

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & C. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

JOAN OF ARC.—The Holy Father has ordered the Congregation of Rites to hasten its decision in regard to the matter of the beatification of Joan of Arc. This cause was forcibly neglected during the last months of Pope Leo XIII.'s life. Mgr. Lorenzelli, the Papal Delegate at Paris, has received instructions to the effect that when he returns to his post he should assure President Loubet that the Pope hopes to soon announce the beatification of Joan of Arc, and that it will be looked upon as a peace-offering to France by the Vatican. It is to be hoped that nothing further will arise to delay this very important cause from being carried to a final issue. In fact, a great deal depends upon it to clear up a matter that, from the standpoint of history, has been more or less a subject of contention in the past. That the 'Maid' of Orleans was inspired by God everything would tend to prove; and her martyrdom in no way takes from her claims to sanctify, but, if anything, adds to them. It is quite an evident fact that Pius X. is determined to carry out in a vigorous manner, and in all detail, the grand policy of Leo XIII.

ART AND RELIGION.—Last Monday afternoon a very interesting lecture was delivered in this city by Rev. W. S. Barnes on Art and Religion. He defined art as the surplus energy of man over and above the utilitarian standpoint. But the most serious view of art he said is the expression of the soul. He quoted Dr. James Martin's definition, that art is the striving after the ideal perfection. What most interests us, however, is the manner in which the lecture associates Art with Religion. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Art and religion have gone hand in hand throughout the ages, each has helped the other; art aided religion in that it enabled the people of the Middle Ages to read the Bible on the walls of the monasteries, while religion has helped art, in that it has given art most of its noble themes."

Here we have in a few words a grand tribute, unintentional perhaps, but nonetheless true, to the Catholic Church, who has been the mother of art, the preserver thereof, and has been from the beginning the inspiration of the greatest artistic minds of the ages—furnishing them with subjects so grand, so sublime, so truthful, that they have been enabled, through her to carry art to an ideal of perfection. Mr. Barnes divides the art periods into four, as follows: "Art history, excluding Egypt and Syria, covers about 2,000 years, which may be divided into periods of relatively 500 years each. The first 500 years covers that of glorious Greek age of Phidias and the rise of Roman art. The second period covers the art of the catacombs, after the great Greek and Roman pagan art had died. The third, 500 years covers the period of Byzantine production. The fourth 500 years, from A.D. 1,000 to 1,500 is the great Renaissance age, when such great names as Cimabue, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Michael Angelo, illumine a page in art history."

Here again do we find the exact same tribute, and certainly it is one that is well deserving of note. The subject is capable of unending development, but for the moment, we are thankful to the lecturer for having brought out so clearly that which we have so often sought to impress upon our readers that to religion

and the Church art owes its greatest merits and triumphs.

INDIAN WARFARE.—We were under the impression that the days of Fenimore Cooper's heroes were over, and that the tales of Indian warfare, once the subject matter of the dime novel series of publications, had gone with the passing of the red man. But it would seem that out in Wyoming they have still a taste of the old-time struggles between the aborigines and the pale-faces. At New-Castle, in that State, on Monday last, a regular battle took place between the United States civil authorities and members of the Sioux tribe. Sheriff W. H. Miller, of Western County, and one of his men were killed, at a place called Beaver Dam. The Indians came from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reserves, in South Dakota, and violated the hunting laws of the State. They were surrounded by a posse of white people under Sheriff Miller and sub-Sheriff Fossenburg. Both of these were shot dead, and it is believed that a number of the Indians were killed. In a second battle ten Indians were killed and eleven others were captured. This certainly would form the basis of a sensational story of the "Leather-Stocking" character. It is also to be hoped, however, that the days of the Indian sensational novel will not come back. We believe that, some twenty or thirty years ago, these stories contributed more to send young boys half crazy and to cause them to perform more mad and dangerous acts than any other kind of literature. It is also to be hoped that Uncle Sam will be able to get his Indians in hand and to keep them upon their reserves. But the day of the poor red man is setting; in fact, the twilight has already come upon his race. There was a great deal of romance in the past on account of the "noble Indian;" and, perhaps, there have been examples of nobility amongst them. But it is not at all likely that the savage race that once roamed the forests of the New World had ever much of those characteristics which the pen of romance lent to them. Even in our modern civilized state, the few that remain of them are "savage;" and the few that are tamed are but dull creatures. It would be better to Christianize them than to make war on them.

THE VATICAN FIRE.—The announcement of a fire in the Vatican Palace, and of the danger to which the precious objects therein have been exposed, is something that bears the stamp of novelty about it. Fires are rare in Rome, for there is so much solid stone structures that it is scarcely likely to occur. It was a novel sight to witness the mayor and civic authorities of Rome inside the Vatican, and to behold the city's firemen vying with those of the Vatican in efforts to save the grand palace and its treasures. A recent despatch says that:

Mgr. Merry Dei Vai, Papal Secretary of State, acting under the personal instructions of the Pope, has written a letter to the commander of the Italian firemen, thanking him for the work done in extinguishing the fire, and enclosing a contribution to the Firemen's Mutual Assistance League. The damage caused by the fire has not yet been precisely estimated, but it is supposed that it will not exceed \$50,000. The Pope has ordered an increased force of firemen at the Vatican, in order to be able to face any situation of the kind in

the future and protect the Vatican treasures.

It is a matter of congratulation that the harm done has not been greater and that there is a hope of being able to rectify the loss that the Palace of the Popes has suffered. All stories to the contrary notwithstanding the fire was accidental, and not the result of incendiarism.

A Week's Anniversaries.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

November is certainly a month of commemoration. Beginning with the great and general commemoration of the dead by the Church, we find that in other spheres there are also events of grave importance recalled as the days of November come and go.

The first of the month in the religious world, recalls to our minds the great army of God's saints in heaven. In the sphere of history we find that it commemorates some of the most interesting events recorded. Amongst them we mention, the 1st November, in the year 467, when occurred the death of St. Benignus, the eminent successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh. This Irish saint was a son of Segnen, a man of wealth and power in Meath. He and his family had been converted by St. Patrick in 433, and thirty-two years later this son became the successor of St. Patrick. It was on the 1st November, 1755, that the great earthquake at Lisbon took place. That fearful catastrophe destroyed over fifty thousand lives. Ten years later, on the same day of the month, the famous Stamp Act went into operation. In 1835, on the 1st November, Archibald Hamilton Rowan died. The name of Hamilton Rowan was famous during the entire first quarter of the nineteenth century, and it was his feat of walking to London for justice that gave rise to the old song:

"We'll venture to foot it,
Like Hamilton Rowan."

On the 1st November, 1841, O'Connell was installed as Lord Mayor of Dublin. And on the 1st November, 1867, the "Manchester Martyrs," Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Maguire and Condon, were sentenced to death. This is an event that culminated in the execution of the first three, three weeks later.

On the 2nd November, 1148, Malachy O'Moore, Bishop of Down and Connor, closed his eventful and grand career. On the same day, in 1755, Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated and beautiful Queen of France, was born. On the 2nd November, 1783, George Washington, after triumphs such as few men have ever had to their record, bade a last farewell to the army. It was on the 2nd November, 1841, that the rising against the British in Cabul took place. And on the 2nd November, 1843, the Repeal State Trials in Ireland began. These were but the prelude to the long series of State trials that were to continue until 1848.

On the 3rd November, in the year 461, Pope Leo the Great—one of the grandest figures in the history of the Church—died at Rome. On the same day of the month, one hundred years before, in 361, Constantius, the Roman Emperor, closed his earthly career in death. On the 3rd November, 1815, was born one of the most memorable patriots of Ireland, the famous John Mitchel. The third of November was also the day on which William Cullen Bryant was born, in the year 1794.

The 3th of November brings to mind the birth of William of Orange, who was born in 1650. He was a child destined to do more than any other of his century to upset the

state of affairs in Great Britain and to bring about a series of disasters to Ireland, the aftermath of which is still green and hard to weed out. On the 4th November, 1786, the first Mass was said in St. Peter's Church in New York city. On the 4th of November, 1873, two deaths took place very different in character, and at the very same hour, that of Laura Keane, the great actress, and that of General Ryan, who was shot.

The 5th November is a day of many and important events. It was on that day, in 1688, that William of Orange landed in England to depose King James II. On the 5th November, 1771, Dr. Charles Lucas, the patriot, died. On the 5th November, 1800, King George III. dropped "King of France" from his titles—and did so because Napoleon was then in the ascendant, and all Europe trembled before the conquering Corsican. The 5th November commemorates the famous "Gunpowder Plot." The Orangemen of the present still celebrate the occasion, although in the light of facts that have been most incontestably proven, we cannot see what they have to celebrate. It was on the 5th November, 1854, that the great battle of Inkerman was fought. This battle had more to do than even Balaklava in the results of the Crimean war. On the 5th November, 1867, Count Leopold O'Donnell, of France, closed his grand career. He was one of the descendants—like late Marshal McMahon—of the Irish exiles who took arms in the cause of France, when driven from their own land by persecution.

The 6th November, 331, beheld the death of Julian the persecutor of the Christians. On the 6th November, 1406, Pope Innocent VII. died. On the same date, in 1641, the inhabitants of McGee Island, in Ireland, were all massacred. On the 6th November, 1649, the great Owen Roe O'Neill was killed at Benburb. The death of "Owen Roe" gave matter for one of the finest and most touching poems written by Thomas Davis. On the 6th November, 1789, the See of Baltimore was founded. To-day the city of Baltimore is about the most Catholic in America, while the See is the central one and the home of America's great Cardinal. On the 6th November, 1547, Don Juan, the hero of Lepanto, was born.

On the 7th November, 1307, William Tell, the hero Switzerland, and the one on whose life, bravery and skill the most thrilling drama of modern times was based, died in his native village. On the 7th November, 1811, the famous battle of Tippecanoe was fought. On the same day of the month, in 1861, two great battles were fought—that of Belmont, Md., and that of Port Royal, S.C.—Two years later, on the 7th November, 1863, General McClellan was removed from command.

Pilgrimage to City of the Dead.

The annual pilgrimage of the parishes of this city and district to Cote des Neiges cemetery was held on Sunday last.

Mgr. Racicot, V.G., who presided, was attended by a large number of the clergy. The attendance of the laity was variously estimated at from 30,000 to 40,000. The sermon in French was preached by Rev. Father Aime, O.F.M., and in English by Rev. John P. Kiernan, P.P., of St. Michael's parish.

Father Kiernan in the course of his eloquent effort said:

"The cry of relief comes from all classes, priests, parents, children and strangers." He paid a glowing tribute to the memories of Rev. Father Quinlivan, formerly pastor of St. Patrick's Church, who died in a distant land, but whose works would not be forgotten, and also Rev. Father McDermott, who died less than a month ago in his infancy in the priesthood and in the warmth of his zeal.

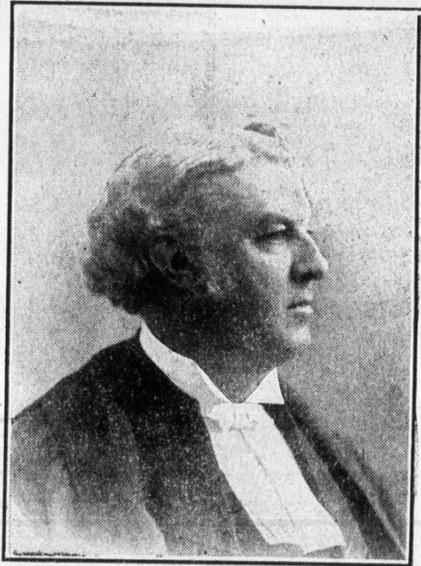
Father Kiernan closed by exhorting his hearers to pray and assist the dead so as to shorten their release in the fires of Purgatory, that they may be admitted to enjoy the beatific vision.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

Despite the fact that the season of navigation is now nearing a close, the attendance at the weekly concert of the Club, on Wednesday evening, was a record one. Every available seat in the large hall was occupied, when Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, the chairman of the evening, arose

The programme, which was arranged by Mr. Samuel Dunn, was much appreciated, and its various numbers most heartily applauded.

Those taking part were: Mrs. Albert Liney, who sang Killarney, and as an encore "Ave Maria;" Mr. R. McLaughlin gave a humorous recitation, Mr. Dunbrill sang "Queen of the Earth," and Mr. Brown, "The Highwayman." Vocal duets were contributed by Miss Clark and Mr. S.



HON. MR. JUSTICE CURRAN.

to open the proceedings. His Lordship, who has always manifested an active interest in the affairs of the Club, eulogized the members of the executive for the practical and enthusiastic manner in which they were performing their duties. He dwelt at some length upon the good work which the Club was doing in behalf of visiting seamen and of the co-operation it had received from the clergy and various sections of the laity.

Dunn, and Messrs. Brown and Dunn. Several seamen also assisted in the programme. Mr. Williams, S.S. Ionian, scoring in his impersonation of a lady. Mrs. S. Dunn and Miss Orton kindly assisted as accompanists.

Rev. Father Coffey, S.J., chaplain, and Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J., occupied seats near the chairman.

The next concert will be under the direction of Miss Bertha Ferguson.

Our National Societies.

Y. I. I. AND B. A.—At the last regular meeting of this association feeling references were made to the death of a fellow-member—Mr. Mark Duffy—and a resolution of condolence was passed and ordered to be sent to the bereaved family.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians are making special arrangements for the due celebration of the anniversary of the death of the Manchester martyrs. The programme mapped out by the committee on arrangements thus far is, that the various Divisions will meet at the County Board Hall 2042 Notre Dame street, on Sunday, the 22nd inst., at 9.00 a.m., and proceed to St. Ann's Church, where solemn High Mass will be celebrated, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion by a distinguished divine. It is the intention of the A.O.H. to extend a cordial invitation to the various Irish societies of the city to take part in keeping green the memory of Ireland's martyred sons.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.

This well known and progressive organization in St. Ann's parish, had its inaugural social meeting last week, when through the generosity and thoughtfulness of an old friend of the society, the members enjoyed an oyster treat. After full justice had been done to the delicious food, solos and choruses were rendered, under the leadership of Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's, and musical director of the society, with an enthusiasm and artistic finish which was most delightful.

Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Ann's Church, Rev. Father Flynn, spiritual director of the society, and a number of professors of parish schools, were also present.

PERSONAL.

The "True Witness" telephoned to the residence of Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, K.C., shortly before going to press and was informed by a member of the household that Mr. Quinn was making excellent progress, and would soon be equal to task of attending to his professional duties.

MORNING PRAYER.

The neglect of morning prayers is sadly general. The excuse usually offered is forgetfulness or the necessity of hurry. But the most absent-minded as well as the busiest people seldom neglect to take breakfast. —Ave Maria.

A COVETED POSITION.

The position of medical inspector in Greater New York is a coveted one, if we may judge from the fact that 800 candidates presented themselves for the last examination. Of this number 200 received 25 per cent or more of the marks allotted, the first on the list being Dr. Henry C. Keenan, with the score of 91 per cent. Dr. Keenan is a graduate of Manhattan College, New York. —Exchange.

IRISH NOTES AND REMARKS.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.—At a recent meeting of this organization, held in the Mansion House, Dublin, at which the attendance of the clergy and laity was of a most representative character, the Archbishop of Tuam presided.

In a paper "The Aims of the Conference," Very Rev. Dr. Hogan, (Maynooth), thus interestingly described the duty of the society's members. He said:—

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has now been four years in existence. During these eventful years the Committee of Management have devoted their efforts mainly to the work of organization and the publication of pamphlets. In both undertakings they have been successful beyond all anticipation. The organization was now almost complete. The number of pamphlets issued was large and varied, and, on the whole, well suited for the purpose intended. In this respect, however, they were only in their infancy. A great work was still to be accomplished. There were many gaps and weak points in their catalogue. One of the objects of the conference was to help to remedy these defects. They felt that it was necessary to come before the public and give their friends and well-wishers an opportunity of discussing frankly and freely their aims and methods and suggesting the course best calculated to promote the cause they all have at heart. They had secured for this purpose the approval of his Grace and of the other Bishops of Ireland. Everyone knew the advantages derived from the holding of such conferences in England and Scotland.

In Germany, at the "General Meeting of the Catholics," held once a year, a special sub-committee had charge of the department of literature and Christian art, and its members contributed some of the most valuable papers to the proceedings. It was an inspiring spectacle to see there the representatives of the old Catholic aristocracy of the fatherland, the chosen guides of the people in politics and public affairs, the leaders of the great professions of law and medicine, university professors, journalists, wealthy merchants, successful manufacturers, take their place side by side with the clergy, and strengthen by their presence and their eloquent addresses their less favored brethren.

The programme of the "Irish Catholic Truth Society Conference" would be much more circumscribed than that of this "Parliament," as it is called, of the German Catholics. But, whilst keeping the programme within reasonable limits, a great variety of matters connected with the organization itself could be discussed with profit and advantage. Then the influence of the Catholic Press at home and abroad, the efforts of Catholics in other countries to promote Catholic literature, and the organized methods they follow, could be studied and debated. Suitable books for parochial and municipal libraries could be brought under public notice, whilst books of an opposite tendency could be examined and refuted.

This was possibly a task that had been too completely neglected up to the present. Attacks of a virulent character had gone unanswered, partly on account of the absurdity of the charges made, and partly owing to the disreputable character of the people who made them. Other attacks, not less insidious, and, perhaps, more injurious, were made covertly and indirectly. Under the shadow of movements that are deservedly popular efforts had been made to belittle the Christian ideals of the Irish people, and to glorify the Celtic civilization that they superseded. Anything was better, it appeared, than that they should remain good Catholics, and so the poet, and the novelist, and the philosophising essayist had set themselves to enlighten us and rescue us from our prejudice.

There was, perhaps, not much to be gained by quarrelling with poets and novel writers. The Church, even in the palmiest days of her temporal power, gave them the widest latitude. Nevertheless from literature of all kinds, no matter how imperfect it might be, a subtle essence is often distilled that affected the atmosphere around it, and, if it did not prove fatal to strong constitutions, often, at least, predisposed to disease. The Troubadours, we are told, helped to pave the way for the Albigensian heresy. It was the novels of Rousseau and the poems and short

sketches of Voltaire that popularized the philosophy of the eighteenth century and laid the foundation of the infidelity of the nineteenth. The morality of Scotland has perceptibly declined since the days of Robert Burns, and its decay is traced in no small measure to the libidinous songs and licentious spirit of the national bard.

The meetings of the conference would afford a favorable opportunity of counteracting any evil influence of that kind. But the principal evil that has to be struggled with comes in ever-increasing force from beyond the Channel. Books, pamphlets, reviews, newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines, comic papers, and illustrated papers, annuals for boys and for children, all sorts of three-penny horrors and penny dreadfuls are imported and displayed and scattered broadcast over the country. It is quite a common thing in our towns and cities to meet young men who have read Shelley, and Swinburne, and Mallock, and Mathew Arnold, and Huxley, but display the most supercilious indifference towards Catholic writers whether old or new. Some have come under the magical sway of Marie Coralli; others acknowledge the spell of Mrs. Humphrey Ward; some few are satisfied to sit at the feet of Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling.

Our artisans and working classes have to subsist, if at all, on pamphlets and treatises that come from the Socialist Press of England and the United States. In our schools and colleges there is a great dearth of literature suited to the needs of boys and young men. Yet nothing helps more effectively in the formation of character, which is after all the chief part of the discipline that enables a man to go successfully through the trials and struggles of life. In the supply of doctrinal, historical, liturgical, and ethical treatises we are still very deficient, and our backwardness in this respect has been animadverted upon by people who seem more willing to throw stones at us than to give us any assistance. The Catholic Truth Society cannot, of course, undertake to supply all these deficiencies, but it can, if well supported, help all those who put their hand to the task, and the Conference will be a permanent reminder and stimulus to all who are capable of filling up the void. The resources at the disposal of Protestants for purposes of this kind are enormous when compared with ours. Look at all the large establishments they have in Dublin, in O'Connell street, D'Olier street, Abbey street, Brunswick street, Pembroke street, etc. Catholics surely might aspire to have one large, commodious centre in Dublin, and wealthy Catholics who have money to dispose of could scarcely apply it to a more worthy object.

MEETING OF PRELATES.—At their recent meeting in Maynooth the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland adopted a series of resolutions of much importance. The first expresses regret that the Local Government Board has not given adequate support and protection to the nuns in Granard Workhouse Hospital. Their Lordships unanimously concur in the action which the Bishop of Ardagh has found it his duty to take in this painful case. The next resolution deals with the strained relations between clerical school managers and the National Education Board brought about by the Resident Commissioner, and expresses the opinion that official steps should be taken to restore them to their normal friendly condition. A third resolution refers to the changes which are said to be in contemplation in the organization of primary and secondary education, and a protest is made against any such scheme. The final resolution deals with the Irish University question, and an earnest hope is expressed that the Government will recognize the gravity of the evil and take effective measures to provide a remedy for the intolerable grievance which our Catholic students are forced to endure.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.—In every district in the civilized world the homeless and orphaned find a refuge in one of the auxiliaries of the Church. In Ireland this fact was most beautifully illustrated at the recent golden jubilee celebration of the High Park Asylum, Drumcondra.

During the fifty years which have elapsed since the Magdalen Asylum was founded the work achieved by the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity has been simply incalculable, and it continues day and night unceasingly. At present there are over two hundred inmates in it, living under conditions which enable them to persevere in the lives of penitence upon which they have so happily entered, and applications for admission come in daily. The usefulness and holiness

of the work done in High Park is recognized by the public, upon whom it is dependant for support.

In the future also it is to be hoped the necessary funds will be provided by the charitable, so that the good Sisters may never have to refuse admission to any poor Magdalen seeking shelter there. His Grace, the Archbishop, presided at Tuesday's celebrations, which commenced with High Mass. The sermon on the occasion was preached by an eloquent member of the Carmelite Order, Very Rev. Dr. Butler, O.C.C. Those who desire to become acquainted with the work that is done by the good nuns should procure "A Souvenir of the Golden Jubilee," which contains a sketch of the institution since its foundation in 1853. It is dedicated, "with respect and gratitude," to subscribers and benefactors.

A GRATIFYING FACT.—The steady increase of sobriety in Ireland within recent years is apparent on all sides, and must indeed be a source of pleasure to those who in and out of season have worked hard to bring about this pleasant condition of things, says a correspondent of the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool. An instance of the remarkable progress of temperance in the West was brought before the general council of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance at their last meeting by the Rev. T. J. Joyce, Adm., Ballinasloe, who pointed out that during the celebrated October fair, which lasts for a week, only seven arrests were made, nearly all the cases being of the tramp class, whereas some years ago the arrests for drunkenness numbered two hundred. Many causes, no doubt, have helped to bring about this happy change in the habits of the people, but religion, education, and patriotism, the three great props of the temperance cause, as the Rev. Dr. Daly described them at the Father Mathew celebration, have been the principal instruments for good.

MR. MULDOON'S DONATION TO ESTABLISH A SCHOOL.

The details of a recent donation by Mr. William Muldoon, known in Montreal as the famous wrestler and athletic trainer, is reported by the "Catholic Union and Times" of Buffalo, N.Y., as follows:—

Mr. William Muldoon, founder and owner of the famous Hygienic Institute and School for Physical Culture at Purchase, N.Y., has donated absolutely and forever his entire property in Belfast to St. Patrick's Church of that village.

The lot covers an entire square front on the principal street in the best portion of the village and has on it a large dwelling house and two other buildings large enough for dwelling houses. The whole property is worth about \$5,000, and it is certainly a magnificent gift from one man to the Church. The purpose for which Mr. Muldoon donated his holdings was the establishment of a parochial school.

Father Dealy, at the request of Bishop Colton, corresponded with Mr. Muldoon in the matter of getting him to donate the property for a school, and in reply received a letter in which, among other things, he said:—

"I am very glad to hear that you are interested in so noble and worthy a work as the establishment of a parochial school in Belfast and to assure you that you will have my help so far as I am able to assist you in the great undertaking. You may present my compliments to Bishop Colton and say to him that I have this day notified my attorneys, Richardson & Robbins of Angelica, N.Y., to transfer the deed of my property consisting of one square block in the village of Belfast to the trustees of St. Patrick's Church of the village of Belfast, N.Y. The only conditions that go with it are the following: That the entire block shall be kept intact, that it shall for all time remain the property of the Church, and that it shall contain no buildings except the convent, the school, the rectory of the parish and such other buildings as may be necessary in connection with these three."

The appreciation and gratitude entertained by Father Dealy and his parishioners find some expression in the following letter by Father Dealy to Mr. Muldoon on the receipt of the good news and the desiderated property had become the possession of the church:

St. Patrick's Rectory, Belfast, N.Y., Oct. 14.

Mr. William Muldoon:

My Dear Sir,—I am using no mere formal phrase when I say that words are inadequate to express my gratitude and the gratitude of my people to you for your magnificent donation to St. Patrick's Church Society of Belfast, N.Y. When, I say that I thank you I do not half express the sentiments which I entertain towards you for your splendid gift. I can only assure you that my heart and the hearts of my people go out to you in sincere and enduring thankfulness.

I appreciate, as they do, the great value of your donation and its great blessedness forever to St. Patrick's Church. Your gift shall never be forgotten by me, by my Bishop or by my parishioners. The memory of that act of generosity on your part shall ever be green in the hearts of the people of this congregation. And the parents who will feel the good, and the children who will enjoy the benefit, and the Church which will realize the advantage, of the school which your magnanimity and liberality have made possible, will bless you and yours forever.

When before and after studies the little children will kneel to worship God, they will not forget you in their prayers. When morning and evening the Sisters go through their devotions they will not fail to think of you in their petitions to God. When the priest of the parish says Mass in their convent he will be sure to make a special remembrance of you in that most holy sacrifice, the most sublime act of divine worship that can be offered to God on earth.

The square block which you have donated to the Church here will forever be an eloquent testimony to the nobility of your nature and the generosity of your heart. It will tell the years and the centuries and the ages that there once lived in Belfast a man who made possible by his munificence the establishment of a parochial school there and the attainment, by the children of all time there, of a Catholic Christian education.

I hope that God will bless you in every temporal way for your most generous gift, that he will give you the light to know your relations to Him and the grace to fulfil your obligations to Him.

I shall ever pray that God may enlighten your mind concerning the things of faith and move your will in the direction of that destiny so beautifully described by St. Augustine when he said: "We were created, O Lord, for thee, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in thee."

May God give you that illumination of intellect which will enable you to walk in the way of the commandments and to see always the necessity of serving God and saving your immortal soul. May she also who is the mother of Christ, and, therefore, the mother of God, because Christ is God, intercede for you and use her kind offices with her Divine Son in behalf of your spiritual welfare here and your eternal happiness hereafter.

I shall personally present your compliments to Bishop Colton and tell him all about your grand donation to the Church for a parochial school in Belfast. I know that he will be delighted with the good news, for it was he that suggested to me the idea of writing to you and appealing to your kind and generous heart for help to start here a Catholic school. I know he will highly appreciate your great gift and sincerely thank you for it. I am sure also that he will convey his sentiments to you in a letter before many days.

The value of your donation is enhanced in the Bishop's mind by the circumstance that it is the first acquisition of its kind to the diocese since his consecration. He will always be proud to say that the first parochial school established during his episcopate was made a possibility by the munificence of Mr. William Muldoon.

I am glad to inform you that all the conditions concerning the future use of the property will be fulfilled. I wish hereby to tender you a hearty welcome to St. Patrick's rectory, and to assure you that I shall be delighted to see you here at any time, and to extend to you the humble hospitality of my humble home. I thank you again, and may God bless you. Yours sincerely in Christ,

J. J. DEALY.

ABOUT OBITUARY NOTICES

A Missouri editor refuses to publish obituary notices of people who, while living, failed to subscribe for his paper and gives this reason: "People who do not take their home paper are dead anyhow, and their mere passing away is of no news value."

Topics Of Catholics In England.

READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—This is a department in the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, England, which illustrates that many Catholics in that city and district manifest more than the usual interest of a reader in the events of the passing hour.

To give our subscribers an idea of the subjects discussed we take the following extracts from some of the letters:—

EX-PRIESTS.—This person is engaged delivering his nasty lectures up and down the country, and quite recently he was to have "held forth" at Chester. The Chester Chief Constable was interviewed by a person in authority armed with a copy of the Catholic Truth Society's tract, "Ruthven v. De Bom." The result of this interview was that Ruthven's meeting was prohibited. I would like to suggest that this action should be repeated wherever Ruthven appears, as it is quite desirable that his present occupation should be gone.

A CENTRE PARTY.—It has often puzzled me why the British Catholics do not try to form a Centre party in Great Britain in the same way as the Catholics of Germany and elsewhere. It would be a great help to the Church to know that there was a Parliamentary body elected by Catholic votes to fight for Catholic interests. What a pity to see so many Catholic votes given to men who promise but never fulfil. Such votes harm instead of helping us, because the people they help to elect so often vote against us. There is hardly one representative who would vote for anything beneficial to us except the Irish members. It would be a great pity to allow German Catholics to be able to say that they do more for the Church than the Catholics of this country, which was once so strong in the Faith, and may be again if we try hard to win it back to the old religion.

THE SAME OLD STORY is again repeated in England as elsewhere of the ostracism of Catholics by the non-Catholic. A correspondent writes: The following letter was sent on the 28th ult. to the London "Daily Chronicle," but the editor thought well to refuse to publish it. It appears to be another case of "No Catholic need apply." I should be glad if you can find room for it in your valuable paper.

October 5, 1903.

To the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." Dear Sir,—It appears to me somewhat remarkable that whilst many newspapers have severely criticised Lord Lansdowne's actions and held him responsible for much of the "muddle" as revealed by the late War Commission, the English Protestant press generally has made little or no comment on the wholesale robbery and confiscation of the property of British subjects at Douai, by the French Government.

I may say that I am personally acquainted with the Benedictine College at Douai, and have witnessed the expenditure of many thousands of pounds in new buildings, furniture, etc., also the fixing of a new dynamo to supply the whole college from top to bottom with electric light. All this, together with much valuable property and personal effects, have been cruelly confiscated, and this the property of subjects of the King of England. I may be pardoned for expressing some indignation in this matter when I state that I have had two sons educated at Douai, one of whom is now a Benedictine priest, and is personally concerned in this wholesale confiscation, and the other, with another son, is now in South Africa; both in responsible posts, and wearing the King's uniform. Is it yet too late for a further and stronger protest to be made to the French Government.

"PLAIN CHANT."—All true Catholics will rejoice that the Right Rev. Dr. Casartelli, the new Bishop of Salford, in his very first Pastoral, has spoken out plainly and distinctly with regard to vocal and instrumental music in our churches. The opinions of His Lordship are held by thousands of Catholics throughout the country. Of late years, all over the kingdom, the evening service on Sunday has developed almost to a

point resembling a Sunday League concert. Non-Catholics crowd the church, and, comfortably seated, music-book in hand, they seem to enjoy the efforts of the local prima donna as she screeches out her top notes to the very lively accompaniment of a violin or cornet. It is simply disgraceful. What is more devotional than the children's Mass in our London churches? What inspires our thoughts heavenwards more quickly than the plain chant heard in our little convent chapels in Ireland? What strikes the stranger on entering any Irish country church at Sunday evening service—the wonderful quietude of the worshippers; the clear resonant voices of the choir in the "Tantum Ergo" (old style). And this is Ireland, that has held the Faith down through the centuries. But on this side of the Channel our evening service is a theatrical display, distracting in the extreme. England will not be converted to Catholicity by providing musical treats in order that the people may be attracted. Now that the learned and saintly man who rules over the diocese of Salford has spoken, we may look for a return to the simple and devotional singing and services that have enabled Catholic Ireland to hold and revere the religion founded by Christ, and the retention of which has brought her persecution and glory.

NIGHT SHELTERS.—This subject touches us directly in our own city, where Catholics who have been blessed with abundance of means are cold and heartless in regard to the sufferings and deprivations of the poor. Here is what a correspondent in London writes to the department above referred to:—

Last year you kindly inserted a letter of mine in which I called attention to the urgent need there is for more night shelters for the homeless; this appeal apparently did no good whatever. I say apparently, because I still hope my words were not entirely wasted. If we could see the hidden working of many human hearts as God and His angels see it, what a wonderful record it would be of the power sometimes of a mere word! A rich man is told his days are numbered and that in a short time he must appear before his Creator to give an account of his stewardship; he may have used his riches well or badly, but in either case he begins to think out very anxiously how he can best use the money that will so soon be his no longer. That is the time when a mere word, seemingly forgotten, has great power! I have appealed to the living without avail; I am now writing in the strong hope that those with the finger of Death upon them will have compassion upon the homeless. My previous letter brought me a pathetic reply from a mother who related how one night she stood with her child in her arms, not knowing how soon her lodging, like many around her, would be "on the cold ground." This poor woman was rescued from such misery, but there are countless others who have no homes whatever, and we know only too surely the awful crimes that take place in consequence.

Let us, then, see what Catholics have for the singing "Ave Maria," and what any Protestants, especially Anglicans, can urge against this hymn in any church of Christ.

From the fact that "Ave Maria" is commonly called the "Salutation," people thoughtlessly attribute its title to the Angel Gabriel, and conclude that it contains nothing more than his opinion of Mary and dignity, and that it is Mary the honor which an angel thought due to her. If the whole truth about the "Ave" might well feel justified in what an Archangel said, we might well feel justified in as highly of Mary's as we might, at least, feel we no follower of Christ, about no minister of Christ, would us for addressing to Mary by which an Archangel had ed upon her. If, then, we higher authorities than the Gabriel, and St. Elizabeth language of this prayer, we feel, in a Christian temple from interruption while sin Maria.

Priests Assaulted In Spain.

Reports gradually coming to hand show that the disturbances in Bilbao were more serious than at first appeared. There is now no doubt that the republicans, aided by a band of irreligious sectaries, made a deliberate and wanton attack upon the Catholics while engaged in a procession through the town. Maddened at the sight of the fervent faith of the people, they seized and broke up images of the saints, some of which they cast into the river, others they burnt. They attempted to force an entry into churches and convents. Several priests were assaulted and injured seriously, and it was only when the police exerted their strength that the riotous invaders were finally quelled. Scores of arrests have been made, and no doubt the law courts will deal with the rioters as they deserve. But the whole episode inspires misgivings. For a long time now it has been known that the anti-clerical party in Spain was determined to force a conflict between Church and State. The condition of the country, where wretched economic conditions are fostered by indefensible landlords, has brought the peasants to a state of misery which they find unbearable. To this must be added the unrest among artisans in his very first Pastoral, has spoken out plainly and distinctly with regard to vocal and instrumental music in our churches. The opinions of His Lordship are held by thousands of Catholics throughout the country. Of late years, all over the kingdom, the evening service on Sunday has developed almost to a

An Exhibition Of Prejudice

(By Very Rev. D. I.)

We were surprised, and shocked, to read in the of October 11th, the following notice in the Rev. George M. Colville, the most prominent church in Racine, Wis., the singing of the "Ave a soloist in church last told the congregation to not consider that famous song for any Protestant cause it is virtually a p Virgin Mary.

"Ave Maria" is the La you know, of a prayer w lies address to the Bless The English version of Maria" runs as follow Mary, full of grace, the the, blessed art thou men; and blessed is the womb, Jesus." The first prayer is taken from the the Angel Gabriel at Mary, the second part is the salutation St. Elizabeth to Mary. In this prayer is praised as the source of blessedness. Blessed art thou woman because thou art of Jesus. "Blessed is thy womb, Jesus," or tr is: "Blessed be Jesus, t thy womb."

As this prayer is comp words of Holy Scripture, to see how a Christi could object to the singi more than he could objec other selection from the The words "Ave Maria" from the 28th and 42nd v first chapter of the Gospe to St. Luke. The interfe word "Mary" between "Full of Grace," does n the meaning of the cont Lake tells us these words dressed to "a Virgin, wh was Mary."

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An Exhibition Of Prejudice.

(By Very Rev. D. I. McDermott.)

We were surprised, and not a little shocked, to read in the newspapers of October 11th, the following: "The Rev. George M. Colville, pastor of the most prominent Presbyterian church in Racine, Wis., interrupted the singing of the 'Ave Maria,' by a soloist in church last Sunday. He told the congregation that he did not consider that famous solo a fit song for any Protestant church, because it is virtually a prayer to the Virgin Mary."

"Ave Maria" is the Latin name, as you know, of a prayer which Catholics address to the Blessed Virgin. The English version of the "Ave Maria" runs as follows: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." The first part of this prayer is taken from the salutation the Angel Gabriel addressed to Mary, the second part is taken from the salutation St. Elizabeth addressed to Mary. In this prayer, Jesus is praised as the source of Mary's blessedness. Blessed art thou among women because thou art the mother of Jesus. "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," or transposed, it is: "Blessed be Jesus, the fruit of thy womb."

As this prayer is composed of the words of Holy Scripture, it is hard to see how a Christian minister could object to the singing of it any more than he could object to any other selection from the Gospel. The words "Ave Maria" are taken from the 28th and 42nd verses of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. The interjection of the word "Mary" between "Hail" and "Full of Grace," does no violence to the meaning of the context; for St. Luke tells us these words were addressed to "a Virgin, whose name was Mary."

Let us, then, see what reasons Catholics have for the singing of the "Ave Maria," and what reasons, if any, Protestants, especially Presbyterians, can urge against the singing of this hymn in any church dedicated to Christ.

From the fact that the "Ave Maria" is commonly called the Angelical Salutation, people may thoughtlessly attribute its composition to the Angel Gabriel and conclude that it contains nothing more than his opinion of Mary's virtues and dignity, and that it offers to Mary the honor which an Archangel thought due to her. If this were the whole truth about the "Ave Maria," we might well feel justified in thinking what an Archangel said to Mary; we might well feel justified in thinking as highly of Mary's sanctity as profoundly as the Angel Gabriel did; we might, at least, feel certain that no follower of Christ, above all that no minister of Christ, would rebuke us for addressing to Mary the eulogy which an Archangel had pronounced upon her. If, then, we had no higher authorities than the Angel Gabriel, and St. Elizabeth for the language of this prayer, we might feel, in a Christian temple, secure from interruption while singing "Ave Maria."

Great and sufficient as is the Archangel's authority, it is neither nor sole authority, nor is it our highest for singing "Ave Maria." While it is true on earth to address these words to Mary, nevertheless, we must remember that these words of the "Hail Mary" were not first pronounced on earth but in heaven, that they came first, not from the lips of an Angel, but from the mouth of God Himself. When Gabriel said to Mary: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women," he spoke neither his own sentiments nor in his own name. He spoke it in true sentiments which he entertained of Mary, but which did not originate with him any more than they do with us when we say: "Hail, Mary, full of grace," etc. The Gospel distinctly says: "The Angel Gabriel was sent from God" * * * to a virgin whose name was Mary." He was, then, sent to Mary with a message—from whom? From God! He made known the sentiments God had entertained concerning Mary, Gabriel, therefore, in saluting Mary, spoke in the name of the Lord, made known

the thoughts of God, just as the Angel did when he spoke to Moses, saying: "I am thy Lord and thy God!"

How far, then, removed from Gabriel, from Mary, and from God Himself, must that religion be which proscribes, as unfit to be sung in its churches, the eulogy which the Most High God passed on Mary!

We have, moreover, the example of Jesus Christ Himself as an additional incentive for saying the "Holy Mary," from singing "Ave Maria." During the thirty years of His hidden life, in that long period of which the Gospel says nothing more than that Christ went down to Nazareth with Mary and Joseph and was subject to them, we may well believe that Jesus consecrated with His sacred lips the words of the "Ave Maria," which, a Presbyterian minister, forbade to be sung because it is "virtually a prayer to the Virgin Mary."

During the thirty years Jesus was subject to Mary, how else could He salute her except by saying: "Hail, Mother Mary?" How often, when He observed her good works and virtues, her supereminence sanctity, did He salute her, saying: "Hail, Mother, full of grace?" How often, when He observed her obedience to the law of God, her perfect accord with the Divine will, did He say to her: "Mother, the Lord is with thee?" How often, as He contemplated her exceptional privilege of being the Mother of God, of being of voluntary agent of the Father in giving a Saviour to a sinful world, how often did He exclaim: "Mother Mary, thou art blessed among women?"

Blessed more than and before all the daughters of Eve, for Mary had no predecessor and was to have no successor in her Divine maternity.

Jesus was the God-man. From this, we know that every pure, noble impulse of human nature was developed, just so much higher in him than it is in us than the heavens are above the earth. One of the impulses of our nature is to say: "God bless you!" to every one who aids or edifies us. Jesus was man as well as God. He was, therefore, impelled to bless Mary and to declare her blessed for all she had been to Him in the order of nature.

The desire which rises above all others in every priest's heart is to impart to his mother his first blessing; while his hands are still redolent with the sacred unction, it is his supreme desire not only to wish from the bottom of a grateful heart, but also to exhaust all the powers of his ministry in bringing down the choicest benedictions of Heaven upon the head of her who bore him. Let those, then, who would have us believe that Jesus was indifferent to His mother; that He forgot all the offices she had performed for Him, that He neglected her, let those remember that Jesus was our great High Priest, holy, undefiled, higher than the heavens and purer than the sun; let them, above all, remember that He was segregated from sinners, that He had nothing in common with the greatest of all human monstrosities—the son who is an affliction, through either indifference or ingratitude, to his mother.

Think you, then, that our High Priest, failed to express the sentiments of a grateful heart to Mary? That he failed to lay His holy hands in benediction on His mother's head? That He neglected to exert the powers of His priesthood to their utmost? In order to open to her all the treasures of heaven and to bring the choicest blessings upon her?

When we remember that according to the Scripture, the Lord was with Mary, that she was full of grace, before she became blessed among women by consenting to be the mother of the Messiah; when we remember, then, that Mary had conceived the Son of God in her heart before she conceived Him in her chaste womb; when we see her from association with Jesus like Him growing in age, in wisdom, in grace before God and men; when we see Jesus flying to her arms and Mary pressing Him to her bosom; when we contemplate the union which enabled Mary to feel the throbbings of the Sacred Heart and Jesus feel her immaculate heart beating responsive to His own; when we behold Mary blessing those Divine lips from which flowed all knowledge; when we consider all these things we feel not only justified in singing "Ave Maria," but we feel it impossible to refrain from repeating what the Father said through the Angel Gabriel, what the Holy Ghost said through St. Elizabeth, what Jesus Himself substantially said times without number: "Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

When the Rev. George M. Colville interrupted the singing of the "Ave Maria" in his church, when he declared that it was not a fit hymn to

be sung in a Protestant church, he not only placed himself, but Protestantism itself, so far as he can be supposed to represent it, in opposition to the Angel Gabriel, who said to Mary: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women," he placed himself in opposition to St. Elizabeth who "filled with the Holy Ghost" said: "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb," he placed himself in opposition to Mary who prophesied: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed;" he placed himself in opposition to the Holy Ghost who through St. Elizabeth said: "Blessed art thou among women;" he placed himself in opposition to Jesus Christ, who as the Second Person of the Trinity could not but call her blessed whom the Father and the Holy Ghost had pronounced blessed and declared would be called blessed, who as the Son of Mary could not without becoming an unnatural child, refrain from calling Mary blessed because she was blessed in her virtues, in her dignity of Mother of God, and because Jesus had heaped blessings on her head; he placed himself in opposition to the Eternal Father who sent Gabriel, the highest minister of His court to salute Mary, saying in His name: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

From all this it is evident that the Rev. George M. Colville, of Racine, Wis., could not have done greater violence to the teachings of the Gospel in forbidding the singing of the "Our Father," than he did in interrupting the singing of the "Ave Maria;" for while the former is addressed to God as the sole giver of good gifts, the latter is addressed to Mary as our intercessor with Jesus who is our advocate with the Father; besides, the language of the one prayer is as Scriptural as the other. The "Ave Maria" simply says:—"Blessed be Jesus; blessed be Mary because she is the Mother of Jesus." To be in opposition to the "Ave Maria" is nothing less than to be in opposition to Christianity.—Holy Family.

Notes From Scotland.

UNITY IN PARADES.—There is more than one lesson in the following paragraph, especially to pastors and laity in large cities where there were many parishes. It reads thus: The annual parade of the League of the Cross took place in Glasgow on Sunday the 11th of Oct., and was a very creditable turn out for that body. The various societies in the eastern part of the city assembled in the Sacred Heart Schools, and from there marched in procession to the Sacred Heart Church, Dalmar-nock Road, where they assisted at Rosary and Benediction, the preacher being Very Rev. Canon O'Reilly. The members of the Northern, North Western, and Western districts assembled in the Jesuit Church, Garnethill, where the preacher was Father Gartlan, S.J., whilst those attached to the branches on the South side of the river paraded in Our Lady and St. Margaret's Church, Kinning Park, where the Rev. Ellis P. Rogan, of Parkhead, delivered the annual sermon. The turn out at all three churches was a very creditable one, reflecting great credit on the body as a whole, and proves that the League is as strong, if not stronger, in Glasgow than ever it was.

CHILDREN'S DAY.—Sunday was a great day for the children in St. Mungo's, Glasgow. In the morning an immense number made their First Communion, and it was truly a devotional sight to see the little ones, the girls in their pure white, symbolical of their souls, and the boys with their sashes, as they walked reverentially to and from the altars. In the afternoon His Grace Archbishop Maguire, who was attended by Canon Ritchie (the diocesan secretary), and the fathers of the mission, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 300 children and adults. Mr. James Brogan, who has been a parishioner in St. Mungo's ever since it was a parish, acted as sponsor for the boys, whilst Miss Meighan performed a like office for the girls. In the evening there was a grand Rosary procession in which those confirmed, previously took part. First came the cross-bearer and acolytes, followed by girls in white, five of their number carrying white banners, each one depicting one of the joyful mysteries. Then came the boys, amongst them being distributed five purple banners, each one showing a sorrowful mystery. Then came the elder girls, carrying the golden banners of the glorious mysteries, and then following a banner depicting our Blessed Lady came Fathers Allwyn and Bonaventure, C.

P., the latter in cope. Having traversed the Church, the processionists made their way to the side chapel—all except the banner-bearers entering the sanctuary, formed in semi-circle around it, making a pretty and devotional scene. The Benediction service, and the recital of the Rosary was then proceeded with.

Previous to the procession Father Paulinus, C.P., preached an interesting expository sermon on the Rosary. To an outsider the Rosary was as meaningless as the horse shoe nailed upon some of their doors, and to many a Catholic it was but something they carried about with them to ward off evil. To the good Catholic who practised it, it meant a great deal more, for it brought him in close touch with the principal scenes of Our Lord's incarnation, passion, and triumphs, and thus into closer touch with our Lord Himself. In our days both Leo XIII. and Pius IX. set great store on the proper recital of the Rosary, and so it had been through the past ages to the days of St. Dominic himself. It was essentially a devotion for these days, when the very ramparts of truth were being assailed. If that devotion was practised as it ought to be in the family, they would have happy homes modelled on that of the home at Nazareth.

THE CATHOLIC LITERARY.—The second meeting of the West of Scotland Catholic Literary Society took place in the City Hall Reception Room recently, Mr. A. M. Boyle presiding. The lecturer was Mrs. Cross Lynch, the eminent novelist, her subject being "Literature; Its Influence and Its Charm." At the close of her address Mrs. Lynch was awarded a hearty vote of thanks.

A LAYMAN HONORED.—At the St. Vincent de Paul's concert, held on Oct. 7, an interesting ceremony took place—the investiture of Mr. James Brand, with the ribbon and insignia of a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory. The appointment of Mr. Brand as a Knight of St. Gregory was among one of the last official acts in the life of the late Pontiff, Leo XIII. Mr. Brand, who is a convert, has worked for many years in the interests of the faith, and was the first chairman, and still is one of the most influential members, of the Glasgow Parish Council. He is also an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. In returning thanks, Mr. Brand spoke of the eminent services rendered by the late Mr. P. Bogan to Catholicity and charity in Glasgow, and said that his pioneer efforts in the furtherance of Catholicity, was at first directed by that gentleman.

Domestic Service Problem Again.

Determined to solve the servant problem at all hazards, and with the avowed intention of giving \$50,000 in prizes to the servants who came up to expectations, the Women's Domestic Guild has been formed with some of the best-known society women in New York city at its head. Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. Charles E. Sprague, and Mrs. Joseph Healey of No. 143 Madison Avenue, are some of those who are doing the preliminary work. They declare that by trying to solve the servant problem they are really working for the home, for if conditions are not changed people will be less and less inclined to keep house.

To show that the guild is not trying to solve the problem without having studied conditions, it is declared that two well known young society girls went to an employment agency and obtained positions as waitresses, the employers in both cases being equally well known among the rich. When one of the girls arrived at her new home she was told that for the time being she would have to put a mattress in the bathtub and sleep there, while the other was obliged to camp out on an ironing board. It is needless to say that they both left the next day.

In addition to the other interesting plans, it is proposed to have a headquarters both for the members of the guild and the servants, and it is intended that all women who get servants through the guild and agree to give them certain days off shall live up to that agreement. It is also said that at the big meeting that is to be held in December at the Waldorf, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Grover Cleveland will be invited to appear and contribute as home women their views on this question.

What Is The Index?

Rev. M. I. Stritch, S.J., in the New York Voice.

What is the Index of Prohibited Books?

This question is discussed by theologians and canonists who wish to make clear the scope and purpose of ecclesiastical authorities in sanctioning the publication of a list of forbidden books. It is asked by well-meaning non-Catholics who desire to obtain information for merely speculative ends. It is asked by conscientious Catholics because they seek the guidance of the Church in what is now a matter of the greatest importance—the matter of reading. It is asked by bigoted and flippant declaimers in order to have a suitable occasion to show the obscurantism, the timidity or the narrow-minded intolerance of the Church. The Index, they think, is one of the pitiable devices of Pope and Cardinals to hold the allegiance of Catholics by keeping them ignorant of the enlightening teachings of modern times. Or again, these writers, deeming it not worth while to waste their virtuous indignation on the Church, take an apparently different talk. They grow merry over the utility and ineptitude of such means and instruments as the Index. They point out the fact that in this list comparatively few books are contained, while hundreds of thousands go unlisted. And the unlisted are incomparably more dangerous to Rome and Roman pretensions than many of the practically harmless books on the Index. Evidently the Pope and Cardinals are a little too timid or too lazy to pursue, capture and put into their pillory the great faith destroying criminals who are going about at large. For all these classes of inquirers a very interesting article appeared recently in the "Civiltà Cattolica." This magazine is a bi-weekly, edited by learned Jesuit Fathers in Rome, under the immediate supervision of the Holy Father. The gist of the article is as follows:—

The Index is not the whole, but only a small part of the legislation of the Church regarding the reading of books dangerous to faith and morals. No upright man would think himself permitted to do every deed in his power, speak every word or think every thought or entertain every wish. Because such a course is clearly forbidden by the law of nature, revealed in the reason and conscience of man. A vast multitude of books are so openly coarse, obscene, immoral, irreligious, blasphemous that no other law is needed to declare authoritatively that they are not to be read. The Church teaches that this natural law is the will of God, binding on the conscience not merely of Catholics, but of every man and woman whose mental condition is such as to leave them responsible for their actions. The natural law is unchangeable. Books of the above description have always been, are now and always will be prohibited to all. They need no further listing or indexing.

Second. Many books not clearly forbidden by the natural law because not openly heretical or immoral or atheistic or obscene are still full of danger to unsuspecting readers. We know on good authority that the devil has a way of taking the role of an angel of light. In olden days he displayed this angelic disposition through the instrumentality of the serpent. In modern times his favorite instruments are certain classes of authors.

To prevent this cunning deception, especially since the time of the Reformation the Church has issued general decrees prohibiting not individual books, but large classes and divers kinds of writings which either manifestly or insidiously labor to undermine the faith and morals of their readers. The zeal of the reformers in propagating their doctrine was largely frustrated by the loyalty of the Catholic peoples to ecclesiastical authorities. It was then that the wily "angel of light" process began to be extensively used. It was then, too, that the great Catholic invention of printing was made a means of spreading heresy and immorality, everywhere endeavoring to lead men away from their allegiance to the Church. Ever since this propaganda of, first, Protestantism, then rationalism, and afterward paganism, has gone vigorously forward. The printing press in multiplying books encouraged and facilitated education. Books and read-

ers grew together. The need of special action on the part of the Church to save her people from false teaching and immoral influence became urgent at once and has lasted to our own day. Our critics of the Index are guilty of an ignoratio elenchi. They take the Index as identical with the complete and general legislation of the Church on this matter of reading. The fact is, the Index is not, strictly speaking, in the nature of legislation at all, but rather in that of a series of court judgments. The natural law and the general decrees of the Church did not make known by name what books were prohibited. Thousands of books—to-day—we might better say hundreds—were clearly to be placed in the categories of the books forbidden by either the natural law or the general decrees of the Church. Thousands, too, were just as clearly free from any taint that would bring them under either ban. In between these two classes there would naturally be many doubtful and controverted cases. When doubts occurred or controversies arose as to whether a book was prohibited or not, inquiries were made of the proper authorities. The book thus brought up for trial was examined and condemned or acquitted, according to its merits. In order to make the saving legislation of the Church more effective, Bishops, priests, educated laymen and especially officers of Catholic schools and universities were encouraged or required to present doubtful books for examination. Again, it happened that careless and wayward Catholics might read books about which there really was no doubt on the part of conscientious and intelligent men. The latter knew that such books came under the general prohibition, while the former persisted in reading until an examination took place and an explicit decision was rendered. In other words, until the book was put on the Index.

Out of cases of this character grew the list of prohibited books now known as the Index. Hence: First, not all prohibited books are contained in this small number. Second, they are not by any means the worst books that are found in the Index, since real and bona fide doubts existed as to whether they were forbidden or not until a decision was obtained and the books listed. Third, some grossly bad books are indexed either because it was found that disobedient Catholics would otherwise read them or for some other particular reason.

Our conclusion from these facts and explanations should be that the Church is not tyrannical or intolerant, but laudably vigilant in safeguarding the souls entrusted to her keeping; that the character of the works on the Index and the smallness of their number do not show any carelessness or incompetency on the part of the Church in selecting the books worthy of condemnation, but rather demonstrate the ignorance and conceit of the critics; that Catholics ought to have a sincere respect and reverence for the natural law, the ecclesiastical decrees and the special decisions as shown in the Index relating to this matter of prohibited reading.

THE ROSARY OF YEARS.

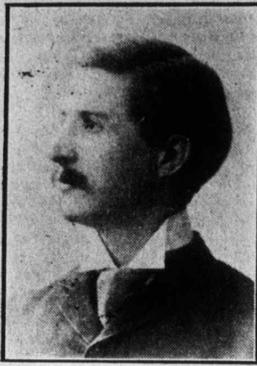
Some reckon their age by years,
Some reckon their lives by art,
But some tell their day by the flow
of their tears
And their life by the moans of their
heart.
The dials of the earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years;
Few or many they come, few or many
they go.
But our time is best measured by
tears.
Ah, not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass
on our way,
And not by the furrows the finger of
care.
On the forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the
shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our
tears.
For the young are sometimes old,
Though their brow be bright and
fair;
While their blood beats warm, their
hearts lie cold—
O'er them the springtime—but winter
is there.
And the old are oftimes young
When the hair is thin and white,
And they sing in age as in youth
they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross is
light.
A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years,
But never the foam brings the brave
bark home.
It reaches the haven through tears.
—Father Ryan.

Assaulted In Spain.

usually coming to hand disturbances in Bilbao are now no doubt that aided by a band of desperadoes, made a deliberate attack upon the engaged in a procession town. Maddened at a fervent faith of the sized and broke up im-paints, some of which the river, others they attempted to force an churches and convents. They were assaulted and, and it was only exerted their strength in invaders were finalers of arrests have no doubt the law with the rioters as. But the whole episode ings. For a long time a known that the anti-Spain was deter-a conflict between where. The condition of where wretched econo-ers, has brought the estate of misery which arable. To this must arrest among artisans and when we add still lasting political trou-ct Spain, we shall a picture the lines of e reason for hoping and religious have a in store for them.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



MR. FRANCIS P. CRONIN.

Were it not that the personality of an editor is oftentimes very much in the background, even though his paper is well to the fore, we should not think it necessary to introduce to the readers of the "True Witness" the name of Francis Patrick Cronin as that of the editor and part owner of the "Catholic Register" of Toronto.

Mr. Cronin has the unique distinction of being the only professional Catholic editor in a city of two hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and has the privilege and responsibility of representing, to a certain degree at least, his thirty-two thousand or so, co-religionists, when he gives editorial utterance in his paper.

It is not, however, in connection with the "Catholic Register" alone, that Mr. Cronin is known in literary and journalistic fields; he is recognized otherwise as an active newspaper and magazine writer, and also as owner and compiler of the Canadian Catholic Directory. As part of his journalistic equipment he is an expert stenographer, tested, by years of tried experience, and he is possessor of one of the highest diplomas in the gift of the craft.

Mr. Cronin is of Irish birth and parentage, and was born in 1865. His initial training in journalism was gained on the staff of the "Cork Examiner." Coming to Canada in 1887 he was for some time connected with the "Montreal Herald," but shortly moved to Toronto, and for some years was editorial writer on the "Toronto Empire." He remained with this paper until its amalgamation with the "Toronto Mail," at which juncture he took editorial charge of the "Catholic Register," which charge he has since held.

Mr. Cronin belongs to no political society or club, but is nevertheless of strong Liberal and Radical opinions. As an Irishman with keen native sympathies for the Green Isle it is not surprising to know that he is likewise an Irish Nationalist, and that the interests and progress of this party have always his earnest and enthusiastic support.

The Irish Race Convention, called together at the suggestion of the late Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, had a number of representatives from Canada, and amongst them was Mr. F. P. Cronin; not only was he delegate, but he was also one of the secretaries of foreign delegations to that body, and likewise the delineator of its proceedings, and the pen-pictures in the "Register" of that date depicted things to its readers as if at close range.

At this moment when the thoughts of Catholics throughout Canada revert to Mgr. Merry Del Val, who made for himself an abiding place in the heart of the Dominion during the short time he remained in our midst, and whose promotion to an office which places him first in the society and confidence of Plus X., is everywhere regarded with pleasure, it is interesting to remember that on the occasion of his visit to Toronto, it was Mr. Cronin who had the honor of being secretary of the committee chosen to receive him. Again at the installation of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, it was Mr. Cronin who acted as secretary for the reception committee.

It is pleasant too to recall, as an instance of right feeling and action, that when the movement for the "Boyle Memorial" was inaugurated—a movement to memorialize the veteran journalist and grand Irishman Patrick Boyle—that Mr. Cronin was one of the most active in the attempt to make it a success. He acted in the capacity of secretary for the committee interested in the move-

ment, and opened the columns of his paper to circulate the matter and interest the public in its behalf.

In 1892 Mr. Cronin married Miss Frances Charlotte Boulton, a most amiable lady and a member of an old Toronto family; they have a family of four girls and three boys, and reside at 134 Lakeview Avenue.

Were it not encroaching on domestic privacy, it might be added that Mr. Cronin's home is a model one; one in which all the spare time of the head of the house is devoted to the care and educational advancement of his children.

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.—The great feast of All Saints seemed to have additional solemnity and beauty added to it from the fact that it fell on Sunday, and such a Sunday, one that could compare in balmy softness and warm winds with the early days of June. At the Cathedral everything wore an air in keeping with the festive time. At the High Mass the Cross and Crozier were loftily conspicuous in the sanctuary showing that the chief church of the diocese was in state, while the Archbishop in scope and mitre presided at the Throne. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Rholoder, with deacon and sub-deacon.

No sermon was delivered, but its place was taken by the encyclical of His Holiness, read by Rev. Dr. Treacy. The choir sang Mozart's First Mass, and at the Offertory an "Ave Verum," by Gounod. It was announced that on the following Thursday a Requiem Mass would be sung for the deceased bishops of the diocese, and on the next Sunday the annual collection in aid of the Sacred Heart Orphanage would be taken up by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

THE SUFFERING SOULS.—The period of petition for the suffering souls in Purgatory was inaugurated by special Vespers on the eve preceding, and by Requiem Masses on the sad and solemn day itself. The number of communicants in the churches was large, indicating that the dead are not forgotten, and that the doctrine of the Communion of Saints forms a vital part of Catholic belief.

It is the custom in Toronto to visit, on All Souls' Day, the cemetery—that silent Garden of God's planting—and there commune with the ones who in life were loved and in death are not forgotten; there, too, the prayer ascends to the ear of the pitying Father in answer to the incessant cry with which the place is filled. "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends have pity on me," but we of Toronto have never enjoyed the grand spectacle which the Catholic city of Montreal enjoys annually. Last year we read of your great procession to the cemetery and of the solemn ceremonies then enacted, and even the reading did one good. Such undertakings and scenes cannot but have the result of fairly impregnating the air with Catholicity, and those who witness them must surely feel as did the apostles of old, when they cried out "Lord it is good for us to be here."

SERMONS AT ST. PATRICK'S.—At the afternoon meetings of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, held in St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Father Schulte, C.S.S.R., is delivering a series of special sermons, which judging from the numbers in attendance, and from outside parishes, are proving more than ordinarily interesting. Two have already been delivered, one on a religious vocation, another on the married state, and a third which was to have been delivered on Sunday last, but was postponed on account of the feast, will be given on Sunday next on the subject of "Single Life."

A CATHOLIC CONSTABLE.—Some days ago the columns of the daily press told us of a daring hold up of a street car at midnight, and of the heroic conduct of a policeman, who all unaided overtook and captured the two armed desperadoes who committed the deed. This capture was of so unusual a character, that many in reading of it scarcely gave it credence; it seemed impossible that one man, even though that man were one of Toronto's brave police force, could face and overpower two desperate characters, who were evidently prepared to allow nothing to stand in the way of the accomplishment of their nefarious work. Yet the arrest was an accomplished fact, and the hardy and skillful officer who accomplished it, is P. C. Cronin.

Efforts are being made by Catholics here and through the columns of the "Catholic Register" to have this deed of daring meet with some tangible recognition from the police department, and at the same time to obtain a similar recognition for another Catholic, P. C. McCarron, who performed a similar act not long since; but so far we have not heard

that these efforts have met with success. One excuse for this tardy reward, taking it for granted that it must come in time, is that others have done deeds equally deserving, and yet no extra compensation was given. Even if this be true, it is not just reasoning; because right was not done in the past is no reason why such a state of things should continue. Then again it is doubtful if such captures—captures which require more courage in the performance than it does to face the enemy on the field—have been brought about often. In any case, those in the city, Catholic or Protestant, who love to see valor rewarded are anxious that in the cases under discussion, right should be done.

THE MILITARY EUCHRE held in the Temple Building on Thursday of last week, and the funds of which were to go towards the debt on the Convent of the Precious Blood, was a decided success. Most of the leading Catholics of Toronto who are prominent in acts of charity, were present. One hundred and sixty sat down to play, and the beautiful hall presented a most animated appearance. Mrs. Ross, Mrs. J. D. Warde and the other ladies who had the affair in hand, are to be congratulated.

SAD DEATH OF MR. LONG.—A most sad event was the death of Mr. Jeremiah Long, which occurred as the result of an accident from fire at his home in Whitby. Mr. Long was one of the best known and most respected of Whitby's people at one time being Mayor of the town; and his sudden death was a great shock to his many friends at home and in Toronto, where he was well known. He was a cousin of Archbishop O'Connor, and a brother-in-law of Rev. Father McBrady of Assumption College, Sandwich; and of Mr. L. V. McBrady, of Toronto; the latter gentleman had just reached Chicago where he had gone on business when the sad news summoning him to return reached him. The funeral took place on Saturday last, Rev. Father McBrady officiating at the Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Sheridan, of Pickering. The large cortege which followed the hearse to the Church, and the almost universal signs of mourning—the business of the town being almost suspended during its progress—spoke of the high esteem in which the deceased was held. After the Mass Father Sheridan spoke of the virtues of Mr. Long, and reminded his hearers that the altar at which the Mass had been offered, was the gift of deceased to the Church. A year ago when the old Church was burnt and replaced by the present structure, this altar had been given, and given so unostentatiously that the giving was known to none, not even to the wife of the giver until it was announced at the opening of the new Church. Mr. Long leaves a widow to whom a large share of sympathy goes out from many friends. May his soul rest in peace.

Happenings in Germany

A RELIC FOUND.—"A German priest, named Vincent Scheil, while making excavations in an ancient Babylonian city, has unearthed a school just as it was 4,000 years ago, in the time of King Hammurabi."

This is the wording of a despatch that comes from Berlin. The description of this relic is very interesting. It is a small house of sun-burned brick, and occupies a central place in the city of Zepur, just in front of the great temple. It has many inscribed bricks from which the cuneiform inscriptions can be traced—one of these says: "He who learns to write well in this school will shine as the sun." There were seven small rooms in the school, each with its various kinds of bricks. In one room were found bricks with grammatical exercises on them. The scholars sat on the ground and traced the signs on the soft bricks. Thumb marks of the teacher are found where he corrected errors. There was a room wherein higher scholars learned to write the highly poetical forms of adulation so often seen on Babylonian monuments. Much importance was attached to the learning of weights and measures, to arithmetic and geometry, but the chief branches were grammar, writing, and poetry. It is clear that the girls got about the same education as the boys. Father Scheil found contracts in which the language and law had been revised by a learned woman named Amatbaon. There is also proof that a pupil took from seven to fourteen years to make a full course of study. Again is it the Catholic priest who unearths the past for the benefit of the future.

Our Catholic Press And Those Who Criticize It.

When we write these head-words, I do not mean to talk about these, who are naturally opposed to us, especially to those of our Catholic press, those of our countrymen, who do not partake with us in the same religious belief—I intend to address my words to the men in our own camp, who criticize with more or less or no right even, our Catholic papers. It is, no doubt, easier to destroy, than to build up, to criticize than to correct, as man is more prone and able to judge the action of his fellowman than his own. If those men had to run one of the papers, they persecute with their criticisms, they surely would judge otherwise about the articles, children of their own brains, and they would be surprised to find out that their readers dare have quite another judgment about them, as themselves. Strange to say many of those torturers of a poor, struggling editor never gave him a helping hand, never paid a cent as subscription, or in any other way to aid him in his noble fight for the Catholic cause.

Many of them do not see the necessity of a Catholic press at all. What do we need a paper, for to propagate our faith—it is not enough that we get our religious instruction from the pulpit? First of all, my friend, the paper does not take the place of the pulpit for those, who gather around the latter and receive their religious information. But there are so many who are not in reach of the pulpit orator and have nevertheless some need of instruction. Further, our faith and its morals cut so deeply in the affairs of public life that in so many places the interests of our religion and public life meet—be it friendly or antagonistic—and in those cases a public statement, a public explanation is needed, which can only be given by the press.

Now among those who admit the necessity of having a Catholic press, and wish to see it flourish we find so many that do just the contrary of encouraging it, they criticize everything and everywhere. The shape does not please them, then the print is not according to the eyes of every reader, the articles are not as they should be, the English is not according to latest standard of literature, and then last, not least, the opinions expressed do not suit every one of the readers. Many of those complaints are unjust; first of all, they simply are nothing but the expression of a cranky disposition, which likes to criticize, to minimize whatever another man does. You can not expect every man to have your own opinion. An editor might be a man of sound judgment, but if you expect him to express always and every time your own thoughts you forget that human brains are quite different, and that the personality of every man allows him to look upon a thing otherwise than his neighbor. Further, how can you demand that the editor puts in every time just the things you like, since there are thousands of people besides you who have quite another taste. I dare say, that our Catholic papers have generally more solid reading matter than any other paper in the country—outside of the news of course. We cannot give in a weekly, news fresh and warm off the telegraph—quite naturally. Further the tendency of our papers does not allow us to fill our pages with all kinds of nonsense, as we find in our dailies.

But we can give you a resume of a week's events—political and social—with the necessary comments. If you complain about articles wanting the literary value or the clearness of judgment, as you understand it, or the authorship of a great name, remember with what difficulties a well-meaning editor has to struggle to keep his paper afloat.

To run a paper—a Catholic paper, as well as any other one—is a question of money, sorry to say it. Now you know very well how the money comes in there. There is certainly a proportion between the quality of the paper and the money it has. The more subscribers, the higher and the more lucrative are the advertisements in consequence the better is the financial

standard of the paper, we can make improvements, get good co-operators, and raise thus the quality of our publication. Now, my dear friend, make once an examination of conscience. You are a Catholic, you admit that we need a Catholic paper, that this paper can do a great deal of good for our holy religion. No doubt you are obliged to work for the interest of your faith, it is your sacred duty to aid the Catholic press, for you do not need have a prophetic eye to see that the time will come when we will need our Catholic press absolutely, to resist the attacks on our holy religion, and everything we hold sacred. I do not mean to say, that now our papers are a luxury, are not necessary; you know that there are many things now, not so as they ought to be concerning the position we Catholics hold in our country. Therefore, you must help, it is your sacred duty.

You critics do not give life to our paper; you criticized this paper for instance, and you never subscribed to it. You could help us by giving us some advertisements—you give hundreds of dollars every year to the non-Catholic press—and for your own you have no dollar to spare. Nevertheless, you call yourself a good Catholic; you fulfill all your religious duties; but here, my friend, you neglect one. Remember we have to bring sacrifices for our holy religion; and this I ask from you is a very small one.

Therefore do your duty in this line too. It is easy to criticize; but we do not need criticism, but your help.—Rev. Father Prim, in New Orleans Morning Star.

THE LESSONS OF THE NEWS.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Convent of the Sacred Heart at Netigah, N. S., was destroyed by fire Sunday.

CONSISTORIES.—A note from Rome says the Consistories have been fixed for the 9th and 12th inst.

A NEW VENTURE.—A hotel for Catholic women has been opened in New York. In its present quarters it will accommodate thirty women. It is not a charitable institution, but aims to supply all the protection and surroundings of a Catholic family to self-supporting young women.

TAMMANY WON.—The contest for supremacy of civic government of New York is over, and the nominee of Tammany is victorious. The daily press of that city—that is the section which claims to count its circulation by the hundreds of thousands, was bitterly opposed to the Tammany candidate.

EXIT COMBES.—According to the Paris "Figaro" Prime Minister Combes has decided to retire. Even he would have retired some time ago only that he feared to thereby compromise the passing of the budget in the Chamber of Deputies. By Christmas he will go out of his own free will, if he be not forced by an adverse vote to resign sooner.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—"During my travels through Europe," said Archbishop Ireland, recently, "I have discovered that the war against alcohol is spreading through every country on that continent. There is not a single country in Europe today that does not have its annual congress of anti-alcoholic workers, and these congresses are made up of the best physicians and the leading thinkers of each and every country."

CHRISTIAN BROTHER DEAD.—After a long life, thirty years of which were devoted to the Christian education of youth, Brother Peter, a member of the Order of the Christian Brothers, died at Martinez, Cal., the other day. For years the deceased had taught literature and rhetoric at St. Mary's College and St. Joseph's Academy. Years ago he contributed articles in prose and verse to the pages of the "Monitor." He was a native of Kildare, Ireland.

DRINKING MEN MUST GO.

Eighteen trainmen—thirteen brakemen and five conductors—were discharged from the service of the Nickel Plate Railroad, recently, because of their disregard of Rule Number 108, which prohibits the use of intoxicating liquor by the employees. Not long since, Superintendent Johnson issued an order stating that some of the men disregarded the rule, and would have to obey it or take the consequences. From the fact that the axe fell on the neck of eighteen of them afterward, the supposition is that they believed they could disregard the rule with impunity.

CATHOLIC SPIRIT.—The so-called ex-priest Ruthven made an attempt to deliver his scandalous lectures in Carlisle the other day, says an exchange, but met with an unpleasant reception. Copies of the Catholic Truth Society's pamphlet "Ruthven v. De Bom" were circulated, and handbills were issued offering \$50 to the Infirmary if he could disprove any of the statements made therein in reference to his career. About a hundred members of the Catholic Young Men's Society and others went in a body to the County Hall, where his meetings were to be held, and sang Catholic hymns. Ruthven was not listened to when he tried to speak, and finally the police cleared the hall.

A WARNING NOTE.—In remarks made recently at Dundalk, His Eminence Cardinal Logue said:—"There are followers of Combes even in this country. We had an example of it lately, and in a place where you would least expect it. The only university in Ireland in which Catholics can receive Degrees held a Convocation of its Graduates a few days ago, and it was simply a saturnalia of anti-Catholic bigotry. It was an object lesson to us of what a terrible condition we are in, when at this, the only place we can send our young men to obtain degrees and qualify themselves for the various walks of life—we have an attempt made at beginning the work aimed at by M. Combes."

CARNEGIE IN IRELAND.—This American millionaire, who is devoting no small share of his millions to endowing public libraries in various cities, was recently honored by having conferred upon him the freedom of the city of Waterford in recognition of his gift to a public library for that city. Mr. Carnegie, in acknowledging the compliment, said there were signs that Ireland would soon again become a princess amongst the sister nations.

Another report of Mr. Carnegie's millionaire munificence says:—"Andrew Carnegie, before embarking at Queenstown, Ireland, on the steamer Cedric for New York, contributed \$5,000 to help to purchase an organ for the Catholic Cathedral at Queenstown."

Catholic Endeavor In Switzerland.

From distant lands the lessons of a practical and enthusiastic public spirit in Catholic ranks, comes to us frequently. In the following note which we have taken from the "Messenger" magazine will be found striking evidences of the endeavors of Catholics of Switzerland in all departments of religious and social endeavor. It is as follows:—

These have become very influential, especially since their reorganization. The Catholic Society of Switzerland has 35,000 members. Its work is concerned with interior missions and patronages. Three thousand persons have found through it homes or asylums within recent years. It aids with money and publications the Catholic Society of Education, amongst whose objects are the formation of associations of Christian Mothers and the procuring of spiritual exercises for teachers. The Catholic Society aids, also, teachers' associations, the Society of the Catholic Youth of Switzerland and the work of Student Patronage, which aims at assisting ambitious and needy students. The purpose of the great society, Caritas, is the work of Christian charity. This society is as active in its own line as the Catholic Society is. It has patronages for children, servants, drunkards, nurses, etc. In Eastern Switzerland the Catholic Society has founded homes for abandoned children, deaf-mutes, young men and girls in commercial establishments, etc. There is a Society for the Diffusion of Good Books, which also interests itself in pacifying quarrels; also a Society of Catholic Statistics, etc. As the "Osservatore Romano" observes, "the field covered by all those societies is immense."

MORE NOTES FROM THE

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

FINE WEATHER is for it is the same in 1871. Ottawa. The real Indian on, and it seems almost as if the legislators of the day have spent a damp, w agreeable summer here that the days are getting spring-like feeling that the Canadian autumn. Lightful, they are all a city is like its old self. Parliament Buildings deserted castle of medieval. Yet there is considerable activity in the City circles; but it is all like—just as when after the house of the individual resumes its olden and gay.

A FINE LECTURE.—Mr. Ed. Mahon, one of our leading barristers and Canada's most famous gave a very delightful lecture in St. Patrick's Hall, leaving Ottawa to take a trip South, and it is to be hoped he may establish himself in California. But this is a decided matter. However, tainment took the form of well function. Mr. Mahon on "Trial by Jury," and his long experience, of years in both the civil courts, his lecture proved instructive, as well as entertaining affair. He also magnificent selections of consisting of classic music, odies and original compositions, the entertainment the loss to Ottawa, by his departure, the more serious. He is a charming musician, lawyer, and an eloquent. And when one man combines these in his own person, no question as to the entertainment that it

RELIGIOUS NOTES.—Mother Provincial of the Order of Notre Dame, who has her quarters at the Gloucester convent, returned this morning on a tour of inspection of the Order in Brockville, Cornwall points throughout Ontario. 3rd November she was presented given to His Archbishop of Kingston, on the occasion of his pastoral visit—the feast of St. Charles.

A beautiful statue of St. Charles has been added to the Gloucester street convent. It is the generous gift of gentleman who make an addition to that institution.

For November 12th, in Church, Bayswater, Mr. Caffrey, formerly of Montreal, director of the choir, has for a sacred concert, in a St. Vincent de Paul's Society parish. Among those who missed to take part are the Miss Louisa Baldwin, soprano, Miss St. Patrick's Church, Mrs. M. J. Mahon, soloist of St. Joseph's Church of Father T. P. O'Connorville; Messrs. John P. I. Caldwell, J. A. Casey, E. Geo. Andouin, and Professor of the Sacred Heart Church anticipated that the concert one of the best ever given. Prof. McCaffrey has enviable reputation for his choir-leader since he came Capital.

REWARDS.—A pleasing place last Tuesday, at a meeting of the Humane when Mayor Cook presented Amy Ritchie with the certificate. Lieut. Palmer with the given by the Royal Canadian Society for heroism, 28th, in saving the life of roughs in the St. Lawrence. The story is thus told in report of the event:—

"Miss Burroughs and Miss were bathing in the river

MORE NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Nov. 3.

FINE WEATHER is nothing new, for it is the same in Montreal as in Ottawa. The real Indian summer is on, and it seems almost a pity that the legislators of the country should have spent a damp, weary and disagreeable summer here, and now that the days are glorious, the spring-like feeling that comes with the Canadian autumn making it delightful, they are all away and the city is like its old self, while the Parliament Buildings resemble some deserted castle of medieval times. Yet there is considerable excitement and activity in the Capital's ordinary circles; but it is all more homelike—just as when after a party the house of the individual again assumes its olden and regular routine.

A FINE LECTURE.—This week Mr. Ed. Mahon, one of Ottawa's leading barristers and also one of Canada's most famous musicians, gave a very delightful entertainment in St. Patrick's Hall. Mr. Mahon is leaving Ottawa to take an extended trip South, and it is quite possible he may establish himself eventually in California. But this is not yet a decided matter. However, the entertainment took the form of a farewell function. Mr. Mahon lectured on "Trial by Jury," and considering his long experience, of over twenty years in both the civil and criminal courts, his lecture proved a very instructive, as well as exceedingly entertaining affair. He also gave some magnificent selections on the piano, consisting of classic music, Irish melodies and original compositions. In fact, the entertainment only made the loss to Ottawa, by Mr. Mahon's departure, the more seriously felt. He is a charming musician, a learned lawyer, and an eloquent speaker. And when one man combines all these in his own person, there can be no question as to the character of the entertainment that he can give.

IN IRELAND.—This lionaire, who is devoted to his millions to libraries in various parts of the world, is being honored by having upon him the freedom of Waterford in recognition of his services to a public library. Mr. Carnegie, in accepting the compliment, said that Ireland would become a princess among nations.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.—The Rev. Mother Provincial of the Congregation de Notre Dame, whose headquarters are at the Gloucester street convent, returned this week from visiting various houses of the Order in the United States. She at once left on a tour of inspection of other houses of the Order in Kingston, Brockville, Cornwall and other points throughout Ontario. On the 3rd November she was present at the reception given to His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, in that city, on the occasion of his paternal feast—the feast of St. Charles.

A beautiful statue of St. Ambalis has been added to the sanctuary of the Gloucester street convent chapel. It is the generous gift of a lady and gentleman who make an annual donation to that institution.

For November 12th, in St. Mary's Church, Baywater, Mr. W. J. McCaffrey, formerly of Montreal, and director of the choir, has arranged for a sacred concert, in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society of the parish. Among those who have promised to take part are the following: Miss Louisa Baldwin, soprano soloist of St. Patrick's Church choir; Mrs. M. J. Mahon, soloist soprano of St. Joseph's Church choir; Rev. Father T. P. O'Connor of Kennebec; Messrs. John P. Dunne, T. Caldwell, J. A. Casey, E. Madigan, Geo. Andouin, and Professor Cramer of the Sacred Heart Church. It is anticipated that the concert will be one of the best ever given in this section. Prof. McCaffrey has earned an enviable reputation for himself as a choir-leader since he came to the Capital.

REWARDS.—A pleasing event took place last Tuesday, at noon, at the meeting of the Humane Society, when Mayor Cook presented Miss Amy Ritchie with the certificate and Lieut. Palmer with the gold medal, given by the Royal Canadian Humane Society for heroism on July 28th, in saving the life of Miss Burroughs in the St. Lawrence river. The story is thus told in a full report of the event:— "Miss Burroughs and Miss Ritchie were bathing in the river when the

former got beyond her depth. Miss Ritchie jeopardized her life in a brave attempt to reach her friend. Lieut. Palmer was attracted by Miss Ritchie's cries, and ran to their assistance. After a hard struggle he rescued the two ladies, although if he had not been an expert swimmer he would have failed. Mayor Cook in making the presentation said he felt honored at the privilege of presiding at the function. The event was of special interest in view of the fact that Miss Ritchie was a daughter of the president of the society, and he congratulated her on having such a brave daughter. Lady Ritchie pinned the medal on Lieut. Palmer's coat. Lieut. Palmer replied suitably on behalf of Miss Ritchie and himself. Before dispersing the president thanked the Mayor for making the presentation and the assistance he rendered the society in many ways. Miss Burroughs who was rescued was present at the meeting."

CHURCH PARADES.—At a meeting of the Ministerial Association, held last Monday, a protest was made against the excessive number of Sunday parades, and a committee was named to look into the matter and to report at the next meeting. One of the members of this committee said that they did not consider these church parades, from a religious standpoint, as sincere. A little religion is mixed up in the Sunday parade as an excuse for a good turn out and for a military exercise calculated to increase the efficiency of the regiments. Then they say that the parades draw the children, and even older folks away from church and cause them to spend the Sunday on the street. While it is impossible to fully agree with the Association on this point, still there is a foundation of truth in their argument. By using the word "excessive" they certainly qualify the matter in a manner that makes the protest more reasonable. There is a great difference between the encouragement of military church parades that are not necessary, and merely got up for secular purposes, and the wholesale condemnation of the church parade. We can only speak as Catholics, and from our point of view, the regular church parade is a necessity for Catholic soldiers. We know that it is a strict obligation for the Catholic soldier to attend Mass on Sunday. But it often so happens that rules and military duties demand that he remain with his regiment. Then it is that the whole regiment, instead of parading at a drill hall, or on a field, as is done in weekdays, goes to the Church in a body and affords each one of the men the opportunity of obeying the law of the church while being faithful to the military discipline that governs him. Thus we could not agree to a general condemnation of the Church parade; but we believe the Association is right in protesting against an "excessive" indulgence in that class of military exercise.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS

PRESS EDUCATION.—In its Sunday issue of Nov. 1st, the progressive and modern news searcher, the New York "Herald," tells the story of an accident to a young assistant of electricians of the Kingsbridge Power House, which it states occurred in August, nearly three months ago. The title to the story is "Alive after 3,900 volts through his Brain: Astounding Survival of Frederick Flad from Tremendous Shock. His Fearful Visions of Hell and Demons."

This title, in the estimation of the sensational New York sheet, was not sufficient for its purposes, and the resources of its artist had to be requisitioned, with the result that the recital of the details is made more attractive by being interspersed with pictures of the scene.

In the story "A Passing Evangelist" is introduced! Here is one passage extracted from several columns: "While the man was manipulating the arms desperately a young evangelist of the neighborhood, the Rev. G. Bert Carpenter, hurried in, fell on his knees in great emotion and began praying, and continued praying while the men pumped in the frenzy of desperation. Such a scene was never before witnessed in a power house. The great engines, big enough to run an ocean steamer, were throbbing and thundering; the big dynamos roaring like a tornado and the brushes bathed in blue flame were sending their currents to all the lines between Harlem and Yonkers. Traffic could not stop even for a dying man. But fully one-half of this Niagara of bolt lightning had passed through the human body over which strong men were working and a clergyman praying."

AN ABOMINATION.—Female stenographers who work for the state of Nebraska, may not trip the light fantastic toe. Gov. Mickey has spoken, and declares dancing an abomination. "I am opposed to dancing," he said, "on moral grounds. Liberties are permitted in the ballroom not tolerated elsewhere."

A BISHOP AND SOCIETIES.—In referring to a recent Fair organized by a society in his diocese, Bishop

Will our readers ponder over those few notes and draw the lessons therefrom. We doubt it very much.

A HARD NUT TO CRACK.—A reporter of a Washington secular journal recently interviewed Bishop Potter, the noted and much inclined seeker after public notice, while he was in that city.

One of the questions which the representative of the press asked was the following:—

"Bishop, it has been repeatedly stated in print that there are 12,000,000 Roman Catholics in the United States proper, and with the 8,000,000 in the Philippines, every fourth person belonging to this country is a Roman Catholic. It is said that we now have more Roman Catholics than Spain has inhabitants. It is admitted by thinkers regardless of religious belief that Roman Catholic families, as a rule, possess more children than Protestant families. Do you believe that to be true, Bishop, and if so, what will be the condition of Protestantism in a few generations?" the correspondent asked.

"Probably," said the Bishop, "the Roman Catholic Church maintains a strict vigilance over many confiding heads of families, but you are now on a question that cannot be adequately discussed in an interview, and I would rather be excused from discussing that question any further."

RUNS ON BANKS.—A Montreal correspondent of a New York daily newspaper contributes a long drawn out and nonsensical essay on this subject, to which the editor has given a sub-heading, "The St. Louis episode, viewed from an outside market." From it we take this extract:—

It is true that here in Canada bank presidents and bank directors are drawn largely from the ranks of merchants and financiers. But neither the president nor the board of a Canadian bank has control of the lending policy. In administering the bank's affairs the general manager is king. I venture to say that scarcely one of our leading general managers would submit to active interference from his board. The function of the directorate here is to formally ratify the loans made and the business transacted by authority of the general manager. For the general policy of the bank, and the nature of its advances, the general manager has the chief responsibility; he is likely to resist pressure from directors quite as strongly as he resists it from outsiders."

Far more to the point, so far as our readers are concerned is the following editorial reference on the same subject made by the "Western Watchman," a Catholic weekly of that city. It says:—

"There was a terrible rattle of the toy safes in St. Louis the past week. All the little depositors of the trust companies were in panic, and for two days they disputed with the mules the traffic of the street. These trust companies should get rid of their toy banks altogether.

It would seem that a real raid on our banking institutions was planned by the brokers of rival cities. St. Louis is becoming one of the great money centres of the world, and she is getting the business that of right belongs to her. In the past great enterprises in this city and the West went to New York and Baltimore for financial backing. Now they can be accommodated here. It is as easy to borrow a million here now as it was to negotiate a loan for a few thousands twenty years ago. Mexico now looks to this city to float all its bonds. This has created jealousy on Wall street and elsewhere in the East, and the little furry of Tuesday and Wednesday was directly traceable to that jealousy. The soundness of the St. Louis financial institutions is universally recognized and the credit of the city is first-class.

We are proud that the two great trust companies presided over and patronized largely by Catholics were so able to withstand the wild raid on their vaults. The lesson of the scare should be to drop the toy bank depositor."

When Archbishop O'Connor was named to the archdiocese of Toronto, Father Bayard was appointed administrator of the London diocese until the elevation of Mgr. McEvay to that See. May his soul rest in peace.

TROUBLES OF RASTUS.

"Magistrate—Rastus, I see you are here again. I believe you have been tried and convicted seven times for stealing."

Rastus—"Yes, judge, it seems to be nuffin' but trials and temptations wid me in dis life."

Ludden made the following remarks and announced regulations for the future in connection with church and society undertakings. From a report in one of our Catholic exchanges we take the following extracts. His Lordship said:—

"It is, then, somewhat surprising to others, as well as humiliating to itself, to cast itself on the public for support, and I regret very much to find Catholic people, even when enticed by dances and amusements, contributing to the support of such society, which presumable and professionally is amply able to take care of itself.

I am still more sorry to find priests take part in and encourage such enterprises. Churches, orphanages and hospitals have a claim on public support.

Societies gotten up for their own amusements, whether social or mutually benevolent and commercial, ought to depend on themselves, not on public charity or benevolence, for support, and, instead of being at any time a burden, ought to be at all times ready to assist and support really religious and charitable works.

To prevent and guard against abuses in connection with church and society picnics, excursions, festivals, etc. the following regulations are prescribed:

First—Societies that are organized for beneficial purposes, and whose benefits are confined to their own members, or societies that are organized for private ends and interests, cannot be permitted to appeal to the public by picnics, excursions, festivals, suppers, lectures, etc., to raise funds for their own private use and benefit. Public appeals must be for public charities, and societies cannot be permitted to appeal to the public except where the moneys so raised are to be used for and in the interest of some public charity.

Second—All kinds of round dancing, night dancing, dancing in halls or ballrooms, for the purposes of public charities are strictly and unqualifiedly forbidden.

Abuses, dissipation and scandals easily and imperceptibly glide into amusements that are not subject to law and order. The attention of the presiding officers of the various Catholic societies throughout the diocese is called to the diocesan law strictly forbidding all kinds of round dancing, night dancing in public halls or ballrooms, whether for church purposes, public charities, or for the benefit of such societies. No Catholic societies are permitted to have such dances. If they violate the diocesan law, as above mentioned, they cannot in future be recognized as Catholic societies."

Death of Vicar-General Of London Diocese.

The announcement of the death of a distinguished member of the clergy of the diocese of London—Very Rev. Joseph Bayard, V.G., is made by the press of that city.

Father Bayard, was born at Ogdensburg, N.Y., on the 16th of May, 1835. When five years of age he went to school at Isle Perrot, Quebec, and at the age of seven, in company with an elder brother, the late Rev. Edward Bayard, he entered the College of St. Teresa, Quebec, where he remained for eight years, finishing his collegiate course at the age of fifteen. He then went to Montreal and entered the Sulpician Seminary, where he made his theological course, remaining there until 1853, when he accompanied the late Right Rev. Bishop Pinsonneault to London, Ont., as Bishop's secretary. When the Episcopal See was changed from London to Sandwich, Father Joseph Bayard went to Sandwich with Bishop Pinsonneault. In 1858 he went to the Seminary in Baltimore, Md., preparatory to his ordination. He was ordained in Montreal on the 19th of March, 1859.

During his long and notable career he had been pastor in Ingersoll, Eganville, Windsor and St. Thomas, in all of which he has left monuments of his great zeal and administrative capacity.

When Archbishop O'Connor was named to the archdiocese of Toronto, Father Bayard was appointed administrator of the London diocese until the elevation of Mgr. McEvay to that See. May his soul rest in peace.

The Rule Of the Secular Tyrant.

Under the heading "A Doomed Church," the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, England, furnishes the following outline of a proposal to deal with the relations between Church and State:

Our contemporary says:—

On the eve of the rising of the Chamber, the French Government, in accordance with a vote of the House, commissioned M. Briand to draw up a scheme for the future relations between Church and State. That gentleman has completed his task, and each Deputy is now possessed of a copy of his proposals, which, at an early date—that is, as soon as the Military and Secondary School Bills are passed—will become the subject of Parliamentary debate. How fierce that debate is likely to be a perusal of M. Briand's scheme shows at a glance. He proposes the freedom of the Church from the State in order that the State may more quietly and securely destroy the Church; her death is to be a euthanasia! The programme is as simple as it is effective. The Republic will permit all creeds, but recognize none more than another. It will pay not a penny in support of any religion, and, from the date of these proposals becoming law, all agreements to the contrary lapse. The embassy at the Vatican will cease. From the first day of January subsequent to the promulgation of the law, no minister of religion in France shall be paid any subvention from public funds. From that date, too, the use of all churches, cathedrals, presbyteries, episcopal palaces, seminaries, etc., shall be no longer gratuitous and free; the buildings shall belong to the State as of right. With regard to such property as the Faithful, at their own cost, have provided, the committees in each locality who are to have charge of matters of worship shall divide it among them, to be applied to purposes of religion. All ministers of religion who have, for twenty years at least, received salaries from the State, and are aged forty-five years or more, are to have a pension, proportioned to their years of service, not falling below £24, nor rising above £48! How men are to live on this miserable subvention M. Briand does not stay to explain. If his proposals pass, they will clearly inflict great hardship upon dispossessed Bishops and priests in France.

All ecclesiastical buildings, then, revert to the State, which, indeed, already claims the ownership of them. However, such edifices as may be shown to have been erected since the Concordat, by private monies, i. e., without State funds, may be reclaimed, and will, on proof, be given to the "civil committee" in charge of public worship in each locality. And the "civil committees" may hire, for a period of ten years, the parish churches, etc., on payment of a rent out of their annual revenue for religious purposes, the committees in every case finding the funds for repairs. These "civil committees" play a great part in M. Briand's programme; they receive the collections, etc., and may form unions with their neighbors, and work under a central control; that is, they are to take the place of the hierarchy as at present established in France, or, in other words, the Church is to become a department of the State. And in that department the police are supreme. A congregation of worshippers is put under the police regulations as completely as a gathering of politicians. Quite a number of offences, with fines, is drawn up. Speaking of politics in the church; constraining persons to support or be present at religious services, or to observe holidays; causing disorder therein; these and similar offences are punishable by fine or imprisonment. If a minister of religion reads in church a pastoral, or himself delivers a sermon, offensive to any member of the Government, or Deputy of Parliament, he shall be fined or put in gaol; and should he incite people to resist any act of the Government, he may be imprisoned for three years. And, furthermore, the Government, for any such offence, may deprive the

congregation of the building in which it has been permitted to worship. This is not all. No external manifestation of religion, in the way of processions, etc., shall take place without permission from the mayor of the Commune. The municipality alone regulates henceforth the ringing of church bells. Nor may a religious emblem be erected or affixed anywhere outside churches or cemeteries, and such as now exist shall be removed, unless reasons of art or history lead the State to permit them to remain. Nay, the very cemeteries are taken over and put under police supervision, and the blessing or consecrating of the whole or a part of one is forbidden. The emblems and inscriptions on the tombs are to be regulated by the civil authorities, and no distinction henceforth shall be lawful between suicides, unbaptized and others, or between any forms of creed, in the burial of the dead.

But enough of all this. One's mind runs back to the Thugs. Was there ever such a manifest plot to strangle a Church as this scheme of M. Briand sets forth? And it is no mere idle and academic proposal. The Government, and above all, its chief Minister, M. Combes, mean business. The French Church is on the edge of a razor, as the old Greeks would say. Its condition at the moment, its prospects in the future, afford no ground of hope. Amid a population largely hostile and more largely indifferent it can look for no loophole of escape from its perplexities, can expect no support in its struggles. Like Sion, it is immured inside the lines of its foes. Break out it cannot, and only starvation faces it within. Its Bishops are powerless, its clergy dispirited, its laity apathetic, or, where zealous, unused to fight. Mole ruit sua; perhaps no other words sum up its fate and the cause of it. Learning for ever on the State, fearful to walk on its own strength; its limbs have atrophied, it has grown hidebound, it has ceased to be organic; a mere mass, it has tumbled to the ground. Not even its friends hope to be able to set it up again. With no unity, no programme, no leaders, it is dragged like a victim to the slaughter, and neither David nor Sisyphus can prophesy its deliverance. Meanwhile its enemies exult. They gather round it like birds of prey. They wait the dawn of the morn when they shall, by their decree, hand it over to death and destruction. For, be it clearly borne in mind, and what we have said above is proof sufficient, they have no intention of setting it free from the State in order that it may live; they will free it in order that it may die. The French Church lived by its submission to the Holy See; it will die by its subjection to the "civil committees" which are to rule it henceforth. And then, once more, men will see how dangerous it is for religion to rely on the State, for the priest to be fed by the prince. Cardinal Newman was right: "The very moment the State enters into the Church, it shows its nature and its propensities, and takes up a position which it has never changed, and never will. Kings and statesmen may be, and have been, saints; but in being such they have acted against the interests and traditions of kingcraft and statesmanship. Constantine died, but his line of policy continued." His policy has destroyed the French Church, and, while kings are Christians no more, it will destroy yet other churches in their turn.

Retreat for Ladies at Gesu.



THE PREACHER.

The English ladies' retreat in the Gesu, Bury street, will open on Monday, 16th inst. The sermons will be at 9 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. The afternoon sermon will be followed by Benediction. Rev. J. G. O'Bryan, S. J., will preach the retreat.

Old Letters.

By a Regular Correspondent.)

This is not an old letter; it is very new, for it was written in August last. My correspondent who is in France, and whose letter of the 9th August last struck me as being worthy of publicity, especially on account of the good it might do, has given a very forcible expression to his views regarding the state of political affairs in France to-day. The letter covers fourteen closely written pages of note paper; but all of it is not of public interest. I will simply extract therefrom the portion that deals with the great political, and consequently religious and social, problems in France to-day. Before taking such a liberty I had written my friend and asked his permission, and two days ago I received a reply granting the same, provided I did not make public use of the passages in which he speaks of some public men in Canada. I obey, but certainly I would have liked to reproduce this writer's estimate of some leading public men of this country. But that is out of the question; the letter then runs thus:—

Lyons, France,
9th Aug., 1903.

Dear Friend:—
"I have six hours of solitude—forced solitude—at my disposal, and I intend to spend a part of that time in writing to you on any subject that comes into my head." (I now skip eight pages).

"Have you read 'Problemes Politiques du Temps Present,' by Emile Faguet, of the French Academy? It was published in 1901, and seems to be a continuation of his 'Questions Politiques,' a work that had its hour of sensation and that paved the way to this his second, and as he states, his last production. Possibly you have not seen the work. In any case I wish to let you know what this writer has to say concerning Parliamentary Government in France. His definition and his explanation thereof constitute a very satisfactory explanation of the condition of affairs in this country to-day—especially since the present Premier took up the sword of persecution against all that stands for religion and good morals, order and stability.

"Faguet, thus defines Parliamentary Government: The government of a country by the country represented by delegates. We call them deputies in your country they are called members of Parliament. Then he continues: 'Until 1870 a species of Parliamentary Government existed; but not a Parliamentary Government as is thus defined; for, either it was not the country that was represented by the Parliament, or else the parliaments represented the country, but were obedient to wishes other than those of the people.

"From 1815 to 1848, Parliamentary Government existed; but the parliamentarians did not represent the country. They represented a very small fraction of the nation. They were the delegates of an aristocracy. They thus sustained, during the third of a century, a government that was clearly aristocratic, the best, also, or at least the least objectionable, in my mind, that France has had; but it was not a Parliamentary Government,—according to our definition. From 1852 to 1870 the Emperor named the deputies and had his nominations ratified by a plebiscite; but this was not Parliamentary Government. Thus before 1852 an aristocratic parliamentary government existed; before 1870 a government by plebiscite existed, and since 1870 we have had a Democratic Parliamentary Government, that has not given us very satisfactory results.

"France is governed during eight months—for her sessions average that number—by the Chamber of Deputies, and four months by a ministry; that is to say, eight months of Parliamentary Government, by a parliament that represents a small fraction of the people, and four months by a despotism called a ministry. And in the four months the despotism either destroys the effects of the rare good laws passed by the Chamber during the eight months, or else puts into vigorous execution the bad laws that it created. During the sessions the ministers are the humble slaves of the Deputies; during the recess they take their revenge, either timidly or violently, according to their different characters; and there is nothing on

earth more like real anarchy than the presence in the country of two different and rival governments, each taking its inings, and neither of them representing the will of the people.

"Such is the opinion of Faguet the academician. And he is right; and never was the absurdity of this system of so-called Parliamentary Government more clearly demonstrated than in the present condition of affairs in France. The delegation to the Chamber of Deputies does not represent France, any more than it did from 1815 to 1852, and from 1852 to 1870. It represents "a very small fraction" of the French people, and that fraction may be subdivided into four elements—Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, Radicals—and the four combined bear the common seal of Masonic, or secret society, origin. And that deputation rules for some eight months; passes one or two good laws; a score of indifferent laws; and some one huge monster of an all-sweeping iniquitous law. And during the next four months the ministers spend their time destroying the effects of the good laws, playing pitch and toss with the indifferent laws, and putting into execution—some with timidity, others with violence—that great, big, bad law. At present you have this illustrated in the action of the Chambre in passing the 'Law of Associations,' and the action of M. Combes in putting it into violent and brutal execution. And neither Combes, nor his ministry, nor the Chamber of Deputies represents the people—and they call this Parliamentary Government. If they could only turn their eyes to your young Canada and contemplate the scene there, the representation by popular vote, the ministry responsible to Parliament, the Premier answerable to crown and people for his public course, they could learn a lesson that would put them to shame if there yet remains in their breasts a ghost of such a feeling."

I will add no comment to this. It is its own commentary; but I felt it would be a shame to have hidden from the public such a letter.

Women As Inventors.

The United States patent office was opened in 1790, but women are not entered in its list of patentees until 1809. The first invention—can you guess what it was? No. It wasn't a corset, but the second invention (in 1815) was, and from that day to this about every sixth device patented by women is a corset. That's food for reflection for dress reformers. No drawings remain to-day of those early stays. You must guess what they were like, if in this day of straight fronts and flexible boning you are curious concerning the cumbersome frames in which our ancestors encased their fair form. The very first invention was a device for weaving straw or thread. It is typical of the inventions that follow, for they pertain, with few exceptions, to two divisions—those things that concern a woman's health, dressing and personal adornment, and those things that concern her household and her family.

Some of the strictly feminine inventions are a stocking-heel protector, evidently the patentee was the mother of boys; improved shoe lacing, hair-curling apparatus, safety belts, hygienic bustles, skirt protectors, bosom pads, hair crimpers, safety pockets, and a toe protector for children's shoes. One, Harriet M. Fisher of New York, in whom the eternal feminine seems to have been strong, invented an improved rouge pad in 1867, and one, May E. Harrington of Oakland, Cal., of whom the records do not say whether she was married or not, but she must have been—was given a patent on a mustache guard in 1889. A few, not many, toys have been invented, among them a manikin made of an egg-shell and a strand of twisted wire, the joint organization of Miss Stella Sweet of Kansas City and W. F. Sweet of Saint Louis.

Household devices include washing machines galore, and all sorts of attachments to sewing machines, such as that for quilting, tucking and pleating apparatuses, and threading devices. There are dish-washers, washboilers, egg-beaters, a steaming apparatus for shaping pantaloons, a pea-shelling machine, folding crib, folding wardrobe and chiffonier, baby-walker, detachable coffee pot handle and a device for holding paper over cake in the oven. The medicinal devices are syringes, hot water bottles, atomizers, douch pans, shoulder braces and remedies for diphtheria, coughs, worms and other maladies that women and children are heir to.

The Way of the Drunkard In England.

In an article to the "New York American," Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M. P., thus refers to "The New English Licensing Act." He says:—
The new act which came into force on the first of January is not a great measure, but it is a useful one, and it has already attracted a considerable amount of attention, although the operation of several of its most important provisions has not yet been felt.

The drunkard is having a somewhat anxious time. Formerly he could not be arrested for mere drunkenness. He could be summoned and fined, but that was seldom done. The result was that if he was not also disorderly he usually escaped. Now he may be apprehended if he be drunk and apparently incapable of taking care of himself. The police should therefore make arrests in those cases where a drunken man is being taken home and is with difficulty being kept on his feet by one or two companions. Clearly if he requires one or two other men to take care of him he is "incapable of taking care of himself."

The clause which gives magistrates power to order that an habitual drunkard shall not be supplied with drink for three years appears to have spread consternation amongst well known inebriates. It should be noted, however, that it is not sufficient to prove that he has been convicted of drunkenness three times during the previous twelve months. It must also be proved that he is an habitual drunkard. On the other hand, the risk of incurring three convictions has been largely increased by the new power of arresting for simple drunkenness, which has already been referred to, and also by the extension of the definition of "a public place," so that it now includes "any place to which the public have access, whether on payment or otherwise." That it will be difficult to give full effect to this part of the act in large towns is obvious. But in all places of, say, less than 50,000 people there are notorious drunkards who are well known to every publican, and the supply of liquor to them can now be easily put a stop to without any practical difficulty. In large cities habitual inebriates are also usually widely known in the district in which they live and drink, and while it will be quite possible for them to go further afield for their supplies, so doing will involve much greater risk for arrest for drunkenness, as they will have a much greater distance to traverse when returning to their homes.

Further, not only are publicans and others liable to punishment for supplying these "listed" people with drink, but the inebriate is liable to a fine for obtaining, or attempting to obtain, it for himself; and that, of course, applies whether those from whom he obtained, or attempted to obtain, it did or did not know that he was a "listed" person. Consequently, such an inebriate is liable to punishment not only for being drunk, but for obtaining even a single glass of liquor at any licensed premises or a club.

A further provision is that any person who is convicted of drunkenness may now be required to enter into a recognizance, with or without sureties, to be of good behavior. It is clear, therefore, that by these numerous changes, which mutually extend and strengthen each other, the meshes of the law, through which a large number of drunkards have hitherto escaped, have been very materially reduced in size and proportionately increased in efficiency.

While many of the victims of our drinking system, whose opportunities for degrading and destroying themselves will be greatly limited, will probably at first feel that life is so little worth living under such conditions that they will be disposed to commit suicide straight away, as one of them is reported to have done, or to explain, with the man at Islington who was "listed," "Why don't you hang me and have done with it?" a very large number will receive the prohibition with relief, and be thankful that at last some slight effort is to be made by the community to protect them against themselves and also against the temptations with which the selfishness of

sellers and consumers of drink and the failure of licensing justices properly to discharge the duties imposed upon them have beset their path.

The clause which enables a married man or woman to obtain an order of separation from his wife or her husband because he or she is an habitual drunkard is an extremely important new departure. That a wife should be able to get rid of a hopelessly drunken husband is obviously just, necessary and humane. That there are also a number of cases in which husbands who are cursed with drunken wives should be able to get a separation from them is equally true. But the case of the drunken wife will often stand on a very different footing from that of a drunken husband, and the clause, so far as it refers to separation orders against wives, will need to be administered with the greatest caution. If a man who has driven his wife to drink by his own bad conduct can then easily get rid of her, gross wrongs may thereby be facilitated. It also seems right that the probable future fate of the separated wife should be most carefully considered by the justices in each case. Before a separation order can be obtained against a wife it must be proved that she is an habitual drunkard as defined by the Act of 1879. According to that act an habitual drunkard is a person who, although not a lunatic in the legal sense of the term, "is by reason of habitual intemperate drinking of intoxicating liquor, at times dangerous to himself, herself, or other, or incapable of managing himself or herself and his or her affairs."

Clearly it will be impossible for such a person to earn her livelihood when she is turned away from her husband and home. Consequently, if a separation order be made without it being definitely ascertained that either, with the amount to be allowed to her by her husband or with that and the assistance of her friends the wife will be able to secure a home, it is obvious that only the very worst results can follow, and the woman will practically be sentenced to a career of unspeakable degradation, misery and vice. Of course there may be cases where the justices may feel that the injury done and the misery caused to the husband and his children by his wife, who has become a drunkard through no fault of his, is, and will continue to be, so great and serious that it must be put a stop to even at the risk of such a fate for the inebriate woman as we have indicated. But it is earnestly to be hoped that magistrates will remember all the bearings of these cases when considering them, and that when the risks referred to are present they will make the fullest use, and bring all their influence to bear upon the wives to induce them to avail themselves of the proviso which enables the magistrates, with the consent of the wife, to send her to an inebriate home for a definite period, instead of making a separation order.

There are a number of useful provisions in the act concerning the granting and transferring of licenses, the control of licensed premises, and the conduct of holders of licenses. In several directions powers given under the old law have been, so to speak, "tightened up" and made more precise, definite and imperative. The specific control and the direct means of enforcing it, which justices are given over the construction and alteration of licensed premises, includes not only all internal and external communications with the parts where drinks are sold, but also anything "which gives increased facilities for drinking or conceals from observation any part of the premises used for drinking." It is hoped that now licensing justices will deal stringently not only with back doors and side entrances, but also with those internal screens, partitions and "snugs" which are so detrimental to the liquor trade and so detrimental to public well-being. The additions which have been made to the list of licenses, the granting and renewal of which are at the full discretion of justices, while far too meagre, are to the good as far as they go. The relief of justices from the risk of being involved in personal costs in connection with appeals against their decisions was a much needed and will be a highly appreciated reform, as is also the small step which has been taken in the direction of purifying the administration of the licensing laws by placing some restriction upon the extent to which solicitors who are clerks to the licensing justices may be personally interested in licensing matters which come before their bench.

On the whole, if the licensing justices of the country will regard this

act as, what it really is, a stimulating and empowering piece of legislation, and use the great powers which they possess, they may do much to reduce the "gigantic evil" which is our national degradation."

We have no space to refer to the portion of the act which refers to clubs. It is the first step in a right direction in a very important matter. During recent years, owing to the lax state of the law, a large number of clubs which have been little more than public houses without a license and free from the restrictions to which the sale of drink is elsewhere subject, have sprung up freely. The evil is a great one, and it would have spread rapidly. This act introduces a much needed check. I have no doubt that it will be found necessary to go further in the same direction, and also to declare that the supply of drink to members of a club is legally a sale, as for all practical purposes it is. As public houses are reduced in number and the restrictions and regulations affecting them become more stringent, the difficulties and dangers connected with drinking clubs will increase and the necessity for further legislation to control them will become more and more apparent.

MAN OR THE DOLLAR

(From the Providence Visitor.)

In the rush for wealth and in the use of the dollar so much as the standard of human measurement are we not losing sight of the man and dignifying the thing that is simply his handiwork? The acquisition of wealth, when such acquisition is made without any stain on the method pursued, without injustice to the rights and interests of others and with the idea of being more useful in the world is in every way commendable and desirable; but in these days there has developed a sordid mania for the accumulation of vast fortunes without regard to the means employed so long as the restraining power of the law is avoided and without any care for the injury that may be inflicted. The latter kind of a race for wealth makes for the moral decadence of any country and for the creation of a class that is inimical to the security and perpetuity of the national life.

Man is the unit of all endeavor and it will not do to ignore him and his rights in the calculation of wealth getting. The vast corporate interests of the nation have no doubt a tremendous power and that power is constantly expanding until it has almost reached the danger line. The dollar is mightily potent, but overtopping its power is the popular will of the people whenever that will is called into play for its own protection. There is a decided danger in crowding people too far, and every lover of his country; of order and of his kind may well sound a warning note for a larger consideration of the Man and a less deification of the Dollar than is unhappily intruding itself upon American life.

If there is a political restlessness that asserts itself in the organization of parties of impossible aims led by irresponsible dreamers is not the reason for such disturbance of the mental equilibrium to be found in the conditions that the selfishness of the hour is imposing? Our Napoleons of finance and of industry in too many instances seem to have parted company with their consciences, and with all the finer sensibility that makes for the general good, and thus great abilities that would add immeasurably to the benefit of the age if exercised in a more just and humane way are employed solely—and simply with a view of personal gain, and with a method as merciless as it is reprehensible and despotic. The industry of the small manufacturer that he has placed on a profitable footing through years of honest and energetic endeavor is wiped out remorselessly, the opportunity for open and fair competition is ruthlessly removed, and not satisfied with this, the halls of legislation are invaded and even the restraining authority of the Federal Government defied.

The question is a timely and pressing one as to whether the Man or the Dollar shall rule, and when the time arrives for an answer that shall leave no doubt on the subject, let us all devoutly hope that it may be gov-

en in a manner that will not be volcanic in its nature. May there be a re-enthronement of conscience of the dominating power in the financial business and commercial world and then will follow an era when it will be stupid to ask the question—Man or the Dollar?

MATERIAL AIMS.

"We live in a world that thinks and speaks," said he; "and goes about its daily round of business or of pleasure as if the human race had no other responsibility than the satisfaction of the needs of the passing hour. There seems to be no room for God in the scheming brains of men. They lose sight of the future and live wholly in the present; they strive after a low kind of success with such enthusiasm that the highest ideal of life would appear to consist in the number of figures a man may write after his name. Religious obligations are dismissed with the empty remark that they are not clear enough to be taken into serious account. Liberty is over-estimated. Self-assertion has been exaggerated into a sort of fifth cardinal virtue, and has displaced the noble virtues of obedience, reverence, and awe." — Rev. Dr. Shannahan.

WORK.

Work makes the workman. That truth is as certain as important as that as that the workman makes his work.

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Catholic Indians In United States

A correspondent of the weeklies chronicles the re- Mississipi of the Catholic Indians. When Andrew J. president he procured the many people of that nation Indian Territory, but he refused to move and have the land of their birth u- ly. Writing of those that Scharf says in his accou- 40:

"Bishop Janssens of I- towards Archbishop of N- established a mission amo- Mississipi Choctaws. Fath- took charge of this- through his untiring effo- ally all accepted the Cate- gion. When Father Beck- grown old in the service- effort to obtain a young- take up the work, but in- ed. He finally went to Et- there was able to induce t- the Fathers of Holland to- "The land allotted to- laws in the Indian Territ- be divided in recent times, came necessary that the- Choctaws move to the ter- settle on their land. As a- mission was broken up, a- spring irresponsible partic- move the Choctaws from- and to settle them among- law and Chickasaw nation- Indian Territory.

"Realizing the importan- ing these people located in the vicinity of Catholic ch- Choctaws in the territory- Catholics. Cardinal Gibbo- led Father Ketcham to M- Mississipi and the Indian Ter- learn what could be don- that end. The task was, something stupendous. Af- ever the field and negotiat- the secretary of the interio- Dawes commission, who bo- favorably disposed towards- Father Ketcham found it- to have them located in o- but succeeded in colonizing- some extent near churches, undertook the arrangement- bishop of the Indian Territ- low their missionaries- them, and to persuade the- Fathers to remove to the- and assume the charge of t- scattered flock. One obstac- way was the unwillingness- Indians to leave Mississipp- the present time nearly all- have gone.

"The result of several m- negotiations on the part of- rector of the Catholic Indi- is that during this month o- the Carmelite community w- remove to the Indian Terr- cating at Antlers, which, way, is Father Ketcham's- sion, and taking charge of- tual welfare of the entire- and Chickasaw tribes, inclu- new comers. They will esta- eral mission centers and go- in a truly apostolic way. very able and zealous missio- who have already given ev- their ability in this field.

"The superior of the community is the Very Rev. tine Breek, O.C.C., and the Bishop of the Indian Territ- be congratulated upon the- tion of this energetic body- sionaries. Enormous difficu- encountered in the execution- plan of removal, and the o- their successful solution is- tionably due to the Rev. Ketcham, the director of the- of Catholic Indian Missions- The Choctaw Catholics, as- in Mississippi, were a sim- fensive people. They did sm- ing in Neshoba County, in- chez diocese, and besides di- work which was disposed of- surrounding towns. Their- fault was that frequently- lowed themselves to be at t- of sellers of ardent spirits. no question but the priests- voted their lives to them d- full duty. But outside influen- often corrupting. There were- good Catholics among them, number were indifferent. The- church, Our Lady of the Ha- rry, picturesquely located, Sisters of Mercy conducted a- for the young Indians, yet t- was poorly attended as a r- the remnant of the Semino- Zunis yet remaining in F- Florida, the Choctaws did- to take kindly to education,

Catholic Indians In United States.

A correspondent of the current weeklies chronicles the removal from Mississippi of the Catholic Choctaw Indians. When Andrew Jackson was president he procured the removal of many people of that nation to the Indian Territory, but hundreds refused to move and have remained in the land of their birth until recently. Writing of those that stayed Dr. Scharf says in his account referred to:

"Bishop Janssens of Natchez, afterwards Archbishop of New Orleans, established a mission among the Mississippi Choctaws. Father Becklers took charge of this work, and through his untiring efforts practically all accepted the Catholic religion. When Father Becklers had grown old in the service he made an effort to obtain a younger priest to take up the work, but in this he failed. He finally went to Europe, and there was able to induce the Carmelite Fathers of Holland to come over.

"The land allotted to the Choctaws in the Indian Territory had to be divided in recent times, and it became necessary that the Mississippi Choctaws move to the territory to settle on their land. As a result the mission was broken up. Early last spring irresponsible parties began to move the Choctaws from Mississippi and to settle them among the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations in the Indian Territory.

"Realizing the importance of having these people located in a body in the vicinity of Catholic churches, the Choctaws in the territory not being Catholics, Cardinal Gibbons authorized Father Ketcham to go to Mississippi and the Indian Territory to learn what could be done toward that end. The task was, of course, something stupendous. After looking over the field and negotiating with the secretary of the interior and the Dawes commission, who both were favorably disposed towards the plan, Father Ketcham found it impossible to have them located in one place, but succeeded in colonizing them to some extent near churches. Then he undertook the arrangement with the bishop of the Indian Territory to allow their missionaries to follow them, and to persuade the Carmelite Fathers to remove to the territory and assume the charge of the widely scattered flock. One obstacle in the way was the unwillingness of some Indians to leave Mississippi, but at the present time nearly all of them have gone.

"The result of several months of negotiations on the part of the director of the Catholic Indian Bureau is that during this month of October the Carmelite community will finally remove to the Indian Territory, locating at Antlers, which, by the way, is Father Ketcham's old mission, and taking charge of the spiritual welfare of the entire Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes, including the new comers. They will establish several mission centers and go to work in a truly apostolic way. They are very able and zealous mission priests who have already given evidence of their ability in this field.

"The superior of the Carmelite community is the Very Rev. Augustine Breck, O.C.C., and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Indian Territory is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of this energetic body of missionaries. Enormous difficulties were encountered in the execution of this plan of removal, and the credit for their successful solution is unquestionably due to the Rev. William Ketcham, the director of the bureau of Catholic Indian Missions."

The Choctaw Catholics, as known in Mississippi, were a simple, inoffensive people. They did small farming in Neshoba County, in the Natchez diocese, and besides did basket work which was disposed of in the surrounding towns. Their greatest fault was that frequently they allowed themselves to be at the mercy of sellers of ardent spirits. There is no question but the priests who devoted their lives to them did their full duty, but outside influences were often corrupting. There were many good Catholics among them, but a number were indifferent. They had a church, Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, picturesquely located, and the Sisters of Mercy conducted a school for the young Indians, yet the latter was poorly attended as a rule. Like the remnant of the Seminoles and Zunis yet remaining in Southern Florida, the Choctaws did not seem to take kindly to education, although

they loved the Sisters. Perhaps it is best that they shall be taken from under the influences that certainly did not help them in the south. Among their own people the influence of the church may become more apparent. Neshoba County will lose a picturesque people, but it may be for the betterment of the two or three hundred that go forth. There is another colony of Choctaws somewhere in Arkansas, there is yet no report of their removal to Indian Territory. Many, if not most, of these also are Catholics.—E. W. Harney, in the New World.

Notes for Farmers.

In 1850 the average standard hog, in the United States, for packing or farm meat was from one year to eighteen months old; now it is from six to twelve months.

The worst thing a farmer can get into his head is that all through the summer and fall his stock can look out for themselves. Possibly they can, but they will make a business of it and leave their owner to take care of himself.

The enlarged knees so commonly disfiguring cattle are generally caused by uneven flooring, or in some cases by very hard flooring. The most common cause is projecting stones in the clay floor. Cow stall floors may be too low behind, and at the same time too low in front, thus making a hillock of variable size, which causes compression on the abdomen of the animal while down. This condition is dangerous for the animal.

The raising of broilers should be done in the winter season, principally, by those who cannot devote their time to stock feeding, such as fruit growers. The prices obtained are very high during some seasons, the best prices being in April for chicks weighing not over 1½ pounds each, and very often they bring 50 cents per pound. They are shipped dressed, or packed in boxes or barrels, as there is no demand for them alive, and each season the demand has been greater than the supply. It is a business that has its proportion of risks and disadvantages, and to be successful one must begin with a few and gradually extend operations.

Poultry manure ranks highest in fertilizing value, while sheep, pig, horse and cow manure follow in respective order.

On sandy loam I like shall plowing, but one must be governed by circumstances in deciding whether to plow deep or shallow. The condition to aim at is to have the soil firm enough to permit of the subsoil water passing readily upward through the land, and not so firm but what the roots of plants can easily penetrate it.

The interest in good roads, says an American journal, receives an impetus when legislatures are in session, for in the minds of many people the subject of good roads is associated only with appropriations from the state treasury. While it is true that the building of roads requires money, and if money in liberal amounts is appropriated it requires agents or commissions to superintend its expenditure, all of which calls for more money, the real basis of better roads lies in an awakened public interest in the matter. It is an extravagant waste of public funds to expend them upon roads in localities where there is no local interest in having better roads.

CHILDREN AND EXAMPLE.—Little Alice always said her prayers regularly before going to bed. One night, however, as she rested her head on the pillow, she remarked, in a questioning way:

"Mama, my prayers are so much longer than the one nurse says in the morning. Can't I say hers when I'm tired?"

"Does the nurse pray in the morning?" asked the mother, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," said Alice, sweetly. "She says, 'Lord, have I got to get up?'"

—New York Tribune.

Our Boys And Girls

THE HOLY ROSARY.—A pupil of St. John Baptist School, New York, Annie Franz, contributed to a recent issue of "The Sunday Companion," the following interesting study of the Rosary, or more popularly known as the "Beads."

"The Rosary is a form of prayer in which we say a certain number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, meditating or thinking for a short time before each decade—that is, before each Our Father and ten Hail Marys—on some particular event in the life of our Lord. These events are called Mysteries of the Rosary. The string of beads on which these prayers are said is also called the Rosary. The ordinary beads are five decades, or one-third of the whole Rosary.

Saint Dominic taught the use of the Rosary in its present form; by it he instructed his people in the chief truths of our holy religion, and he converted many to the true faith. We say the Rosary in this way: First we bless ourselves with the cross, and then say the Apostles' Creed, and Our Father on the large bead, and three Hail Marys on the small beads, then the Glory be to the Father, etc. Then we mention one of the many Mysteries.

The Our Father is said on the large bead, and ten Hail Marys are said on each decade we say the Glory be to the Father, etc., and so on until we get to the end. There are fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, and in each Mystery something is told of the life of Jesus Christ. They are the Joyful Mysteries, the Sorrowful Mysteries, and the Glorious Mysteries. The following are the Mysteries:

The five Joyful Mysteries are:—The Annunciation, The Visitation, The Nativity of Our Lord, The Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple, The Finding of Our Lord in the Temple. Next come the five Sorrowful Mysteries. They are the following: The Agony of Our Lord in the Garden of Olives, The Scourging of Our Lord at the pillar, the Crowning of Our Lord with thorns, The Carrying of the Cross, The Crucifixion of Our Lord. Then come the Glorious Mysteries. They are the following: The Resurrection of Our Lord, The Ascension of Our Lord, The Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles, The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.

The different Mysteries of the Rosary are usually said on the following days: The Joyful are said on Mondays and Thursdays, the Sorrowful on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the Glorious on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

In the year 1883 Pope Leo XIII. ordered that the Rosary should be said in every church and chapel during the month of October, and since that time how many crowns of roses must have been made and offered to the Blessed Virgin by all those who have said the Rosary piously! I will tell you a story of a pious man. Well, this man used to say his beads every day, and one day he had a vision. He saw in this the Blessed Virgin and angels making a beautiful crown of roses. He was so astonished that he kept looking until finally the angel stopped. Then the man said: "Oh, continue the beautiful crown," and the angel said: "Continue saying your Rosary, and we will finish the crown of roses." We should think over this vision when we are saying our beads.

The Blessed Virgin herself appeared to a little girl in France, in the year 1858. To show how pleasing the beads were to her, the Blessed Virgin had lovely white beads in her hands. The place is Lourdes, and thousands go there every year to ask and obtain blessings and favors from the Queen of Heaven. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., added two

titles to the Litany; they are "Our Lady of the Holy Rosary," and "Our Lady of Good Counsel." This shows the deep love our Holy Fathers had for the Blessed Virgin.

AN INQUISITIVE LAWYER AND LADY WITNESS.

Miss Sarah Dobson, a maiden lady of fairly certain age, was suing a couple of doctors for malpractice—setting the bones of her wrist unskillfully. The case was on trial in the Macon Circuit Court before the late Judge Andrew Ellison. On direct examination the plaintiff slipped across the age question by stating she was past twenty-five. It was evident to the most indifferent observer that in order to see forty-five any more she would have to be born again. The lawyer who cross-examined for the doctors got a stubborn hold of the idea that the plaintiff's exact age was important. His name was Major B. R. Dysart, and he was a very kindly old gentleman, except when witnesses tried to dodge him.

"How old did you say you were, Miss Sarah," he asked.

"Twenty-five—past."

"How much past?"

"Oh, a few months—a year, perhaps."

"Are you 26?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Just 26? How many months over 26 are you, Miss Sarah?"

"A month or two."

"Twelve or 13?"

"Yes—12 or 13. Now, will that do you?" snappishly.

"Thirteen months past 26 would make you 27 and one month. Now, Miss Sarah, isn't it a fact you are fully 30 years old?"

"Sir!"

"—And some more?" finished Dysart, severely. "Answer the question, Miss Sarah."

"Well, what if I am?"

"Then you are 30 years old? And a few months past, perhaps?"

"Yes—a few."

"Twelve or thirteen?" suggested Dysart, gently.

"Have it your own way, Major Dysart."

"Thirteen months past 30 would make it 31 years and one month."

"All right, if you want to insult me just 'cause I'm a defenseless woman."

"I'm not insulting you. I just want to know how old you are."

"If you were a gentleman you would know it was improper to ask a lady her age."

Dysart looked appealingly at the court. She had touched him on a sensitive point.

"I would suggest, Major," said Judge Ellison, with just a perceptible twinkle around his keen gray eyes, "that you call it 35 years at all. The jury will understand that."

But Dysart was determined.

"So you won't tell me your age, Miss Sarah?" he asked.

"You've had it once."

"I have?"

"Yes—the judge says 35 years is it all. That ought to satisfy you."

"Oh!"

"Is there anything else you want to know?"

"No—we" excuse you now, Miss Sarah."

"—The Green Bag."

HIGH IDEALS.

It is well to have a high ideal—a standard of lofty aspirations and endeavors. Even if we never reach our ideal, we are more likely to move in the right direction when we strive toward it than when we move without that striving.

A Beneficent Fairy.

Really one would think that a beneficent fairy presided over the destinies of our great fur trade. This imaginary being who has, according to the legend, the gift of working wonders, seems to have emerged from her mysterious grotto to aid us with her magic wand, in the creation of our great establishment and our vast business.

As a matter of fact the great fur markets have for us no longer any secrets. Our establishment has the first choice, its needs are known, and it is to us that the great furnishers of skins look.

They submit to our conditions, and, on our part, we submit to those of the purchaser who understands what he is about.

We take into account all the exigencies of fashion, having regard the while to the state of our clients' purses. The modest buyer, as well as the buyer more favored by fortune, finds what he wants at our counters, Luxury and comfort—we offer both.

If a lady desires something stylish made up of rare furs we can show it to her in one thousand and one forms. If an elegant overcoat well trimmed with rich fur is desired for a gentleman we have them in great variety. If the youngster needs a "little fur," which will be just the thing, we offer the pick of the basket.

In short, we offer all that can be offered by a great fur house, from the skin of the great wild beast to the insignificant fur of the squirrel.

Our importations comprise all the most recent creations. We make them up ourselves from the prettiest patterns.

Our work-rooms are under the direction of artists and of the best connoisseurs and cutters in furs.

We import our cloth, our silk, our satin, on all of which we save intermediate profits.

We pay cash, thus saving a considerable discount. We are therefore in a position to offer the best value in all our goods, from the lining to the fur.

Our well known motto:

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Lessons Of Catholic Missions.

In his "Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary Life," the title of a recent contribution to Donahoe's magazine, Rev. Lawrence C. P. Fox, O.M.I., relates in an interesting manner incidents which illustrate in a striking way the blessings that flow from missions. We take the following extracts from the article:

My first mission in England was at Bradford in Yorkshire. The Catholics in that great manufacturing centre were numerous, but their churches were but few in number. The good Canon who had invited us, had just completed a beautiful Gothic church at some distance from the old church, and our band, four in number, labored for a month in the latter, and then transferred for a fortnight to the former and newer church. Thus we were engaged for fully six weeks in this one mission, and I can safely say it was the hardest that we were ever called upon to preach. There had never been a mission in Bradford before, and the Catholics flocked from all parts of the town and neighborhood. At the close of the first month the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of two thousand candidates, more than half of whom were adults.

An amusing incident took place after the close of the renewal of the baptismal vows. We were assembled at supper in the dining room, before retiring to our much needed repose, when the servant said to Father N., one of our Oblate Fathers, that a lady wanted to speak to him for a moment in the hall. He immediately went to see her. She told him that she was a widow, and had been a penitent of his during the mission. She handed him a sealed envelope in which she said she had placed a sovereign, and requested him to say Masses for the repose of her husband's soul. He then dismissed her and returned to us. He told us the reason for which he had been called away, and the Canon asked him to examine the contents of the envelope, saying at the same time, "I fear you have been tricked by that woman. She did the same to me not long ago." Father N. complied with this request, and found within, carefully wrapped up in three or four pieces of paper, a silver sixpence!

Not long after this a very successful mission was given in Bermontsey, a part of London—on the Southern side of the Thames,—where there was a large congregation of the poorer Irish. For the first few days we had nothing to do in the confessionals, and the parish priest was greatly disheartened. We were four in number, and agreed to make the Stations of the Cross one after the other to bring up the tardy penitents. Before the close of the first week our prayers were heard and the crowds became so overpowering that we had to ask the Bishop to send half a dozen priests to help us. On one busy afternoon when I was hearing confessions, I saw an old woman tottering to the front of my confessional. She carried two large bundles, one in front, and the other on her back. As soon as she had deciphered my name over where I was sitting, she lowered her bundles to the ground, and, coming towards me, she cried out in a loud voice:—"Ah! Father Fox dear, I have found you at last. I come more than ten miles from the country where there is no priest at all. God save us! It was you that married me in County Kilkenny sixty years ago next Michaelmas, and when I buried my poor husband there, more than twenty years ago, God be merciful to his soul! I came to this God-forsaken country. And now I've tramped all these weary miles to make my confession once more to you." The good people who were waiting patiently for their turn to come to me—though I must confess that they were nearly all of them convulsed with laughter—begged me to hear the poor old woman at once, and I soon sent her back to her distant home, quite happy. If I had been the same Father Fox who had married her in County Kilkenny, I must have been almost a contentarian when she tracked me to Bermontsey.

An incident of a very different, but ever memorable, nature occurred during this same mission. A respectable old Irishman, who had retired from business and had a pension

was one of the first of my penitents. He had no relatives in England except two grown-up daughters. One of them still lives with him, but the other, though she had been a Child of Mary, had gone astray and was leading a bad life in another part of London. The poor old man was inconsolable about her, but I begged him to have confidence in the Refuge of Sinners. He came to confession every Saturday, and offered up his Holy Communion for her conversion. The mission was to have lasted a month, but on account of the many parishioners who were still unhealed, we determined to break through our usual rule, and to prolong it for another week. When the heart-broken father came to me for the last time as he imagined, and was tempted to complain that God and His Blessed Mother had not heard his prayers, I begged him to have confidence still, and told him we were to continue our mission for another week, adding that she might return to her religion during that week.

We announced the prolongation of our labors at all the Masses on Sunday. We also gave notice that all who had already received the sacraments and attended the exercises were invited to come to the church at three o'clock that afternoon, when they would be consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and receive a miraculous medal. At the hour fixed the church was crowded. A decade of the Rosary, and the Litany of Loretto were recited. I then gave an instruction on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, after which I asked those who were coming to the altar rails to receive their medals to advance by one aisle and to return by the other to the porch, when they were to leave the church. This was done to prevent confusion. The distribution of the medals lasted more than half an hour, and while it was taking place the nuns and their pupils sang familiar hymns to our Blessed Lady. A solitary female was tramping through the street while the hymns were being sung. She knew them all, for this had been her church at one time, and there she had often joined in singing them herself. Curiosity prompted her to enter the church, and even to go up to the altar after a while. She also received her medal. Fortunately she had not been present when I announced that on the reception of this sacred badge each one was to leave the church, so she retired to a quiet corner, and there knelt down to look at what was suspended from her neck. To her amazement it was a medal of Mary Immaculate, that loving Mother from whom she had strayed away. She kissed it, as she would have done of old, and burst into tears.

The hymns had ceased, the church was empty, and I began to walk down the central aisle with the intention of saying some of the divine office. But I heard some one sobbing, and looking towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded I saw the poor girl prostrate on the ground, and weeping bitterly. I went over to her, and as she was kneeling close to my confessional I said, "Do you want to go to confession?" She lifted her head and answered: "Me! No! I don't go to confession." Seeing the medal round her neck I gently lifted her by the hand and led her into my confessional. She had scarcely spoken a word to me when I seemed intuitively to know who she was, the lost lamb that her father had been seeking, and for whom we had been praying, and I told her so. By the grace of God she made her confession and promised to return to me through the week. By my advice she went straight to her father's house. I saw her more than once during the week, and her overjoyed and grateful father also. On the following Sunday I had the consolation of giving Holy Communion to the three, the father in the middle and a daughter on each side of him. "Thanks and praises be to God, for His mercy endureth forever!"

It was the hour of midnight. The nuns of the "Hotel Dieu" were assembled in the chapel to sing the "Magnificat," by request of one of their beloved sisters who was dying. It was her desire to pass from earth at the beginning of a new day, and surrounded by her sisters in religion gladly singing praises in that grand old hymn of rejoicing. She had spent twenty years in the service of our Divine Lord, years marked by sweet sacrifice and willing mortification, and now that she was about to lay down her cross and receive her crown, she felt only the rapture of an ecstatic soul who has lived in the world, but was not of the world. "Faithful in little things," the nuns had said of her as they mournfully spoke her praises. "Ah, she has surely merited heaven, but, Oh, how we shall miss her." They passed like silent angels to and fro, attending to her every want, or praying silently for the happy death of their beloved one. She raised her eyes and looked at them, then called them softly to her and asked them to sing for her the "Magnificat." As their sweet voices raised towards heaven her eyes seemed to take on a new light; some gleam of a brighter glory than this world can offer shone in them. When the singing ceased she spoke softly. "Dear Sisters, you have all been so good and kind to me, you have loved me; now you weep that I must leave you, but you too must follow me sooner or later; therefore, do not feel so sad about the farewell—it is not for long, I leave you all my love and my blessing, but I also ask of you the favor. It is this: Sing the 'Magnificat' for me every day. It is our Lady's prayer, and through her I hope to gain release from Purgatory, and to enter into the joys of heaven. I have loved her, she will not forsake me. Therefore, sing it daily, and when you receive some sign from me that I have ceased suffering, you may desist, and offer your prayers for some other poor soul. I have tried hard to persevere, I have loved my convent and loved my duties, but have also had many faults, and for them I want you to forgive me and to pray daily for me, and you will have in your poor Sister Estelle an intercessor."

Changes in Catholic Parishes.

"The Church in the Ghetto," is the title of an instructive item contributed by a correspondent of the London "Tablet," which illustrates changes that have and are taking place in that great city of all nationalities. In large commercial centres in Canada similar changes are occurring, of which the ordinary parishioner is quite oblivious. The writer to the "Tablet" says:—"Dip a very few yards into the by-ways of Commercial street, Shore-ditch, and the echoes of the wranglings of fiscal philosophers and social reformers grow faint and dis-

tant, Western Europe recedes and you are at once among the sons of Sem. Hardly an Aryan face is seen, Teuton or Celt, and Yiddish is the language understood of the people, who toil and sweat as they sit, by the waters of Babylon remembering Sion. Children, comely children, too, swarm into the streets, the inexpressibly ugly streets of Spitalfields, the elders have the shades of the prison house upon them, and—here and there the oiled ringlets of an aged man are reminiscent of the ways and days of the Ghetto that a more free and enlightened age have made obsolete forever. But here, nevertheless, they swarm and work and welter, and pay high rents for miserable dwellings, and come out, from time to time, to breathe in the free air of Whitechapel Road. Once 10,000 Catholics were there, but they have been pushed from their stools and driven into the less expensive outer ring or down among the submerged. The old Huguenot colony of silk-weavers is all but extinct. Perhaps 30,000 working Jews are in the district. The prevailing literature is in their tongue. The 'bergs, and 'steins, and 'obys, and 'inskys, are the names which adorn the shop fronts of the traders; and in the heart of this new community is the fine old church of Ste. Anne, in which the Marist Fathers minister to their shrunken congregation of 2,000 souls.

"When the church was built, forty-eight years ago, it was, as it remains to-day, one of the most beautiful of the many edifices which have made the fame of the elder Pugin. It is now an oasis of art, the solitary thing of beauty in architecture within sight of where it stands, in the centre of the desolation of soul-crushing ugliness. Eight years ago the sanctuary, which was left unfinished by Pugin, was completed by his pupil Carew, and three years ago a beautiful marble altar of Irish material and workmanship made perfect that monument of the early days of the Catholic revival fifty years ago."

RELEASE OF A SOUL

It was the hour of midnight. The nuns of the "Hotel Dieu" were assembled in the chapel to sing the "Magnificat," by request of one of their beloved sisters who was dying. It was her desire to pass from earth at the beginning of a new day, and surrounded by her sisters in religion gladly singing praises in that grand old hymn of rejoicing. She had spent twenty years in the service of our Divine Lord, years marked by sweet sacrifice and willing mortification, and now that she was about to lay down her cross and receive her crown, she felt only the rapture of an ecstatic soul who has lived in the world, but was not of the world. "Faithful in little things," the nuns had said of her as they mournfully spoke her praises. "Ah, she has surely merited heaven, but, Oh, how we shall miss her." They passed like silent angels to and fro, attending to her every want, or praying silently for the happy death of their beloved one. She raised her eyes and looked at them, then called them softly to her and asked them to sing for her the "Magnificat." As their sweet voices raised towards heaven her eyes seemed to take on a new light; some gleam of a brighter glory than this world can offer shone in them. When the singing ceased she spoke softly. "Dear Sisters, you have all been so good and kind to me, you have loved me; now you weep that I must leave you, but you too must follow me sooner or later; therefore, do not feel so sad about the farewell—it is not for long, I leave you all my love and my blessing, but I also ask of you the favor. It is this: Sing the 'Magnificat' for me every day. It is our Lady's prayer, and through her I hope to gain release from Purgatory, and to enter into the joys of heaven. I have loved her, she will not forsake me. Therefore, sing it daily, and when you receive some sign from me that I have ceased suffering, you may desist, and offer your prayers for some other poor soul. I have tried hard to persevere, I have loved my convent and loved my duties, but have also had many faults, and for them I want you to forgive me and to pray daily for me, and you will have in your poor Sister Estelle an intercessor."

It is Vesper time. The chapel is ablaze with lights. Beautiful flowers are casting rare perfumes from the altar. The nuns are assembled around the organ, singing the grand old "Magnificat," and thinking probably of that time years before when their neglect of it had caused them such sadness of heart. Suddenly from above the altar rises a snow-white dove. They look startled. No, it is not an earthly dove. It ascends, soars over the heads of the altar. It hovers a moment before the tabernacle, then arises, and melts away. They look at each other with pale, happy faces. All felt that their promise was at last fulfilled. Sister Estelle was happy.—Kathleen A. Sullivan, in the Rosary Magazine.

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us spend our time praying for the poor sinners of the world. We need not sing the "Magnificat" this evening." Accordingly, the sisters on this evening neglected to sing the dear chant to the great Mother who is so powerful to help her children. The nuns are now enjoying recreation in the community room. Mother Helen kneels alone in the dim-lit chapel. The glimmering sanctuary lamp throws its rays across her prie-dieu, where she prays softly for God's protection on her little band of children, that His all-powerful Will may keep them good and persevering in their vocation. What is this dark shadow that crosses the rays of light? She startles. Is it a human figure? Yes, it seems so, for it approaches her. A shivering comes o'er her, half fear, half awe, and in the half bright darkness, she turns an ashen hue. It lays its hand upon her clasped hands. A burning pain thrills her with horror. She shrieks, "O, dear Sister Estelle, why have you come back; answer, tell me!" A soft voice, like the wail of an autumn wind answers: "To let you know what I am suffering; you have forgotten me. My entry into heaven is delayed. Then silently and shadowy as she had come, she vanished. Mother Helen knelt a few moments in trembling fear, then arose, hastened to the community and related to the sisters her experience. She showed her hand on which was burned the impress of five fingers. "Let us sing the Magnificat," said Mother Helen, and in sweet, sad tones, each note a silent reproach to themselves, they sang it, nor did they again neglect the sweet, daily duty towards their suffering sister.

It is Vesper time. The chapel is ablaze with lights. Beautiful flowers are casting rare perfumes from the altar. The nuns are assembled around the organ, singing the grand old "Magnificat," and thinking probably of that time years before when their neglect of it had caused them such sadness of heart. Suddenly from above the altar rises a snow-white dove. They look startled. No, it is not an earthly dove. It ascends, soars over the heads of the altar. It hovers a moment before the tabernacle, then arises, and melts away. They look at each other with pale, happy faces. All felt that their promise was at last fulfilled. Sister Estelle was happy.—Kathleen A. Sullivan, in the Rosary Magazine.

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Catholic Practice And Non-Catholic Writers.

NOVEMBER DA... now enter upon November, the dedicated to the departed, anything that touches upon consoling practice of commemorating the dead of interest. In glancing "Metropolitan Magazine" I came upon a very pe entitled "The Village Britanny." The writer J. Ferris, and she is ev our Faith, for she seems and observed much, w able to grasp the full what she has so carefu so well depicted. There scriptions in the article as the writer confines l scription she is all saf when she branches off in or moralizing, or the dr clusions, that she disp of due appreciation. Gardens" are the cem churchyards in Brittan might have remark, in that what is said of spots, those "God's Acr old land would equaly lar cases in Ireland. F lands are the customs of ry so similar as in Brit land. We might almost common faith possessed lands has had its effe both peoples, and that practices and customs ar same. I will take a co tracts from this articl ter illustrate the subje comments I might be al The first that I select is tion of the village cem stands for all the other are they.

THE CHURCHYARDS far from true, as Somel imply, that the Breton cheerful. It bears no semblance to the horrible tery with its lare street ghastly rows of little ornamented with purple head-wreaths, nor to its provincial cousin, which closely as possible. Dor its exquisite Gothic or Church, it stretches aw gray, mossy walls muc fashion of English chur that it is less melanchol for several reasons. The better cared for, or at ently cared for, with a little offerings and a con tion such as young peop the very old, and which feel that, at home, we a our dead. Then, too, the is, very literally, the cen event in the village life, the daily course of that time as at Saint-Jean-du is a fountain just inside where the women and chil with green or brown por and—alas! more and mor with an abominable zinc to draw water." Then some further details and "The short cut to every through the churchyard, when the beautiful, great closed, a smaller gate wi of steps and a stone still thoroughfare open."

A MISTAKEN IDEA.—I seen by the following that writer has no just concept devotion the Catholic has souls in Purgatory. She that it is a kind of "an ship," a romantic and hies of paganism. But, ap this false idea, she tells takes place on the 2nd each year, very well. She "One is not surprised to in a country which Franc and a little barbarous (s) infidel France, as evidence Combes unveiled the statu nan the other day in Brit very large place in most of and sacraments (an error) to a modified form of an ship, a cult so tender and endearing that, if we did

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Catholic Practices And Non-Catholic Writers.

BY "CRUX"

NOVEMBER DAYS. — As we now enter upon the month of November, the great month dedicated to the souls of the departed, anything, in literature, that touches upon the sad but consoling practice of the Church, in commemorating the dead, is surely of interest.

THE CHURCHYARDS. — "Yet, it is far from true, as somebody would imply, that the Breton churchyard is uncheerful. It bears no faintest resemblance to the horrible Paris cemetery with its bare streets and neat, ghastly rows of little stone houses ornamented with purple and black head-wreaths, nor to its country, or provincial cousin, which apes it as closely as possible.

A MISTAKEN IDEA. — It will be seen by the following that this lady writer has no just conception of the devotion the Catholic has for the souls in Purgatory. She imagines that it is a kind of "ancestor-worship," a romantic and harmless species of paganism.

it to be barbarous (poor woman!) we should consider it the fine flower of civilization (and of Christianity also, which it is). The most important of these occasions is, of course, 'All Saints' Day,' called here 'Le jour des Morts.'

DAY OF THE DEAD. — "Two days before the first of November, the village dames house-clean the churchyard—that is, all the large, flat, gray tombstones are gorgeously scrubbed and scraped, and all the wooden crosses are whitewashed.

"The most touching of all these ceremonies take place on a wedding day, when, after Mass, and while the gay bells are still ringing, the bride and groom, with their nearest relatives, leave the laughing company and he take them in turn to the tombs of her family and his, and, kneeling on the edge of the flat stone, pay their tribute of respect and affection to those whose children in some degree they are.

"Such is the Village Garden of Brittany, sunny, peaceful, planted thick with joys and sorrows of bygone years, alive with the songs of children and of birds. It is well to have seen it, for it is among the good things that are passing. Already one sees, here and there, the mossy walls, once gay with their fringes of ferns and wild lilac, levelled, and the great trees fallen.

"But with all its stagnation — as we conceive the term in this age of rapid change—Brittany from end to end is a poet's paradise, a place in which to dream fair day-dreams—unless one is a mere brutish deliver of the soil, in which case one's higher self is expressed in dumb but yet sublime reverence for the sleeping place of one's ancestors.

A NOTABLE CENTENARY. The Holy Father has sent a letter to the promoters of the centennial celebrations in honor of St. Gregory the Great, cordially blessing their intentions and their efforts.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OLD AND NEW.—It may not be generally known that at one time there was a real suggestion that Canada should have a nobility of its own.

"As to establishing hereditary nobility in Canada, it is a thousand pities that Mr. Pitt's notion had not been carried into effect. Nothing could have so well exposed the absurdity as actual trial and consequent ridicule.

The foregoing is attributed to a Mr. Gourley, but we are not aware whether this gentleman is now the very renowned M. P. for Colchester, or some namesake of his.

The report of the debate, in the British House of Commons, upon the Canada Bill, shows that on March 4th, 1791, Mr. Chancellor Pitt explained that he should propose a Council and House of Assembly for each province in Canada, the Assembly to be constituted in the usual manner, and the members of the Council to be members for life, reserving power to His Majesty to annex to certain honors an hereditary right of sitting in Council.

But had as the "representation by popular vote" people consider this Council system, what would it be if it were made hereditary? As it is a man is not generally appointed a life-member of the Council until he has displayed his ability as a legislator in the popular House.

In glancing over these few words of Mr. Gourley, we are reminded of one "consideration" in the "programme" of the "Ligue Nationaliste Canadienne," adopted at a general meeting of that organization held in Montreal on the 1st March, 1903, in which it is said: "Considering: That, without de-

nouncing a political state which has, however, caused us to undergo two American invasions, we find the necessity of being apposed to all tightening of the colonial tie, above all on account of the incompatibility of interests between an old monarchical European country and a young Democratic American country."

This is exactly the point, the ideas, principles, and methods that have obtained, and not without their success, in an old world country, are not calculated to correspond with the environment and circumstances of a country that is beginning its career in the New World.

OUR CONSTITUTION.—Since the passage of the Redistribution Bill, now known as the Representative Act, there has been considerable speculation in the American press in regard to our system of government.

There are three branches to our Government, and they are based upon the three branches of the Imperial Government—the Crown, the Lords and the Commons.

Then comes the second branch, which is the Senate, consisting of eighty-one members, appointed for life by the Governor-General in Council. Of these 24 are from the Province of Quebec; 24 from the Province of Ontario; 24 from the Maritime Provinces, consisting of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; 4 from Manitoba; 3 from British Columbia; and 3 from the Northwest Territories.

The House of Commons consists of 213 members, elected as follows: From Quebec, 65; Ontario, 92; New Brunswick, 14; Nova Scotia, 20; Prince Edward Island, 5; Manitoba, 7; British Columbia, 6; and the Northwest Territories, 4. Since last year the Yukon Territory has one representative; and by the Representation Act of this year, based on the census of 1901, Prince Edward Island loses two members; Nova Scotia one; New Brunswick one; Ontario four; while British Columbia, Manitoba and the Northwest gain these numbers.

The country is governed by party system. At present there are two parties—the Liberal and Conservative. According to an unwritten law the Premier is chosen by the Governor-General from the political party which secures a majority in the House of Commons, and the Premier selects his Ministers, subject to the approval of the Governor-General.

The entire Dominion consists of a Confederation of the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon Territory. Since 1867 the governors and the terms of their respective offices were as follows:—

- Rt. Hon. Viscount Monck 1867-1868
Rt. Hon. Lord Lisgar 1868-1872
Rt. Hon. Earl of Dufferin 1872-1878
Rt. Hon. The Marquis of Lorne 1878-1883
Lansdowne 1883-1888
Lansdowne 1888-1888
Rt. Hon. Lord Stanley of Preston, later the Earl of Derby 1888-1892
Earl of Aberdeen 1892-1896
Earl Minto 1896

The Prime Ministers of Canada since Confederation have been:—

- Sir John Macdonald (Con.) 1867-1873
Hon. Alex. Mackenzie (Lib.) 1873-1878
Sir John Macdonald (Con.) 1878-1891
Sir John Abbott (Con.) 1891-1892
Sir John Thompson (Con.) 1892-1894
Sir Mackenzie Bowell (Con.) 1894-1896
Sir Charles Tupper (Con.) 1896-1896
Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Lib.) 1896

This number of Prime Ministers does not mean so many changes of policy. From 1867 to 1873 the Conservative party held power; during the five following years the Liberal party was in; and from 1878 to 1896 the Conservative party held the reins.

Catholic Endeavor And Bequests.

NEW TRAINING COLLEGE.—The "Catholic Times" (September 4) describes the scheme which has been approved of by the Board of Education for the establishment of a new Catholic training college for female teachers. On this subject Wednesday's Manchester "Guardian" says: "The college is to have its headquarters at Adelphi House, Salford, where for many years past the Sisters of the Faithful Companions of Jesus have carried on a successful secondary school and a house of residence for teachers.

BEQUESTS.—Mr. James Francis Caulfield, of South Croft, Buxton, and of the firm of Messrs. J. F. and E. Caulfield, of Manchester, called printers, left an estate of the gross value of £103,699, 3s. 5d., including net personality, £87,778, 3s. 4d. He bequeathed £4,000 to the Bishop of Salford, for the time being, in trust, to found bursaries at Ushaw College for training priests for the diocese of Salford; £1,000 to the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society; £1,000 to the St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions; £830 to St. Peter's Brotherhood for the education of priests; £600 to the rector of Withington. To be applied as to one-half for the payment of the debt on the church, and as to the other half for the enlargement of the church; and £120 to the Bishop of Salford, for the time being, for Masses for the repose of his soul.—Tribune, August 15.

AN OFFICER'S ALTAR.—The signature of the writer of the following letter, published in the London "Tablet," of August 15, shows that Irish faith lives under the red coat as under other uniforms worn by Irishmen, says a Catholic magazine: "Sir—I have often thought that it would be a splendid act if the Catholic officers of the army were to subscribe the funds necessary for raising an altar, or some other sign of devotion to the Church, in the new Cathedral at Westminster. Such a manifestation of piety and faith might atone for much that is wanting in the behavior of others. If every Catholic officer in the service, including, of course, the militia and volunteers, were to contribute something, enough money would be collected to raise a fitting testimony to their devotion. It might be dedicated to the Mother of God, under the title of Our Lady of Victories. The idea would, I feel sure, have earned the commendation of the great Cardinal who has just passed away.

"If you are willing to open your columns for the purpose, I should deem it an honor to be allowed to start the list with a donation of £5 (\$25)."

"Sincerely yours, PATRICK R. BUTLER, 'Lieut. Royal Irish Regiment.'"

PASSIONISTS IN CHICAGO.

The Passionist Fathers of Hoboken, N.J., will establish a monastery on the northern portion of Chicago, with the Very Rev. Felix Ward, O.P., in charge.

Divorced People And Society.

We need not repeat the law, the immutable and unqualified law of the Church in regard to the standing of those who seek to break the marriage bond, by means of what is called divorce—a system, that according to human laws, legalizes such separations. Once for all it is simply impossible for the Church to recognize any such law; therefore, the person who is divorced and re-marries, lives in the same state as the one who lives in concubinage, no legal mask can cover the deformity of the sin, and no legislated cloak can alter or hide the shame of the condition.

This has given rise in a great many social circles as to what should be the attitude of persons in society towards the divorced who have re-married. Never has there been any question as to the course to be taken in regard to those who, by means of concubinage, or open adultery, forfeit their claims on society. But the social world seems inclined to look with more indulgence upon the divorced person. In order to prove this matter a journalist, interested in the question, asked the views of two eminent Catholic prelates of the United States, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Farley. The reply of Cardinal Gibbons, was in writing, and signed by his secretary, and was as follows:—

"His Eminence would say that Catholic ladies cannot well take upon themselves to regulate the customs of society situated as they are in this country. Therefore, he would not say that they should not meet divorced people in general gatherings. But he would advise them neither to invite such people to their social functions nor accept any invitations from them to attend theirs."

Archbishop Farley's letter stated this:— "There should be no question among Catholics as to their attitude toward persons living in open violation of the most sacred law of matrimony. Would such Catholics receive the 'married wife' of any man into their family? Would such be suitable society for their children?"

The clergyman to whom the journalist first applied for the interviews pointed out the difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church in marriage regulations, and said that in the latter there was a great deal of confusion. He referred, without mentioning names, to several recent cases in society in which the re-married persons were recognized in certain dioceses and not in others. He said that no such confusion could exist for Catholics, as the laws of the Church were perfectly clear and unmistakable. It is well that such opinions should be sought and given, for their publication tends to aid the Catholic journalist in his contentions, which otherwise might be looked upon as extreme or bigoted.

Premium TO Subscribers.

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

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

The Catholic Church In United States.

The departure of American Bishops for the Philippine archipelago leads us to consider with renewed interest the influence which the Catholic body is actually exercising, and likely to exercise still more vigorously and extensively during the next decade here at home. In order to estimate this influence more accurately, we shall first give some statistics showing the present condition of the Church, premising, however, that the forecast of any great spiritual agency must be based, not on figures alone, but on the character and harmony of the forces which make for its efficiency and on the influence, spiritual, moral, intellectual and social, it can exert on its own body and on the Nation at large. Statistics of bishops, clergy and laity cannot be overlooked; still more useful for our purpose will be the nicer inquiry into the principles which animate them and the spirit with which they devote themselves to their religious mission.

The thirteen provinces into which the Catholic Church is divided in the United States contain each an archdiocese, subject to an Archbishop, and several dioceses ruled by bishops, in all numbering 88. The 100 prelates, together with the 11 coadjutors or auxiliaries appointed to assist some of them, are designated by the Pope, to whom they are nominated by a ballot of the bishops of the province, and another of the clergy of the vacant diocese. There is no room for intermediation or interference by the State, or by any outside agency. As things are arranged at present the choice of bishops can be made promptly; in fact, in the more important archdioceses coadjutors are usually appointed with the right of succession, so that the administration may continue without interruption. At the head of this hierarchy as primate is the Cardinal, and to expedite business with the central government, an apostolic delegate.

There are 9,743 clergymen subject in all things to the immediate jurisdiction of the bishops; and, subject to them, also, in all that concerns parochial ministrations, 3,225 members of religious communities in Holy Orders. These 12,968 priests minister to 11,289,710 members, who worship in 7,005 churches and 3,873 chapels. There is no lack of candidates for the ministry, 3,382 actually preparing to be secular priests and 1,931 religious in the 7 universities and 71 seminaries. There are 162 colleges for males and 643 academies for females. These schools are maintained in great part by 5,000 men, not in Holy Orders, but dwelling in community, usually called brothers; and 50,000 women, the nuns or sisters, who also aid the clergy in the schools and charitable institutions, conducting, with proper lay assistance, 3,978 parish schools, with 963,683 pupils, and 923 institutions, with 1,113,031 inmates.

Not least in importance are the laity who support pastors, churches, schools and other institutions, and who devote time as well as money, working as members of charitable, benevolent, social and literary associations. Besides the many pious sodalities or confraternities, some of which exist in every parish, there are at least twenty great national organizations of men and women, growing in numbers and efficiency every year, and in order to work still more efficiently, all the societies of men, numbering fully 2,000,000, are forming a federation which will be perfected in another year. These men are representative Catholics, loyal to the Church and affectionately united to the bishops and clergy with whom they have attended school together and associated on most familiar terms, except for the comparatively short period of the seminary course. With this table of statistics before us, we might presume to predict the outlook of the Church for the next ten years, by reviewing briefly what it has achieved in the past; and arguing that it will accomplish similar things in the future. Such a forecast, however, would be very partial, for never before was the Catholic Church in this country capable of doing what it can now do for the spiritual, intellectual, moral and social benefit of its own members and

of the country at large. Writing on this subject in a late number of "Harper's Weekly," we ventured to make the following forecast:

As a spiritual leaven in the community it is safe to predict that this vast and well organized force will exert a salutary influence against all that is sham or merely sentimental in religion, and inculcate a robust faith, proved by deeds more than by profession, in a personal God, the immortality of the soul, the sacredness of human life, final reward or punishment, Christ's divinity and redemption, the visible communion of his followers, the authority of its head. Without any aggression of fanatical proselytism it will act as a safeguard against the delusions of spiritualism, the extravagance of Zionism and Christian Science, the spiritual paralysis of skepticism, the blight of atheism or agnosticism, personal or race suicide, the materialism or commercialism that would make this world the sum of human destiny, and the gradual disintegration of the Christian Church. As a religious body Catholics will not have to deplore empty churches, a continental Sunday or a dearth of vocations to the ministry.

Intellectually Catholics are beginning to show the results of the training given in their parochial schools and higher academic institutions in which a religious and moral as well as mental education is imparted. In number and efficiency these schools are bound to grow every year. In January, 1902, there were 3,835 parochial schools. In January, 1903, there were 3,978, an increase of 143. One salutary influence these schools have already exerted and will exert still more strongly, is manifest in the tendency of many denominations to imitate to some extent the Catholic system. The Religious Education Association which was organized for this purpose in February of this year have, among its members, the most advanced as well as the most conservative educators of the land. Not only in education, but in literature also Catholic influence will be perceptible. A body of nearly 12,000,000 must furnish a number of readers quite respectable enough to merit the consideration of every publisher and determine to some extent the character of the books put on the market and the treatment of the subjects contained in them. An influence like this must necessarily promote a higher regard for truth, and a profound respect for sound, moral principles.

The moral influence of the Church ought to be most apparent in the attitude of its members towards divorce. It has been suggested lately that all good citizens should ostracize remarried divorced persons. It will be necessary for Catholics to do that. If they are consistent their sentiments on lawful wedlock are so well known, that those who have transgressed the Church's canons will not be likely to obtrude their company where they know it cannot be acceptable. No one questions the appalling evils of divorce in our land. While other churches are vainly seeking remedies in legislation and in public sentiment, the Catholic Church alone stands for the divine ordinations of matrimony and hedges it round with all the sacredness of a sacrament. No divorced person attempting remarriage can be in good standing in this Church, which means that it is no respecter of persons, but stands for the integrity of the family and for the inviolability of the most sacred of human contracts.

It is chiefly in social matters that the Catholic Church will show its influence. Under its fostering care come nearly one-half of the vast number of immigrants daily arriving in our ports; under the same care are the great majority of workmen who worship in any church, for no matter how prosperous some of its members may be, this Church never desists from serving the laborer and the poor. These two facts speak volumes for the solution of the problems raised by socialism, anarchy and the irritable relations of capital and labor. Respect for authority, regard for personal and proprietary rights, close union of pastor with people and habitual submission to law inculcated in the church, home and school, among so many employers and employed, must necessarily make for social tranquillity and industrial peace. Catholic workmen are numerous enough to influence the sentiment of all the labor unions in the United States. Catholic citizens are numerous enough, and they would readily find millions to supplement their number, to stop one source of social distress which makes employers more exacting and employees more and more impoverished, viz., the exces-

sive taxation imposed to meet extravagant expenditures for official and public service. The private schools and charitable institutions which Catholics support with results as favorable as those of the State, and often superior, for one-half and even one-third of the expense incurred by the State, is an object lesson in civic economy which must ultimately assert itself in our sociology.

There is one gratifying sign of the times which fortifies the assurance with which we make the foregoing predictions. Much of the old prejudice, mistrust and apprehension which used to mark the attitude of too many of our fellow-citizens towards the Catholic Church has given way to a proper appreciation of its position, confidence in its loyalty and a sincere desire on the part of every intelligent American that all its forces should contribute to the public welfare. What statesmanlike officials and public-spirited citizens, nay, even representative churchmen of every denomination, fear, is not that the Catholic body should exert due influence on the fortunes of our country, but rather lest Catholics should fail to recognize their power for good in the community, and through indolence or timidity desist from exercising their conservative, progressive and beneficent activities. —The Messenger Monthly Magazine, New York.

POLITICAL CHARGES

(Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O.)

There are many charges made in the heat of a political battle which would not stand investigation and could not be proven. The mud is thrown with the hope that some of it will stick, at least until after election, and thus prejudice some voters to scratch or repudiate their party tickets.

Were Diogenes to come now with his lamp and be guided by what political opponents say of the other fellows, he would not only despair of finding an honest man, but he might justly fear that even his lamp would be stolen.

We are told that some people are so depraved that they would steal the liver of heaven, and use it in the devil's service. "Get there!" is the command. "How?" "No matter how, but get there!" is the injunction.

No matter how the election goes the successful candidates have been branded as "selfish," "corrupt," "dishonest," "designing," etc., etc. The day after election there is a general modification of charges on the grounds that the plaintiffs spoke in the heat of battle and were not altogether responsible.

There ought to be more honesty and candor and fair-play in politics. Citizens who are in business and own property do not want to throw down the safeguards of law and justice and to open the way to anarchy and communism.

Such methods do not bring the returns expected. The voters as a rule weigh arguments and arguments count more than mere charges. Some voters are thoughtless or venal, but these do not hold the balance of power. A good official wins friends with whom he is not personally acquainted. They outbalance in numbers and influence those who are moved by wounded vanity or selfish motives in joining the opposition ranks. If the official has been dishonest or incompetent oppose him no matter if his name be on the party ticket; but if his integrity and ability are beyond question, approve and reward his fidelity by helping him to go up higher.

Ireland's Power.

The "Daily Chronicle" says:— We believe it is a fact that active negotiations are now being carried on between the representatives of Mr. Bal-four and Mr. John Redmond. Three measures are to be introduced into Parliament next year—(1) A bill for the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland. (2) A bill for the amendment of the Irish Laborers' Acts. (3) A bill to simplify and cheapen the cost of land transfer in Ireland. An attempt is also to be made to set up a Catholic University in Great Britain, probably by giving a charter to St. Cuthbert's (Ushaw), St. Edmund's (Ware), Stonhurst (Blackburn), and one or two other Catholic colleges, constituting them a university, with power to grant degrees.

The Philosophy Of The Rosary.

The subjoined beautiful letter written by Archbishop Ullathorne to a lady previous to her conversion, says the "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," speaks powerfully of the value of the Rosary as a form of prayer, and of the mine of spiritual riches which it contains:

Birmingham, Oct. 5, 1875.

You will find an account of the Rosary in Butler's Lives of the Saints, Vol. X., on the 1st of October,—that book of prodigious learning of all sorts, which Gibbon has highly commended for its accurate knowledge. If you have it not, you will find it at the convent. It is in all Catholic libraries.

The principle of the Rosary is very ancient. Beads were often used as an instrument of prayer in the East long before Christianity. The Fathers of the desert counted their prayers, in some recorded cases, with pebbles. But St. Dominic, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, gave it its present form. The "Paters" and "Aves" attached to the beads are the body of the prayer. To get at the religious philosophy of the Rosary we must go to its soul. The soul of the Rosary is the meditation. To understand this you must have a little Manual of the Rosary, to be found in most prayer-books. There you will see that the Rosary is divided into three parts, and one of these parts is represented by the material Rosary, or string of beads,—one part only being said at a time, as a rule.

First is said the Creed, then "Our Father," represented by the large bead next the cross; and three "Hail Marys," represented by the three beads next it. Then come the mysteries of Our Lord's life, suffering and triumph, which are the objects of meditation. The first part is the five Joyful Mysteries, put in two or three sentences each, in the manual, to keep the mind to its subject. Each of these is thought upon while saying one "Our Father," holding the large bead; ten "Hail Marys," holding in succession the ten little beads. Then the next mystery is taken in the same way, until the whole circle is completed; after which there is a little prayer. For the five Sorrowful Mysteries of the Passion the same round of beads is similarly used on another occasion. So likewise the five Glorious Mysteries.

The body of the Rosary is the "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys;" its pith and soul is the meditation. The beads, as they are held in the fingers, give escape to nervous restlessness, and so leave the attention more free. Thus the weakness of a nervous or restless or "extroverted" mind is provided against. Many people can only think freely on a point,—his thread snapped, and his thinking stopped. The fingering of the beads and the vocal prayers do this function, disposing and freeing the mind is very complex; and its complexity of activity, which is in the Rosary provided for, is the source of those distractions that arise when we kneel inactive in body and repeat customary vocal prayers. A little activity of the hands and a fixed object for reflection to animate our vocal prayer cure much of this distraction. A lady can think over her needle who can not think so well sitting still with unused hands.

The Rosary was the book of the unlettered before the ages of printing, which familiarized their hearts with the chief mysteries of the Gospel. It is excellent for two classes—those who like it and those who do not like it. Millions of souls have been made contemplative and internally spiritual, in all classes, by its use, who without it could never have become so. As to those who do not like it because it is childish,—I once gave a Rosary to a gentleman of high character, great attainments and rare shrewdness—a convert. I said: "Say that for three months and ask me no reason for it. After that you yourself will give me a good reason." He did so, and at the end of it he said: "I understand. You wanted to pull down my pride; to make me simple and childlike, and to get me into the habit of spiritual reflection. I shall never leave it off again."

Some people do not like to take the medicine that will heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense which cures an amazing lot of nonsense. Call it spi-

ritual homeopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it; many a faddy spirit has been made patient by it; may an uneasy spirit has been made strong by it; many a distracted spirit has been made reconciled by it. "The weak things of the world hath God chosen to confound the strong."

As to the relative number of "Hail Marys," I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the query of his Protestant fare,—that one "Our Father" is worth ten "Hail Marys" every day. You will remember in Ivanhoe what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero on his bed of pain sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the "Hail Marys." Through the pure and tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our weakness, you behold the life, acts and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us; whilst we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and the Queen, by His heavenly throne.

Wonderful is the Rosary. For its history see Butler's Lives of the Saints. I give you its beautiful philosophy; for so St. John Chrysostom calls Christian wisdom. Praying Our Lord to bless you, I remain,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.

TOO MUCH RELIGION.

Sometime ago there appeared in one of our Catholic papers a tiny comment, editorially, upon the complaint made by some disgruntled somebody, that there was too much religion in Catholic papers. Too much religion in our Catholic papers! I cannot think of anything just so expressive as to say, "Now, wouldn't that jar you?" What is Catholicity but religion, and can anything Catholic be too religious? And if Catholicity is a good thing can we have too much of it? Catholicity stands for all that is really worthy while to you and to me, dear reader, both in this world and in the world to come, and the trouble with each and all of us is that we have too little, know too little of those things. This thoughtless talk against the Catholic press reminded me somewhat of another sort of senseless argument that we do frequently hear lumbered up against another of our Catholic institutions, the school, and by Catholics themselves. "Too much time taken up with catechism, religious instruction, and prayers," has a familiar ring to many of us. Too much religion in the schools! Such objections against the Catholic schools have been raised in my presence more frequently by our own people than by non-Catholics. When we come to understand that "The great work of the educator is to form consciences," rather than to formulate and foist fads, then we are approaching an understanding of what education means to the world.

I say candidly that I do not think any of us need lose any sleep at night with anxiety lest we, or our children, get too much religion. The pity is that we have not more capacity for receiving that in which too many of us stand in sore need. A public school teacher who is a good Catholic girl, said to me recently, "If I had little ones they should go to the parochial school." Speaking further on the subject, she said: "I am in a position to note the difference between the child who from the beginning attends the parochial school and the other who slips in for a few weeks or months just before First Communion and Confirmation. There is a firm and settled faith and pride in his Church manifested by the former which is woefully lacking in the last named class." Now if we do not have faith and pride in what we profess, we cannot look for best results. And this question of religion is a vital one to you and to me because it is a matter of eternity. Little weakness and irreligion go together. The infidel heart and blasphemous lips belong nearly always to the debased, the dishonest, the disreputable. Did our late Pope, the saintly Leo, who was revered by the whole world for his goodness and nobility of soul, think he could have too much religion? I read once of a well known man who was respected and beloved by a community of people of all creeds, and at his death, it was written of him that he had found time in the midst of a most popular judicial career for the saying of the rosary each day. Of a truth, he did

not seem to be afraid of getting too much religion.

Coming back to the subject of the Catholic paper, suppose we were to draw comparisons between it and the non-Catholic religious paper. Why, the non-Catholic journal fairly bulges with religious reading, culled with a taste that shows keen appreciation from the best Catholic literary sources. I have many times scanned the columns of non-Catholic religious papers, noting the fine and lofty sentiments of a Manning or a Newman, or some pure pearl of faith or inspiration selected from the meditations or sermons of the saints. Sometimes I have thought we might have more of such reading at home, that is, in our Catholic papers, and lo, here the plaint is mooted that we have too much religion already.

I cannot see how a Catholic family can content themselves with no Catholic literature in the home. The Catholic paper should be just as necessary as the secular daily, and to some it is more so. Surely every home should receive one religious paper if no more. I know of certain Catholic families, and non-Catholic families, who include a half dozen religious journals and magazines in their reading list and think little of it. The individual who complains of too much religion in his paper is about on a par with the man who salts down his payments for the paper with a patronizing air, a cross between an attitude of charity and the feeling of dropping good money into a hole. He usually takes a queer sort of comfort in remarking that he never reads the paper, and he accompanies his assurance with such assumption of superiority, that you might pardonably be at a loss to deduce whether he meant that he had not the time, or that he had forgotten more than any paper could teach him. But this very much occupied, overly wise, religion-seated being has time for the blanket-sheet Sunday edition of yellow journalism! The newsboy whose Sunday route lies down his street could tell you a story about the man who has no time to read his Catholic paper, or complaints that there is too much religion in it for him. Too much religion! There is not half enough in the papers, nor in society. Go to a theatre, and witness some mockery made of religion or sacred affairs misrepresented. It matters not how tasteless and truthless the travesty may be, the entertainment furnished the irreligious element is not to be misunderstood. Do you ever hear a hiss, or the louder silence of dissatisfaction? Now and then, but the attack must be malicious in the extreme, an aggravated case.

No, we need not fear for too much religion anywhere in this world. When the day comes that we have so much goodness that it is liable to become a drug on the market, the millennium is at our doors! But I fear that day is a long way off, too many of us are yet in the phonograph state, repeaters, imitators, of the thoughts and feelings of others. Let us have thoughts and feelings of our own, and found and fashion them upon a rock-imbbed religious conviction. I know a woman who is not learned in the wisdom of books, who is narrow and ignorant of the arts of life, who is old and has had many bitter experiences, but in the matter of religion she towers above many a one who would regard her as the dust under their feet. From a young woman, religion has been her guide, and to-day as regards principle and honor she is a rock in the sea—no storm nor calm nor power of man or devil could shake her from her faith and devotion in the religion that has guided and sustained her through all the years, and lights the way before her now, the Christian's pillar of flame, the Cross! Too much religion! Think but a moment, and who does not tremble at his lack of fear, and who is not ashamed and abashed at his lack of gratitude and love for all that has been given him even here in this life to-day?

"Wonderful that the Christian religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this."—Lydia Whitefield Wright. From the Catholic Universe, Cleveland, Ohio.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never take warm drinks and then go immediately out into the cold.

Merely warm the back by the fire and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become uncomfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.



CHAPTER II

Nelle obeyed and for the newsboy half a paper not that she of the horrifying new the little fellow as she have some one help ther, but he had di when she next saw h pany with another u and even more ragged was besieging a well man to buy a paper. ment Lillie Marion ap apologies for her tard been caused on accou car being delayed. Th up their satchel which heavy and was carryi them when the two re up to them, saying:

"Carry your satch five cents."

Lillie whispered in "Pay no attention to

The next they heard know you couldn't get them, fur the're count stingy as they can be,

After what seemed a the street car Lillie's h was reached. She had girls by telling them th cured board and lodgi in the same house with was a quite pleasant a respectable place. But w they left the car in fr cery and after climbing steep stairs to the room a boarding house they less to be thankful for, still when they were sh room which was to be was only large enough two or three necessary niture and had one soli Margaret went to the w a breath of fresh air fo if she would smother h must have been her disn found that it opened in dreary court and the bi above, the only welcom view, and that seemed dark heavy smoke. She breath of pure country fragrance of apple bloss showed it in her face a back to her companions.

Lillie interpreting her ly put her arm around

"I know just how you ret, I felt the same way came here. It seemed a not live in this heavy ai being cooped up, so, but used to it and so will yo lots of far worse places than this and if you cou how some people have to whole families in one s you would think you ver feel paradise."

She sat down and tri the girls by telling them ant parks and neighbor resorts where they could Sunday afternoons in the and of the theatres and of amusements where they their winter evenings.

"The city is really a place to live in when you to it," she concluded. " we have to work hard, b so much pleasure to be h day's work that I should myself exiled if I had to the country to live."

Margaret was in a mes soled, but not so with N head throbbred with pain, took no interest in what saying. The conversation interrupted by the sound which called them to sup not been for her sister, N have declined to go, but not let Margaret go alone strangers she must meet ble. She could eat nothi odor from the kitchen mad and she was glad when the turn to their room and li rest on the hard bed.

CHAPTER III

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Grandfather's Prophecy.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Nellie obeyed and looked around for the newsboy half inclined to buy a paper not that she would read any of the horrifying news, but to help the little fellow as she would like to have some one help her own brother, but he had disappeared and when she next saw him, he in company with another urchin, smaller and even more ragged than himself, was besigning a well dressed gentleman to buy a paper. At that moment Lillie Marion appeared making apologies for her tardiness which had been caused on account of the street car being delayed. The girls picked up their satchel which was not very heavy and was carrying it between them when the two ragged boys ran up to them, saying:

"Carry your satchel, Miss? only five cents."

Lillie whispered in Nellie's ear. "Pay no attention to them."

The next they heard was "Might know you couldn't get nothin' out of them, fur the're countries and as stingy as they can be, I bet."

After what seemed a long ride in the street car Lillie's boarding place was reached. She had pleased the girls by telling them that she had secured board and lodgings for them in the same house with herself which was a quite pleasant as well as respectable place. But when at last they left the car in front of a grocery and after climbing two flights of steep stairs to the rooms occupied as a boarding house they felt they had less to be thankful for. It was worse still when they were shown into the room which was to be theirs for it was only large enough for a bed and two or three necessary pieces of furniture and had one solitary window. Margaret went to the window to get a breath of fresh air for she felt as if she would smother here; but what must have been her dismay when she found that it opened into a narrow dreary court and the bit of blue sky above, the only welcome object in view, and that seemed laden with dark heavy smoke. She sighed for a breath of pure country air with its fragrance of apple blossoms and she showed it in her face as she turned back to her companions.

Lillie interpreting her feelings gently put her arm around her saying, "I know just how you feel, Margaret, I felt the same way when I first came here. It seemed as if I could not live in this heavy air and endure being cooped up so, but I soon got used to it and so will you. There are lots of far worse places in the city than this and if you could only see how some people have to live even whole families in one small room you would think you were in a perfect paradise."

She sat down and tried to cheer the girls by telling them of the pleasant parks and neighboring summer resorts where they could spend their Sunday afternoons in the summer, and of the theatres and other places of amusements where they could pass their winter evenings.

"The city is really a delightful place to live in when you get used to it," she concluded. "Of course, we have to work hard, but there is so much pleasure to be had after the day's work that I should really feel myself exiled if I had to go back to the country to live."

Margaret was in a measure consoled, but not so with Nellie. Her head throbbled with pain, and she took no interest in what Lillie was saying. The conversation was soon interrupted by the sound of a gong which called them to supper. Had it not been for her sister, Nellie would have declined to go, but she could not let Margaret go alone to face the strangers she must meet at the table. She could eat nothing for the odor from the kitchen made her sick, and she was glad when they could return to their room and lie down to rest on the hard bed.

CHAPTER III.

It was now ten months since the Norton girls left home and in Nellie if there was any change at all being thrown among strangers in a strange city had only made her more womanly and reserved. Her natural virtue had increased rather than diminished for in every danger she had remembered the teachings of her parents and the good old priest, and, if it had been impossible at the time to lay her cares at the foot of the

altar, she had ever had recourse to silent prayer and God had not forsaken her. If her religion had been dear to her at home it was far more so now, for the knowledge that the same God who reposed in the tabernacle in the dear little church where her dear ones still worshipped was also to be found on the altars here, formed a strong connecting link between the past and present. With many of the girls in the mill Nellie was unpopular for she was too prudish for them, and they were often not a little displeased with her for sometimes frowning and always keeping silent when obliged to listen to their light and often sinful conversation, as well as refusing to accompany them to many of the places of amusement. To these places she would often like to have gone when she knew the entertainments to be perfectly sinless, for she was really fond of innocent pleasure, but it took money to go, and she could take no pleasure in spending it thus when she knew that every cent she could save was needed at home.

With Margaret, alas, it was different.—She was still what might be called a good girl, but she had changed, greatly changed since she came here, and caused her sister much care and anxiety. She would not think of missing Mass on Sunday, her morning and evening prayers were never neglected, and once a month the two sisters approached the sacraments, but her devotions usually ended there now. At first she had been so dazzled by the splendor of the church, which was so far more beautiful than anything she had ever dreamed of at home that she had greatly enjoyed attending every service and listening to the grand sermons. Almost before she was aware of it she began comparing the scene before her with the poverty of the church at home, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter; then after a time, she grew tired of the novelty of this, and finally gave up attending the evening service. The Sunday afternoons in the summer when she could have been at Vespers were spent in the parks, and when it became too cold to go there she usually spent them at the home of her friends. On week-day evenings she was ready to go to the theatre whenever any of the girls suggested it. It was in vain that her sister protested on the plea that the money was needed at home, for her impatient reply was that she had to work hard enough during the day, and she thought she deserved a little pleasure evenings and Sundays.

"Besides," she added, "after spending my life in the country where I could neither see or learn anything, now that I have the opportunity I intend to see a little of the world. It will be time enough for me to go back and settle down when I am older, but I will enjoy myself now while I am young."

Finding that words were of no avail, Nellie could only keep silent and trust in God for the best, but a more bitter trial was in store for her. At first Margaret had talked much about Jack, and the beautiful home he was to give her, and she had been perfectly overjoyed when she had received a letter from him saying that he had purchased the Wray farm and had made a large payment on it. The crops promised to be a great success, he had written, so there were hopes of being able to make another large payment when they were sold. Many times Margaret had read the letter and given it to her sister to read, then laid it carefully away with her few dearest treasures. That was in early summer and each week when the girls wrote home, Jack's letter was never neglected, and Margaret would watch eagerly for a reply, but in autumn there came a change.

Several changes were being made among the hands at the mill, and one of the most important was that the foreman who for many years had had charge of their room resigned, and his place was given to Charles Shirley. By his kind, agreeable ways he soon won the good will of all, and Nellie liked him very much at first; but when she discovered that he had been greatly attracted by her sister's beauty, she began to feel a secret dislike for him, and she tried to keep Margaret away from him as much as possible. At first the unsuspecting girl was wholly blind to his attentions, and was not a little surprised when, after spending an evening at a friend's home where he chanced to be, he offered to accom-

pany her home. At first she was inclined to refuse, but surely there could be no harm in accepting this little courtesy, especially as the hour was late, and she must otherwise go home alone. She bade him good night, thanking him for his kindness, as soon as they reached her boarding house, then ran up stairs to tell her sister, and she was not pleased when she saw Nellie's silent disapproving glance, but she would ask no explanation and her sister volunteered to give none. That was not long ere Mr. Shirley asked and received permission to call.

Gradually after this Margaret began to talk less of Jack, and her letters to him grew shorter and less frequent. After a time the two were often seen together in public, and among the shop girls it was soon whispered that they were engaged. Nellie having found how useless were her protestations against anything her sister chose to do, had kept silent so far, but this report was too much, especially when she thought of Jack; so she called her to account for it. At first Margaret was indignant, and accused the one who started the report of jealousy then laughed heartily over the thought of a man in his position wishing to marry a poor factory girl like her, and again the subject was dropped.

Things had gone on in this unpleasant manner nearly all winter, and in the meantime Margaret had formed a strong infatuation for the theatre to which she went not infrequently with him, but to her credit when Lent commenced she made a good resolution, which she fully intended to keep, of giving up her amusements. For four weeks she kept it; then right in the middle of the penitential season a star actress was expected, and Mr. Shirley gave Margaret a most pressing invitation to accompany him to see her. At first she refused, but he soon prevailed upon her to go just this once as she might never have another such opportunity. She did not tell her sister until the latter went up to her room in the evening, and found her just putting the last touches to the most elaborate toilette she could afford.

"Where are you going, Margaret?" she asked in surprise.

"To see Madame— at the Lyceum," and Margaret's fingers were so busily engaged in trying to tie a pretty link bow at her throat that she did not turn from the mirror.

"Margaret Norton, you do not mean it? I thought you had made a resolution not to go to any places of amusement in Lent."

"So I had, but—"

"But what, Margaret?"

"Well, I may as well be out with it now and take my scolding before I go, though I do consider it very unbecoming of a young lady to dictate to one older than herself. It is a chance I may never have again and I do not wish to miss it."

"Who is going with you?"

"Mr. Shirley, of course. How does that pink ribbon look?" and she turned for the first time to face her sister.

"Very pretty," was Nellie's rather cold reply, though under different circumstances she could not have refrained from telling her how beautiful she looked.

"How cold you are Nellie. You are not at all as you used to be."

"Nor you either. It is yourself who has changed most."

"For the better I hope since I have left the country where there was no chance of ever learning anything."

"I am truly sorry for you, Margaret, but I am afraid Jack would not think you had changed for the better could he see you now."

"I suppose not," said Margaret with a shade of sarcasm, "Jack has never had a chance to meet educated and refined people, and he has too many old fogy ideas."

"Margaret Norton, how dare you speak thus of the noble-hearted man who is one day to be your husband. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't be too positive, for Jack Grimes may never be my husband." Margaret had not intended to say this, and regretted the remark when it was too late.

"I do not understand why."

"I do, it is because I have no desire to return to exile and spend my days in the dull country. I have had enough of it."

Nellie looked at her in amazement for had she been told that her sister could have spoken thus she would never have believed it. "Remember, Margaret, you are engaged to Jack, and have you forgotten how firmly you promised to be true to him?" she at last stammered out.

Margaret was silent, for the reproach had struck to her heart in which there still lingered a tender spot, but she would not give in to her sister.

"Engaged, indeed; Nellie. I almost wish it were you instead of myself who was engaged to him for you are more suited to him than I."

"You do not mean that, Margaret; I know it does not come from your

heart for you loved Jack too much to give him up easily."

"I'll admit that I did love him once before I saw anything of the world. He was my ideal then, but remember I was younger then, much younger in knowledge, but I have changed."

"Alas, Margaret, I know you have," said Nellie, sadly.

"I do not regret the change, and I would not wish for worlds to be back where I was a year ago."

Before Nellie could reply Mr. Shirley was announced, and hastily donning her hat and jacket Margaret left the room.

"Poor sister," sighed Nellie, "if she only realized how sadly she has changed since she came here. How much better it would have been could we have remained at home."

There was a still greater change than Nellie was aware of for Clarence Shirley had almost won her sister's heart from poor faithful Jack. Not a word of love had been spoken to her by him, but in many ways he had made her believe that she was in the only pleasant home on the suburbs of New York, and she, in turn, to hide the fact that she was so very poor had given him a glowing description of her father's farm and her own pretty home which she and her sister had left first, because they wished to be independent and secondly, because it was so lonely in the country. Could Nellie have heard her she would have been deeply pained.

After her sister was gone Nellie kept back her tears. She took up a book of Lenten meditations and had just succeeded in calming her troubled mind by reading a chapter when her mistress announced a gentleman caller who wished to see both herself and Margaret.

"Who is it?" asked Nellie, who in her present state of mind dreaded to meet any one.

"I do not know," answered the woman, "but I think he is a stranger."

Nellie hesitated a moment then trying to appear cheerful hastened to the parlor and to her great surprise was greeted by the smiling face of Jack Grimes.

CHAPTER V.

THE BROKEN PROMISE. — Margaret's letters had conveyed more to Jack than she would ever have dreamed, for with the keen eyes of a devoted lover who is quick to notice every little mark of affection, trifling though it may be, in the missive of the absent one, so Jack had read between the lines; seeing not the loving thoughts which had made him so happy, but something which he could not understand and did not like. At first her letters, though written in the plain simple language of an uneducated country girl, had been everything he could have wished as they gave him courage to work more diligently through the hot summer months. For was he not working for his own dear Margaret, and what was heat or fatigue to him when he remembered that as a reward her lovely face would one day shed a radiance over his home. How eagerly he looked for each letter which was sure to come on the same day each week, and when it came he would work with renewed strength.

In the autumn for the first time he went to the office to find his little letter was not there. He could not understand the reason, and was a little troubled when instead he was handed Nellie's letter to take home to her mother. Hoping that it might contain some message for him he waited to hear it read, but the only word was that Margaret was well and sent her love to all. It was a whole week before he looked for missive came, and when it did there was no apology, but in length it made up for its tardiness and Jack was satisfied. It was only for a time, however, for the change gradually dawned upon him after this until he had to acknowledge to himself that Margaret was no longer what she had been. At last the various little happenings at home for which she had enquired so eagerly seemed to interest her no more, and it soon became evident that she wrote with difficulty. The young farmer was of too trusting a nature to believe it possible that his Margaret was ceasing to care for him. On the contrary, he believed that she was overworked, and too tired if not too ill to write as much as she would wish.

His one bright hope was that the girls would be home to spend the Christmas holidays, and then he would know the truth, but it was too far and cost too much so they did not come. At last he could bear the suspense no longer, and he resolved to go to them. If, as he suspected, Margaret were not well he would try to persuade her to come home with him; for he could easily support her now besides continuing to pay for his farm, and it would be far better than to have her health ruined in the city. Unwilling to give

the Nortons needless anxiety by telling them of his fears he said nothing to them until he was ready to start, then he merely told them that he was going to the city and offered to take messages to the girls. But to the parish priest he had told all before fully deciding to go. The old man had listened with a feeling of secret pain and misgiving in his heart for he feared that there might be far more wrong than Jack suspected, but he would not betray it.

"Yes, go Jack," he said, when the young man asked his advice, "and if our dear girl is indeed wearing out her strength in the mill, it will be far better to bring her home."

On the morning of his departure when he stepped in after Mass to bid the priest good-bye he received the message.

"Tell our dear girls that I send them both my blessing. I have prayed for them every day since they left us, and I hope that they have forgotten none of the teachings they learned in the little church at home."

From each member of the Norton family; from the old grandfather to the youngest child, went messages so numerous and full of love, that he almost feared he could not remember them all. Mr. Norton himself insisted on going with him to the station and helping him on the train with a large basket of provisions which the mother had prepared, knowing that the girls would greatly enjoy them as they came from home.

In her joy at seeing a dear face from home, Nellie for the moment forgot her sister, and she extended her hand, giving him a most hearty welcome, and telling him how glad she was to see him.

Her kind welcome for the moment caused him to forget all else, but it was only for the moment, for when he asked for Margaret her face grew sad.

"Margaret is out spending the evening with a friend," she said, hoping that he would ask no more questions.

"What time do you expect her home?"

"Not before eleven," answered the truthful girl who would like to have evaded the question had it been possible.

"That seems very late for her to be out alone."

"She is not alone, and I know it would seem very late in the country but not here."

Jack looked grave, but before he could say any more Nellie changed the subject by enquiring for her parents; and then, after answering her questions, he gave her the basket which she opened as carefully as if it had been filled with golden treasures.

"Dear mother, how kind of her to remember us. Oh, what a glorious feast, and how we will enjoy it! And there are some of her finger cookies we always liked so much; do have one, Jack," and she handed him the bag.

For nearly an hour Nellie succeeded in keeping her sister out of the conversation, but Jack, who thought of nothing else, was growing impatient, for the girl's silence convinced him strongly that all was not well.

"I almost forget to tell you that I have made my second payment on the farm, and expect to make another this spring, so I may have a home for Margaret before I expected. I suppose she told you all about it."

"Yes," said Nellie, "and she was so pleased then," but she could say no more for she was thinking of the interview she had just had with her sister, and she could not help showing in her face how sadly it grieved her to think of the cruel blow a knowledge of it would strike to the noble heart of the man before her.

He looked earnestly into her face, and she shrunk from his penetrating gaze.

"Nellie," he said at last, "you are keeping something from me, tell me what is wrong with Margaret."

The blow which she dreaded most had fallen upon her, and she knew not how to answer. She could not betray her sister, and she could not say anything to hurt Jack's feelings.

With a silent prayer for strength she said in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Why do you think so Jack?"

"I know it, I could see it in her letters, and I feared before I came here that she might not be well, but you have told me she is and your manner shows that there is something worse."

"Poor Margaret," sighed Nellie to herself rather than to him. "I wish with all my heart that she had never come here."

"What do you mean, Nellie? Please tell me."

"No, Jack, I cannot, so do not ask me."

Jack looked at her again, and when he saw the bitter pain on her face now covered with tears he would not press the subject, but he would wait until Margaret came and learn the truth from her for he felt that he had a right to demand it. The conversation was turned to a more

pleasant subject, but in their unhappy state of mind neither of them could enjoy it now. Nellie hoped that he would go soon for knowing that Mr. Shirley would accompany her sister home, she dreaded the consequence. The clock struck eleven but Jack did not move, then the half hour came and how she longed for him to go, but she could not even hint it to him. Just as the hour of twelve struck there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs. Nellie grew faint and trembled violently. Margaret's voice was heard in a happy tone, and Jack who was partially hidden beside the door was about to arise; when, hearing the voice of a strange man answer her he drew back farther into the corner. The next moment Margaret and her escort were in the room.

"What, Nellie, why have you remained up so late to wait for me? I thought you were about to retire when I left."

"So I was, but — "She did not finish for Margaret interrupted her."

"You have no idea what a great treat you have missed. The play was perfectly grand, and I really think Madame is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, especially in the last act where she wore a costume of white satin trimmed with silver trimmings and diamonds which must have cost a fortune."

"There are others who would appear no less beautiful in the same costly robes with the brilliant lights of the stage falling upon them," said Shirley casting an admiring glance upon Margaret.

Margaret smiled betraying her pleasure at the compliment and Nellie's face was a picture of despair.

Jack in his corner had not been noticed, but he had had time to see it all, and he knew now what it was that so changed Margaret. This handsome stranger, who ever he might be, had stolen the heart he had looked upon as his own, and she the once peerless girl in whom he had placed his entire trust had ceased to care for him. He did not blame her for she was young and inexperienced in the ways of the wicked world and she had been deceived, but it took all his strength to keep in the bitterness which he felt toward his rival. That compliment had added a last bitter drop, and he scarcely knew afterwards how he had refrained from driving the man from his presence with an open avowal that he was talking to his own future wife. He managed, however, to stagger to his feet, and Jack Grimes and Clarence Shirley stood silently facing each other with Margaret between them. She looked first at one then the other, and turned deadly pale. It was only what appeared to be a passing glance, but in that glance she had drawn a sudden and fatal comparison between the two. On one side stood Clarence, tall and handsome, dressed in the latest style and with a graceful easy manner which must surely excite admiration everywhere; and on the other was Jack, no less handsome it is true, but his old style of dress, his loosely fitting clothes and great heavy boots which added to the awkwardness of his appearance dimmed the real beauty of his noble face. She felt that now was the supreme moment when she must choose between them and stifling the voice of conscience she made her fatal choice to which the keen Jack was not blind.

"You here, Jack," was her greeting as she extended her hand.

"Yes, Margaret, and I have been waiting all the evening for you."

Courtesy demanded an introduction between the strangers which Margaret gave with as much calmness as she could control, explaining to Mr. Shirley that he was an old friend from home; but a secret instinct seemed to tell the men that they were in each other's way and only a cold bow was exchanged between them instead of the hearty handshake which Jack had been accustomed to give strangers when introduced.

Feeling that the sooner he made his exit the better, Clarence said: "Good night, Margaret, and thank you for the pleasant evening we have had together."

"Good night," said Margaret in a nervous tone. She could not in Jack's presence thank him for having so kindly taken her to the theatre, and she was glad that Nellie volunteered to show him to the door. She was impatient for her sister to return, but she only stepped to the door, bidding Jack good night, telling him that she hoped to see him again, and they were left alone together.

(To be continued.)

Subscribe to the True Witness.

Our Curbstone Observer

"CHILD-SLAVERY."

THE other day I was attracted by an item in one of the French-Canadian papers of this city, in which mention is made of a little girl of twelve years of age, whose case has been taken up by the ladies of the new Dorchester Street Refuge, and whose story is a specially sad one, although, unhappily, it is not an exceptional case. In a few words, the circumstances are these: The father and mother of this little girl do absolutely nothing but drink. Since the age of eight she has begged all day and as far into the night as possible, and all that she brought home was taken by her parents to buy liquor. She has a brother seven years old, too young to beg but not to be ill-treated. She has another nineteen years of age, who works hard and used to give his parents an allowance weekly out of his wages, until it was seen that his money went all for liquor, and then he ceased sending it. And this is not the worst. The parents had sold every stick of furniture and rag in the house and spent the proceeds in drink. On one occasion a lady gave the little girl fifty cents to buy shoes, and her father took it from her, and while the mother was out purchasing gin for the money, the father beat the little girl most fearfully, and called her a bad character. It was at this point that she heard tell of the Refuge and the good ladies who are devoted to the cause of uplifting the unfortunate. They took her case in hand, and it is quite probable that her parents will get free lodgings for the winter, where there is no liquor to be had.

EXPERIENCES.—I have cited this case as it is one that is easily understood, that is of the present day, and that illustrates clearly the terrible character of that child-slavery that is engendered by drink. The passion for liquor seems to extinguish every other sentiment, every feeling, every virtue in man and woman. In the first place it effaces the very instinct of paternal care. I do not call it love, I call it brute-instinct, for the animal in the field, and the wild beast in his lair, will protest its young; and even if forced to abandon its offspring, it will certainly not destroy it. But the human animal, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with the brutes, allows the demon of liquor to drag him down into the lower depths, and as he separates more and more from his original level, his mind becomes more and more obscured, and his soul grows darker and darker, until at last he skirts the wilds of madness, and finally stumbles over the yawning abyss of death, and staggers and reels—drunk and demented, red with sin and perhaps crimson with crime—in to the presence of God.

If this be an overdrawn picture, according to the reader's idea, then the reader can thank God for never having had any experience of the reality, and or never having been obliged to observe the terrors of such existences.

In my rounds, from curbstone to curbstone, I have seen a great deal of this; and I have always hesitated to record it, because the very recollections of some scenes are not suggestive of pleasant thoughts. I will, however, tell of one case, and it will have to suffice for all others. But I must state that it did not occur in Montreal, although the same might happen any day here, for scores of people in this city are exposed to similar experiences.

It was one evening, I had an invitation to go with a friend to the theatre, and I was to call for him at his residence. I was a little late, and I thought that by taking a side street I could find a short-cut. Not being well acquainted with the city I discovered that I was mistaken, for this back street, after running eastward for a short distance, turned off in a north-easterly direction, which was almost the opposite of the one that I desired to take. Having come to the corner, I was about to turn back when I saw, in an almost empty house, a poor place, devoid of furniture or any sign of comfort, a powerfully built man, beating and kicking a little girl. The moment he saw me he desisted, and, cowering that he was, he began spluttering out excuses; just as if I had asked him any-

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thing, just as if I were not more than half his size. He was very drunk; but not drunk to lose his equilibrium. He had the demonic strength of a madman. He tried to tell me that she was his daughter, that she would not do what he told her to do, that he was father, that he had a right to her obedience, and a whole lot more of like stuff. I spoke to the girl, but she was too frightened to make any statement. I then told him to let her alone, not injure her, and that she would go and do whatever he wanted. I did not, of course, know what that was; but I thought it a good way to get her out of danger. Off she walked down the dark street, he reeled into the house, cursing and talking to imaginary enemies, I hurried back.

We went to the theatre, my friend and I. About eleven o'clock I was returning homeward when I saw an ambulance turn down into the street where I had had my queer experience. Curiosity overcame me, and I followed. It went to the very house of that unfortunate man. It was for him that it had been called. They carried him out; but he was dead. He had died in a fit of rage and drunken fury. The little girl, the sole being belonging to him, stood in astonishment, in bewilderment; the transposition was too great and too sudden. She was about fourteen years of age. As the ambulance moved away, she recognized me, and it seemed as if, in the vast and horrid desert of life that spread out on all sides around her, she had met one friend, at least one being to whom she could speak. I need not tell the rest of the story; inside of forty-eight hours from the scene of the evening, before the theatre hour, the father slept in the grave of a drunkard, and the daughter was under the care of the Sisters of Charity, in an Orphan's Home.

But there remains one secret to tell—it is the point that gave me the heading for this paper, "Child-slavery." What was it the father wanted the daughter to do on that fatal evening, and for the refusal, on her part, he was beating her? She had been unfortunate or rather thoughtless enough to have told him that the only way she had of securing some money was at the cost of honor, and that she would not make that sacrifice. And it was to that sacrifice he was trying to drive her, with blows, and curses. She escaped; God took her unnatural father; a home and salvation for body and soul became her reward for sufferings endured and for temptations resisted. That is the experience, and as I said, it will suffice to illustrate the terrible depths of depravity to which the curse of drink can reduce a human being.

CONCLUSION.—I have not much more to add. There is sufficient material in the foregoing to form the basis of long and profitable meditations. When I read the story of the foundation of an organization for the purpose of rescuing children, and especially girls, from the lives of mendicancy and misery to which they are driven by their miserable parents. I felt that a great boon had been done for society, and that the day might yet come, in this city, when our streets would no longer know the presence of those youthful beggars, whose tiny shoulders are forced to carry the heaviest of crosses—the crosses of degradation, mental and physical suffering, privations of food, clothing, shelter, rest, and even of one moment's relaxation, and all for the simple purpose of feeding the passions of ungrateful and abominable parents. This "Child-Slavery" must be effaced, cost what it may.

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

Patent Report.

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

Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- CANADA. Nos. 83,581—Joseph Georges Bouchard, St. Hyacinthe, Que. Heater or cooler for liquids. 83,591—Louis Lacaille, Montreal, Que. Lock. 83,650—Archibald Edward Wilson, Winnipeg, Man. Freezing box. UNITED STATES. Nos. 681,718—Geo. Thos. Martin, Smith's Falls, Ont. Variable speed gearing for bicycles, etc. 682,808—Henry B. Maldeis, Montreal, Que. Leather working machine. 693,424—Anderson McIntosh, Wallace, N.S. Cheese cutter. 724,469—Frederick C. Harris, Sackville, N.B. Snow clearing machine. 732,082—Capt. Charles Johnson, St. George, N.B. Apparatus for cleaning ships' bottoms.

EAGER FOR RICHES. In decrying the methods of promoters of commercial companies which have become so popular during recent decades, especially since the mighty dollar is the key to open the door to social rank and public office, an American journal in referring to the shipyards trust inquiry recently held in the United States, says:—

Dummy directors were furnished to the persons of young clerks qualified by the gift of one share of stock each. From their number a dummy president and a dummy secretary were taken. By the acts of these dummies, dummy stock was created to the face value of many millions, and a vast quantity of bonds. These latter seem to be the only product of organization having other than a dummy character, for they are a mortgage upon real property of actual value.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN. If parents desire to enjoy happiness in their declining years they should attend to the important duty of their children's education. An exchange very wisely remarks:—

Parents should clearly understand that inefficient training, or no training at all, must mean for their daughters ill-paid and subordinate positions. It requires an exceptionally clever woman to pursue a successful career under unfavorable conditions, but with very moderate endowments success may be assured to the one who is given proper equipment and training at the right time.

ALCOHOL'S POISON. Opinion of scientists on the above subject, at a recent meeting, was expressed as follows:— "Alcoholism produces the most varied and fatal diseases of the stomach and liver, paralysis, dropsy and madness. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Lastly, it aggravates and enhances all acute diseases, typhus, pneumonia, erysipelas. These diseases only attack a sober man in a mild degree, while they quickly do away with the man who drinks alcohol.

"The sins of the parents against the laws of health visit their offspring. If the children survive the first months of their lives, they are threatened with imbecility or epilepsy, or death carries them away a little later by such diseases as meningitis and consumption.

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

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secretary, John P. Gurney, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. P. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

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

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording Secretary, 981 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—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. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin. Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

Gardien de la Salle Lecture. Assemblée Legislative.

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NOTES

HONESTY IN BUSINESS.—The path of the transgressor is hard one. If the timid young men in devising methods of defrauding others, were only used to enee and to promote to their rewards would be than they expect, and greater than they expect. Leaving aside all question, the conscience art and considering the mere standpoint of temperance, one is inclined to young man a fool who casts aside a certain one hand he has certain future competency, wealth and decidedly honor and the other, he has the certain failure, of detection, of misery, degradation, and a prisoner's cell.

There is abroad a fever quickly and without warning youth who occupies a trust in an important corner establishment, if it comes seized of that fever mad, run to stock getting, and all kinds of derailing of money in a must be in all the amusements and pleasures of and to meet the cost of he has to work like a man with burning brain, means to meet his demands that our papers are full of young men whose lives by this awful thirst for keep pace with the times the papers do not publish er of the sad cases. We could fill a page with these men. All the worry, the sleepless nights, misery that they bring selves—and all for nothing sanctifies the old adage: "It is the best policy."

CATHOLIC CONGRESS would seem as if the Catholic Europe were waking up to city of proper organization, in Italy, on the 10th 12th of next month, a great Congress will be held there is considerable talk sent, and of which much is One grand object is to d together the bonds that various Catholic associations thereby strengthen them affecting their temporal well as those of a spiritual. It is understood that subjects to be discussed in gramme concerning univers is desirable that all Catholics should, in their own tions, seek to study science junction with religion, and purpose it is suggested that should keep in communication the Italian Catholic School. Another matter sidered at this congress, is cessity of greater activity Catholic women. And it is sidered as a subject of p importance. Always with approval, it is a committees of ladies and be established in the various for the purpose of interest the well-being and the those who are of the female influence of woman, as wife, ther, is so great in the soc that a strengthening of t between the associations of women is also considered a final Catholic triumph.

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