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# The True Witness

Vol. LI, No. 13 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

**BRAVO SHAMROCKS.**—Bravo thrice bravo, "boys in green." You have done your duty nobly. You have faced opponents of other lacrosse clubs on the green sward. Proudly wearing the colors of green you have marched out before an assembled multitude in the city of Ottawa which, for the most part, was composed of men and women who were prejudiced against those colors; you won the honors of the day, upheld the reputation of the Shamrock organization which has throughout its thirty-five years of existence met friend and foe without fear or favor—and proved to the world that Irish brawn and Irish skill when backed by pride of race is superior to those of other sections of the community despite the special opportunities which some of them enjoy. The details of the battle have been published by the daily press, all of which have to concede the supremacy of the victors—some with very bad grace, others with labored effort, but none with that ring of enthusiasm and pictorial display which would have characterized the reports had any other aggregation but the "green-shirted team" won the championship. This admission of Shamrock supremacy wrung from newspapers that have with undiminished persistency belittled the Shamrocks on every occasion where the opportunity offered, treating them as though they were a section of the community apart, to be denied the rights which sister organizations enjoyed, is a still greater triumph than that won on the field from the husky boys from Cornwall.

The lesson of the day in Ottawa is only a repetition of that which the gallant Irish Canadian athletic organization has so often endeavored to instill by glorious victories in other fields—Montreal, Toronto, Brockville, Cornwall, Chicago and New York—that unity and self-sacrifice, determination and steadfastness, energy and enthusiasm, and, above all, an unwavering loyalty to one's conviction of national pride is destined to achieve success, despite the prejudice which race and creed may engender. What has been achieved in athletics by our young men may be attained in every other field of human endeavor by our race generally. May Irishmen and women in this Dominion, in this opening year of a new century, take the lesson to heart and realize the responsibilities which rest upon them as an important section of the community.

One word more. To Captain O'Connell, President McLaughlin, and the directorate of the organization, all of whom are tried and trusted men of experience in Irish ranks, the "True Witness" offers its most sincere congratulations. The victories won by the team on the field have been supplemented by record gate receipts which, in no small measure, are due to their efforts and those of the able, trustworthy, and efficient secretary-treasurer, Mr. William P. Lunny, whose best efforts have ever been at the command of the association when the trumpet sounded for duty. The old and reliable veteran, Barney Dunphy who started out in the early days of the season with the now victorious team, is also deserving of a sprig from the laurel crown of victory as is his successor in the position of trainer, Mr. Eddie Hart.

**A PRIEST'S APPRECIATION.**—A French priest, who has since gone to his reward and who spent a great many years of his ministry amongst Irish Catholic parishioners, gave us, at one time, a very fair estimate of our people. It is well that we should "see ourselves as others see us;" for the knowledge of a weakness is already a source of strength. As a rule, we are subjected to extremes of criticism and appreciation; we are either condemned in unmeasured terms by those who are our enemies, or else we are praised to a degree that surpasses flattery, by those who claim to be our friends and admirers. In both cases we are unfairly dealt with; consequently, when we bear a disinterested and fairly-balanced expression of appreciation we value it all the more, because we know that it is about the truth. The kindly Father to whom we refer said that the most admirable characteristics he found in the

Irish was two-fold, a great purity of life and a love for the religious vocation; on the other hand, the most deplorable trait in their character seems to be a lack of esteem for each other as a race. It appears to us that this good priest has touched the key-note in both instances. As to the finer characteristic it is not for us, at this moment, to enlarge upon the subject, beyond expressing our opinion that it is very correct. However, we cannot allow the second part of that appreciation to go without drawing the attention of all our readers to its importance. A lack of esteem for each other is surely the rock that we most frequently split upon. To this lack may be traced much of the up-hill labor that our people have to undergo, much of the political and social difficulties that they have to encounter, much of the disunion and antagonism that curse their efforts in life, and much of the ungenerous treatment which they receive at the hands of others. If we are lacking in esteem for each other, how can we blame people of other elements, other races, other creeds, if they do not esteem us as highly as we would desire? Respect for ourselves is the first requisite to creating respect for us in the minds of others. We are always ready to belittle our own people, to find fault with them, to expose their weaknesses (which, if compared with the weaknesses of others, are often trivial), and to show a lack of confidence in them. These are so many signs that serve to guide the people of other races in their formation of opinions, and, consequently, in their attitude towards us. We are ready, especially on public occasions, at great national celebrations, to go into ecstasies of admiration for our own people and their achievements; but the moment we come down to the practical side of everyday life, we rush into the very opposite extreme. If one of our people, by industry, talent, and good conduct, succeeds in raising himself to a higher level, we are sure to overlook the merits of his case, and instead of giving him credit for his fine qualities, and his noble characteristics, we relate how we knew him when he hadn't a shoe to his foot, or we recall "his old father," or "old mother," in the days when they were poor and in humble circumstances. At the same time we are prepared to knock down the first man who would refuse to give credit to our ancestors, for possessing the very same qualities which we now affect to despise in our immediate neighbor and contemporary. To say the least there is a great want in all this. When this peculiar failing of our race is sufficiently marked to challenge the attention of the fair-minded priest of another nationality, it is high time that we, of this generation, should be making up our minds to change that phase of our national disposition.

**THE WAR SITUATION.**—It is now quite a long time since we made any reference to the war in South Africa. The reason of our silence on the subject is simply that we are tired of reading, day in and day out, the same humdrum story. It is as wearisome as the war itself. With the fall of Pretoria, the flight of Kruger, the return of Lord Roberts and the appointment of Lord Kitchener, it was officially stated that the Boer war was practically ended, and that all that remained to be done was to arrange for terms of peace and to quiet the remaining few rebels. So far the peace arrangements seem to be as distant as ever and the "few rebels" seem to have gone on increasing in numbers and have persisted in keeping a whole immense army fully occupied. They have been doted with such a string of reports, none of which can really be depended upon, that either one is obliged to entirely dismiss the subject, or else to settle down to the study of a Chinese puzzle. It would seem, at present, that while the ex-President of the Transvaal is having a quiet time of it in Europe, his fellow-countrymen are still making it exceedingly uncomfortable for the British soldiers in South Africa. The English public seems to be in a chronic state of disappointment and rage with the war office, and the secretary, Mr. Brodrick, comes in for a good deal of criticism. Rumors of Lord

Kitchener's resignation have been circulated and denied; his demand for twenty-five thousand more "seasoned" soldiers has been asserted, and qualified, and declared unfounded; his desire to have a free hand and Mr. Brodrick's desire to hold the controlling reins are being played upon to distract the public ear. Amongst other uncertain statements and surmises we find a "Times" correspondent—whose importance may be judged from the large type in which his communication is printed—after declaring the War Office's assertion of relations between Kitchener and the authorities to be cordial, an official lie, goes on to say that: "So one is thrown back upon the circumstantial published statements that Lord Kitchener insists on a free hand in the treatment of rebels, and insists on martial law in west-

## QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

**CAPITAL AND LABOR.**—On this all-absorbing question Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, in the course of an address to the Catholic young men who were recently assembled in convention said:—

"We see the conflict that is going on, and which is apparently to continue, between the upper and lower classes in society, as we call them, between labor and capital. What power will conciliate the combatants? What power will prevent chaos? The poor workman sees a capitalist. He writes them and says, 'Influence and says it is not fair; there is something wrong that this should be so in a country where equality is proclaimed. Then there is danger of rebellion. Where is the remedy? Behold in the Christian religion the remedy, the principle worked out. Here is capital and here is labor. Between them stands a Man. He is a king, too, a capitalist, King of kings, Lord of lords, and My domain extends throughout the universe, therefore I have a right to speak to you, capitalist. And to you, laborer, I was a laborer, a carpenter, and I know what you worked and had not a place in which to lay My head. I belong to you. I am King of kings as well as a laborer. Then clasping the hands of Labor and Capital He writes them and says, 'Kneel and receive My blessing. You are brothers in Me. You are equal before My Father in heaven and will be judged impartially by Him, not your position in life, but by your deeds before I live fraternally together.'"

## CHRISTIAN GENEROSITY.

Generosity is the birthright of a Christian. To be generous is the original meaning of the term, it is to be of noble extraction, and to have the nobility of mind and heart, the lofty sentiments that should be inseparable from nobility of heart. What nobler origin can there be than ours in Jesus Christ? It is no mere figure of speech, but reality, that by baptism we are born anew in Him, the sons of God, brothers of Christ, heirs of the kingdom of heaven. What thought, deed and sentiment we should strive to be as noble as our birth.

Generosity would make us rise above everything low and petty, and despise the meaner sentiments which spring from envy, jealousy and spite. It prompts us to overlook the faults of others, and pardon them even when they are offensive to ourselves. It shrinks from the pleasure which meaner spirits find in contention, carping, unkindly and often slanderous conversations. It is not forever suspecting others of wrong or sensitively imagining that they are plotting mischief. It is charity with the evil-doer, forgetful of injuries, benevolent instead of envious, never self-seeking, never narrow nor in view or aim, but always broad and lofty. It is the spirit of Christ, inherited by all who are regenerated in Him.

Generosity prompts us to give to others what we hold most precious, to use our resources for their welfare, to share with them our treasures, to extend to them the benefit of our advantages, to devote to their improvement our personal gifts, our energy, intelligence, experience and the influence or authority we may have acquired. It is charity practised to a heroic degree, because it waits not until others are in extreme, or even urgent need; in fact, it does not consider their needs, but their enrichment and improvement. It is a charity which is superabundant, but yields even when it is necessary, even so far as to forego its rights and abjure its privileges. All this, finally, is without other motive than the sincere desire to help others, and it is always done without display, self-adulation, or quest for popular applause.

Virtue like this is necessarily, Christianly, in our own countries, it is well worth while to reflect on the need of it in our own country, the little more of it would support our schools, or at least inspire those who give a trifle for this purpose to give more liberally, without forever harping on the necessity of supporting a Catholic school, and cherishing secretly, if not avowing openly, the conviction, rarely well founded, that a free religious school is necessarily inferior to a common one. Christian generosity would prompt some rich Catholics to make Catholic colleges quite capable of supporting the fine arts, the sciences, and the social institutions to which they send their sons or daughters, because they are not generous enough to take God at His word, and train their offspring to seek first the kingdom of God, in the sure hope that all things will be added unto them, even the social advantages and business chances they hope to secure for their future.

Christian generosity, finally, would make us all give more of our time, our energy, ability, learning, fortune, influence, political or social, to the advancement of religion, and make us give it ungrudgingly, modestly, yet fearlessly, with no other motive than that of repaying the generosity with which Christ has treated us, with no other hope of reward than the confidence that He will not be outdone in generosity.

There are many reasons why we should pray for Christian generosity. First of all it is something heroic, and nothing heroic can be had without prayer. Then it is something very rare; its opposite—meanness—is common, but it is altogether exceptional. Necessary at all times, it was rarely more needed than it is in our time, without it Christian life is impossible and religion must perish.—The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, New York.

Happiness is never found by those who seek it on the run.

## QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

**EDUCATION.**—From a paper on "State Paternalism in Education," read by Rev. Thomas Campbell, S. J., at the same meeting, we take the following extract. Alluding to efforts to restrain anarchy by restricting emigration and curtailing free speech, Father Campbell said:—

"They were ineffective and that the trouble lay deeper. His paper called attention to the existing conditions in the United States as regards lack of religion and religious education; to divorce and crime. The necessity of religious education was urged and the question asked, How shall it be taught? The various modes suggested by non-Catholics, exclusive of Lutherans, were considered and their futility shown. He urged that a few noisy demagogues should not be permitted to prevent what all thinking men admit is essential to the preservation of our civilization. As to the teaching of religion in the schools being un-American, he said that those who said so were ignorant of the history of education in this country. Non-Catholic authorities were quoted to show that the public schools are not up to what they should be and that there is no

## QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

room for their advocates to criticize Catholic schools. Catholics have sacrificed too much to be satisfied with inferior schools. There are people who think that a Catholic cannot be a true American.

**CATHOLIC PRESS.**—The German Catholics solemnly recorded their conviction at their annual Congress that the Catholic press is more necessary to-day than ever. They are right. But unfortunately, Catholics of other nationalities do not seem to realize the vital importance of having a loyal press upon which they can always rely. If we read the signs of the times aright, the day is close at hand when the conviction will be forced upon those who are now indifferent in the matter.

**NO RACE PREJUDICE.**—Occasionally discordant notes are sounded in certain quarters, for what purpose we are at a loss to discern which would lead the ordinary reader to believe that there is a certain measure of race prejudice in the ranks of the clergy. At the recent ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new church for German Catholics in Philadelphia, at which the sermon was delivered by Rev. Francis Hirschmeier, in German, a brief address in English was delivered by Right Rev. Monsignor James F. Loughlin, D.D., who said he would add to the eloquent sermon of Dr. Hirschmeier, but a word of congratulation on the part of the English-speaking Catholics. The building of a new church is a matter of great joy not to be confined to one locality or one nationality, hence all parishioners and people were represented there to pray to Almighty God that the work might continue successfully. The Catholic Church is the heart and focus of all civilization. There is not a nation in the world which can boast of civilization which has not received its training from the Catholic Church. Even those which afterwards separated from her retain traces of her careful training to the present day. The principles on which they conduct their affairs, their religions, prayers and rituals, are simply remnants brought from the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church changed the barbarous into the civilized nations of Europe. Centuries after centuries the work of her missionaries effected the transformation.

"Not only in the name of your fellow-Catholics," said Mr. Loughlin, "but in the name of every man who loves his country we extend our congratulations to-day. There is a great work before you, and it is to be hoped you will not shirk the responsibility you have assumed. The Catholics of the city will watch your progress with sympathy." Mr. Loughlin closed by invoking (in German) a blessing on all present.

## LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S WILL.

The will of the late President McKinley was filed last week by Judge William H. Day and by Secretary Cortelyou. Together they went to the Probate Judge's office in Canton, O., and presented the document. All of the property is left in trust to Mrs. McKinley, but an annuity of \$1,000 is given to Miss Helen McKinley, sister of the late President. It is said that the value of the estate is between \$225,000 and \$350,000, of which \$67,000 is in life insurance. The remainder consists of bank deposits in Washington and real estate.

The text of the will shows that no bequests are made outside of the near relatives. Mr. McKinley's chief concern was to leave enough property for his widow and aged mother, as his mother was alive when the will was drawn. His mother, however, died about a month and a half after the last will of the President was written, but he did not write a new will or attach a codicil.

The document is drawn in the President's handwriting on Executive Mansion note paper, and is written with ink. \$1,000 is given to Miss Helen McKinley, sister of the late President. It is said that the value of the estate is between \$225,000 and \$350,000, of which \$67,000 is in life insurance. The remainder consists of bank deposits in Washington and real estate.

Secretary Cortelyou made an affidavit at the filing of the will to the genuineness of the signature of the President, and his own signature. He also made affidavit that the testator voluntarily wrote the will and signed it in his presence. Accompanying the will was the following note:—

"I, Ida S. McKinley, widow of William McKinley, deceased, hereby decline the administration of his estate, and recommend the appointment of William R. Day and George B. Cortelyou as administrators with the will annexed."

This recommendation bears the date of September 27, 1901. The hour set for hearing preparatory to probating the will is nine o'clock, Monday morning. At that time Judge Day and Secretary Cortelyou will probably be appointed administrators. They will then file their bonds.

Consent has been given by Mrs. Duncan and Miss Helen McKinley, of Cleveland, sister of the President, to the appointment of Secretary Cortelyou and Judge Day.

Mrs. McKinley could not control herself, and gave way to her emotion. She bore up bravely, however, when the will was read to her by

## QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

Secretary Cortelyou. All the persons in the room were much affected, and Mrs. McKinley at times gave way to her feelings, but she made strenuous efforts to calm herself and succeeded sufficiently to perform her part as required by law.

## "PATRIARCH OF CONNEMARA."

There has just died on the peninsula of Errislinan, near Clifden, on the West Coast of Ireland, an old man named John MacDone, who had attained the extraordinary age of 85 years. He was known all over the country side and the adjacent islands as "Patriarch of Connemara."

Born in 1776, he had a vivid recollection of the landing of the French, under General Humbert, at Kilaheale in 1798. The people did not know that the French had come to obtain Irish support, and MacDone remembered seeing the terrified inhabitants fleeing to the neighboring rocks and caves for safety. Some sixty-four years ago, being then turned sixty years of age, he took part in the building of Slynehead lighthouse.

Twice married, his first wife and five children were carried off by cholera in one day. He afterwards married a girl of eighteen named Anne King, who survives him, and is now seventy-eight years old. The present Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. MacEvilly, who is eighty-four, recalls that his predecessor told him of MacDone's history, and the facts of the case are corroborated by some of the clergy and other inhabitants of the district. Martin Flaherty, of Foulure, near Slynehead, says that MacDone was an old man when he knew him there sixty years since, but fairly well off, in possession of some twenty cattle, thirty sheep, and a horse.

Three children of the second wife emigrated to America; two daughters married in San Francisco, and they themselves have grandchildren, so that MacDone was also a great-grandfather. Being thus left without help, he became poorer and poorer, till he died in a little stone cabin on the edge of the Atlantic. He was a fervent Catholic, and he and his wife were wont to recite nightly the Rosary in common in the tongue of the Gael, for neither knew a word of English.— Belfast Irish Weekly.

## QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

Poverty and shame shall be to him that neglecteth instruction.



# ALFRED THE GREAT

Outline of the Career of a Great King.

**T**HIS YEAR a rare celebration takes place, that of the thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred, surnamed "The Great." While the secular press had made allusion to this event and had referred to the influence that the famous monarch had upon the subsequent history of Great Britain, we feel that the most essential lessons to be drawn from the life of the renowned Alfred have been overlooked. It is quite possible that had he never reigned, or had he not been so consummate a legislator and warrior as history tells us he was, the Danes might never have been driven from the shores of Britain, and Denmark might to-day occupy the place held by Great Britain in the commercial and political world. In fact, there is no possibility of surmising what might not have been the unfortunate results for the civilization of the past thousand years, had the world never known an Alfred the Great. But, while speculation on what might, or might not have been is vain, the actual facts of history must not be ignored. All that Alfred was of great was due to his education; or training; consequently, all the beneficial effects that his reign produced must be traced to the same source. We, therefore, prefer to tell the exact story of that wonderful reign, and to leave to speculative minds to conjecture the truth of the lessons that are thus inculcated. We must remark, at the outset, that it is the thousandth anniversary of his death that is celebrated, not of his birth. He reigned from A. D. 871 to A. D. 901. The Catholic Church commemorates the death, not the birth, of a saint, because the closing of this life means, for the saint, the beginning of his real life in eternity. So might we say of Alfred, that the end of his earthly reign was the commencement not only of his eternal reward, but also of his immortality in profane history.

**KING ALFRED'S FAMILY.**—We purpose dedicating a sufficient space to this interesting subject to enable us to present a full, if not a completely detailed, history of the great monarch whose name has come down to us through ten centuries on the wings of fame. We will tell that history in the most simple and exact manner possible, for it presents a splendid subject for the study of men who, in our age, would gladly efface from the tablets of the past every trace of the potent influence of the Catholic Church upon the gigantic destinies of the British Empire. King Ethelwulf had several sons. Each in turn the three elder ones succeeded him on the throne. They were Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred I.; but their reigns present nothing worthy of note, and they all died childless. During the reign of the last mentioned, the Danes invaded England, and the king's young brother Alfred fought all the battles against them. Finally at Astou, in Berkshire, he so signally defeated the barbarians that, for a long time they kept away from the coast of Britain. It was right after this great victory of Astou that Ethelred died, leaving the throne of England to Alfred.

**ALFRED'S BOYHOOD.**—In order to understand how Alfred came, in after years, to become the greatest and wisest of all the English kings, it is necessary that we should know how he was brought up. The following paragraphs we quote from one of the most authentic histories of England ever published; it is from the press of the famous publishers Burns, Oates and Company, Portman street and Paternoster Row, London.

"His mother's name was Osburga; she was Ethelwulf's first wife, and a very pious and learned queen. Osburga knew what very few people then knew, she knew how to read and write, and she loved reading, and wished to have learned men at her court. One day her boys were sitting with her, and she was reading a beautiful book, which was painted and gilt, and contained pictures of Our Lady and the saints. She told the boys, who were delighted with the pictures, that she would give it to the one among them who could first read it. The elder ones did not care to take the trouble, but Alfred went directly to one of the scholars at court and asked him to teach him to read this beautiful book (which was written in Latin), and it was given to him as his reward. When he grew older he loved to read the tales that were told by the Anglo-Saxons, and he eagerly learned them by heart. But, best of all, he loved the tales brought from the Holy Land, or from Rome. They would all sit round the blazing hearth and tell of the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother, who on such a night was found in the grove at Bethlehem by the Magi, or how she went of the house of Nazareth, where she was so obedient to His parents. They also would tell of the brave soldiers of Christ, who leaving the world, had followed Our Redeemer, and put away their swords and spears, and taken up their cross, and followed Him to Calvary."

and he gave the Bishop money for the necessities of these poor people."

**ALFRED'S PUNCTUALITY.**—One of the secrets of his success was his exactness in regard to time and appointment. He invented a clock, consisting of a number of candles, four feet long to require twenty-four hours to burn them. He divided his own day into three parts of eight hours each—one section of that time for prayers and study, another for business, and a third for meals and sleep. When he saw that his end was at hand he called his son Edward and gave him advice as to the government of the people. He had given liberty to a vast number of slaves, and his last words were, "For God's love, my son, and the advantage of my soul, I will that they be masters of their own freedom and their own will; and in the name of the living God, I entreat that no man disturb them; and that they should be as free as their own thoughts to serve what lord they please."

For a thousand years has Alfred

the Great slept the sleep of the just; but the seed he had sown took root and sprouted into a mighty oak, the branches of which extend to-day to the four quarters of the globe. To him can we trace the permanent establishment of the Anglo-Saxon power over Danes and all other barbarians that threatened the civilization of the country; to him can we trace all the great seats of learning, therefore the intellectual advancement of the nation; to him can we trace the navy that "rules the waves," and, consequently, the commercial ubiquity of Great Britain to-day. And he owed all to the sacred influences that affected his youth. Had it not been for the Church and her teachings Alfred would never have been the father of "British freedom." He was the first to re-establish the freedom of the serf, and to create the foundations of schools, colleges, universities, the army and the navy. Though a thousand years have elapsed since Alfred paid the debt of nature, still he is remembered, because of the good he did; he was truly great, both as man and as King.

the same taxes as in the past, and if they ever enjoyed any exemption it is immediately withdrawn. As formerly, should one of them when dying wish to leave his estate to the others, he must pay the 1 1/2 per cent. Moreover, thenceforth the community property will be reputed to yield 5 per cent. of the gross capital, and on that created income they will pay 4 per cent., 220 francs. They will pay 40 per cent. on the gross value of their real estate, to make up for the droits de mutation, which they nevertheless pay elsewhere—400 francs. They will pay on the same title .30 per cent. on movable—30 francs. Hence, by way of chastisement for having service of the poor, they will pay yearly 650 francs. If they are fortunate enough to be authorized, they will have the advantage of being unable to sell or acquire without the approval of the State. And, indeed, they are pretty sure of being denied the privilege of accepting any legacies that might be left them."

"They will continue to pay the taxes of common law, and, in addition—

Frances.	
The tax of 4 per cent. on an imaginary income . . . . .	220
The mortmain tax on real estate . . . . .	120
The tax of .30 per cent. on the gross value of all their property . . . . .	380
Total . . . . .	670

"We will deduct, if you wish, the mortmain tax, which gives them the right to transmit their real estate without paying any other droits de mutation. Again, in this case, they will pay as punishment for having made vows and devoted themselves to a life of doing good, 550 francs a year over and above ordinary taxes. To write of these things seems like a dream, and yet it is a harsh reality. Poor, dear, honest Frenchmen! In what absurd iniquity do you co-operate?"

Let us now take a last example:—"After comparing the taxes paid by a societe de rentes viageres, having gross assets amounting to 20,000,000 francs, with what would be demanded by an authorized congregation possessed of the same wealth, this was the result obtained. The anonymous society would pay 14,496 francs (maximum figure), the congregation would pay 117,596 francs (minimum figure); that is, more than eight times as much. Besides, there is a means, simple indeed in its mathematical severity, of proving that the taxes levied on congregations are instruments of inevitable ruin. We have seen that their gross assets, although in general producing nothing or almost nothing, would yield at most one-half of 1 per cent. of these gross assets if exploited by a skillful society or company wholly intent upon realizing profits."

## RICHES OF RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS.

Selections Continued, by "Crux."

Last week I gave a number of selections from Father Belanger's work. I think that he has made out, so far, a very strong case in favor of the Orders and against the French Government. But I find that to complete his arguments it is necessary to carefully read what he has to say about unjust taxation. This system of taxes, applied to religious communities, is one of the most crying outrages, in the form of legalized robbery, that could possibly be perpetrated. I do not think that any preface is necessary. Each of the extracts selected may require a short word of explanation, but I purpose reserving all comment for the end of this series, when I hope to be able to sum up the situation in a special contribution. The first law under the lash of which the religious congregations groan is the "droit d'accroissement" of 1884, which has been translated into still more iniquitous "Lot d'abonnement" of 1895. It was instituted (for both these laws are on the same principle), that the public treasury might receive the "droit de mutation," caused by the death, or withdrawal, of a religious. Father Belanger thus reasons it out:

"Take, for instance, a congregation of one hundred members, owning 800,000 francs. One member dies. There is no change in the work of the institution; the expenses and general taxation are the same; but there is one less to do the work. Where, then, is the gain? Is there not a loss? The cunning legislator maintains that there is no loss, and reasons after this fashion. A congregation owns 800,000 francs and will suppose that, upon the death of a member, this fortune is divided among the 119 left. He has not the share of deceased, 8,000 francs? Then let us in imagination turn the congregation into a moral person. Would it not inherit those 8,000 francs, thus increasing its fortune? It would, if it were not pay the heaviest inheritance tax, eleven and one-half per cent.—that is, 845 francs, or what would come a little higher, a yearly instalment of thirty per cent. of the gross capital!"

The better to appreciate the stupidity of this reasoning, he makes successively the only two hypothesis possible: either a congregation is authorized, or it is not. Take, then, in the first place an unauthorized congregation.

"The State does not recognize it. Hence, a member of such a congregation is just the same as other citizens. In order to transmit his fortune by will, to receive a legacy, to buy or sell, he pays all the ordinary droits de mutation. But, because he belongs to a congregation he finds himself obliged to pay more than the ordinary taxpayer in order that he may leave his possessions to his brothers in religion. Most taxpayers transmit their property to their children or their nearest kin, and these transmissions are only subject to a relatively light law—the average testamentary tax being estimated at 2.68 per cent. of the amount left. The religious, on the contrary, has as heirs his brothers in the religious life who are, however, not blood relatives, and on that account he must almost invariably pay eleven and one-half per cent., which is certainly pretty heavy. But, to ask out this citizen who has paid all his taxes, those of inheritance included, and inflict upon him a second time, under another name, a tax destined to pay for the same rights (only exaggerated) is to tax him twice and a half, solely because, in the privacy of his conscience, he has pronounced vows of which the State knows nothing and of which it refuses to take cognizance. Hence, injustice and evident oppression."

Now, take the case of an authorized congregation:—"It is true that the patrimony of the congregation indeed escapes the impot de succession (inheritance tax) which, as we will see, is 'natural' enough, since inheritance is impossible where everything belongs to a moral being that does not die. However, this advantage is cancelled by the obligation of paying the mortmain tax. The result of this law of restricted gain will be, in the case above, a second payment of the same tax, but, more, the death of a member is unstable or infertile because of a congregation

cannot, could not, bring about any gain. Why? Because, according to law, a congregation has no personal ownership of any of the property of the association. In case of dissolution, the State would help itself to these effects or else apply them to other works, whereas the religious would not be allowed to claim their share. They could not even claim what they themselves had given. Now, what does this mean unless that the fortune of a congregation belongs in no way to one of its members? Hence, when dying, he cannot bequeath what never belonged to him. Common sense decides this. To take a well known example: The assets of the association are no longer increased by the death of its members than is the domain of Chantilly by the demise of an acedemicien. L'Institut de France owned it beforehand and owns it afterwards. There is no change."

The following paragraph will show that the taxation is without foundation, and is, therefore, purely a means of persecution and willful confiscation:—"To be sure, it has been objected that the gain consists in this, that the community no longer requires to feed the departed. But how absurd! The religious is not merely a man who receives his maintenance without making any return for it. He is an excellent workman who works much and spends little. His death, therefore, is not a gain but a loss—the more so, as the work remains the same and a new workman must be chosen, one who is, perhaps, less qualified to do it and less skillful. If we may be permitted a trivial comparison, it were as reasonable to hold that a farmer becomes richer for losing a horse. Why? Because he no longer needs to feed him!"

A few examples are now given of the manner in which the law is administered in regard to the religious communities:—"We will simply say that, thanks to this stratagem, a tax of 2,250 francs was levied upon the Sisters of Charity for a so-called inheritance of 2,300 francs. From a congregation in La Gironde, the public treasury claimed 1,800 francs taxes on an inheritance of 887 francs; in Tallon, in the same department, the treasury had received 229 francs and 50 centimes for a pretended heritage of 27 francs 10 centimes. Finally, the Congregation of the Holy declared (July 7, 1892) that these were claimed amounting to 6,000 times the value of one share. The Cour de Cassation ended by rejecting these foolish pretensions on the part of the administrators, and yet, the extraordinary as it may seem, the administration refused to accept this solution. Indeed, there is no telling what would have happened but for the voice of the new law. Such is, in its principal elements, the fiscal machine operated against religious, and we beg to illustrate this arid description with a few examples and comparisons. They will bring plainly to light the disguised confiscation and violated equality of which congregations are the victims."

I will have to ask space for the following uninterrupted statement in the form of examples. It closes my extracts for the present, and gives us the basis of a fearful arraignment of the legislators whose prejudices set at naught any sense of justice that they may ever have enjoyed.

"Here, for instance, are five individuals who, smitten with love for suffering humanity, decide to relieve it. They buy property valued at 100,000 francs, improve, embellish, and furnish it at a cost of 10,000 francs, and into it receive either poor old men and women, or orphans, whom they feed, care for and educate. What will they have to pay? The land tax, personal tax, license tax, and the tax on doors and windows (from the last they may perhaps be dispensed). That is all. And since it is but too evident that there are no profits, no 4 per cent. income tax is demanded. Moreover, being laymen, they are not asked .90 per cent. on the gross assets. But some six days or five charitable proprietors decide to make vows; they elect a superior, and persevere in their work, and their property is to be devoted to a special charity. They are asked 1 1/2 per cent. on their

## WEDDING BELLS.

On Tuesday, the 24th of September, a pretty wedding took place at St. Patrick's Church, the contracting parties being Miss Alice Gertrude Shea, second daughter of Mr. Walter J. Shea, of Westmount, and Mr. J. S. Stanford, son of the late Mr. J. S. Stanford. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Martin Callaghan, the altar being beautifully decorated with flowers and various colored lights. As the bride entered the church, supported by her father, Prof. Fowler, organist of St. Patrick's, played "The Wedding March," by Mendelssohn. Gounod's "Ave" was sung by Mr. Charles Deaudin, of Sherbrooke, who possesses a beautiful soprano voice. A violin solo, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," with organ accompaniment, by Prof. St. John, was artistically executed, and Mr. Geo. Carpenter, director of St. Patrick's choir, rendered in a most effective manner, Gounod's "Et incarnatus Est." The bride looked exceedingly well in a rich gown of dove-colored brocade silk with hat to match and carried white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Marian Shea, as bridesmaid, who wore a gown of pale blue mousseline

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de sole, and carried red roses, and Miss K. Tracy, of Sherbrooke, and Miss Lilian Shea, as maids of honor, one in piny satin and the other in fawn color, with beautiful bouquets. The groom was attended by his uncle, Mr. J. Levesque, with Mr. Maurice P. Shea as best man. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous "dejeuner" was served. The presents were costly and numerous, proving the popularity of the bride and bridegroom. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford left by the noon train for a trip to Quebec and the Saguenay, and on their return will take up their residence at their new home, 2745 St. Catherine street. The bride went away in a handsome blue cloth travelling suit, with crimson blouse and hat of blue.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 878. SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Elizabeth Waddell, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Charles Viens, Joiner, of the same place, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, before the Superior Court of this district. Montreal, 23rd September, 1901. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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"PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

SATURDAY ..... OCTOBER 5, 1901.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DEALING WITH ANARCHY.

It is actually amusing to note how fashionable it has become in the United States to advocate the abolition of Anarchy and the wiping out of anarchists. It is passing strange that while the Catholic Church has been for long years combatting socialism, anarchy, infidelity, and every head of the hydra that threatens the political, social and national existence of a country, she received but poor support and encouragement from the people who are now beating the air to knock down a phantom that they cannot reach. At an assembly of Presbyterian ministers, the other day, we find one reverend gentleman asking that the anarchists be all banished to an island; another found fault with the liberal-minded people who were willing to receive anarchy with toleration; again another wanted a wider interpretation of the word anarchy; and so on, each having some peculiar view of his own, but not one ever dreaming of going to the root of the evil. How different the sound, temperate, powerful statement made by Bishop Spalding, in Peoria on the day of the late President's funeral. He pointed out that "no punishment, however severe, can destroy the roots from which grows the tree that bears the bitter fruit." It is in educating the youth of the country in a Christian and God-fearing manner, that the source of the evil can be dried up. It is useless to pretend to destroy one evil by another evil. It is necessary that good be substituted for evil, otherwise no permanent, radical and beneficial change can be effected. Useless to cry out against anarchy and anarchists while effacing religion in the heart, driving God from the home and the school, and bidding defiance to the Supreme Author of all authority. Turn the subject as we will we may rest assured that in the end the spirit of the Catholic Church is the only one that can ever prevail against this ubiquitous enemy of all law, order and authority.

TOO MANY CROSSES.

A clergyman of some Protestant denomination, rejoicing in the name of Ezra Helmstead, paid a visit to Canada last summer, and gave it as his opinion to a Philadelphian audience, that "if the churches (in Quebec) had less crosses they would be more Christian." How this learned gentleman managed to reach this conclusion is more than we are able to say. For aught we know he may have some other meaning than the one he conveys; but if he intends it to be understood that the presence of a cross of Christ upon a Christian temple is evidence of a lack of Christianity, he must have read sacred and church history with very faulty glasses. What would he think of a summer tourist who, having visited our House of Commons, were to remark, "if the legislative halls had less crosses (displayed) they would be more regal?" In all probability he would be better able to point out the nonsense of such a question than we are to fittingly characterize his own remarks. At all events this one saying is sufficient proof of the unchristian extremes to which Protestantism is surely drifting.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

In "La Semaine Religieuse" appears an important communication, on the subject of the Winnipeg Catholic schools, from the Archbishop of St. Boniface. The text reads as follows: "Our five Catholic schools of Winnipeg are being carried on, as during the past years, under the direction of the good Sisters of Jesus-Marie, and the dear Brothers of the Society of Mary of Paris, with a greater number of children than ever. Only the government and the city do not contribute a cent. Where are we to get the means necessary to keep them in operation? The Catholics still pay the taxes for public schools. All the steps heretofore taken, have had for object the obtaining for Winnipeg of a 'modus vivendi' analogous to that which exists in the country districts amongst Catholic schol-

ars, by accepting the obligation of allowing our schools to be inspected and of supplying them with diplomaed teachers. There never was question of dismissing the Brothers and the Sisters, nor of obliging them to abandon their religious costumes, nor of 'throwing' the Catholic children in with the Protestant children to the public schools." This is a very brief, but a most comprehensive and important statement. While we do not pretend to be fully conversant with the details of the situation in Winnipeg, still we can easily glean from His Grace's remarks that the Catholics of that city still pay taxes for Protestant (public) schools, while supporting, as best they can, their own schools — both of the Brothers and of the Nuns. We also learn that they do not derive a cent's worth of aid from either government or city. If this, then, be the "settled school question," we confess that we fail to see where the settlement comes in — or rather we are unable to discover the justice, or the equal rights of the situation.

A REAL SLATING.

We have always considered that a definition should contain the fewest possible words; but we expect, that there are circumstances which justify, and even require the use of a number of adjectives in order to qualify properly and fully the object to be defined. This seems to be the idea of the honorable gentleman who writes the leaders for "Evenement" of Quebec. For some time past the Hamilton "Spectator" has been indulging in unnecessarily harsh criticisms of the Province of Quebec and its people. "The last straw" was to the effect that Their Royal Highnesses were in the Province of Quebec, but would soon be in Canada. The Quebec organ evidently took this as an insult to this Province, an insinuation that Quebec was not worthy to be considered as a portion of our grand Confederation. We are more inclined to believe that it was intended to be understood in a literal sense, for we have frequently been under the impression that the "Spectator" knows as little about Canadian history, and that its information concerning Quebec, its people, their manners, habits, language and principles is about as vague as its conceptions of Catholic doctrine. In such a case it is quite probable that its wisdom has drawn the boundary line of the Dominion along the internal confines of Quebec. But be it a slip, or an intentional mistake, the "Evenement" has seized upon the opportunity of characterizing the "Spectator" in language that "bangs Banagher." Amongst other critical paragraphs we find the following: "Only, we regret to have to confess, that there is one thing which His Royal Highness did not see in our Province, and which he will meet with elsewhere. It is a newspaper that is a narrow, wicked, little, unintelligent, sectarian, bigoted, fanatical, provocative, fabricator of discords, creator of prejudices, and inventor of enmities, like unto the Hamilton "Spectator." This, if the adjectives are all applicable, constitutes a very complete and many-sided definition. By these marks, or characteristics, no person can in future mistake the identity of the "Spectator."

VOLUNTARY EXILES.

A correspondent, writing in one of the New York papers, about the departure of certain religious congregations from France, states that they have been badly advised, if acting on advice, when they prefer to go into exile than to ask for authorization. He says: "The religious orders ought to have played all the trumps in their hand. They ought also to have put their opponents in the wrong by forcing them to decide. Instead of that, they are going away. It is to be hoped that the counsels of the jurists who are advising the congregations are gratuitous, otherwise their unucky clients will not have received their money's worth." We think that any one who has read Father Delanger's splendid exposition of the situation, especially as epitomized in our last issue and in the present one, by our corres-

AN IMAGINARY DANGER.

Danger is always to be avoided, but it seems to us that an imaginary danger—one that merely has existence in the mind of a frightened person—is the most bothersome of all. Certain Protestant individuals, of the A. P. A. and Orange character, have come to the conclusion that there is some fearful menace to Protestants in general in the fact of "The American Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States" being organized. No denomination, or respectable body of Protestants, has taken fright on account of this new organization. It is well known that it opposes no body and menaces nothing; its aim is purely one of mutual benefit. Still a small number of ultra-bigoted persons have formed, in opposition to it, an association known as "The National Patriotic Federation." They, however, really mean opposition to something or other, for they clearly leave it to be understood, when they present the following rules as expressing their aim:—

"1. To effect a union of all the subordinate bodies of the several patriotic orders in the United States in opposition to the Federated Roman Catholic Societies; thereby enabling the former to act more intelligently, quickly and persistently for the protection of American institutions."

pendent "Cruz," will agree that in the majority of cases there is no such a thing as "voluntary exile" on the part of the religious congregations. The fact is that there is nothing else left for them to do. An order would need the backing of millions to face successfully the conditions that even authorized religious bodies have to contend with.

"A THANKSGIVING TURKEY."

Of late Turkey is like the Thanksgiving Turkey which men, at this season, love to stuff, to roast and to devour. At one moment we hear that France is prepared to stuff the bird, having recalled the minister at Constantinople, thereby placing the Sultan on the defensive; at the next we find France, Germany and Russia combining to do the roasting; finally, we have England stepping in to commence the operation of devouring the inactive fowl. Of the various despatches received on this side of the ocean, we consider the following the most clear-cut:—

"It is believed that fresh trouble is impending at Koweyt. According to a report, Turkey has 30,000 troops at Basra, a frontier city of Asiatic Turkey, Fashalic of Bagdad, on the Shat-el-Arab, seventy miles from its mouth in the Persian Gulf, commanded by Edhem Pasha, with the object of seizing Koweyt, though the Turks assert that the troops are intended to traverse Arabia with the object of suppressing disaffection in Yemen. The 'Patriot' of Paris, on Thursday last, said that a dispute had broken out between Great Britain and Turkey, that three British war vessels had been ordered to the Persian Gulf to suppress revolts at Koweyt, the proposed terminus of the Bagdad Railroad, and that Russia, Germany, and France had agreed to support Turkey which had dispatched a strong body of troops, with instructions to oppose the landing of 1000 British. Inquiries made in official quarters in Paris elicited an emphatic denial that there was any such agreement between Russia, Germany and France."

EXCLUDING CATHOLICS.

One of our New York contemporaries opens a lengthy statement in these words:— "James Hooker Hamersley made special provision in his will, which was filed for probate yesterday, to preclude any Roman Catholic from participating in his fortune. The will was executed on April 28, 1892, and what reason he had for making this peculiar provision in the document the lawyers for the estate yesterday refused to state."

FORTUNE-TELLING.

"The Ave Maria" quotes the following from the Bombay (India) "Catholic Examiner":— "At an inquest, on the body of a domestic servant, who was found drowned, evidence was given that the deceased was of a very lively disposition until three weeks ago, when she returned from a visit to a fortune-teller. Then she became quiet, and once talked of committing suicide in consequence of something the fortune-teller had told her. This is the second case of suicide within a month, the cause of which has been tales of the future by charlatans."

OBLIGATIONS UNCHANGED.

Some person writing under the heading "Among Ourselves," in an American Catholic contemporary, makes use of a few very pertinent remarks concerning the obligation of hearing Mass, and the excuses for neglect of that precept that are given. He says:— "We pass side by side the seal and self-sacrifice of the persecuted, and the pomp and the pretence, and the practice of the lukewarm. The precept of the Church has not changed. The duty of the Christian believer has not changed. The same tribunal of justice governed by the same rules of conscience remains. The same rewards and punishments continue. What was merit and obligation then is obligation today. The seal of the persecuted—bearing every

danger to hear Mass—was not gratuitous; the earnestness of the pious, traveling great distance, was not folly or supererogation."

THE MAYORALTY.

We feel that we cannot allow this week's issue to go to press without a brief reference, again, to the all-important question of the next mayoralty term. This desire to accentuate all that we have heretofore written on the subject is the stronger on account of circumstances that have been of daily occurrence during the past week. We take it that the Irish Catholic citizens of Montreal are at present on trial at the bar of public opinion. Going abroad over the city, meeting with citizens, both French-Canadian and English-speaking Protestant, in the street cars, in the public assemblies, on the streets, at public resorts, everywhere, we are asked by them if the Irish Catholics are taking any practical steps to secure a candidate for the next term. They seem to be anxious in regard to the matter; especially are they so in connection with our intentions, on account of the absence of any action up to the present on our part.

THE LATE FATHER JOHN HOGAN, S.S.

Many of our readers will recall a sermon preached a few years ago in St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Father John Hogan, S.S. At that time the learned and devoted priest had been delivering lectures on French literature before the Catholic Summer School. It was only the other day that the news of Abbe Hogan's death was received in this city. We know him but slightly, yet that slightly means more than a mere accidental meeting; and we learned, from the short time he spent in our midst, that he was a genuine type of the great Irish priest, whose life belongs to God and to his people.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

By the mere facts of expressing such anxiety and of asking for such information the citizens of the other nationalities concede that the next term belongs to the Irish Catholics. On this there can be no room for any doubt; it is unquestionable. This being the case, we can readily understand how very interested the other two elements must be in the course to be taken by the Irish Catholics. They are aware, as we are, that while the unwritten terms of the long-accepted compact of alternate representation, may have been stretched to an unusual degree of elasticity, still these exceptions merely prove the validity of the rule, and should not be allowed to be considered as precedents.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

It is quite evident that if the Irish Catholic citizens do not take early and decisive action they will simply be risking their own chances for the future and will be depriving the coming generations of our people of that prestige and that national status which the occupation of the highest civic office is calculated to impart to them. For aye, all, it

must not be forgotten that associated with that position there is a striking object lesson for every Irish Catholic, either native born, or by extraction, that his race is not debarred from the enjoyment of the highest privileges associated with public-spirited citizenship.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

The future conservation, in its integrity, of that honorable and equitable, tacit agreement, depends almost entirely upon the attitude and the activity, the earnestness and the spirit of union that the Irish Catholics must now display. We have no hesitation in saying "must," because any "letting drift" of this matter, especially at a juncture such as the present one, would mean both the loss of our term and the forfeiture of any influence, weight, or importance that we ever had in the public affairs of the city. Moreover, any faltering, or neglect at this hour would render it almost impossible for the French-Canadians and English Protestants to preserve, in succeeding terms the system of alternate representation. They would be so much confused that the ultimate result would be a general breaking-up of the tacit agreement; and we need scarcely say it, the consequences of that would be deplorable for ourselves. We have men sufficient amongst whom to select a fit and proper candidate, and we are confident that the one upon whom the choice would fall, would be willing—even were it at a personal sacrifice—to consecrate his time and energies to the task assigned him by his fellow-countrymen.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

The grand point now before us is the "facing of the ball"; who will start the game? It seems to us that the duty is obviously that of our leading societies. They hold meetings, their members come together, and on such occasions they have it in their power to inaugurate any desirable movement. An individual, no matter how well intentioned, or how determined, can do but little of practical utility in that direction. As for a newspaper, all it can do is to indicate the necessity for action to point out the details of the situation, to review the various circumstances of the situation. It remains for others—for men of influence in various departments of social life—to take up the matter and to bring to a practical issue the suggestions and representations made by the press. We are doing our duty, as we did it in the past, and as we hope to do it for the future, but all our efforts must be vain if those so deeply interested do not shake off their indifference and co-operate in the work to be done. Remember that our element is actually on trial, and the future civic status of Irish Catholics is the stake.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

Turning to the German element in congress, we must in congress August last. Progress is seen everywhere. The political character object being in their faith charity, as against all agitators or agitators of the gross of the Moravia, was a little earlier Catholic congre, in Mora by vast num Bohemians. While the d hurriedly we complete the show how joy Catholic faith various Catho the very heart testation. I a spirit of rev Europe and th —thanks, in a grosses—has n est triumphs modern times.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

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It is actually amusing to note how fashionable it has become in the United States to advocate the abolition of Anarchy and the wiping out of anarchists. It is passing strange that while the Catholic Church has been for long years combatting socialism, anarchy, infidelity, and every head of the hydra that threatens the political, social and national existence of a country, she received but poor support and encouragement from the people who are now beating the air to knock down a phantom that they cannot reach. At an assembly of Presbyterian ministers, the other day, we find one reverend gentleman asking that the anarchists be all banished to an island; another found fault with the liberal-minded people who were willing to receive anarchy with toleration; again another wanted a wider interpretation of the word anarchy; and so on, each having some peculiar view of his own, but not one ever dreaming of going to the root of the evil. How different the sound, temperate, powerful statement made by Bishop Spalding, in Peoria on the day of the late President's funeral. He pointed out that "no punishment, however severe, can destroy the roots from which grows the tree that bears the bitter fruit." It is in educating the youth of the country in a Christian and God-fearing manner, that the source of the evil can be dried up. It is useless to pretend to destroy one evil by another evil. It is necessary that good be substituted for evil, otherwise no permanent, radical and beneficial change can be effected. Useless to cry out against anarchy and anarchists while effacing religion in the heart, driving God from the home and the school, and bidding defiance to the Supreme Author of all authority. Turn the subject as we will we may rest assured that in the end the spirit of the Catholic Church is the only one that can ever prevail against this ubiquitous enemy of all law, order and authority.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

"PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

SATURDAY ..... OCTOBER 5, 1901.

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# WRONGFULLY CONVICTED.

It was a bitter night in winter. The streets had been deserted at an early hour, and the wind that raged up from the sea tore at the shutters and banged at the doors, shrieking, whistling, and roaring, till the townfolk turned in their beds and muttered: "God save the sailor lads this night!" But some of the new girls who were covered their ears and said: "The good-for-nothing vagabonds!" For they thought the banging and shouting came from some ship's crew just landed, and hurrying to spend their money and vitality larking.

Suddenly the wind veered to the north-west, and whirling down out of the low black clouds came one soft white flake, then another, and another, until the air was as white as the surf bursting and flying out of the harbor.

And all the time, in a side street of this water-end of the city a man lay face down, a knife in his back, and death on his lips and in his heart. And the snow gathered and covered the red stains that crept like a scarlet rain from the small wound, and wrapped him in a winding-sheet whiter than any fax ever spun.

And a ship drove safely into the harbor out of the storm, let go her anchor with a rattle and clank of chains, and a hearty "Yo-heave-ho!" that rang merrily through the night; and one of the sailors—reusing with a laugh to wait for day-break—sprang into the dingy, pulled ashore through the angry water, and struck out briskly for home. Such a little box of a home, but neat as a new pin, and an old mother in it dearer than all the world to the sturdy fellow tramping through the snow.

"I told her I'd be there, and, of course, I will, for this here wind a-blowing," and the delay from the backin' and fillin' we had to do outside there, so as to get a good head-way on the old gal (the ship), all have her uneasy I know she won't sleep a wink this blessed—but I what's here? Git along, old chap. 'Taint safe for a feller to be takin' naps in this here temperator. Whew! if there's one thing I hate it's a feller a-makin' a beast of himself a-drinkin'. Medbe, though, I'd been there when it had been for Father Tom; so here goes to help "the man and brother." My Lord A'mighty, what's this here? It's a knife, and the man's dead as a nail. Mur—

But an iron hand had him round the neck, and he was clapped over his mouth, and he was dragged furiously here and there, while a stentorian voice rang out: "Murder! Murder! Murder!"

In the mad struggle that followed David Jameson's clothing was torn from his back, his face bruised, though he defended himself so manfully that his assailant was put to it for breath wherewith to keep up his shout of "Murder!"

The harbor-watch ran panting to the scene, and before Jameson—be-wildered by the sudden attack, and exhausted by the violent tussle—could speak, the man who grappled him poured out a voluble story. He had been coming along the street after spending the evening at Moreno's wine shop, and had seen the two men arguing, and one had plunged a knife into the back of the other; he had fallen and died without a groan. Then this man stooped to be supposed—rifle the dead man's pockets, and he had seized him.

"You lie!" shouted David. "The man must have been dead an hour when I saw him. He was covered with snow."

"Shut up!" said the harbor-watch.

And David's captor, with an expressive shrug and a flinging out of his hands, said:

"Behold the knife, signor!"

The knife was a black clasp-knife, such as any sailor of any nation might carry; but the officers smiled contemptuously when Jameson declared it was not his, and told them he had lost his knife that very night he came into port—that it had been knocked out of his hand while he was cutting away some raffle tangled up by the gale. And they carried him off with every indignity to the station house, treating with marked consideration the foreigner and Italian—who had captured the desperate murderer at such risk and after such a fight, and thanking him with some effusion for his offer to be at their service day or night so long as he stayed in port, noting down the place of anchorage of his vessel, for of course he was the only witness for the prosecution.

Poor David! One hour before a free, light-hearted lad, springing home to his mother, his soul innocent of guile, and his heart at peace with the world. Now disgraced, ironed at ankles and wrists, his heart a pit of rage, and every muscle aching to get at the man who had lied away his honesty, his integrity, his liberty, and— it might easily come to that—his life.

The gaoler was a kind-hearted man, so when he came into the cell in the early morning he asked David if he had any friends he wished to see and he, poor lad, with a ray of hope striking across his passion of rage and despair, cried:

"Let me see Father Fahey."

"Father Tom, is it?" asked the gaoler.

"That's the one," said David, eagerly.

"Oh, I know him!" said the man, with a broad smile, "and it's himself always has his joke and his good word for everybody. I tell him, sometimes, he's sent for so constant he'd better just live here. Him and me'd make a good pair, and treat well in double harness—me a-catchin' the 'corpus delictus' (he had his little vanities of fine language, this gaoler), and him a-catchin' the bad consciences." Gillett, says he to me no later than

last Thursday, when I'd said as much to him—Gillett, we've got responsibilities both of us, and above all we've got to keep everything clean-washed and accounted for."

"Yes, I cut you, me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord." That's just what I said—Me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord—and it was a pretty neat answer."

And he rubbed his chin softly, and repeated his own words several times with intense enjoyment of their neatness.

"When can I see him?" begged David.

"To-morrow, maybe."

"To-morrow!" and his face fell back to its lines of misery. "Good Lord, man, my old mother'll hear it before that, and it'll kill her if it's broke too sudden to her. Father Tom's the only man that can do it."

"Well, well," said the gaoler, "I'll telephon round for you; but—with a sudden sense of responsibility—"that was a shabby trick to play a messmate."

"I didn't," said David, simply, and he raised his honest eyes to the gaoler's face. "I never saw him till—"

"There, there!" said the gaoler, soothingly, "don't talk till your lawyer gets here." And off he went down the corridor, thinking as he did so: "He looks honest, but great Scott! you can never tell. They'll look like cherubs and seraphims (his Biblical knowledge was slight and very mixed), and all the time they'll be up to any dodge on the p'lice docket. This feller's cut different from the left of my birds, though."

An hour later Father Tom stood in the cell, and he took David in his arms, and welcomed him as if he had come home laden with honors instead of crushed under the charge of crime. Then he said, gently: "Now, Davie, tell me all about it."

And David told the whole story, beginning with the start from the ship, and going circumstantially through the after-events, from the brief but terrible struggle over the dead man's body to the prison. Father Tom listened intently, and David, as he warmed up to his story, concluded with: "I am as innocent of that man's blood as you are, Father Tom; but if I had that Italian here I'd strangle him."

"Father Tom's only answer was to pull out the crucifix from his girdle, hold it up, and point to the agonized figure on it.

David hung his head, and with the cry, "But think of mother!" the tears burst from his dry and burning eyes.

Presently Father Tom said: "Now, Davie, let us kneel down and say a prayer."

But poor David's cry, as soon as the Amen was said, was again, "O Father Tom! my poor old mother!"

"Now, Davie, look here, boy," said the priest, with some severity, "do you suppose such a good Catholic as your mother is, is going to waste time mourning and weeping? If you had been guilty, then she might have many things to do for you, and so many things to do for you, and she can come every day to see you, too—that the time will go by almost before you know it. I'll go to her now and tell her about it. And skipper you like me to send your loving regards to any of your shipmates to see you?"

"Not yet," said David, "tell 'em, though. And Father, tell 'em, too, I didn't do it."

"Ay, ay, lad, you may depend on that. Now, is there anything you want? Have you got tobacco, and some pipe, and some money? Have you got your—oh, yes, there are your beads!"

"Yes, sir," said David, "I've got them safe; but it's a wonder I didn't lose 'em in that scrimmage last night. I s'pose I would a done it if I hadn't strung 'em round my neck before I went aloft out yonder."

"Keep up your heart, keep down your temper, and trust in God," were the priest's parting words. "I'll send you some papers, and I'll come back to-morrow, asking the judge, in view of the peculiar circumstances, to call the trial; for the actual witness, one Manuel Ignazio Pizarro, would have to sail with his brig—the 'Maria di Napoli'—on the following Wednesday for Marseilles."

There was some demur about precedent and son on; but the point was carried, and the 20th of December saw the court-room filled to hear the trial of David Jameson, broken for the murder of an unknown man on the night of the 17th day of that same month, in the year of Our Lord 1888. The court was opened with the usual formalities, and the case presented by the counsel for the Government. Then, after a brief citation of the facts—the terrible facts—they were called—the Italian, whose tongue alone could tell the truth, was put upon the stand.

He was a tall, well-formed man, but there was a furtive trick about his eyes, and the eyes themselves, though large and brilliant, were near together and they seemed to

cross at times; the eyebrows were heavy and met at the roots of the nose, which gave a sinister look to his face; and his nostrils were thin as paper, and vibrated with every breath. For the rest, he was handsome enough; and his picturesque though very theatrical costume was becoming, from the scarlet Thyrigan cap, and the wide gold rings in his ears, to the curiously embroidered top-boots, and the long Spanish cloak in which he draped himself (as he entered and departed) to an ancient Roman.

He told his story dramatically and with abundant gesture, and wound up by saying, "Doubtless, excellency, it was some secret foe; for he stabbed him, with such force, such savagery, and a blow in the back—Oh, treacher! Oh, cruelty!"

"Stick to facts, sir," said the judge, impatiently.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders and bowed, but his eyes seemed to leap towards each other, and their flash belied the wide smile that displayed his teeth, white and strong as a shark's.

Then the cross-examination began. "At what time did you go to Moreno's?"

"At 22 hours (10 o'clock p.m.)"

"Where were you before that?"

"Aboard the 'Maria di Napoli.'"

"At what hour did you leave the ship?"

"At 21 hours and a half (9.30 p.m.)"

"Were you alone?"

"No. When you left the ship."

"No. My mate was with me."

"What is his name?"

"Pedro Maria Allegrini."

"Was he with you in the wine-shop?"

"All the time."

"Did you leave together?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Pedro's head was heavier than his legs."

"Where is Pedro Allegrini?"

"Here," and he waved his arm towards a heavy, stolid man among the audience.

His name was noted.

Then you saw the two men—the prisoner and the deceased—what were they doing?"

"Struggling; this one actively, the other like a man heavy with wine."

And so on, and so on, with a circumstantiality of detail and a distinctness of outline that were appalling to Father Tom and David's other friends.

And when Moreno and Allegrini were called they confirmed all that Pizarro had said up to the hour of his leaving the house, at two o'clock.

The witnesses for the defence could only do negative service by testifying to David's previous good character, and this they did heartily; but the jury, after a half-hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder, commending the prisoner, however, to the mercy of the court.

When the foreman had spoken a shrill, heart-broken cry rang through the room:

"My son! my son! Spare him, your honor! spare him! He's as innocent as a baby!"

It was the mother, who tore at her gray hair and beat her breast, while the slow tears of old age rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor soul!" said the judge, kindly, "I can only let the law take its course."

Then she raised her tottering frame, and, with hands and arms uplifted, she cried:

"Mirror of Justice, defend us!"

It was a touching little scene, and many people in the court-room wiped their eyes; and the prisoner's drooping head was raised, and his laboring breath bore witness to the anguish he endured.

Father Tom came to him and spoke a few cheering words, then took the mother from the court-room; and the captain and some of David's shipmates followed him to the gaol to see him; but, finding they could not enter, stood about and talked in low voices of him as one already dead. During the week they came back one by one, the captain to shake hands, and wish him kindly, but angrily, "well out of it," the sailor men to shuffle their feet, shift their quids, and sit about awkwardly and silently, the very force of their sympathy making them as unobtrusive as wooden figures.

Then they sailed away, and the 'Maria di Napoli' left her canvas for the Mediterranean; and the world forgot David—except Father Tom, and his mother, and his lawyer; the latter of whom had become so deeply interested in his fate that, by incredible work and judicious appeal, and presentation of the case in the right quarters, he secured a final sentence of "imprisonment for life at hard labor."

But this all took months, and it was not until the gaol had blanched his face, and the confinement almost burst his heart, that David was taken to the penitentiary, and there, among forgers, murderers, and criminals of all degrees and grades, put to work out a life of misery.

Again it was a night in winter, and again the wind blew and the snow flew—stinging like a swarm of white bees—just as it had blown and flown that other night three years ago, when, in that Northern seaport town, a man had been stabbed in the street, and a young sailor was sent to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of-of the man who is now, on this bitter winter evening, creeping along against the houses of that same town, glancing first over one shoulder, then over the other, with terror in his eyes, and a shivering and racking of his body that made progress slow. Once or twice he stopped, panting for breath; but started up and hurried on again, looking back fearfully as if pursued.

Up the street a great block of carriage stopped the way. It was being the house of an old German

merchant, who, 40 years before, had been in the then most fashionable quarter of the city. But business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until it was now the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball.

This Italian, of course, could not know; for he was a stranger, and was, moreover, half-crazed with drink; but what he did know was that at that point there were people, there was life, there was the sound of human voices, and above all there was light—light that kept at bay the terrors that rent his soul when night and sleep fell on the world.

How he hated the dark! It swarmed with such ugly things; and a face—an awful face, with staring eyes and rigid lips—would start into his ghastly distinctness as soon as the sun was down, and he followed him like a shadow, hounding him from place to place, filling him with an unnatural vigor and an activity that defied the stoutest of his boon companions; and when they slept, ex-hausted, it still drove him on, tortured, agonized, panic-stricken, till the day broke, and the sight of the crowds helped him to sleep and reason.

As he reached the awning and pressed close to the steps, a carriage dashed up to the curb; the door of the house was flung open, for some departing guests, and for a few minutes a dazzling vision was revealed—fairies, shepherdesses, arquebuses, pages, halberdiers, kings, court ladies, and queens, in gorgeous colors and flashing jewels; but the Italian saw none of these; his starting eyes fastened on a stately figure that seemed to float down towards him between the rows of orange and palm trees that lined the stair-case. On it came, tall, in flowing raiment, a cloud of golden hair rippling over its shoulders from under a crown of light; in one hand a pair of scales, in the other a gleaming sword, whose point seemed to mark him from the throng.

"Speculum Justitie!" he shrieked, "yes, I did it—I did it—I did it! I murdered him! Take me!"

And he fell grovelling at the feet of the policeman, who had forgotten their official stolidity to stare open-mouthed at the lovely Angela von Henkeldyke, who in her costume of "Justice" had wrought such innocent vengeance.

On principle they seized the Italian for a rowdy, but his repeated cry, "I did it—I murdered him!" soon attracted their attention, and as he struggled in a fit, they called up the patrol wagon and took him to headquarters. There the policeman took him in hand, until finally, at daybreak, he recovered consciousness. On being told that he could not live through the next night, he asked for a priest, and who but Father Tom was brought to the poor wretch, who told the following story:

He had played, he said, in the wine shop that night until midnight with a stranger, who lost heavily to him, and drank away his pocket. But his losses did not seem to press him, and the wines did not confuse, and Manuel said:

"You are a gallant man, signor. You lose with grace and courage."

And he had answered with a laugh: "I can afford to lose 50,000 dollars here." And he touched his breast.

Manuel raised his eyebrows.

"Don't you believe?" asked his companion with some heat.

Manuel bowed deviously.

"Hang it," said Manuel, "I'm telling you the simple truth. Look here."

And he drew out and opened a small doeking bag slung around his neck, showing a diamond the like of which Manuel had never beheld.

"It sent madness to my head, Fahey, and I felt I must have it. But he tucked it away again and rose. 'You must go,' he said; 'I have already stayed too long.' I pressed him to wait, but he got restless, and looked at me suspiciously. I asked where we might meet the next day, and he pushed out and play some little game of more. But he answered, 'I didn't know—he was here to-day and there to-morrow, and far away the day after. I laid my hand on his arm. 'Come, crack another bottle,' I urged. But he shook me off roughly, and pushed out of the wine-shop, saying 'Enough's as good as a feast.'"

"I knew the house. There was a cellar that gave on the street, he must pass, I said. I must have a bottle of lachryma, the vintage of '73. I went below—the landlord knows me—and I opened the cellar door and stole after him. In the dark I tracked him, and struck as I sprang on him. I wrenched the bag from his neck, and nearly shrieked as something soft and cold, like a dead finger, touched my cheek. It was a snowlake, and I ran in hot haste back to the shop, so no tracks could be left. The whole affair did not take twenty minutes, and I came back into the room, and drank and played. But the diamond, in my breast burned like a coal, and I thought its rays of splendid fire must be seen; and in at the windows the dead man's face seemed to look—but that was only the snow flying past; and I felt drawn back to the spot, as if he had his hand in my sleeve of my jacket. But this I fought against, until I suddenly remembered with terror I had left my knife sticking in the wound, and I knew I must have it at any risk. As I crept along I saw a sailor coming up the street. He stopped, he touched the body. Here was my chance. I sprang on him, dragging him here and there—and he fought well, that boy; like a wild cat—and I shouted 'Murder! Murder!'

"It all turned out as I hoped. The poor fool—poor fool!—never thought to see whether the man was stiff, and when the coroner arrived, he was too stiff for question. Then came the trial, and there the first stone struck me."

His face was distorted with emotion.

"That boy I pitied—yes! But it was he or I, and I preferred to go free. The lies I swore to did not trouble me at all, for lies and I were bosom-friends; but when that old woman raised her hands and cried out 'Mirror of Justice, defend us!' I felt a fear; for my medal hung at my neck, and the only prayer I had said for years was, sometimes, an 'Ave.' Habit, I suppose, but it was so—I said it. And like the thunder on the mountain came the mounting of that prayer—Speculum Justitie. And from that day I was a haunted man. Waking, that face followed me—the face I had struck into stone by a knife blow; and if I slept I saw always the same thing—myself, on the ground, before a great balance, and a sword hanging over my head; but two hands—a woman's hands—held down the scale-pan, and held back the sword; and through a mist a face sweet and sorrowful looked down at me, like the 'Spectum Justitie' in the chapel, where I made my First Communion. And my terror lest the hands should slip or move would wake me with a start, and there would be the dead man and—and my memory waiting for me."

His voice sank to a whisper, and his eyes stared gloomily into space.

"What a life it has been," he went on, wearily, "I jested to be robbed, and yet I dared not sell for fear of detection; I could not drink, and I might betray myself, and for months the diamond hung like lead on my breast. Then I thought of South America, and from there to Paris, where I sold it well, with a good story of how I found it at the mines and smuggled it away.

"My luck followed me. The money went—lost, lost, lost, lost! at everything; rouge-et-noir, vingt-et-un, roulette, morra—all were alike against me. Everything I touched failed. My crew got the fever. My Maria was lost off the Bahamas. My money began to drink me, and I kept jolly fellows about me—loud fellows, boisterous fellows—and I would hear no word of prayer or hereafter; for the devil ruled my soul, and I knew I was outcast from heaven."

"To-night the end has come; for I saw with these" (he touched his eyes), "not sleeping, not dreaming—awake—the Mirror of Justice. But she no longer touched the scales. She held both in her own hands."

He stopped, shuddering violently.

"The man," said Father Tom, "what you saw to-night, was not Our Lady, although she might well have come from heaven to cry justice on your two-fold crime."

He told him what had really taken place, closing with, "Now be a man and the son of the Church. Come back to the mainland and with you have betrayed. That you repent truly of these sins I firmly believe, but prove it by confessing before the proper officers of the law; set free the innocent man who drags out his penitentiary, and rest in letters of pardon; you are weighed in the great scales of eternal justice, Our Lord's cross will outweigh your sins."

Manuel nodded his head, and with a great effort raised his eyes to Father Tom's face, and they were still far too near together, and he was dealing as the spirit understood it, but there was a new light in them.

"Father, I will, but I fear I could not do this if I did not know I was going to die. I would not have the courage, I who call myself a sinner, and I am a coward."

And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Father Tom felt a knot in his own throat at this confession, courageous in its weakness, pathetic in its falterings; and, although the words of St. Augustine seemed to stand out before him in letters of fire, he thought of that hill on which once hung three crosses, and he heard a thief cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" and the voice that answered through the gathering darkness across the shuddering earth, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." And while he sought for the nearest magistrate, he said such words of hope as the Church alone can breathe to the penitent, teaching as he did in the meaning of his sinner's repentance, and filling the sinner's heart with humble hope.

And after all this, our Manuel begged to see David.

"I don't see it, but I cannot go until he forgives me," he said.

And somehow, in spite of technicalities, Father Tom managed it, and the two men met on the same day.

**HOW TO GAIN FLESH**

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somewhat the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking Scott's Emulsion.

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample in reply to this coupon.

SCOTT'S EMULSION, Chemist, Toronto, and all well-known druggists.

for Manuel spoke the truth when he said he could not go without forgiveness, and he lived on until then, to the amazement of the prison physician.

At first David refused outright to see him, for his heart was bitter with the load of anguish borne through these three frightful years. But Father Tom "talked to him," and his mother gave the final stroke that determined him.

"Ye must go, Davie," she said, as she hung on his neck.

And oh! the thoughts of the two men as they faced each other!

Where is David now? Well, his story, told above, and there was a good soul started a purse, and big hearts and good incomes ran the money up to enough to buy him a half-share in a schooner, of which he frankly became owner and captain. His old skipper wanted him back, but he did not need to be any man's man now, except his own—and Our Lady's.

The old mother lived to dandle his children on her knee, and to take them on sunny Sundays, sometimes to Father Tom's grave, and sometimes to a quiet graveyard by the shore of the bay, where they would kneel and pray for him who slept below. And then, as they rested before starting from the grave, and picked the lichens from the letters of the inscription sometimes spelling them out as they did so. And the spelling read: "Pray for the soul of Manuel Ignazio Pizarro."—Catholic Fireside.

**Society Directory.**

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, O. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month, in their hall, corner Selgneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, Secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. B. Doran; 1st Vicar, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vicar, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: President, M. McCarthy, M.P.; Recording Secretary, J. Devlin, Rec-Secretary, 1528 Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; 65 Young street, M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 1885.—Meets in its hall, 167 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1888.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership, or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B.C.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Fealey, Jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Secy., J. P. Quinn, 625 St. Jacques street; M. J. Ryan, Treasurer, 16 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

**THE K**

In an old French... Far away... Lay the... Holy old... Holy old... He had... On his bed... Lay he dying... All the solemn... All the sacred... Spake the dy... "Bring to... "Key of Hea... And-the Pea... Bringing to... An old miss... Slow the dyin... "Key of... thought... Crucifix and... To the moon... All in vain... What could... Surely, such... Was the pie... Last upon a... Drowned bod... From a nook... Brought a s... bright... Brought it to... Where they... "Twas the nee... Wherewith... years.

Ah! to see the... Started to see... Rought the lo... The... Broken words... "Many years... bored... Every stitch... Was for God's... For the bless... "Now, when h... en... Blessed need... "Thou shalt b... Thou shalt b... On the instar... Smiling in h... Lay the broo... With the nee... All the monks... Started at the... Question was... Doth he trul... "Brethren!... Prior... "May his ene... May the life w... Be, indeed, h...

**A Brave Leper**

Sister Beatrice... of the leper l... "Beatrice, the m... band of Sisters... years ago volun... among the sado... ate of God's cre... by it to the ene... love that are o... Six years ago... al street, there... able scene. It... in April, and... Paul Tulane, b... stood four Siste... were Sisters Be... and Thomas... bound? For the... they would rou... they were enter... requiring all the... courage of whic... capable they w... to volunteer... lives and leish... derness of their... like spirits upon... ever forbidden... among their fell... are abandoned... est, and dearest... "Unclean, uncl... awful a terror... did in the old l... was condemned... weakness of ab... come a material... non and Gehen... less a living off... a torment to sel... without hope in... eversore. These... among whom... Sisters of Char... consecrate their... ever, in glad... And their leas... Upon the levee... the members of... there, too, stood... tion a strong bo... tlemen, members... St. Vincent de... to bid them go... and voluntary... without a tear... a smile on their... was given the p... to the outcast ar... these brave slat... ing forever bein... picture of home... The new pame... that these sista... the leper land... crowd had gather... Tulane put off... rough, must be... rough, must be... groused in th... "God bless the... kerchiefs were... there arose the... though it was a... who were going... thought... marching to vic... Yesterday even... returned the wo... work. She had... human sacrifice... love, she had...

...the truth when he...  
 ...not go without for...  
 ...lived on until then...  
 ...of the prison phy...  
 ...refused outright to...  
 ...his heart was bitter...  
 ...of anguish borne...  
 ...three frightful years...  
 ..."talked to him"...  
 ...gave the final stroke...  
 ...him. "No, David," she said...  
 ...as she thought...  
 ...of thoughts of the two...  
 ...each other...  
 ..."Well, his...  
 ...about, and there was...  
 ...of sympathy." Some...  
 ...started a purse, and big...  
 ...good incomes ran the...  
 ...enough to buy him a...  
 ...a schooner, of which he...  
 ...came owner and cap...  
 ...captain wanted him...  
 ...did not need to be any...  
 ...except his own...  
 ...they lived to dandle his...  
 ...knee, and take...  
 ...Sundays, sometimes...  
 ...'s, and sometimes to...  
 ...by the shore of...  
 ...they would kneel...  
 ...of grey granite, and...  
 ...knee, and...  
 ...rested before starting...  
 ...hands pulled the weeds...  
 ...and picked the lich...  
 ...of the inscrip...  
 ...and the spelling read...  
 ...of Manuel Igna...  
 ...Catholic Priestess.

### The Key of Heaven.

In an old Franciscan cloister,  
 Far away in Germany,  
 Lay the convent tailor dying,  
 Holy old lay brother he,  
 Holy Brother Bonaventure,  
 He had labored long and well;  
 On his bed among his brethren,  
 Lay he dying in his cell.

All the solemn prayers were uttered,  
 All the sacred rites were given—  
 Spoke the dying from his pillow,  
 "Bring to me my Key of Heaven."  
 And the Prior softly came,  
 Bringing to the sinking friar  
 An old missal of that name.

Slow the dying head was shaken,  
 "Key of Heaven? Quick as  
 thought,  
 Crucifix and rule and chaplet,  
 To the monk in turn were brought,  
 All in vain. The brethren marvelled,  
 What could be the key he craved?  
 Surely, such demand unusual  
 Was the plea of one whoaved.

Last uprose an aged friar,  
 Bowed obedience, left and right,  
 From a hook beside the fire  
 Brought a something, small and  
 bright.

Brought it to the bed and placed it  
 Where they saw it through their  
 tears,  
 'Twas the needle of the tailor  
 Wherewith he had wrought for  
 years.

Ah! to see the dim eyes brighten!  
 Ah! to see the white lips smile!  
 Round the tool the chill hands tight—  
 Broken words, he spoke the while,  
 "Many years, old friend, we've la-  
 bored;  
 Every stitch I made with thee  
 Was for God's dear glory taken—  
 For the blest eternity!"

"Now, when life's last cords are riv-  
 en  
 Blessed needle!" (soft he cries)—  
 "Thou shalt be my Key of Heaven,  
 Thou shalt open my Paradise!"  
 On the instant fell the spirit—  
 Smiling in his waxen rest.  
 Lay the Brother Bonaventure  
 With the needle on his breast.

All the monks around him kneeling  
 (Started at such swift release),  
 Question with the deepest feeling,  
 "Doth he truly rest in peace?"  
 "Brethren!" prays the weeping  
 Prior,  
 "May his end to all be given!  
 May the life work of each friar  
 Be, indeed, his Key to Heaven!"  
 —Selected.

### A Brave Nun of the Leper Home Dead.

Sister Beatrice, the brave heroine  
 of the leper home, is dead—Sister  
 Beatrice, the noble leader of the  
 band of Sisters of Charity who six  
 years ago volunteered for this work  
 among the saddest and most desolat-  
 ed of God's creation, and who stood  
 by to the end, with a courage and  
 love that are only born of God.

Six years ago, at the foot of Canal  
 street, there took place a remark-  
 able scene. It was a bright evening  
 of April, and on the deck of the  
 Paul Dulane, bound for Whitecastle,  
 stood four Sisters of Charity. They  
 were Sisters Beatrice, Cyril, Annie  
 and Thomas. Whither were they  
 bound? For the leper land, whence  
 they would return nevermore. For  
 they were entering upon a life work  
 requiring all the exalted heroism and  
 courage of which human nature is  
 capable; they were going forever in-  
 to voluntary exile, to devote their  
 lives and lavish all the gentle ten-  
 derness of their hearts and Christ-  
 like spirits upon those who are for-  
 ever forbidden by law to mingle  
 among their fellow men, those who  
 are abandoned by all, even the cry-  
 stals and dearest, and whose cry,  
 "Unclean, unclean," carries just as  
 awful a terror with it to-day as it  
 did in the old law, when the leper  
 was condemned to find a home in the  
 wilderness of abandoned tombs to be-  
 come a madman, and a pest to his  
 nation and Gehenna, to be at all times  
 a living offence to others than  
 a torment to self—afraid to die, yet  
 without hope in life; an outcast, an  
 eyesore. These were the people  
 among whom these pure, spotless  
 Sisters of Charity were going to  
 consecrate their lives and abide for-  
 ever, in glad and willing service.  
 And their leader was Sister Beatri-  
 ce.

Upon the levee stood a number of  
 the members of their order, and  
 there, too, stood in noble admira-  
 tion a strong body of Catholic gen-  
 tlemen, members of the Society of  
 St. Vincent de Paul, who had come  
 to bid them godspeed in their noble  
 and voluntary mission. Quietly,  
 without a tear of regret, nay, with  
 a smile on their lips that to them  
 was given the privilege to minister  
 to the outcast and hopeless, called,  
 these brave sisters bade adieu, leav-  
 ing forever behind them the smiling  
 picture of home and loved ones.

The news passed along the levee  
 that these sisters were bound for  
 the leper land, and soon a great  
 crowd had gathered, and the Paul  
 Dulane put off from her wharf there  
 rose a deafening cheer; tears sprang  
 to eyes unused to weeping; the  
 throats of the men and the boys re-  
 garded in their work by any  
 "God bless them," hats and hands  
 kerchiefs were waved in the air, and  
 there arose that cheer just as  
 though it were a band of soldiers  
 who were going to battle—just as  
 though it were a conquering host,  
 marching to victory.

Yesterday evening Sister Beatrice  
 returned. She had accomplished her  
 work. She had reached the height of  
 human courage and heroism. She  
 was taken from the baggage car

and the casket lifted from the rough  
 amid the tears of the grief-stricken  
 sisterhood. Then they were placed  
 in the hearse and proceeded by the  
 priests and the acolytes and fol-  
 lowed by the long line of carriages  
 containing Sisters of Charity and a  
 few friends, the cortege proceeded to  
 St. Joseph's Church, on Tulane ave-  
 nue, where the simple burial service  
 of the Catholic Church was read.  
 Then Father Waldemar, who had  
 body, gave the last absolution and  
 the funeral proceeded to the old St.  
 Louis Cemetery, where the remains  
 of Sister Beatrice were laid to rest  
 forever in the ancient tomb of the  
 Sisters of Charity.

And there she was left, this brave,  
 this strong, this valiant woman,  
 who had fought such a good fight,  
 who had won such a victory, whose  
 after self-abnegation and self-efface-  
 ment are the counterparts of the  
 greatest saints of any age; who gave  
 her life and her all for the sake of  
 lepers, a voluntary exile and ser-  
 vant, far away from the gay, the  
 town-out life, putting aside the hopes  
 and ambitions of life, the love of  
 family and the bright dreams of  
 youth and love, dead to all but the  
 love of God and his helpless ones;  
 dead to all but the nobility and he-  
 roism of her self-consecrated mission  
 and the voice of the Master speaking  
 in her heart; a devoted woman, who  
 gave back the life to the nineteenth  
 century that the Bible is an old and  
 hoary fable and Christ is a myth.  
 For, in her beautiful work of self-  
 sacrifice and devotion humanity was  
 dignified, Christianity was strength-  
 ened, virtue was ennobled and the  
 Gospel met with the living, undeni-  
 able verification of its truth until  
 Saviour: "Greater love than this  
 no man hath, that he lay down his  
 life for a friend."—From the Picay-  
 une, New Orleans, La., Sept. 8.

### Household Notes.

**COLD LAMB** or mutton made into  
 a mince, or hash with boiled rice and  
 finely chopped green peppers, is a  
 dish to remember. The peppers are  
 used raw, getting the little cooking  
 from the hot fat. The mince should  
 be stirred with the tiny pieces when they  
 sizzle with the fat and rice.

**TOMATO CATSUP**—A reliable re-  
 ceipt for tomato catsup, which has  
 long been successfully used, is as fol-  
 lows: One-half pound of tomatoes  
 add one teaspoonful of salt. Boil  
 it begins to thicken, stirring occa-  
 sionally; then cool and strain  
 through a wire sieve. Return to ket-  
 tle and add one teaspoonful red pep-  
 per, one-half teaspoonful cloves, one  
 half-pint good cider vinegar, and one  
 small onion. Boil slow to the desired  
 consistency. Put into clean pint bot-  
 tles, use new corks soaked in hot  
 water, and seal.

**SICK ROOM**—A medical journal  
 tells how a successful shaved ice  
 may be kept in a sick room through-  
 out a day and night if need be, even with  
 a cover in the room. Put the saucer  
 holding the ice in a soup plate, and  
 cover it with another, and place the  
 soup plate thus arranged on a good  
 heavy pillow, and cover it with an-  
 other pillow, pressing the pillows so  
 that the plates are completely im-  
 mersed in them. The paragraph adds  
 that one of the best ice-shavers is an  
 old jack-plane set deep. It should be  
 turned bottom upward, and the ice  
 moved backward and forward over  
 the cutter.

**ABOUT FRUIT**—At this time of  
 much fruit, it is well to have a bot-  
 tle of Javelle water in the butler's  
 pantry. It is excellent for most  
 stains on white goods, and may be  
 used on the face, and is sold at the  
 drugist's. Before using, wash the  
 anything else on fruit stains or nap-  
 ery, try boiling water. For peach-  
 stains, the most obstinate of all,  
 soaking in a weak solution of  
 chloroform is recommended.  
 Some house-mothers with a fancy  
 of growing children provide a supply  
 of paper napkins for use through the  
 peach season.

**NEW COLORS IN DRESS**—De-  
 spite the fact that there are only  
 seven colors known to the world to-  
 day, we have a very long list of new  
 ones attached to autumn fancies. All  
 the colors of the rainbow are in use,  
 primary colors. A contributor to  
 declares upon the colors for each re-  
 curring season, and formally issues  
 a card. On one lately received for  
 the autumn and winter of 1901 there  
 are noted some of fanciful names  
 —La Fontaine, an ox-blood red;  
 Fashoda, a pale robin's egg blue;  
 Zephyr, an odd lavender; and Lohen-  
 grin, a dove gray. That the names  
 are fanciful seems to have nothing  
 to do with the case. No one  
 would ever dream that Electric  
 designated a pinkish mauve, or  
 Ophelia a pale silver blue; and lack  
 the entire list is found the same lack  
 of reason for the titles attached to  
 the new shades.

**CUP OF TEA**—Every housekeeper  
 relishes a good cup of tea, and we  
 always had an idea that they  
 plumed themselves upon their ability  
 to brew it. A contributor to a  
 domestic column, however, seems to  
 think otherwise, as he makes the fol-  
 lowing remarks:

Few housekeepers remember, as they  
 should, that when it is necessary  
 to dilute strong tea it should be  
 done with water at the boiling  
 point. The poor flavor of tea, made  
 strong at first and then reduced,  
 such as is too often served at recep-  
 tions and "at homes," is usually  
 caused by the addition of hot water  
 to the first infusion. A lesson in  
 this matter may be had from the  
 Russians, who serve the most  
 delicious tea in the world, and  
 who prepare it first very strong,  
 making it almost an essence of tea.  
 This is diluted to the strength wish-  
 ed, with water kept boiling in the  
 samovar. This water is not allowed  
 to boil and reboil, but is renewed as  
 needed. Freshly boiled water is in-  
 sisted upon by all connoisseurs in  
 tea-making.

**THE CHURCH**—The thoughtless,  
 the irreverent and the wicked have

said that the Catholic Church is but  
 a human institution, destined to one  
 day crumble, and to crush in this  
 fall the men who confided in her  
 stability; but the axe of the infidel,  
 the pick of the iconoclast, the pow-  
 ders of the secretly organized ene-  
 mies of Truth, have failed to detach  
 from each other stones that were  
 laid by the Hand of Divinity and ce-  
 mented by the blood of thousands of  
 martyrs.

### RELICS OF ST. JANUARIUS

The nineteenth of September  
 is the feast of St. Januarius. The  
 story of this great saint's life and  
 martyrdom, as well as of the perpe-  
 tual miracle that, in Naples, attests  
 his sanctity is concisely and clearly  
 told in a paragraph, which we gleaned  
 from one of our Catholic ex-  
 changes last week. As the events of  
 his life, and especially the fact of the  
 liquefaction of his blood, are most  
 interesting for Catholics—and con-  
 founding for non-Catholics—we re-  
 produce the brief sketch, which runs  
 thus:

"Many centuries ago St. Januarius  
 died because of his unshakable  
 belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of  
 God and Redeemer of the world  
 through the persecution of Diocletian.  
 The saint was Bishop of Bene-  
 ventum, and on one occasion he trav-  
 elled to Misenum in order to visit  
 a deacon named Sossus. During this  
 visit Januarius saw in a vision the  
 head of Sossus, who was singing the  
 Gospel in the Church, girt with  
 chains, and for this a sign that he  
 ere long Sossus would wear the  
 crown of martyrdom. So it proved.  
 Shortly afterward Sossus was ar-  
 rested and thrown into prison. There  
 St. Januarius visited and encourag-  
 ed him, till the bishop also was ar-  
 rested in turn. Soon the number of  
 the confessors was swollen by some  
 of the neighboring city. They were  
 exposed to the wild beasts in the  
 amphitheatre. The beasts, however,  
 did them no harm; and at last the  
 governor of Campania ordered the  
 saints to be beheaded. Little did the  
 heathen governor think that he was  
 the instrument in God's hand of  
 miracles which attest the reality of  
 Januarius. The relics of St. Januarius  
 rest in the Cathedral of Naples, and  
 it is there that the liquefaction  
 of his blood occurs. The blood is  
 consigned to two glass vials, but  
 when it is brought near the martyr's  
 head it melts and flows like the  
 blood of a living man."

### GROWING GIRLS

**OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE A TONIC MEDICINE.**

It Will Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure, Strengthen the Nerves, and Prevent Decline.

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, the wife of a  
 respected farmer of South Belknap  
 township, Welland County, Ontario,  
 says: "It is with great pleasure  
 that I give this tribute to the  
 health restoring virtues of Dr. Wil-  
 liams' Pink Pills. When my daugh-  
 ter, Lena, (now thirteen years of  
 age) began the use of your medicine,  
 a little over a year ago, she was in  
 a most wretched condition. In fact  
 she was seriously alarmed lest she  
 might not recover. The first symp-  
 toms were a feeling of languor and  
 weakness, gradually growing worse.  
 She became pale, lost flesh, had lit-  
 tle or no appetite and was appar-  
 ently going into a decline. Finally  
 the trouble became complicated with  
 a persistent sore throat, which gave  
 her great difficulty in swallowing. I  
 gave her several advertised medi-  
 cines, but they did not benefit her.  
 Then she was placed under the care  
 of a doctor, who said her blood was  
 poor, watery, and her whole system  
 badly run down. The doctor's  
 treatment did not help her any, and  
 then acting on the advice of a neigh-  
 bor, I began to give her Dr. Wil-  
 liams' Pink Pills. The confidence  
 with which this medicine was urged  
 upon us was not misplaced, as I soon  
 noticed a distinct improvement in  
 my daughter's condition. The use of  
 the pills for a few weeks has result-  
 ed to completely restore her health  
 from that time she has been a cheer-  
 ful, light-hearted girl, the very pic-  
 ture of health. I will always recom-  
 mend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to  
 other sufferers, feeling that they will  
 prove quite as efficacious as they did  
 in my daughter's case.

Mothers with growing daughters  
 will make no mistake if they insist  
 upon the occasional use of Dr. Wil-  
 liams' Pink Pills. They will help  
 them to develop properly; will make  
 their blood rich and pure, and thus  
 ward off disease and decline. The  
 genuine pills are sold only in boxes  
 bearing the full name, "Dr. Wil-  
 liams' Pink Pills for Pale People,"  
 on the wrapper around each box.  
 None other is genuine, no matter  
 what some self-interested dealer may  
 say. If in doubt send direct to the  
 Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-  
 ville, Ont., and the pills will be  
 mailed post paid at 50 cents a box,  
 or six boxes for \$2.50.

### NOTES FOR FARMERS.

**NOVEL CLUBS**—At a meeting of  
 the Farmers' Institute Committee on  
 Chicago and Organizations, held in  
 Chicago recently, elaborate plans  
 were made for the coming year.  
 Clubs of twelve families each are to  
 be organized in all parts of the  
 State. When organized the clubs are  
 to meet once a month, the day being  
 held on Wednesday when the moon  
 is nearest full.

**CHURCH BELLS**—Chimes and Peals,  
 Best Superior Copper and Tin, Cast in  
 MOHAWK BELL FOUNDRY  
 Baltimore, Md.

**MEMBERLY BELL COMPANY**  
 TROY, N.Y., and  
 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.  
 Manufacturers Superior CHURCH BELLS.

**BUCKET BELL FOUNDRY**  
 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.  
 Manufacturers Superior CHURCH BELLS.

the problem of domestic science on  
 the farms. The evening will be the  
 time for the younger members of the  
 families, the features of the evening  
 programme being social, literary,  
 and musical.

**ABOUT MILK**—It sometimes hap-  
 pens, not always, that milk will  
 turn sour during a thunderstorm. It  
 is not always the lightning that  
 causes it, for the heat before the  
 storm is often great enough to  
 make the milk ferment.

But lightning can, and sometimes  
 does, make milk turn sour by its ac-  
 tion on the air. Air, as everybody  
 knows, is composed of two gases—  
 oxygen and nitrogen; but these gases  
 are mixed together, not combined.  
 Lightning, however, makes the gases  
 combine in the air through which it  
 passes, and this combination pro-  
 duces nitric acid, some of which  
 mixes with the milk and turns it  
 sour.

Perhaps it might be well to ex-  
 plain the chemical difference between  
 mixing and combining. When different  
 ingredients are put together without  
 their undergoing any chemical  
 change they are mixed; as, for ex-  
 ample, grains of sand of various col-  
 ors may be mixed in a bottle. But  
 when the property of each ingredient  
 is altered by the union, there is a  
 combination; as, for example, water  
 poured on quicklime, which combines  
 with it, so that the property of each  
 is altered.

Thus it is that lightning makes  
 the oxygen and nitrogen of the air  
 combine, and the result is no longer  
 air but nitric acid and four other  
 nitrous poisons.

**DESICCATED VEGETABLES** are  
 coming on the market, for use espe-  
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# ..GLEANINGS..

**CATHOLICITY.**—The latest statistics from Switzerland show that the Church is thriving in that country. The new census reports 1,918,191 Protestants and 1,383,135 Catholics a decrease of 12 per cent., for the former and an increase of 10 per cent. for the latter since the last general report published twelve years ago.

**CHURCHES.**—Chicago last year had 121 Catholic churches; New York, 118; Brooklyn, 88; Philadelphia, 76; St. Louis, 65; Boston, 54; Baltimore, 41; Cincinnati and St. Paul, 40 each; Cleveland, 38; Louisville and San Francisco, 30 each. There are besides fourteen cities with more than ten and less than thirty Catholic churches.

**HANGING ANARCHISTS** and other outlaws in effigy—there has been any amount of it—is a practice that no sensible man, however patriotic he may be, will encourage. It is akin to burning at the stake; and there has been a great deal of that, too, of late. Hanging in effigy and the observance of lynch law are apt to go together—Ave Maria.

**VISIT OF MR. REDMOND.**—The plans of the delegation of the Irish Parliamentary Party in regard to their visit to America are nearly completed. John Redmond, chairman, the Hon. P. A. McHugh, Mayor of Sligo, and Thomas O'Donnell, members of Parliament, will comprise the party, and will sail from Queenstown on October 24. Michael Davitt will join them at New York.

**IRISH MONKS.**—Captain Daniel Brun, the famous Danish Arctic explorer, announces that he has just discovered distinct traces of the Irish colonies which existed in Iceland before the Scandinavians settled there in the ninth century. The traces consist chiefly of ruins of the cells of the Irish monks, inscribed in Latin and Gaelic, and of church bells and other relics.

**REMARKABLE MEMORY.**—An extraordinary feat was performed recently at Naples by a professor of rhetoric, in presence of a large audience, which was mainly composed of actors, authors and journalists.

Without hesitation and with hardly a pause, he repeated from memory the 15,850 lines that are in the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. It was 8 o'clock in the evening when he began to recite, and he did not stop until 2.15 in the following afternoon. The task, therefore, occupied him 1,995 minutes, which was at the rate of 880 lines an hour. During all this time he recited unceasingly, except at rare intervals, when he stopped for a minute or two to sip a little stimulant. The feat was the result of a wager.

**BURIAL REFORM** is the object of the Burial Society in the little town of Soquel, Cal. Nearly every adult in the town has signed the roll of membership; one of the members has been engaged as undertaker, and another as grave-digger. The coffins are to be made by the undertaker, and are to be plain, though strong and well finished. A neat wagon is to take the place of the conventional hearse; the mourners will walk to the cemetery, and the total cost of a funeral is to be about \$20. On the occasion of a death, each member of the organization is expected to render what assistance he can to the afflicted family, and to attend the funeral. Fashion and pride stand in the way of funeral reform generally, and these can best be overcome by such organizations as the one described.

**IRISHMEN IN AUSTRALIA.**—Ireland is well to the front in the first Federal Parliament of Australia. The Hon. R. E. O'Connor, the official leader of the Senate, of Upper House, is a lineal descendant of General Arthur O'Connor, of '98 renown; Senator Harvey, a member of the Irish Bar, who emigrated to Western Australia, is the acknowledged orator-in-chief of the Federal Parliament; while P. McMahon Glynn, Mr. Keating, Mr. Kirwan, King O'Malley, and about a score of other Irishmen also occupy seats in the first Parliament of United Australia.

The present position of the Irish in Australia is highly creditable and satisfactory. In every department of Colonial activity they have demonstrated their capacity to compete successfully with all other nationalities.

**WHEN THE END COMES.**—It is noteworthy that in Italy even the worst enemies of the church ask for religious assistance when they are dying, though they do not always receive it. A notable instance of this has recently occurred in Rome. Some years ago Italy was flooded with the immoral novels of Ernesto Mezzabotta, a Roman professor, and editor of several Liberal papers, and correspondent of the "Sicile de Paris." Latterly he had experienced a change of heart, and endeavored to undo a part of the evil of his writing by publications of a moral kind, but he kept his conversion a secret owing, as he says himself in a private letter to a friend, "to the certainty that being weak and alone I would be immediately crushed by the Freemasons." The Freemasons won at least half the battle against poor Mezzabotta, for he died vainly asking his attendants to send for the priest, and with the words of the Hall Mary on his lips.

**THE RACE PROBLEM.**—Separation of the races on the street cars in Savannah has been agreed upon by the Common Council, says an American daily newspaper. Separate cars are not to be provided, but conductors are to be required to assign the whites and the blacks to

separate seats "as far as practicable," and it is made the special duty of the police to observe whether the rule is followed. A couple of "whereases" state that it is the settled policy of the laws of the State of Georgia to require the separation as much as practicable of the white and colored races when passengers on railroad and other cars, and that such separation of the races is in the judgment of the Council necessary and requisite for the security, health, peace, and good government of the city of Savannah, and the inhabitants thereof. Nothing is said as to securing the comfort of the white passengers, which is, of course, the main consideration.

**ALCOHOL AND FRUIT.**— "The More Fruit You Eat the Less Alcohol You Crave," is the title of a short article in an exchange in which it is explained that the amount of water in fruit is considerable. In watermelons it is no less than 95 per cent., in grapes 80 per cent., in oranges 86 per cent., in lemons 90 per cent., in peaches 88 per cent., in apples 82 per cent., in pears 84 per cent., in plums 80 per cent., in nectarines 83 per cent., and in strawberries 90 per cent., not a fruit in the whole category containing less than 80 per cent. The irresistible conclusion, considering these facts, is that fruit plays an important role in diet as a thirst quencher. Certainly when fruits are freely represented in the diet less fluid requires to be consumed, and fruits would appear to be endowed with a subtle inimitable flavor which is ample inducement to imbibe fluid in this most wholesome form.

The question so prominent in most people's thoughts as to what to drink might, therefore, on sound physiological reasoning, be answered, eat sound, ripe, juicy fruit. It is noticeable that as fruit enters into the diet the indulgence in alcoholic drinks is diminished. Thus it is more satisfactory to observe people taking a good juicy slice of melon as preparatory to a meal instead of intoxicants. This is a most commendable practice and the proceeding is dietetically speaking perfectly rational.

**SAME OLD STORY.**—Mr. Bryan has a word of advice to President Roosevelt. It is not to be a candidate for re-election. He says: "If President Roosevelt will announce his determination not to be a candidate for renomination he will be relieved of a great deal of embarrassment and anxiety, and he will find sufficient 'strenuous life' in an effort to make his administration conspicuous for its honesty and efficiency. If he intends to appear before the next Republican convention as a candidate he must prepare to fight the bosses of his party or to surrender to them. He is aware of the fact that the Republican organization did not look with favor upon his candidacy; he was thought too independent. If he is independent and does his own thinking he will alienate those gentlemen, (it is not necessary to name them), who insist upon controlling political affairs in their various sections. There is one question which President Roosevelt will have to meet upon which his course is likely to be determined by his ambition, and that is whether he is going to seek another term he will find it difficult to antagonize the great corporations which are rapidly securing a monopoly of the nation's industries, for the trust magnates are influential in Republican conventions and their contributions are helpful during campaigns. The financiers will insist upon controlling the financial policy of his administration, and their threats will be potent if he must pass through a Republican convention before he can get to the people for an endorsement, but their will be of no avail if he is content with the record made during the present term."

**LARGE BEQUESTS TO CATHOLIC CHARITIES.**

The solicitors to Miss Allingham, sole executrix to her brother, the late Mr. Oweson J. Allingham, wine merchant, Capel street, Dublin, announce that the following is a complete list of his bequests to the hospitals and charities of Dublin:—

Mater Misericordiae Hospital	\$10,000
Jervis street Hospital	10,000
St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green	10,000
Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross	10,000
The National Lying-In Hospital, Holles street	10,000
Sisters of Charity, Upper Gardiner street	10,000
St. Mary's Asylum and Reformatory, High Park, Drumcondra	10,000
St. Joseph's Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children, Beikfield lane	5,000
St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, Glasnevin	5,000
St. Brigid's Orphanage, 46 Eccles street	5,000
Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra	3,000
Mendicity Institution, Usher's quay, Dublin	5,000
The Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society	5,000
The poor of Clontarf, to be administered by the Venerable Archdeacon O'Neill, E. P.	1,500
The poor of St. Michael's Parish, to be administered by the Very Rev. Canon Conlon, P. P.	500
The pecuniary legacies and charitable bequests amount to about \$380,000, and will leave a residue of about \$185,000, out of which Mr. Allingham expressed a wish that a substantial sum should be allocated	

towards acquiring a site for—or, if such site has already been acquired, towards the erection of—a National Catholic Cathedral in Dublin; and that another substantial sum should be applied to promote any approved scheme having for its object the better housing of the destitute poor of Dublin.—Catholic Times.

## Our Boys and Girls.

**A BUSINESS BOY.**—I should like to leave school, father, and go to work.

Mr. Theford looked up from his evening paper as Frank spoke. "Leave school and go to work!" he echoed. "What nonsense! Haven't I told you repeatedly that I wish you to prepare for college to take a law course?"

"I know it, sir, but I feel I should make more of a success in a business field."

"Tut! tut! You have been reading some foolish book. There are hundreds of business boys who would be delighted to have your chance of a profession. Mercantile life is full of hard knocks, as many an experienced boy can tell you."

"Perhaps Frank would be happier if permitted to follow his choice," suggested Mrs. Theford, looking up from a bonnet she was trimming.

"There is no profession that has the least attraction for me," said Frank, "while business has a great attraction for me."

"What kind of business?"

"I don't know exactly. There are a thousand or more that would please me."

"Well, then, go ahead," consented his father. "Have your own way in the matter. But remember, if you ever regret the step you are about to take, there will be no one but yourself to blame."

Frank was highly pleased to think that his school days were over. He had never disliked study, nor been dilatory in attendance at class, but the time had come now when he felt he should strike out in the world on his own way. He was just fifteen, and it was an idea of his that boys intending to enter business should start early, so as to receive a thorough training.

It was summer, and although Frank could have passed the season in the country, he preferred to remain at home and answer advertisements in the daily papers.

One in particular caught his eye. WANTED. A bright, energetic boy between fifteen and eighteen, must come well recommended; one just from school preferred. Salary \$150 per year. Address in own handwriting, Hardware, Box 112, "Sun" office.

Frank answered this together with several other advertisements, and while awaiting results, called at numerous commercial houses down town.

He met with no encouragement whatever in his visits to the various offices, and in some of them he was even treated with discourtesy, especially by pompous young clerks.

Frank received many letters in response to his own. In calling at the places he was summoned to he was received well, but was left in doubt as to whether he would be chosen from the numerous applicants who had also received letters.

"We shall let you know if we decide on you," was the general word given him after the interview.

One morning he received a letter from a certain "Hardware" advertiser. Also one from a place in Franklin street. And another from Duane street.

He determined to visit the "Hardware" place first. It was in Reade street.

St. Stokes was the name signed to the letter, and the number and street were written below it.

Mr. Stokes was a man of thirty, and very precise.

He questioned Frank closely, and Frank almost believed he would be engaged. The hours would be eight to six, whatever the weather.

"I am well pleased with you, so far as this interview has convinced me," said Mr. Stokes; "but you may have noticed a dozen other applicants in the outer office, as you came in, have yet to see them before making a positive choice."

Frank came away full of hope. Something told him he would be engaged, yet he would not be too sure.

He called at the Franklin street place next. It was the wholesale woolen business.

"We have already selected a boy, just an hour ago," said the man in charge. In case he proves unsatisfactory, we shall give you a trial. We shall hold your address."

Place number three was a large confectionery house. The hours were from half after seven in the morning till six in the evening, with three o'clock was the closing hour.

They wanted a young clerk to make out bills and mark woollen packages for delivery.

The head man in this place was quite impressed with Frank, and he almost told him he would be engaged. But, as in the other instances the other applicants had to be seen out of courtesy, before a decision was made.

"I should have to leave home at half past six," thought Frank, as he left the confectionery office. It would take me fully an hour to get this far. I seem to like the nail place better. I could leave home at quarter past seven."

Frank kept thinking of the nail business all the way home and all day long. He wondered anxiously would he receive a card next day to call again.

So eager did he become to secure the position, that he had recourse to his Rosary, believing faithfully that whatever one prays for one will get, be it for one's good.

Next morning a postal summoned him again to Reade street, and he was overjoyed.

Mr. Stokes greeted him cordially.



**STICK TO IT.**

The envelope said to the postage stamp: "Stick to me and I'll post you."

A great admirer of our shoes said to his friend: "Stick to 'The Mansfield' and you won't need to be posted"—on what's new in footwear.

**The Mansfield**

is just exactly what's new—it's all new—new to everything about it's new—new to new heel, new shape, new rope stitch soles, new leather, and new customers every day.

Wear "The Mansfield" any time and all the time, and you're wearing the correct thing in shoes.

The manufacturers of "The Mansfield" keep a pad on Dame Fashion's latest ideas—you stick to "The Mansfield" and that'll be all that's necessary.

They come for both men and women, in any leather, at \$3 a pair.

**MANSFIELD, The Shoecist,**  
124 St. Lawrence Str. et.,  
MONTREAL.

"Just excuse me a few moments," said the nail merchant. "I will see you after I leave that lady."

The lady in question was gowned in deep mourning, with a long, heavy veil hanging from the back of her head. She was accompanied by a not-over-bright youth of sixteen.

She spoke in a loud voice as she addressed Mr. Stokes, and Frank could not help overhearing what she said.

Frank was under the belief that it was an unwise act for a boy to have a parent accompany him and speak for him. He thought a business man would prefer a boy that did his own talking.

But Mr. Stokes seemed to be an exception, for the lady appeared to be making a success of matters, just as a persistent saleswoman wins her way over an article of goods. Her son had nothing to say.

Finally, Mr. Stokes paused in the interview and crossed over to Frank with a book containing some columns of figures very irregular.

"You may add these up, while I am engaged," said he, pleasantly. "Have you a pencil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Skip the figures that are in red ink. Also those that have a line drawn through them very irregular."

"Very well, sir," said Frank, taking the book, and beginning with his pencil.

The book was an old one, having been used by a shipping clerk, and the numbers were confusing, while the columns were very irregular.

Frank went over them cautiously, and then marked down the amount.

"Very good," said Mr. Stokes, examining the result.

"Then, in a friendly way, he told Frank how he was deliberating between him and the boy opposite."

"I will write you again, in case I decide on you," he said, as he saw Frank to the door, while the lady in black and her son were waiting for him to rejoin them.

Frank's hopes were not so buoyant now, yet he did not despair.

When he reached home he again said his beads, while kegs of nails, such as he had seen in Mr. Stokes' loft, kept running before his mind.

"I'm beginning to get tired of these advertisements," he said, two days later, as the postman handed him another card reading: "Kindly call at — Broadway in answer to O. D. F."

"I remember this ad. I wasn't going to answer it at first. Well, I will call over there and have matters over and done with. I suppose it will be the same old way. We'll let you know by letter if we want you."

"O. D. F." proved to be a man named Oliver D. Fisher. He was an art stationer. After an interview with Frank he was quite pleased.

"I'll engage you at three dollars a week."

"Thank you, sir."

"Please come next Monday to commence."

Frank was in the art stationer's but a month when Mr. Fisher died.

His son, a naughty man with a reddish beard, then took charge.

He had never liked Frank, and was not long in politely informing him that he intended to make a change.

"I have a nephew who is coming here," he said, "and I'm going to engage him."

"Everything is against me," thought Frank, discouraged. I wonder if this all means that I should take father's advice and go to college when class begins. I think I'll do as he suggested, if something doesn't turn up soon."

Frank grew heartily sick of answering advertisements.

He was about giving up when one day he was summoned by mail to a transportation office on Broadway, below Wall street.

He had no hope of being engaged, but he was happily surprised, for they selected him at first sight.

"Just the kind of a boy we want," said the director to himself. "And I think he'll like his duties."

Frank did like the transportation business. It took him in doors and out, and sent him among the ships and wharves.

It is a wealthy concern that he

**THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.**  
Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store, St. James Street  
SATURDAY, October 5, 1901.

**MEN'S Fall OVERCOATS**

Every new style and feature recently introduced into MEN'S Fall Clothing will be found in our Overcoats.

Men's and Young Men's Dark Gray Herring Bone Cloth Fall Overcoats, silk sewn and Italian cloth lined, finished and cut up-to-date. Special, \$9.00.

Men's and young men's fine quality fawn Herring Bone and Venetian Cloth Coat, silk sewn and farmer satin lined, made throughout, equal to made to order garment. Special Price, \$9.50.

Young men's Raglan Coats, in fawn Venetian Cloth, Italian cloth lined, silk sewn, cut, trimming and workmanship equal in every detail to made to measure garments. The S. Carsley Co., Ltd. Special Price, \$12.00.

**MEN'S Fall UNDERWEAR**

Men's good quality all wool Scotch knit Underwear, shirts double-breasted, drawers trouser finish. Special 41c.

Men's extra heavy fleece lined Underwear, good weight, soft and warm shirts and drawers. Special, 50c.

Men's fine quality fleece lined Underwear, best finish shirts and drawers, 70c.

Men's extra quality Shetland Lamb's Wool Underwear, soft finish in shirts and drawers, shirts double breasted, drawers trouser finish. Special, 75c.

**MEN'S STYLISH FALL Hats.**

The demand this week for Men's Fall Hats conclusively shows that The Big Store's Hat values and styles must be right. There's styles as well as prices to suit everybody.

Just received a new line of Men's and Young Men's fine quality gray and brown felt hats, fedora style, stitched crown and brim, very neat and elegant for present wear. Our special price, 90c.

Young Men's and Men's extra good quality rough felt fedora hats in gray and brown, corded and stitched crown, silk ribbon band. The up-to-date made special for The S. Carsley Co., Ltd. Special, \$1.25.

**Ladies' Ready-to-wear Hats.**

While visiting The Big Store on Saturday just step in the ready-to-wear section and examine the enormous variety of styles in this popular class of head gear.

Ladies' Felt Dress Hat, short black sailor style, trimmed in two colors of silk, large gilt buckle in gray, fawn, brown, navy, cardinal and black. Price \$1.50.

Ladies' Felt Walking Hats in light and dark gray, light and dark fawn, overlapping seams, trimmed with ribbon, silk sweater, the latest English style. Price \$1.50.

**THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.**  
1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

**Thomas Ligget's Carpets**

have reached thousands of homes, and he is prepared to carpet and curtain thousands and more dwellings in elegant or moderate style. But our Carpets and Curtains, Rugs, etc., at Canada's only specialist.

**THOMAS LIGGET,**  
Empire Building, 2474-2476 St. Catherine St., Phone 957

works for, and he has as good chances as any boy could desire in the way of progress.

"I am sure no business could ever please me so well as the one I'm engaged in," says Frank, as they chat over the evening meal.

"Since you are putting all your energy into your work," Mr. Theford remarks, "I am quite satisfied, although it isn't a profession."

"I firmly believe my beads led me to my profession," says Frank, much to his mother's surprise, for she had always noticed him to be shy of "devotional" talk. "I'm glad now that I was disappointed of what I wanted at first. I feel I'm on the right road now."

Mr. Theford smiled. He was not a church member and Frank's reference to the beads amused him.

"Very well, believe that way, since it pleases you."

"I know it to be so," said Frank, raising his spoon of berries to his mouth. "And, with a playful wink, 'you father, will find it out some day.'"

"If I do, I shall give due credit to our business boy."—Edwin Angelos, in the October number of the "Rosary Magazine."

The perfection of style, fit and finish guaranteed!

Our Fall Millinery is the success of the season.

A fact attested by the expressed admiration of hundreds of the best shoppers of the city!

The art of Ladies' Headgear at its very highest will be found exemplified by the exquisite Parisian creations now on view in our show-rooms!

In all our other departments the display of Fall Fashions is varied and complete, and affords a practically unlimited range of choice of "the world's best" at popular prices!

We direct special attention to our splendid collection of New York Blouses, from \$3.00 up. Also to our beautiful assortment of New Flannel and Flannellette Blouses!

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.**  
2322 St. Catherine Street, corner of Melville Street.  
Terms Cash. Telephone, Up 933

**\$250.00.**  
Genuine Reintzman & Co. Piano.

Largest size Walnut Cabinet Grand Piano of this famous make, unusually well cared for. Case scarcely marked. Tone and touch all that could be desired. Just the piano for people who have children taking lessons. Terms of \$6 monthly.

**LINDSAY-WORTHEN CO.**  
2322 St. Catherine Street

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