40 inches wide. Value 60c yard. Sale price.....39c

Black Grenadine at 34c

Like the cheaper and more expensive grades it is exceptionally good value. In a fine range of the newest stripes. Worth 50c yard. Sale price.....34c

Some of the Value Attractions in the Boy' Clothing Section.

Fine Quality Striped Percalé Shirt Waists, fast color, sizes of collar from 12 to 14 inches. Sale prices.....74c and 81c

Sailor Blouse Suits, made of Navy Blue Duck, with white hair stripes, plain blue collar, trimmed with white braid, lanyard included. Sale price.....\$1.15

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

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

Carpet Sale.

137 MADE-UP CARPETS in Brussels, Tapestry, Wilton and Axminster. RUGS, MATS, MATTRESSES, BEDS and BEDDING. All Orders will receive prompt attention.

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

selected the Church as his vocation. Since his ordination he has been connected with the diocese of Ottawa. The parish which he has had in charge last is that of St. Albert, in the County of Russell. On Sunday, as usual, he sang High Mass, and asked his parishioners to pray for him during the retreat. The end came, however, very unexpectedly, and a great gloom has been cast over the diocese on account of the tragic death of this young and promising priest. May his soul rest in peace.

BOATING ACCIDENTS

Invariably on Monday morning the daily press contains sad accounts of Sunday accidents under headings such as these: "Drowned in the River;" "Fatal Yachting Accident;" "Another Sad Drowning Case." In last Monday's morning paper we read of the drowning, in the St. Lawrence, of Thomas Starke, aged 40, father of four children, and Leon Rose, aged 45, father of nine children. At about four in the afternoon the sudden gale that swept over the island of Montreal lashed the expanse of waters into fury and as a natural consequence the frail boat of the pleasure-seekers went down, carrying two to their death.

From Boucherville we learn of the narrow escape, on the same day, from a watery grave, of two well known heads of families of this city, who are spending the summer in that historic village. Were it not for timely aid of two courageous young men—Messrs. Carmel and Primeau, the former, only 13 years of age—who braved the storm and went to the assistance of the men clinging to their upturned boat, the result would have plunged two other homes into mourning.

This is only the record for one week. Each Monday a like story has to be told. One week it is on Lake St. Louis, another at Bout de l'Île, another down the river, another above the rapids at Lachine—and so the list of fatalities goes on, each Sunday adding its quota of victims to the unfortunate catalogue. And yet people will persist in this "taking the air" on the river, in boats that are absolutely unfit to weather any kind of slight storm. It may be that they have a special confidence in their own ability to guide the frail vessel or in their experience as swimmers, or in their long years of acquaintance with the dangers of the flood; but when there is no necessity of such exposure, surely it is tempting Providence to take such risks.

While we feel most heartily for the poor widows and orphans whom these thoughtless excursions, with their fatal endings, fling upon a cold world, deprived of their natural protectors, we cannot but blame the spirit of adventure that drives men to so expose their lives on the waters. And, even were these repeated cases to act as salutary lessons in preventing others from doing likewise, we might feel that some good would come of such a great evil. But such is not the case. Next Sunday, as in the past, the rivers and lakes will be dotted with light skiffs with jolly, happy, thoughtless seekers after air and enjoyment. And what has taken place in the past is liable to happen in the future; yet not one of these people ever dreams that the Sunday excursion may be their last "outing" in this world. We wish that we could reach every citizen of Montreal with this warning; still we have no expectation that it will be heeded.

Social Movement In England For Catholic Boys.

BOYS' BRIGADE.—T interesting paper was Conference of the Catholic Society at Liverpool by the founder of the Boys' Brigade: The problem of dealing with our Catholic boys leave school has for a greatly perplexed Catholic workers. Numberless have been made by means of ties and social clubs kinds to attract the boys them in touch with the results have been encouraging. Within the years, however, there endeavor to adopt the known as the Boys' Brigade amongst Catholic boys, who have already tried found their efforts so successful that others may glad to have their attention to it. Although the brigade been working in London where for the past several surprising how little is it. One cannot help regret that a large number of are aware of its existence misunderstand its scope of its promoters. We are very grateful to the Truth Society for affording excellent opportunity of fore the notice of the assembled at this Conference of the Catholic Boys' stating clearly what it has past and what it hopes can do, in the future, if the encouragement, at which it merits.

AFTER LEAVING school begin with, nobody will deny the urgent necessity for some effective means with the great leakage of tinnally going on in our amongst our boys as so leave school. Priests spare no effort to keep Catholic schools. For thirty years Catholics have almost intolerable burden that our Catholic children have a Catholic education Catholic elementary school yet we have so far made effort to keep them in the Church when they at the most dangerous lives from a religious point. One sometimes is almost ask whether it does not be throwing away years our elementary schools, of effort on our part to children when they leave portion of the children through our elementary main faithful to the practice religion? There is a method of testing the any priest who has an school go through his r ascertain how many children left the school during the years, and what proportion he can definitely point still practising Catholics of such a test are simple. It would seem, as far as goes, that from 50 to of the children upon time, labor, and money expended become negligible.

SOME STATISTICS. some actual figures taken from different schools to show not overstating my credit as far as boys are. In a large school of about in a very poor district have left since the year 1901. There is no brighter confraternity for the mission. The priest in point definitely to only boys who have left as any sense in touch with and of these 12 no less members of a company in the neighboring another school of 200 district there has been

Y Co. LIMITED.
ap Reading Summer.
 on's Town and Country Li-
 paper covers. Publish-
 50c. Our price.....10c
 inner," by Rhoda Broughton,
 w Lebrun," by Frank Barrett,
 usgrove," by Richard Marsh,
 ermaid," by L. Dougall,
 ce of Jenny Harlowe," by Clark
 ell.
 icles of Martin Hewitt," by
 ur Morrison.
 of Rathkelly," by Hawley
 t.
 here
Necessary
 ource of next month. It
 ehy though. Umbrellas,
 RE'S stocks, are reduced
 od and fancy handle.
 75c
 aragon frame, fancy
\$1.80
Afternoon
of Voile
 these stocks, but no value
 ed with white), in various
 price..... 39c
at 34c
 s it is exceptionally good
 rth 50c yard. Sale
 34c
ons in the
Section.
 color, sizes of collar
 74c and 81c
 ick, with white hair
 lanyard included.
\$1.15
Y Co. LIMITED.
 James Street, Montreal
Sale.
 estry, Wilton and Axmin,
 and BEDDING. Alj
EMPIRE BUILDING,
2474 and 2476
CATHERINE STREET

Social Movement In England For Catholic Boys.

BOYS' BRIGADE.—The following interesting paper was read at the Conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Liverpool by Father Segesser, the founder of the Catholic Boys' Brigade:
 The problem of dealing effectively with our Catholic boys when they leave school has for a long time greatly perplexed Catholic social workers. Numberless efforts have been made by means of confraternities and social clubs of different kinds to attract the boys and keep them in touch with the Church, but the results have been far from encouraging. Within the last few years, however, there has been an endeavor to adopt the organization known as the Boys' Brigade for work amongst Catholic boys, and those who have already tried this have found their efforts so uniformly successful that others may be very glad to have their attention called to it. Although the brigade has now been working in London and elsewhere for the past seven years, it is surprising how little is known about it. One cannot help regretting too that a large number of the few who are aware of its existence altogether misunderstand its scope and the object of its promoters. I am therefore very grateful to the Catholic Truth Society for affording me this excellent opportunity of bringing before the notice of the Catholics assembled at this Conference the work of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, of stating clearly what it is, and of indicating what it has done in the past and what it hopes to do, and can do, in the future, if it receives the encouragement and support which it merits.

AFTER LEAVING SCHOOL.—To begin with, nobody will venture to deny the urgent necessity there is for some effective means of dealing with the great leakage which is continually going on in our large towns amongst our boys as soon as they leave school. Priests and people spare no effort to keep our boys in Catholic schools. For the past thirty years Catholics have borne an almost intolerable burden, in order that our Catholic children should have a Catholic education in our Catholic elementary schools. And yet we have so far made no organized effort to keep them in touch with the Church when they leave school, at the most dangerous time of their lives from a religious point of view. One sometimes is almost tempted to ask whether it does not appear to be throwing away years of work in our elementary schools, by this want of effort on our part to provide for children when they leave. What proportion of the children who pass through our elementary schools remain faithful to the practice of their religion? There is a very simple method of testing the matter. Let any priest who has an elementary school go through his registers and ascertain how many children have left the school during the past three years, and what proportion of them he can definitely point to as being still practising Catholics. The results of such a test are simply appalling. It would seem, as far as my enquiries go, that from 50 to 75 per cent. of the children upon whom so much time, labor, and money has been expended become negligent Catholics.

SOME STATISTICS.—Here are some actual figures taken from different schools to show that I am not overstating my case, at any rate as far as boys are concerned. In a large school of about 200 boys in a very poor district, 53 boys have left since the beginning of 1901. There is no brigade nor club, nor confraternity for boys in the mission. The priest in charge can point definitely to only 12 of the boys who have left as being still in any sense in touch with the Church, and of these 12 no less than six are members of a company of the brigade in the neighboring parish. In another school of 200 boys in whose district there has been a company of

the brigade for more than three years, 36 boys have left during a similar period. Of these 42 are looked upon by the priest in charge as having been lost sight of. In another thickly-populated district where an average 100 boys leave the school each year, a priest can point to only from 40 to 50 boys who are fairly regular in the practice of their religious duties.

Of course every allowance must be made for removals from one district to another, and such like causes, but making the most liberal deductions on every conceivable ground, I do not think that there is any other word but appalling for these figures. In two large missions there was an attendance at Mass of roughly 1,700 adults, and nearly 900 children. Working by the Registrar-General's average this would point to at least 3,600 adults known to the clergy. According to the Diocesan Inspector's report, however, there are over 1,400 children in Catholic schools in the districts, which would indicate a Catholic adult population of 5,600 in touch with the priests. Yet the adult attendance at Mass is only 1,700, roughly 30 per cent. The inference is obvious. We are losing our children by hundreds as soon as they leave school, and we shall continue to do so unless we make some determined effort to retain them, which can be done, at any rate for the boys, by means of the Catholic Boys' Brigade.

BOYS IN LONDON.—What is the position of our Catholic boys in large centres of population like London? Is it to be wondered at that they fail to practise their religion if left to themselves? To me the wonder is that we retain any of our boys at all, considering our neglectfulness of them. The only place of recreation open to the ordinary London Catholic working boy is the street. He is not wanted in his home, such as it is, because there is no room for him in two or three little rooms—three is an exception—which have to serve the needs of a large family. And if he is wanted at home, it is against human nature to expect a boy who has been in a factory or a workshop all day long to be anxious to spend his spare time at night in a room which has to serve often as dining-room, sitting-room, kitchen, washing-room, and other things combined, with the prospect of helping in the house work, or of minding his baby brothers or sisters. The average boy, not unreasonably, prefers the street and goes into the street. Once our Catholic boys get fond of all the attractions of the street, they will not keep long to the practices of their religion. If we provide them with some substitute for the street, with something better than the street, then the boys will remain faithful to their religious duties. The best substitute which has been found so far is, I maintain, the Catholic Boys' Brigade.

AIMS OF THE BRIGADE.—The Catholic Boys' Brigade is not a national organization, it is purely Catholic. It is much stronger and more flourishing in Ireland than it is in England. The Catholic Boys' Brigade makes use of military drill, organization, and discipline, which is found to attract the boys very readily, and by means of which it is possible to control large bodies of boys effectively, and to practise them in physical exercises, in obedience and submission to lawfully constituted authority, and in esprit de corps, which benefits them immeasurably, bodily, mentally, and spiritually. The brigade secures boys much more easily than the Confraternity. It is the boy who is inclined to be good who joins the latter. But we need not be anxious about the boys who are inclined to be good. It is the boys who have a bent in the other direction, or who have no inclination one way or the other, who are in the majority, and who contribute so materially to the enormous leakage. These will respond much more willingly to a smart uniform, to military drill and gymnastics and the like. Again the Social Club by itself only attracts a certain class of boy. It can only flourish with disciplined boys. If it begins with a boisterous element it soon comes to an end. If it only attracts the disciplined, it does not help very much with the difficult question of dealing with the whole of our boys. Father Segesser said: "The best method of explaining the character of the operations of the brigade will be to describe the work done during a week by one of the London companies. This he did at some length, remarking: I suppose the experience of London is not very different from that of other large towns. In London we are always complaining of the want of union amongst Catholics, of the difficulty of persuading Catholics from different districts to work together as one compact body for some common purpose. The brigade at any rate

is succeeding in doing this for its boys, and when the latter become men the lesson cannot fail to have its effect.

SOME EXAMPLES.—The best example of this can be found in the Royal review of Boys' Brigades, which took place in London last year. It was undoubtedly a bold action on the part of the brigade to participate therein, as our organization is the youngest of its kind, and had necessarily to compete with those of many years' standing and experience, whose numbers easily went into thousands, where the Catholic Brigade had difficulty in reaching hundreds. What was the result? The 600 Catholic boys on parade on the day of the review compared so favorably with the other 11,000 that the London "Times" selected them for a special note of praise. What better object lesson of the value of Catholic unity could be given the boys than this? And the facts to remember from a religious point of view is that it is the name "Catholic" which is the distinguishing mark of our boys, and that they wear the Papal tiara as their badge. But the greatest advantage which the brigade offers is the summer camps, by means of which boys are enabled to obtain a week's holiday in the country for a nominal charge. At the last summer camp at Effingham there were over 350 boys who stayed for part or for the whole of the week. Here again the advantage of the military organization is apparent. The advantages of the brigade are too numerous to mention. The military organization gives those in charge a great hold over the boys. There is keen competition amongst them for positions as non-commissioned officers. Hence the promotions are an invaluable aid in controlling the boys. Besides these the brigade awards good conduct stripes, which are worn upon the uniform, the standard for which is purposely fixed very high, and which in consequence are greatly valued by the boys. The loss of a good conduct stripe is a means of punishment, the threat of which is sufficiently effective. Beyond this attendance stars are awarded of different grades—a gold star for a boy who makes every attendance for the year, a very high standard, as most will admit, yet one company last year claimed as many as 16. The excursions and the summer camps are also great aids to discipline, as participation in them can be limited to boys who satisfy their officers in every way. The temporal advantages to the boys must be obvious, and the spiritual advantages derived by the boys are even greater than the temporal. In what other way can any priest hope to find such an opportunity for coming in touch with boys? Night after night during the week a large number of boys are brought in contact with him, and if he does not obtrusively make himself felt, who is to blame? By means of the brigade boys who had fallen away from their religious duties since leaving school have again been brought back to the Church. Boys who had left school without making their First Holy Communion have been placed under instruction through the brigade. Boys who never went to Mass have been influenced in the right direction by means of the Church parade.

PERSISTENT LABOR.—After describing the arrangements necessary for the formation of a Company, Father Segesser remarked: I venture to suggest that purely from a commercial point of view the money spent on the brigade will come back with interest, for in modelling and securing the Catholic men of the future, we shall be assuring the financial prosperity of the Church in the years to come. At present the brigade is but in its infancy. It has only 30 companies in the whole of this country, yet it has already accomplished most encouraging work. If following the publicly expressed wishes of our deeply lamented first president, the late Cardinal Vaughan and of our vice-president, the Bishop of Spthwark, if there were a flourishing company of the brigade in every mission in our large towns, co-operating with our elementary schools, there would be no doubt as to the future of the Church in this country. The brigade as I have already said, requires persistent labor and self-sacrifice on the part of the clergy and laity concerned with it, but the results which such a development would mean, would be so far-reaching and so satisfactory that it would be worth any sacrifice on our part. My words may seem to many to be the result of over-enthusiasm, but I would advise all not to express an opinion until they have had my experience. Let all start companies of the brigade in their own districts, and at the end of a few years I guarantee they will be equally as enthusiastic with regard to the organization as I am.

Our Curbstone Observer On the Pope's Death

So much has been written, and such a world a beautiful reflections have been made upon the all-absorbing question of the death of the great and saintly Pontiff, Leo XIII., that it cannot be expected that the humble pen of a poor curbstone observer could add anything to the wealth of tributes paid to that august memory. But, each in his own sphere, no matter how contracted it may be can add his mite, and as the reign of that immortal Vicar of Christ extended over the entire world and penetrated into even the most remote corners, affecting the souls and lives of the most humble as well as the most exalted, it might be possible that I could tell, in my reflections, a few things that might not be untimely. During these past weeks I have trod the curbstone day and night, I have paused at corners to listen to conversations, and in mid-street to note salutations; and in all my wanderings, and with all the people I have met—from the beggar on the street to the merchant prince in his stately equipage, I could not detect one harsh note, one word of censure, one breath of dislike, one single expression of even indifference; everywhere, and with all people, irrespective of creed, of race, of station, of education, of social position, the one long deep note of sorrow blending with one of intense admiration for the great dead Pope came gratefully to my ears. Ah! it was a pleasure, a consolation, and an encouragement to walk the street, to stand on the curbstone, and to note how all humanity seems to have been made better by the contemplation of that wonderful life and the reflection upon that saintly death.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.—It was day of the Pope's death. Rumor had it a little after noon that the end had come. I was standing on the curbstone when a well known Protestant clergyman of this city passed by. I had known him for some years, and a kindly gentleman I always found him. He recognized me, and stopped to shake hands. The usual question, "Any news?" I replied that I had heard an unconfirmed rumor that the Pope was dead, but, while it would not be surprising, there was yet no positive information. Just then a third gentleman came along and informed us that the news had reached the Archbishop's Palace. I will never forget the expression of that Minister as he took of his hat, and solemnly said: "I salute a saint in heaven." Then turning to me he asked if I had ever seen Leo XIII. I stated that I had not. He then said, as nearly as I can recall his words: "I saw him, and I spoke to him, and what is more I begged for and obtained his Apostolic Benediction, and I have ever since felt that some great grace came into my soul for the memory of that hour seemed to always draw me nearer to God." What could one ask more? There were tears in that man's eyes; his heart was swelling with sympathetic emotion; he evidently esteemed, admired, and loved the great Pope. Keen was the satisfaction I felt. And I, then and there, had a vision. I thought that I beheld that same man, some day in the future, entering the fold of Christ, and I could see the joy that came to the soul of Leo in heaven, on beholding such a result of his own magnetic goodness. Will that vision ever be realized? I know not; but if it were, I am confident that he would not be the first and only one whom the power of the dead Pontiff has drawn from the darkness without to the light within.

AN HUMBLE CREATURE.—That very evening I passed along a narrow street, one that were I to name it would be well known to many of the readers. It is a small street, not much larger than a lane. The houses on either side are very poor and very miserable looking. And the people within them are just as poor and as miserable. One woman was seated at the door-step and her eyes told the story of weeping. Now and again she would dash off a tear with the back of her hand, or rub the

corner of her eye with her apron. I thought that there was either death, or else sickness, or certainly deep affliction of some kind in that humble dwelling. With my accustomed curiosity, born of the habit of observation, I paused and asked the woman some question about the weather. She replied in an absent manner. Then I hazarded another question. "You seem distressed," I said as kindly as I could. I was astonished at the reply. "Yes, sir," she said, "it is a very sad day, I have been told of the Pope's death, and I have been doing my own bit of crying and praying for his good soul." What a wonderful lesson. There, at the door of that humble hut, where poverty reigned supreme, sat a woman, with all the cares of a family and all the miseries of her condition in life, to worry her soul, and she thought not of her own troubles, nor of the hardships of life. She had only a thought for the Vicar of Christ, a prayer for his soul, and a tear of sincere sorrow for his memory. Not all the tributes that the flashing pens and vibrating voices of the world pay to his greatness and goodness could equal in strength and depth that unobserved and silent tribute. There was the Faith of Ages exemplified before my eyes. There, on that curbstone, I stood and looked, with my own eyes, upon the exemplification of the spirit which animated the race of my fathers during over seven hundred years, and which no power of earth could destroy. That was the simple Faith of the Catholic soul. I united with her in a fervent "God's rest to his soul," and I proceeded on my way. I have since passed that street more than once, I may do so many times in the future; but it has assumed a very different appearance to me. When I look down its lane-like alley and gaze upon the poor structures on either hand, the whole scene grows radiant, for I seem to see it illumined with the rays of faith that are treasured within its precincts. Ah, the cold, dull, uninviting stable at Bethlehem was once transfigured into a shrine of glory unsurpassed, even the splendors of the temple on Mount Zion.

HOT WEATHER FOG
No Vim, No Snap, No Energy, Exertion Dreaded and Work Shunned.

"Fagged right out," is an appropriate way to express the feelings of many people during the hot summer months. No strength, no vigor, no snap, no ambition, too weary to work and too languid to take any keen pleasure in life. You need a tonic for this summer fog, and the very best summer tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose makes new, rich blood, tones the nerves, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, and banishes weakness and weariness, headaches, backaches, languor and despondency. The only tonic that can do this for you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—it's a waste of money to experiment with anything else. Mr. Louis Doucet, Grand Etang, N. S., says: "I was very much run down in health and was weak and easily tired. My appetite was variable, my nerves unstrung and I often felt a complete indisposition to work. After trying several medicines without benefit, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I felt better than I had done for months, and equal to any exertion. I don't know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when one feels fagged out." You can get the pills from any dealers in medicine, or they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box.

IN AID OF ORPHANS.—The success of the Fourth of July picnic for the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum, Cincinnati, was remarkable enough to be worthy of more than local notice. The popularity contest between Mr. William Keehan and Dr. Zechendorf netted more than \$7,000. Tivets for complete dining room outfit brought in more than \$2,000. The cash register at the orphans' booth showed receipts of \$2,500, while St. Xavier's was a close second to that handsome figure. Total receipts from all sources showed figures amounting to more than \$16,000, and there is every probability, when all the returns are in, that \$17,000 will be nearer the mark.—Catholic Universe.

A Non-Catholic's Tribute to Late Cardinal Vaughan

The following letter appeared in the "Westminster News" of the 27th June:—

Sir,—The religious life of London has, within the last few months, had to bewail the loss of some of its most prominent sons, every branch of the Church having shared in the calamity. The Church of England has lost many of those who were its guides, philosophers, and friends in the persons, among others, of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster; Nonconformity has had many severe losses, notably, and perhaps primarily, Dr. Parker, of the City Temple; and now comes a loss to our Catholic fellow-citizens in the person of their Cardinal Archbishop, and I trust that I am too good, albeit but a very humble, son of the Church of England, to be incapable of expressing my sincere regret at the death of one who has endeared himself to his flock by many actions alike too numerous and perhaps too sacred to be lightly mentioned in the columns of a newspaper. It is well known that the religious life of the Metropolis will be very much the poorer for his death, and it may be feared that many of the schemes for the benefit and amelioration of the poor of London will lose much by the stilling of his loving voice and powerful advocacy. There were few matters having for their object the helping those who form a variety of causes, had but little or no power to push their way above the lowest level in society, which had not his countenance and monetary help, and, as one who knows not a little of the poor quarters of this neighborhood, I can assure that an incalculable amount of good has been done under his supervision by the noble army of priests and devoted women in Westminster slums; and often when there has been a scene of disorder the mere mention of the dead Cardinal's name has had the effect of lessening it if not altogether stopping it. This has notably been the case in Great Peter Street and the adjacent Chadwick Street, and I have just been informed that the police have frequently found a very trusty ally in the Catholic priests. With some persons, however, be it said with all respect, he was not what the world calls a popular man, and may be said not to have inspired much personal affection, not perhaps in the same way that Cardinal Newman was beloved or Cardinal Manning revered, but it is certain that in the great world of London and among the hosts of the Roman Catholic Church he was a great power for good, and was certainly a born leader of men and one who saw the business side of all work necessary for his Church. Of great executive skill, he had rare powers of organization and carried, so far as it could humanly be done, all that he undertook to a satisfactory, if not always a successful issue. It has been justly said that his "great and overwhelming faith in the Roman Catholic Church," and his one ever-mastering desire was his "earnest, passionate, and single-minded endeavor to make the light of that Church the spiritual guide of his fellow-countrymen." This we feel and know to be true, but with what success can scarcely now be measured. The gauging of his work must come afterwards. His power of ruling was as great as his power of guiding, for his hand was as capable in the one as in the other, and in neither has he failed, and take him for all in all he was a man that Protestant and Roman Catholic could be proud of, as one who, according to his lights and in no meagre degree, put his hand to the plough and never looked back while and when there was work to be done, as may be witnessed in the founding of the College at Mill Hill, where he breathed his last and will sleep the sleep of the just, and the great Cathedral in our midst, the first service in which will be, as Canon Keatinge, preaching in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, said, "Would not be a 'Te Deum' but the 'Miserere Mea.'"—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

W. E. HARLAND OXLEY,
 C2, The Almshouses, Rochester Row, S.W.

"Habitual Confession For The Young."

(Continued)

By "CRUX"

It will be remembered that last week I closed my comments upon Ambrose J. Wilson's article in the June "Contemporary Review," with that part in which he passes to the consideration of the objections that he finds to Confession for the young. Before proceeding, however, with his objections, it is necessary to recall the fact—pointed out in my article of last issue, that he is dealing with Confession as it is understood and practised in the Anglican Church, and not as we know it in the Catholic Church. To him Confession is the entire practice; with us it is only one of the necessary parts of the Sacrament of Penance. Our Church demands four things in order to constitute the sacrament. There must be contrition, confession, absolution and reparation. And the absence of any one of these four mars the Sacrament of Penance. Not so with the Anglican Church. There Confession is a mere form, and whether followed by absolution or not does not much matter, since the power to absolve is denied the priest or minister. But we are not now discussing these differences. We have to do with Mr. Wilson's article. Coming, then, to the objections he has to Confession, the first he raises is to the effect that it destroys the will-power of the young person who frequents the confessional.

Our author thus enters upon the controversial part of his theme: "First, then, it is believed that habitual 'Confession' tends to impair independence of character and to weaken the sense of right and wrong." This is decidedly a Protestant argument, the very text tells it on its face; it, therefore, applied to Confession such as practised by them. No Catholic would ever commence a statement regarding a doctrine or a practice of the Church with the self-protecting and doubt-suggesting words, "it is believed that." Imagine a Catholic writer saying "it is believed that a sacrament carried with it, when worthily received, the necessary grace, etc." We say, "we are taught," or "it is a doctrine of the Church" or simply "it is a fact that." There is no doubt with us in regard to such matters; we have an infallible guide, others have not, that is the difference.

Since, then, "it is believed" that Confession impairs independence of character, it may be well to learn in what the writer considers it produces this result, or rather how it does so.

"But the tendency of 'Confession,' on the other hand, is to form and develop and perpetuate the habit of surrendering the will and leaning on the arm of flesh."

Again we have here the Anglican idea. But in the Catholic Church there is absolutely no surrender of the will to that of the priest, and no leaning on the arm of flesh; quite the contrary. The will is simply taught to be submissive to the will of God as made manifest in His laws, and this is the perfection of liberty. The will receives strength, through the confessional, by advice, encouragement, guidance, and above all the promptings of grace. Mortal man may have the desire to practise virtue or to avoid habitual vice, but his will is too weak, and when simply self-reliant is sure to fail, to quail before the whirlwind of passion or the onset of temptation. It is then that the will needs strength, and it is in the confessional, with God and in the presence of God's representative, the words of consolation, of guidance, of admonition, and of encouragement fortify the will, and the man comes forth determined to battle again; and even should he be overturned in contest, he returns to that source of strength, drinks at that fountain of consolation, and reinvigorated renews the struggle, this time perhaps to conquer.

Nor is it on the "Arm of flesh" that he leans. There is no arm of the flesh there. The hand that is extended is an absolutely spiritual one; the very absolution that he receives has naught of mortal or fleshy connected with it. The priest is simply an instrument; he is the bugle, but the sound of sweet musical consolation and assurance is no part of himself; it is produced by

the breath of God blowing into the instrument. This our writer of the "Review" does not understand, for he lacks the experience. But as far as the Confession in his Church goes he may be right, or at least amongst some "it is believed" that the effects he describes are real.

Pass we on to something else. From the writings of Hooker, and Neale's "History of the Holy Eastern Church" he establishes that in Russia the civil law prescribes Confession once a year, and it is prescribed in the Anglican Church "if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter;" from all of which we are told that:—

"It is plain, then, that private confession is one of those 'rites ordained only by man's authority,' which 'every particular or national Church hath authority to ordain, change and abolish,' so that all things be done to edifying; and the edifice that Confession has to build up is that of character and independent vigor of righteousness, and by its power to do this it stands or falls."

Here again we are in presence of Protestant confession. For in the Catholic Church not only Confession is not based upon human authority, but it is not changeable nor adaptable to the whims or peculiarities of peoples or nations. If Confession were the sacrament such might be argued, but as it is only one of the essential requisites of the sacrament, it is the Penance, the Sacrament of Penance that we must consider. And this has been established by Our Lord in plain terms that none can misunderstand.

Now to summarize the other objects to Confession for youth, he says that it engenders shame, at the "idea of laying bare the soul's nakedness to the scrutiny of strange eyes;" it makes children, who have been trained by their parents "on confessional lines," "wholly devoid of will power, and of moral sense, and of shame;" it creates for young people, especially in young girls "a dangerous risk lest systematic confession should lead the young heart into systematic deception, a thing immeasurably worse than carelessness in religious concerns, inasmuch as it may grow up into the 'lie in the soul.'"

Having thus taken from the text of the article the passages that most clearly indicate the ground work of this writer's objection to Confession, we may again summarize them: Confession makes the youth ashamed of his sin, causes him to lose all moral sense of its gravity, tempts him to lie about it—that is to hide it, or to tell it in such a manner as to deceive the confessor. To illustrate these dangers he cites some examples, and of these I will select one:—

"A typical case of this sort of ethical evolution once came under the observation of the writer. It was that of a lad who, after long-continued yielding to the same kind of very serious wrong-doing, was detected in one such act by secular authority, which made all possible efforts to save him from himself and to strengthen his will-power against a failing which would go near, if continued and known, to compass his social ostracism. Because in this case he had been detected he told the one act to his priest in Confession and received absolution. His object was that he might be able to go to his Sunday Communion. And yet it transpired that he had confessed none of his previous similar downfalls, though he had continued to take his minor failings regularly to Confession, had received Absolution, and had found courage to go to Holy Communion on the strength of that stolen forgiveness. This was a lad of fifteen summers. It is not in evidence how long the habit of 'Confession' had been a determinant in his moral evolution. Yet it had been long enough to render the typical development complete. The leaning on the arm of flesh had apparently become absolute. It was sufficient to him, for quieting of conscience and for spiritual peace to have had absolution from the human judge, however undesired it might be."

This then is the sole ground work of Mr. Wilson's objection to Confession for the youth of the Church. Decidedly he has in view his own Church; and we can very easily comprehend that such reasoning may have weight in regard to the institution of Confession therein. But, as he frequently tries to mix up Catholic Penance and Anglican Confession, we will take his statements as if they were made concerning our Church:

When he gives an example such as that now produced, he does not take into account the idea of a sacrament, and the other idea of sacrifice which is the result of an unworthy reception of that sacrament. He cites a case; there may be scores of them in the Anglican experience of Confession, for aught we know; but

in the Catholic practice this would be a rare, a very rare exception. So much so that we can, from our long and varied experience, scarcely credit it. The very first idea impressed upon the youthful mind is that of the sacredness of the sacrament and the terrible consequences of an unworthy reception of it. The Catholic boy or girl would be more afraid of the retribution of the crime of sacrilege than of the Confession of the most terrible crime. That a boy should hide a sin through shame and go on repeating the same crime week after week, or month after month, simply for the purpose of being allowed to go to Communion, is just as possible as that a man should be guilty of murder, repeat the crime over and over, and go on thus unrepentant until discovery. But either case would be considered as a freak of human depravity and could never be accepted as a rule.

It is not by examples of this class that one can establish that deception, lying, and hardening in sin result from habitual Confession. On the contrary, the more frequent the Confession the less loaded is the conscience, and the easier is the task, the stronger the will-power grows, the greater amount of resistance can be offered to temptation, and the more perfect the life. And yet we say all this simply referring to the human effect of the habitual Confession. But away beyond these results, in a sublimer atmosphere, there is something that the non-Catholic mind cannot understand. The more frequent the Confession the more abundant the floods of grace that pour into the soul through the channel of the great Sacrament of Penance. And the abundance of grace imparts strength to the will, and courage to the heart, fits the soul for every combat in life and ensures an ultimate triumph. Rising on the wings of grace into the glorious region of peace with God, the mind of the true Catholic cannot sink, without repugnance, to the contemplation of the subject from the standpoint of Ambrose J. Wilson.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Cholera infantum is one of the most dreaded diseases of infancy. It is prevalent during the heat of summer in spite of all the care mothers may take to guard against it, and it sometimes progresses so quickly that death occurs in a few hours no matter what care is given the child. The first thing to do is to stop feeding the child and give him plenty of fresh air and pure water to drink. Give Baby's Own Tablets to carry off the poison in the system. Do not under any circumstance give a medicine to check the diarrhoea, except under the advice of a doctor. By using Baby's Own Tablets the cause of the diarrhoea will be removed, and the disease will thus be removed, and the disease will thus be checked in a natural manner. Proof that the Tablets cure this too often fatal trouble is given by Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., who says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly."

Keep the Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save your little one's life. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The importance of organizing Catholic parochial educational establishments in every centre and equipping them with every modern auxiliary is a question which is not appreciated by Catholic men of financial resources as it should be. This matter was made the subject of a pastoral letter of Coadjutor-Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, recently, in which he urges the establishment of parish schools in every parish where this is practicable throughout the diocese; and that these schools should be raised to the highest possible standard, so that they may be not only equal but superior to the public schools. He has appointed a school board and instructed them to thoroughly organize and perfect the Catholic school system of the diocese.

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble now—small and large bottles from all grocers.
GUARANTEED PURE.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

An item of news, of a sad character, has brought to my memory a letter that has been long hid away in a bundle that I had no intention of opening for use. I will refer firstly to the item. It is dated from Winnipeg, July 23rd, and reads:—"The death is announced from Edmonton of Bishop Clut, of the Catholic diocese of Arthabasca, at Lesser Slave Lake, two weeks ago. He was ninety-one years of age, and retired from active work some years ago. The Right Rev. Isador Clut, O.M.I., was born at St. Rambert, Valence, France, on February 2nd, 1812. Joining the Oblat Order he came to Canada and was ordained priest in 1837. He was soon afterwards sent as a missionary to the Mackenzie River district, and did noble work in spreading Christianity among the Indians and half-breeds. He was appointed Bishop of Arindel, "in partibus," in 1867, and has since been coadjutor to the late Bishop Grouard."

Now this is the simple announcement, given by telegraphic despatch, of the death of a great, good and remarkable prelate. Many of the readers of the "True Witness" will remember Mgr. Clut. His was a familiar figure in Montreal. In former years he paid frequent visits to this province, principally in the interests of his diocese and his Indian missions. He was of almost giant form, tall, possibly over six feet, and stout in proportion. He had the bearing of a military officer of the old school, a noble of the reign of the "Grand Monarch." His long, flowing, white beard, white as the driven snow and waving as that of a patriarch gave him a wonderfully imposing and even inspiring appearance. His eyes were bright as jewels of jet set in a frame of ivory. His voice was most delightfully modulated, and his smile was perfectly irresistible. Sixty years of missionary life in the wilds of the great North-West, in the land of the buffalo and the Indian, had not robbed him of one iota of his stately bearing, and he moved about with the grace that would be observed in the salons of royalty, just as if he had never spent the greater portion of his life between ranch and wigwam.

The last time, to my recollection, that he was in Montreal was in 1896 or 1897, I disremember exactly the year. But, at that time, he was undergoing a treatment at the Hotel Dieu Hospital here. I then had occasion to call upon him concerning certain information that I wanted about the Mackenzie River district. In the course of our conversation, Bishop Clut told me that he had just received a beautiful letter from an Indian girl, of about sixteen years of age, written in the native language of her tribe, in which she informs him of what has taken place since his departure. He asked me to have the letter published for him. I promised to see some of my friends in the journalistic sphere and to have his wishes gratified. He thereon translated the letter into French for me, and I translated it from that language into English. For reasons that I have not been able to ascertain the letter was not published, and my translation went the way of many another document—to some basket under an editor's desk.

I have now before me the French translation of the original letter, on that small, round, almost microscopic writing of the venerable prelate. It is in purple ink, and seems so familiar that it recalls the hour that I spent in that room at the Hotel Dieu with him. I can again see the aged and stately man, with his white beard sweeping his aged breast and almost hiding the gold crucifix hanging from the heavy episcopal chain around his neck. I can see him bending over the little table, and dipping his pen in the purple ink-stand, and then biting the end of it while his eyes glanced over the Indian manuscript as he mentally translated the phrases before consigning them to paper in French. And as I look at that signature, so tiny—just "Fr. Clut, O.M.I.," in little characters below, I feel how great a heart was within that large frame and what a wealth of virtues, talents, and wonderful faculties that small signature represented. The letter is not long, and bears no date; it may have a date in the original, but he did not translate it for me. However, it was either in 1896 or 1897. The letter ran thus:

"Our Dear White Father," (They called him "White Father" since his beard had become like the snow). "We mourn your departure, as we would the bright sunshine that the cloud hides from us. But we know the cloud will pass and the sunshine come again, so do we know your absence will be a thing of the past soon, and you will come home to your children. Since you have gone away to the far distant land of your first love, we have not omitted to pray to Our Lord for your protection. We recited the Rosary each night, praying to the good Mother to protect you—the word is 'cover you in a blanket,' which means to shelter, or protect) We have had one candle burning all the day in the chapel, and it is for you.

There are wise medicine men in the great city, and they will give you back your health, for God always hears the prayer of the Indian child, and God will teach them how to make you well. Inkka has been hunting since you have left us, and the Prose whom you called Anna has been ill with a cold of a severe kind that makes her as mute as river that is always murmuring but does not speak. It is so lonesome without you that we feel the days will have no ending and the nights are much longer" (when he wrote this the good Bishop smiled to himself, and with a merry, roughish twinkle in his eye, turned to me and said, that there must be a strain of Irish in his young protegee, if we are to judge by this blunder—I would call it a bull). The letter goes on:—

"When you are not occupied with your health, and all your interests in the great city of your people, you will write us, that is me for us, a nice letter, full of good news all about yourself. You will pray for us especially when you say Mass and take Holy Communion; and we will do likewise for you. Bring us no presents except yourself. They would lose their value in the light of your presence with us; that would be so much joy that we would have no place in our poor Indian hearts for any other pleasure. Come quick, keep us not waiting, wipe away our sorrow at your absence, and bless us from afar awaiting your return to bless us, your children, near to you."

I must say that while mine is an exact translation of Bishop Clut's writing, his version was couched in more literary form than the original. He seemed to have clung more to the rendering of the idea than the exact words. In any case this letter has its value for me in that it is from the pen of Bishop Clut, that it was written for myself, that I sat beside him as he wrote it, and that when I took it from his hand and said adieu to him, I looked for a last time in life upon the venerable and imposing form and face of the good Bishop.

May his soul rest in peace.

The Cause of Temperance.

From a recent sermon by the Very Rev. Father Nicholas, O.S.F.C., published in the "Universe," London, Eng., we take the following extracts: With the alarming words, "Nor drunkards shall possess the Kingdom of God," did St. Paul warn the Corinthians against the use of intoxicating drink; and as we all know that nowadays the vast majority of those, nay, practically all, who become drunkards are people who had intended in the beginning to drink only in moderation; it, therefore, follows that the most prudent and best way of avoiding this great and eminent danger is to give up intoxicating drink altogether. This is counsel for all, but of strict obligation for those who know from experience that for themselves there is no such thing as moderation. There are, unfortunately, a great many who, if they once tasted intoxicating drink, could not stop until they go to lamentable and sinful excess.

This want of Christian strength—in plainer terms, the drink craze—in some is the result of habitual tipping, in others it is an unfortunate legacy transmitted to them by drunken parents. Hence the prudence for moderate drinkers to give up the drink, for many moderate drinkers become drunkards. It is prudent for the children of drunken parents to give up the drink lest they might rouse up and develop the weakness for drink that is in them. Again, it is prudent for parents to give up the drink lest they scandalize the little ones or transmit the drink craze to the children that are yet unborn. In the hope, therefore, of helping to create a sound public opinion on the temperance question, I will now try to show you that "intoxicating drink is the deadliest

enemy of man, both of soul and body, of home and the well-being of his family."

In the first place, behold what a cruel enemy it is of the soul. Intoxicating drink defiles it; it brutalises every low and animal passion, while it weakens the resisting influence of the understanding, it weakens the will, and abandons the soul to the power of the demon. No wonder, therefore, the terrifying words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, and through them to the Catholic world, "Nor drunkards shall possess the Kingdom of God." For drunkenness brings down its victim from the high ideal of God's image to the level of the beast. It is certain that thousands of deaths occur every year through drink, and many of them surrounded by circumstances that leave very little hope for the salvation of their souls. Some of those deaths are sudden and without a priest; others, still worse, when the priest is present and cannot administer the Sacraments to the dying drunkard.

Everyone will admit that, after man's life and salvation, there is nothing so dear to his heart as his home and the well-being of his family—the safety and happiness of father and mother, brothers and sisters, or wife and children, as the case may be. In a struggle to preserve his home a man has often nerved himself up to deeds of heroism—even to the shedding of his blood. At this we do not wonder, for what is the world to a man without the consolations and happiness of home? Will wealth and pleasure and power compensate for them? I say No! Better a thousand times the cot of the poor man, whom the world ignores, whom friends desert, whom poverty pinches and whom adversity tries, but who has one treasure—the blessing of a happy home. Hence, as I have said, no treasure, after man's life and salvation, is so dear to his heart as that of a happy home. No sacrifice, therefore, must be considered too great to secure that happiness for yourselves and for your families, and, of course, no effort should be spared to repress the enemy who would persist in tempting to undermine or shatter your happy home.

But, brethren, of all the enemies of home and happiness, of all the foes that ever brought sorrow and misery into a house, of all the evils that ever brought tears to a mother's eyes or gray hairs to a broken-hearted father, the evil of intoxicating drink is the worst. Ah! most assuredly intoxicating drink is the deadliest foe that ever persecuted or scourged our poor country.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

- Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied by applying to the above-named firm.
- CANADA.
- Nos.
81,969—Wm. Jas. D. Cummings, Dexter, Ont. Bag fastener.
81,989—Emile Vegardet Ltd Labonte, Montreal, Que. Painting and cleaning apparatus.
81,017—Rouald Ed. Painchaud, Montreal, Que. Combination child's table and baby walker.
82,022—Sydney Bolton Paterson, St. John, N.B. Card cornering machine.
82,063—Ebenzer J. Moore, Windsor Mills, Que. Device for cutting saw-teeth.
- UNITED STATES.
- Nos.
730,864—Damase Beaulieu, Matana, Que. Automatic fire alarm.
731,179—Messrs. Harrison & Hinch, St. Mary's N.W.T. Disk plow.
731,454—Harold W. Higgins, Montreal, Que. Coffee pot.
731,575—H. Addison Johnston, Ingersoll, Ont. Hair supporter.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

The following is an extract from a letter written by an Agnostic to a Catholic friend last month: "Catholic missionaries were the ones (in Japan I mean) that won everyone's respect. The worldly never had a sneer for them." The writer had spent some years in Japan.

TH
CO
CHAPTER
HOW
HARDRE
GOT
HIS
HAIR
DRESSI
IN
LISTOWE
AND
HEARI
A
LITTLE
NEWS.

He rose and found that there was already equi journey. They took a fast by candlelight, w employed in putting th curricule. The lakes w a low mist, that con lands and the distant magnified the height o mountains by which t walled in. Far above ing cloud of vapour, t widespread forests wer the sides of the stup the trees so much dim distance, and by the duced by the novelty o vision, as to resemble mangel-wurzel.

Hardress had just ta in the vehicle beside when a servant in liver the door, and, touchin a letter into his hand. an invitation from Her to a hunting dinner, w about to give in the co month. Hardress rem moment in meditation.

"Well, how long am here waiting for my an the messenger—the insc alluded to in an early the narrative. Hardres him in silence for some "You had better go i fast, I think," he said; intend to return withi ing?"

"Is it for Hepton Co then you may take yo don't, nor for any oth under the sun. I was breakfast over at the in you make the offer, I'll your doore."

"You do me a great or. When does the place?"

"In three weeks' time or something thereabout. Not sooner?"

"No, I wanted him to once, for he couldn't have ther, an' the mare is in tion for it. But who takes a thing into his might as well be talking "Well," said Hardres, master that you found ring from home, and th come."

Saying this he drove a his mother remained still silent astonishment at impudence.

"Such," said Hardres privilege of a clever gro rogue was once a simp cottager, but fortune fav He assisted Connolly to sweepstakes, which gain reputation on the turf; a since destroyed him. Y not know whether to cho indignation or laughter i present at the conversat sometimes take place bet and his master."

"If, instead of winning king's place, he could win king's crown. I could n him," said the proud mo "Nor I," returned her p "nor I indeed."

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW HARDRESS GOT HIS HAIR DRESSED IN LISTOWEL AND HEARD A LITTLE NEWS.

He rose and found that his mother was already equipped for the journey. They took a hurried breakfast by candlelight, while Mike was employed in putting the horse to the curdle.

Hardress had just taken his seat in the vehicle beside his mother, when a servant in livery rode up to the door, and touching his hat, put a letter into his hand.

"Well, how long am I to stop here waiting for my answer?" asked the messenger—the insolent groom alluded to in an early portion of the narrative.

"You had better go in and breakfast, I think," he said; "you don't intend to return without alighting?"

"Is it for Hepton Connolly? Why then you may take your vido I don't, nor for any other master under the sun. I was going to breakfast over at the inn, but as you make the offer, I'll not pass your door."

"You do me a great deal of honor. When does the hunt take place?"

"In three weeks' time, I believe, or something thereabouts."

"Not sooner?"

"No. I wanted him to have it at once, for he couldn't have finer weather, an' the mare is in fine condition for it. But when Connolly takes a thing into his head, you might as well be talking to an ass."

"Well," said Hardress, "tell your master that you found me just driving from home, and that I will come."

Saying this he drove away, while his mother remained still wrapt in silent astonishment at the fellow's impudence.

"Such," said Hardress, "is the privilege of a clever groom. That rogue was once a simple, humble cottager, but fortune favored him. He assisted Connolly to win a sweepstake, which gained him a reputation on the turf; and fame has since destroyed him. You would not know whether to choose between indignation or laughter if you were present at the conversations that sometimes take place between him and his master."

"If, instead of winning me the king's place, he could win me the king's crown, I could not endure him," said the proud mother.

"Nor I," returned her prouder son; "nor I indeed."

About noon they stopped to halt and hear Mass at the town of Listowel. Mrs. Cregan and her son were shown into a little parlor at the inn, the window of which looked out upon the square. The bell of the chapel on the other side was ringing for last Mass, and numbers of people in their holiday attire were seen in the wide area, some hurrying towards the chapel-gate, some loitering in groups about the square, and some sitting on the low window-sill stones.

sence to the ceremonial of the day. When they had returned to the inn, and taken their places in the little parlor, Mrs. Cregan after fixing her eyes for a moment on her son, exclaimed:

"Why, Hardress, you are a perfect fright! Did you dress to-day?"

"Not particularly."

"Do you intend to call in at Castle Chute?"

"Just to visit in passing."

"Then I would advise you, by all means, to do something to your toilet before you leave this."

Hardress took up a mirror which lay on the wooden chimney-piece, and satisfied himself, by a single glance, of the wisdom of his mother's suggestion. His eyes were bloodshot, his beard grown and grisly, and his hair hanging about his temples in most ungraceful profusion. He rang the little bell which lay on the table, and summoned the landlady to his presence. It would be difficult, she told him, to procure a hair-cutter to-day, being a holiday, but there was one from Garryowen below, that would do the business as well as any one in the world, if he had only got his scissors with him.

Hardress started at the name of Garryowen; but as he did not remember the hair-cutter, and felt an anxiety to hear news from that quarter, he desired the stranger to be shown into another room where he proposed effecting the necessary changes in his attire.

He had scarcely taken his seat before the toilet, when a soft tap at the door, and the sound of a small, squeaking voice, announced the arrival of the hair-cutter. On looking round him, Hardress beheld a small, thin-faced, red-haired little man, with a tailor's shears dangling from his fingers, bowing and smiling with a timid and conciliating air. In an evil hour for his patience, Hardress consented that he should commence operations.

"The piatez were very early this year, sir," he modestly began after he had wrapped a check about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements.

"Very early, indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"Very airy, sir—the white-eyes especially. Then white-eyes are fine piatez. For the first four months, I wouldn't ax for a better piatez than a white-eye, with a bit o' bacon, if one had it; but after that the meal goes out of 'em, and they gets wet and bad. The cups arn't so good in the beginnin' of the saison, but they would better. Turn your head more to the light, sir, if you please. The cups, indeed are a fine, substantial, lasting piatez. There's great nutriment in 'em for poor people, that would have nothin' else with them but themselves, or a grain o' salt. There's no piatez that eats better, when you have nothin' but a bit o' the little one (as they say) to eat with a bit o' the big. No piatez that eats so sweet with point."

"With point?" Hardress repeated, a little amused by this fluent discussion of the poor hair-cutter upon the varieties of a dish which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment, and on which he expatiated with as much cognoscence and satisfaction as a fashionable gourmand might do on the culinary productions of Eustache Ude. "What is point?"

"Don't you know what that is, sir? I'll tell you in a minute. A joke that them that had nothin' to do, an' plenty to eat, make upon the poor people that has nothin' to eat and plenty to do. That is, when there's dry piatez on the table, and enough of hungry people about it, and the family would have, may be, only one bit o' bacon hanging up above their heads, they'd peel a piatez first, and they'd point it up at the bacon, and they'd fancy that it would have the taste o' the meat, when they'd be aitin' it after. That's what they call point, sir. A 'heap sort o' diet it is (Lord help us) that's plenty enough among the poor people in this country. A great plan for making a small bit o' pork go a long way in a large family."

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

"Terrible, sir. I sent my own to the forge before I left home, to have an eye put in it; only for that I'd be smarter a deal. Slender food it is, indeed. There's a deal o' poor people here in Ireland, sir, that are

run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are everythin'—the kitshen little or nothin'. But there's a sort of piatez (I don't know did your honor ever taste 'em) that's gettin' greatly in vogue now among 'em, an' is killin' half the country—the white piatez—a piatez that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, an' will grow in very poor land, but has no more strength or nourishment in it than if you had boiled a handful o' saw-dust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of deal board between your teeth and thought to make a breakfast of it. The black bulls themselves are butter. Indeed the black bulls are a deal better piatez than they're thought. When you'd peel 'em, they look as black as indigo, an' you'd have no mind to 'em at all; but I declare they're very sweet in the mouth, an' very strengthenin'. The English reds are a nate piatez too; and the apple pie (I don't know what made 'em be given up), an' the kidney (though delicate of rearing); but give me the cups for all, that will hold the meal in 'em to the last, and won't require any intrickit tillage. Let a man have a middling-sized pit o' cups agin' the winter, a small caish to pay his rent, an' a handful o' turf behind the doore, an' he can defy the world."

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming as of hair-cutting."

"Oyeh, if I had nothing to depend upon but what he adds comes across the way, sir, I'd be in a poor way enough. But I have a little spot o' ground besides."

"And a good taste for the produce."

"'Twas kind father for me to have that same. Did you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"Never."

"'Twas my father first made it. I'll tell you the story, sir, if you'll turn your head this way a minute."

Hardress had no choice but to listen.

"My father went once upon a time about the country in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by cutting hair, or setting razors and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way. Well, an' good—he was one day walking alone in the mountains of Kerry, without a halpenny in his pocket (for though he travelled afoot, it cost him more than he earned), an' knowing there was but little love for a county Limerick man in the place where he was, on being half perished with the hunger an' evening drawing nigh, he didn't know well what to do with himself till morning. Very good—he went along the wild road, an' he did, he soon see a farm-house at a little distance, o' one side—a snug-looking place, with the smoke curling up out of the chimney an' all tokens of good living inside. Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think my father did? He wouldn't beg (a thing one of my people never done yet, thank Heaven!) an' he hadn't the money to buy a thing; so what does he do? He takes up a couple o' the big limestones that were lying on the road in his two hands, an' away with him to the house. 'Lord save all here!' says he walkin' in the door. 'And you kindly,' says they. 'I'm come to you,' says he, this way, looking at the two limestones, 'to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire, until I'll make my dinner?' 'Limestone broth!' says they to him again; 'what's that, eroo?' 'Broth made o' limestone,' says he, 'what else?' 'We never heard o' such a thing,' says they. 'Why, when you may hear it now,' says he, 'an' see it also, if you'll hi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' soft water.' 'You can have it an' welcome,' says they. So they put down the pot an' the water, an' my father went over an' tuk a chair hard-by the pleasant fire for himself, an' put his two limestones to boil, and kept stirrin' them round like stirabout. Very good—well, by-an'-by, when the water began to boil—'Tis thickening finely,' says my father; 'now if it had a grain o' salt at all, 'twould be a great improvement to it.' 'Raich down the salt-box, Nell,' says the man o' the house to his wife. So

she did. 'O! that's the very thing just,' says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an'-bye, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it. 'It is very good now,' says he, 'although it wants something yet.' 'What is it?' says they. 'Oyeh, wisha, nothin',' says he; 'may be 'tis only fancy o' me. 'It is anything we can give you,' says they, 'you're welcome to it.' 'Tis very good as it is,' says he; 'but when I'm to home, I find it gives it a fine flavor just to boil a little knuckle o' bacon; or mutton trotters, or anything that way, along wi' it.' 'Raich hether that bone o' sheep's head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell; says the man o' the house. 'Oyeh, don't mind it,' says father; 'let be as it is.' 'Sure if it improves it, you may as well,' says they. 'Baithershin!' says my father, putting it down. So after boiling it a good piece longer, 'Tis as fine limestone broth,' says he, 'as ever was tasted; an' if a man had a few piatez,' says he, looking at a pot of 'em that was smokin' in the chimney corner, 'he couldn't desire a better dinner.' They gave him the piatez, and he made a good dinner of themselves, an' the broth, not forgetting the bone, which he polished equal to chancy before he let it go. The people themselves tasted it, and thought it was good as any mutton broth in the world."

"Your father, I believe, knew how to amuse his friends after a short journey as well as any other traveler."

"The fellow leered at Hardress, thrust out his lips and winked with both eyes, in a manner which cannot be expressed. 'He was, indeed, a mighty droll, funny man. But interruptin' you, sir, I'll tell you a thing that happened him in the hair-cuttin' line, that flogs all Munster, I think, for cuteness.'"

"I am afraid I cannot wait to hear it. I have a great deal to go to-day, and a great deal to do before I set off."

"That's just biddin' me go on with my story, sir; for the more I talk, the faster I work, for ever. Just turn your head this way, sir, if you please. My father—a little more to the light, sir—my father was sittin' one fine mornin' in his little shop, curlin' a front curl belongin' to a lady 'we won't mention who) in the neighborhood, with the sun shinin' in the door, and he singin' a little song for himself, an' meself a craithur, sittin' by the fire, lookin' about me, an' sayin' nothin'. Very well; all of a sudden a gentleman, tall and well mounted, rode up to the doore an'—'Hello!' says he, callin' out, 'can I get myself shaved here?' says he. 'Why not, please your honor?' says my father, startin' up, and layin', by the front out o' his hand. So he 'lit off his horse, an' come in. He was a mighty bould fierce-looking gentleman, with a thunderin' long sword be his side, down, an' a pair o' whiskers as big an' as red as a fox's brush, an' eyes as round as them two bull's eyes in the window-panes, an' they havin' a strange twist in 'em, so that when he'd be lookin' you straight in the face, you'd think it's out of the door he'd be lookin'. Besides that, when he'd spake, he used to give himself a loud roisterin' way, as if you were a mile off, an' not willin' to come near or be said by him. 'Do you mind, now,' says he, 'an' he takin' a chair oppozit the windee, while my father smartened himself, and bate up a lather—'ever and always since I was the height of a bee's knee,' said he, 'I had a mortal enmity to seein' a drop o' my own blood, an' I'll tell you what it is,' says he. 'What is it, sir?' says my father. 'I'll make a clear bargain with you now,' says the gentleman. So he took out a half-crown an' laid it upon the table, and after that he drew his sword, and laid it hard by the half-crown. 'Do you see them two now?' says he. 'I do, surely,' says my father. 'The half-crown will be yours,' says the gentleman. 'If you'll shave me without drawin' my blood; but if I see as much as would make a breakfast for—'he named an animal that I won't mention after him now—if I see as much after you,' says he. 'I'll run this sword through your body, as sure as there's mait in mutton. So look before you lay it, and let me ride away,' says he. This was in times when a gentleman that way, would think as little 'most of doin' o' the kind to a poor Catholic as he would now of sayin' it; so well became my father to look to himself. 'You'll never have it to say o' me,' says my father, that I wouldn't trust my hand so far at any rate in the business I was bred to. So to it they fell, an' as Providence ordered it, my father shaved him without one gash, an' put the half-crown in his pocket. 'Well, now, 'tis done,' says the gentleman, 'but you're a foolish man.' 'How so, sir?' says my father. 'Because, so sure as I saw the

blood,' says the other, 'I'd make my word good.' 'But you never would see the blood, sir,' says my father quite easy, 'because I'd see it before you, an' I'd cut your throat with the razhur.' Well, 'twas as good as a play to see the look the gentleman gave him when he said that. He didn't answer him a word, but mounted his horse, and rode away."

"He found his match in the hair-cutter," said Hardress, rejoiced as the story ended.

"I'll be bound, sir, he was in no hurry to make bargains o' that kind any more. 'Twas a mighty good answer, sir, wasn't it?"

"A desperate one at all events."

"Ah, desperate, you may say; but my father was sure of his hand I'll tell you another droll thing that happened my father, once when—"

But the patience of his listener was here completely stranded. The hair-cutter had got such a miserable pair of shears, that he was obliged to use as much exertion in clipping the hair, as a tinker or a plumber might do in cutting sheet lead. Besides, being accustomed to that professional fippancy of movement which, with proper instruments, might have expedited the operation, he made no allowance for the badness of his scissors, but clipped and plucked away as fast as usual, thus contriving to tear up half as much by the roots as he removed in the usual course of business. This, and other circumstances induced Hardress, to place a decided negative in the way of his anecdotes, until he had concluded his task.

This being accomplished, Hardress raised his hand to his head, and experienced a sensation on the palm, somewhat similar to that which would be produced by placing it on an inverted hair-brush. On looking in the glass, he discovered that his hair had been cut into a fashion which enjoys a lasting popularity at fairs and cottage merry-makings; but, however, consistent with the interests of persons who only employed a barber once in a quarter, and then supposed that the closer he cut the better value he gave for the money, it was by no means in accordance with the established notions of good taste. There were indeed no gaps, as he boasted, for he had cut it almost as bare as a wig-block, leaving only a narrow fringe in front, from ear to ear, like the ends of a piece of silk. There was no help, however, for such mischief once effected, so that Hardress paid him without remark, and paid him liberally.

The little hair-cutter took it for granted, by the handsome manner in which his customer had compensated for his services, that he was highly gratified with the manner in which they had been performed.

"If your honor," he said bowing very low, "would be passing through Garryowen, an' would be inclined to be you'd think of Dunat may be you'd think of Dunat O'Leary's shop, on the right hand side o' the street, three doores from Mihil O'Connor's, the ropemakers'."

"I will, I will," said Hardress, turning suddenly away.

Mr. O'Leary walked slowly to the door, and again returned.

"There's a great set o' lads about the place, sir," he said, in his usual shrill voice, while a slight degree of embarrassment appeared in his manner, "an' they're for ever christenin' people out o' their names, till a man is better known by a nickname than by his own. 'Tis ten to one, please your honor, that you'll be the surer of findin' me by asking for Foxy Dunat, than by my own lawful name; they're such a set o' lads."

"Very well; good morning. Foxy Dunat."

"Yes, sir, Foxy, in regard of the red hair, that's on me. Ah, there's no standing them lads."

"Very well; good morning. Foxy Dunat. I'll remember."

"Good morning to your honor. Stay!" he once more returned from the door. "See what I was doing; carrying your honor's hair away with me."

"Well, and what business do you suppose I have of it now? I am not a wig-maker."

"I don't know, sir, but people mostly likes to put it up in some safe place again; the day of judgment, as they say."

"The day of judgment!"

"Yes, please your honor. We must have everything about us then, that ever belonged to us, an' a man would look droll that time without his hair."

Hardress was not in a humor for jesting, but he could not avoid smiling in secret at this conceit.

"Very well," said he tapping the hair-cutter upon the shoulder and looking gravely in his face. "As I am going on a long journey at present, I will feel obliged by your keeping it for me until then, and I will call on you if I want it."

"As your honor feels agreeable," said Dunat, again bowing low, and

moving towards the door. Nevertheless, he did not leave the room until he had made the young gentleman acquainted with all the circumstances that occasioned his absence from home at this moment. In doing so, he unwarily touched Hardress to the quick. He had come, he said, in consequence of a letter which he had received from a neighbor's daughter that had run away from her father, and was hid somewhere among the Kerry mountains.

"A letter you received!" exclaimed Hardress in strong surprise.

"Yes, sir; telling me she was alive and bidding me let the old man know of it; the old rope-maker I mentioned a while ago. Since I came, I heard it reported at Castle Island, this morning, that she was drowned somewhere in the Flesk."

"Drowned! Eily drowned!" Hardress suddenly exclaimed, starting from a reverie, as the single word struck upon his hearing.

"Eily was her name, sure enough," replied O'Leary, staring on him, "how somever you come to know it."

"I—I—you mentioned that name, I think; did you not?"

"May be it slipped from me, sir. Well, as I was saying, they thought she was drowned there, an' they wor for havin' a sheaf o' reeds, with her name tied upon it, put out upon the strame for they say, when a person dies by water, the sheaf o' reeds will float against the strame, or with the strame, until it stops over the place where the body lies, if it had to go up to O'Sullivan's cascade itself. But Father Edward O'Connor desired 'em to go home about their business, that the sheaf would go with the current, an' no way else, if they were at it from this till doomsday. To be sure he knew best."

At this moment, the landlady knocked at the door, to inform our collegian that Mrs. Cregan was expecting him without. Having concluded his toilet, he hurried out of the room, not displeased at his release from the observation of this stranger, at a moment when he felt his agitation increasing to an extent that was almost ungovernable.

(To be continued.)

100 SILK REMNANTS Beautiful squares and corners for fancy work. A splendid lot. Postpaid for the Cat. free. Address Fancy Silk Co., 53 Vesey street, New York.

Catholics in Russia.

We have had columns of the press filled, for months back, with accounts of the persecution that the Jews are undergoing in Russia, and especially so in the region of the recent massacres. We have also been long aware of the sad fate of the Catholic element, especially in Russian-Poland. But we did not believe that the situation was as bad as it is now represented to be. A Russian writer in the Sunday "Express" makes a reference to the persecution to which Catholics are subjected in Russia. He says:—

"Roman Catholics in Russia, too, have felt Pobiedonostzeff's iron hand, for all the numerous measures of severe repression taken against the Poles during the last twenty years have been due directly to his influence. To be a Pole and a Roman Catholic is in the procurator's eyes to be an enemy of God and the Czar and he has done his utmost to crush the 8,000,000 of Polish Catholics under foot. Roman Catholic priests have been arrested and thrown into prison on the slenderest of pretexts, Roman Catholic schools have been broken up and all sorts of obstacles put in the way of Roman Catholic worshippers."

"Just recently Pobiedonostzeff has elaborated a scheme, which has already been sanctioned by the Czar, and will be put into force shortly, to persecute Roman Catholics more effectively. This scheme consists briefly of the formation of a kind of infected area, made up of the western part of the province of Volhymia and of the five Polish provinces in which the most Roman Catholics reside. In this area, every single Roman Catholic school is to be closed, the use of the Polish language is to be strictly prohibited in all the state schools, and Roman Catholics are to be prohibited from inheriting or from purchasing land. These measures will be followed in due course by further coercive legislation, so that the Polish Catholics are preparing to undergo another period of extreme persecution."

This Russian official with a name as hard to pronounce as his spirit is hard to conceive might well be classed with Cromwell in the annals of persecution for religious sake. If the names were bracketted possibly the Russian might have a better chance of immortality.

Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

ent Report.

