

The Witness

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IRELAND'S CHAMPIONS ON HOME RULE.

There are lessons of great moment to be drawn from the success of the immense Irish gathering, at the Windsor Hall, on the occasion of the welcome tendered Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and his fellow-members, Messrs. McHugh and O'Donnell.

President Doran and the members of the executive of the parent Irish National Society of Montreal, who were instrumental in inducing the distinguished visitors to come to this city, and the various other Irish national societies which co-operated with the old organization, deserve the highest praise for the striking and successful manner in which every feature of the programme was carried out. The enthusiasm manifested was such as to prove that the cause of Irish Home Rule is as deeply rooted in the breasts of our people as ever. It was a remarkable gathering in many senses; the fact of the leaders of a people battling for political and legislative autonomy, addressing and appealing to a people in the full enjoyment of that constitutional self-government, and reasoning the situation in the old land from that which obtains in Canada to-day, was calculated to cast a flood of new light upon the much-debated issue, and to awaken sympathies that might otherwise have remained dormant for years to come. The declaration of Mr. Redmond as to the absolute unity of the Irish party, and the union of sentiment all over Ireland, was received with that applause which tells of unbounded satisfaction. The coming of these prominent Irish representatives has served the purpose of enlightening many a heretofore prejudiced mind on the true aspect of the Home Rule battle, and has stirred into activity the spirit of patriotic endeavor that always characterized the Irish citizens of Montreal. We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for the spirit manifested by men of various other nationalities, and in particular our French-Canadian fellow-citizens. The emphatic, graphic and pointed address of Mr. Madore, M.P., in support of the resolutions moved by Hon. Dr. Guerin, and seconded by Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., must have thrilled the visiting Irish representatives with delight. The whole meeting, in all its features, is an evidence of the sympathetic spirit that really exists between the different elements of this great city. Mr. William E. Doran, president of St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair, and seated on his right were the guests of the evening.

O'Neill, D. Phelan, P. Flannery, M. Shea, P. J. Shea, W. Ryan, W. J. Scullion, P. Scullion, M. Sharkey, T. P. Tansey, Robert Warren, T. J. Donovan, P. Tucker, George Clarke, Jos. Lonergan, N.P., John O'Neill, Hugh Brady, C. Brady, D. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, P. Murphy, W. J. McKenna, John Quinlan, A. Shaw, John Dunn, and many others.

The St. Ann's Cadets played in their usual first-class style a variety of Irish airs, at the close of which the guests were escorted to seats on the platform.

The Chairman.

Mr. W. E. Doran, when the repeated cheers which greeted them had subsided, extended to them a hearty welcome in the name of the society, of the Irish societies of Montreal, and of Irishmen by birth or descent all over Canada. It is, he said, my pleasant duty and my esteemed privilege to preside at this meeting, and to introduce to you the distinguished leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Mr. John E. Redmond (applause), and his worthy colleagues, Mr. McHugh and Mr. O'Donnell (cheers). It also devolves upon me, in the name of St. Patrick's Society and of all the other Irish societies of this city, to tender to them a hearty welcome. (Applause.) The fact that they have come from Ireland, and for Ireland, entitles them to that welcome. I thank you for having given them a real "head-mill-falthe." (Cheers.) It has been frequently remarked that we here in Canada ought not to interfere ourselves in European issues, but that we should devote all our time to building up our country. I do not subscribe to that selfish doctrine. (Applause.) The Irishman, while always true to the land of his adoption, never forgets the land where he or his forefathers were born. As Canadians we are proud of promoting her interests. To her we owe, and for her we are willing to shed the last drop of our blood. (Cheers.) But Canadian citizenship has its rights, and one of those rights is that we are willing to struggle to obtain the same blessings of self-government that we enjoy. (Applause.) And what people or race is more entitled to our sympathy and support than the Irish people at home? (Cheers.) We cannot forget that we are descendants of those people. It was in this spirit that, when it was known that the Irish envoys were on the ocean, St. Patrick's Society decided to invite them to visit the commercial metropolis of Montreal or of Canada, that they would receive a hearty welcome in Montreal, and that great meeting showed that this confidence was entirely justified. I now call upon Mr. John E. Redmond, the leader of the Irish race at home and abroad. (Applause.)

Ireland's Voice.

Mr. Redmond's rising was greeted by loud and continued applause. He said:—It is now many years, I think, since there assembled in this city so large and enthusiastic a meeting of Irishmen in behalf of Ireland. During many years the Irishmen of this city have taken little or no interest in the progress of the Irish cause, I do not blame the Irish citizens of Montreal or of Canada in general for this lack of interest. I know the cause of it. When that great Irishman who had led the people within sight of the promised land, who had guided them, that threshold of victory, died, party dissensions arose, and our friends in America and Canada grew disheartened and ceased to take any practical interest in the cause. I assure you that those years of dissension will not be set down in Irish history as years of folly. If the same political earthquake as the death of Parnell (loud applause) had occurred in any other country there would have been the same chaos and confusion. (Applause.) This meeting, however, has shown a blessed change has come over the Irish party. No longer are Irish nationalists arrayed in different camps. All dissension and disunion is over. Today in principle, policy and organization there is a greater unity amongst Irishmen in the old land than ever prevailed there and than ever prevailed amongst any other race. (Cheers.)

APPEAL TO CANADA.—It is soon as the unity of the people and of their Parliamentary representatives was effected, it was resolved to ask from the Irishmen, on this side of the Atlantic, and from every lover of freedom here of all nationalities, sympathy and support for the just cause for which we were struggling. (Applause.)

I assure you that it is with me a feeling of the deepest pride that my colleague and myself appear to-night in Canada. One of Canada's truest and ablest sons, the Hon. Edward Blake (loud cheers) thus made many sacrifices in the cause of Ireland, and his matchless intellect and undying energy at its service, and this is one of the reasons why we have confidence in your sympathy and encouragement in the future. We are united in Ireland. From the wreckage of the old movement, the League and League has sprung up the United Irish League, pursuing, to some extent at least, the same policy. This is a great and a prosperous country, and I pray that its prosperity may be eternal. But it is well to remember that here in Canada you have to take up arms and fight for the representative institutions, the Home Rule, that you now enjoy. All we in Ireland want is the same free and representative institutions, the same control of our own affairs, as you have in Canada. (Applause.) Through an unfortunate misconception some people think that we have representative government in Ireland. No; we have not. What is representative government? It is government in accordance with the will of the majority of constitutionally elected representatives. Ireland has a hundred representatives. Over 80 of these are represented by the House of Commons, but the Irish people, the citizens of this country, to assist us in obtaining for Ireland what they have obtained for themselves. We are not ungrateful to the House of Commons, but we are not ungrateful to the House of Commons. Still, he admitted that the congested state of the House of Commons in England was not much relieved by the presence in it of 80 determined Irish nationalist members, (loud applause), who are, as the late Mr. Biggar (applause) remarked, "taking an intelligent interest in English affairs." (Laughter.) Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the past century, tried to reduce the House of Commons to the effect of stifling free speech in the House of Commons; and now, twenty years afterwards, it was intended to interfere further with free speech by reducing the Irish Nationalist representation from 80 to 60. Such measures do not go to the root of the evil. They are mere palliatives. The only remedy is to send back to Ireland those men and let them, with the intellect that God has given them, manage their own affairs. (Loud applause.) I hope I have managed their own domestic affairs in England, for their own sake, will endeavor to establish some such body as the American Senate or the Federal Parliament at Ottawa to look after her imperial affairs. I ask the people of Montreal, I ask the liberty-loving people of Canada, to give their sympathy and support to a united Irish party which has a united people behind it. (Cheers.) Ireland is poor yet she has a proud history. It is a historical fact that when Great Britain was sunk in barbarism Ireland was an enlightened nation, reading religion and learning throughout her lands. In every colony and in every land of progress men have given proof of a great capacity to govern themselves. (Cheers.) We are said to be violent, but what makes a people so violent and steady? Responsibility. (Applause.) We are convinced that all that is necessary to make Ireland steady, sober, and prosperous is to give Irishmen the responsibility of governing themselves. (Cheers.)

FUTURE PROSPECTS.—What are our prospects? I am not of a sanguinary disposition; yet I think that in the near future there will be large concessions to us on the question of Home Rule, not coming at the policy of any English party, but from the earnest men of both large parties. Within the last three years we have obtained a large measure of control over our own affairs, in municipal and county matters, such as road-making, the maintenance of the poor and of lunatic asylums, and the assessment of taxes for these purposes. Formerly these matters were exclusively in the hands of persons nominated by the Government. When we claimed the right to manage our own affairs Englishmen told us that, although we were a brilliant race, and had given able governors to her colonies and statesmen to herself, yet we were incapable of governing ourselves. That argument has now been swept away. The local bodies—the councils—elected by the people, although they had had no previous training, have managed their affairs with steadiness, economy and success. (Applause.) This experience—speaking for myself—has set Irish statesmen thinking about Ireland in a serious mood. I believe that if we persist in going on as we are, with the sympathy and encouragement of our race all over the world we will obtain the right to govern ourselves. (Applause.)

A TELLING POINT.—Another reason why I think so is this. The English Government, as a legislative machine, has absolutely broken down. (Applause.) Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not attribute that breakdown to the Irish movement. (Laughter.) I say that even if the Irish members were dumb—it would be the same. Here, with a Federal Parliament at Ottawa and your Provincial Legislatures as well, you have plenty of legislative work to do, although your population is only a little larger than that of Ireland. In the United Kingdom there is a population of over 40,000,000; there is in India a population of about 300,000,000; there are the affairs of the great colonies; there is South Africa; and yet England attempts the impossible task of governing the local affairs of England, Scotland, and India, and to have time to attend to Imperial affairs as well. Is the history of the

whole world there is no such other instance of a vast attempt at governing. It would take all the time of the English Parliament to manage the local affairs of England. There are vast problems affecting the masses in England, Scotland, and certainly Ireland, which are left unsettled. The Imperial Parliament, in the six months a year that it sits, has not time to touch them; still less has it time to manage Imperial and foreign affairs. It would be the same if Ireland never existed. It is clearly necessary to remit to local assemblies all local affairs. (Cheers.) It stands to reason. What has been the experience of the last two years? South African affairs have put aside every other question. It is inevitable, then, that Home Rule will be conceded to Ireland (applause), else local and Imperial interests must suffer. Therefore, I look forward confidently to some great development in the near future.

I say this would come even if there were no Irish members. But there are Irish members. (Cheers and laughter.) They are in the British House of Commons against their will. (Cheers.) They are in it, but not of it. Every writer admits that our Parliament was taken from us by force and fraud. (Cheers.) Only the other day I told an English member that, just as a foreign standstill in the human body was a constant source of irritation and danger, so an attempt to administer a country by foreign means would be a constant source of irritation and danger. I was asked by a representative of a Montreal newspaper why we have pursued a policy of obstruction. I deny that we are obstructionists. (Cheers.) English and Scotch members are constantly voting on Irish questions, and, surely, so long as we are members, though against our will, of the House of Commons, we have the right to vote on English and Scotch and other affairs.

THE PRESENT CONGESTION of legislative business has not been brought about by the Irish question, but by other questions. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, threatens that our members shall be cut down from 80 to 60. That would be a senseless, a senseless attempt to relieve the congestion of the House of Commons. Still, he admitted that the congested state of the House of Commons in England was not much relieved by the presence in it of 80 determined Irish nationalist members, (loud applause), who are, as the late Mr. Biggar (applause) remarked, "taking an intelligent interest in English affairs." (Laughter.) Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the past century, tried to reduce the House of Commons to the effect of stifling free speech in the House of Commons; and now, twenty years afterwards, it was intended to interfere further with free speech by reducing the Irish Nationalist representation from 80 to 60. Such measures do not go to the root of the evil. They are mere palliatives. The only remedy is to send back to Ireland those men and let them, with the intellect that God has given them, manage their own affairs. (Loud applause.) I hope I have managed their own domestic affairs in England, for their own sake, will endeavor to establish some such body as the American Senate or the Federal Parliament at Ottawa to look after her imperial affairs. I ask the people of Montreal, I ask the liberty-loving people of Canada, to give their sympathy and support to a united Irish party which has a united people behind it. (Cheers.)

A TYPICAL ENGLISH METHOD.—The great economical question in Ireland to-day is the land question. Englishmen admit it. The other day I met in Dublin the young Englishman who is governing Ireland. I spoke to him about it, and he admitted it. "Mr. Redmond," he said, "I am at this moment drafting a land bill." "And whom are you consulting about it?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I have brought over with me two clerks from the Treasury office." I said to him that the 80 Nationalist members of whom I am a chairman ought to be consulted. Mr. Wynham threw up his hands in amazement and said: "Why, that's a thing unheard of. I ask whether he would submit to be governed in that way—a question of vital national importance to be settled by two clerks brought over from England?"

Mr. Redmond concluded by an eloquent appeal to Irishmen all over the world to send the United Irish Parliamentary Party that sym-

thy and support which were, in the end, more powerful than an army or a navy. (Loud applause.)

Mr. O'Donnell.

Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., next spoke. He said: After the exhaustive and eloquent speech delivered by my leader, Mr. Redmond, it is unnecessary for me to give any reasons why we are fighting for the right to manage our own affairs in Ireland. When I landed in the United States I felt a new spirit thrill me, as I looked around and saw the evidences of the prosperity of a country where the government is carried on by the will of the people. I saw on every side signs of the improvement and progress that flowed from that responsibility to cultivate, to prosper, and to progress, to which we are fighting for the right to manage our own affairs in Ireland. When I landed in the United States I felt a new spirit thrill me, as I looked around and saw the evidences of the prosperity of a country where the government is carried on by the will of the people. 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THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

A REVIEW BY "CNUX"—Continued.

Last week I had only space to deal with the Catholic education question, as it presents itself in England and in Ireland. It will be remembered that I took extracts from Rev. Father Brown's discourse upon the situation in England, and from Bishop Clancy's address, in the United States, upon the question of primary, intermediate and university education in Ireland. From these we learned that in England the Catholics look forward, with hope, to the next session of Parliament for some measure of justice in matters affecting their schools; we also learned that in Ireland the great barrier to Catholic advancement is the absolute lack of university facilities. I now turn to the wonderfully exhaustive address, by Rev. Father Campbell, S.J., on "The Only True American School System." I will be obliged to take copious extracts from Father Campbell's masterly study of the Catholic school question. It is preferable that I should do so, as any comments of my own could add nothing of value to what he has written, and they might simply help to confuse the reader.

Admirable as history and irrefutable as argument are the opening pages in which Father Campbell proves, by the testimony of the ages, that "what is true of individuals is true of nations—religion is indispensable, and that "in the modern dispensation, the religion that is essential to the prosperity and existence of the State is Christianity." Turning to America he indicates that it is a Christian nation, despite the fact that there is not a word about Christianity in the Declaration of Independence. The intense religiousness of the original colonists, the opening of the Legislatures with prayer, the annual proclamation of Thanksgiving Day, and the Christian death of the late President, are all so many evidences that the American Republic is a Christian country. But, on the other hand, there is an evident tendency to efface that Christianity, and thereby bring the great Republic to ruin. Even as the Caesars of Ancient Rome caused the downfall of that grand empire, so must the same causes produce the same effects in our day.

The author then proceeds to detail the evidences of a fading Christianity. Amongst others he points to the acknowledged emptying of the churches; the prevalence of immoral and infidel literature; the ominous condition of American life in the matter of marriage; the record of increasing crime of every category; above all the frightful increase of homicide, the abominations of lynch laws, and the various other indications of unbridled depravity of sentiment. If the American is asked for a remedy he will suggest religion as thought out by the individual citizen. On this Father Campbell says:

"Longer flattering such an assumption may be to our self-conceit, it is in flat contradiction with reason and experience. Think out your own religion! Can the mud-stained laborer who perhaps has taken his dinner in the ditch and who stumbles home after his hard day's work to a miserable apartment, amid a swarm of squalling children to snatch a few hours rest for the toll of the morrow, do any independent thinking on the abstruse matters of morality or religion? Can the mechanic who slaves at his bench, or the clerk at his desk, or the merchant, engrossed in more making, or the lawyer or physician, absorbed by the anxieties of his profession, sit down and ponder the vast mysteries of the spiritual world? Taking man as he is, actuated by passion, absorbed in business pursuits, apathetic to the religious life, and averse to anything outside the domain of sense, though he may attain to some religious knowledge there are a thousand chances to one that he will not bestir himself at all, and there are more chances that if he does, he will blunder in the most elementary truth. But above all that, there are mysteries which no man can fathom and for which instruction is indispensable. We ask a policeman or a passer-by to guide us in a strange city; can we all unaided find the path that leads over the limitless universe of the unseen? If the meannest handicraft as well as the most learned profession requires an instructor who perhaps has spent years in acquiring the knowledge he possesses, surely an acquisition of the sublime truths of religion requires similar assistance. The merchant, the man with the hoe needs some one to show him how. It is in the very nature of things. We cannot or do not evolve knowledge out of our helpless ignorance. Aid must come from above, and the beneficent sunshine bearing on the cold and lifeless earth calls up the flowers and the fruitage that delight and sustain the world, so in the realm of the intellect, the brightness of the knowledge that our fellow-men as well as the generations that have preceded us have acquired, must dispel the darkness of our mind and make it beautiful and safe with the light it imparts."

This brings us to the question of how, by whom and in what manner to be taught. The author answers all the objections to the teaching of religion in the schools. After establishing most positively that the education of Catholic schools is not below grade, and that the fact of being a Catholic makes a man a

better American, which is the exact contrary of what some of the Protestant educationalists contend, he quotes a few pages of American history in support of the contention that Catholic missionaries, priests, and laymen have actually contributed the most important share to the building up of the Republic. Turning to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the public schools, he says:

"The Catholic Church has no designs on the public schools. It is satisfied to leave them as they are for those who wish them, but it does not want and will not have for its children, in the period of their defencelessness, an education which is calculated to ultimately make those children a curse to their country, by robbing them of those principles of morality which are indispensable in forming them into honorable and pure men and women. It has lost too much, even here, in its contact with irreligion; it has lived too long in the world not to know that religion is necessary to prevent the ruin of a nation, and it has too many horrible examples in the crimes of the apostate governments of to-day, to allow it to sit idly by without attempting to prevent similar disasters here. It will not be satisfied with the odious hour after school, which in the child-mind makes religion penal, but it wants the atmosphere of its schools to be such that religion will enter as a motive and a guide of what is done and avoided. It wants the child to begin to be what he ought to be later on in life, honest, pure, faithful in his duty to his God and his fellow-men, as the light of his religion which will enter as his sacramental helps assist him to become. He will not want the child to imagine that religion is an affair of Sunday and has nothing to do with the rest of the week. It does not comprehend the offer of a well-known president of a Protestant university to teach Catholicity by lectures. Such a proceeding displays a deplorable inability to appreciate what religion really is. Faith is not truth alone but life."

Then comes the question of that homogeneity so loudly advocated by the opponents of the public schools. On this Father Campbell says:

"To this challenge we reply that homogeneity of education is absurd; it is undemocratic; it is socialistic; it is un-American; it is often a political scheme, and it is unchristian and irreligious. You may as well try to have the trees of the forest with the same sized leaves; you may as well insist upon men belonging to the same political party, or pursuing the same occupation, or living in the same kind of house, eating the same food, wearing the same style of dress, or thinking the same kind of thought and arriving at the same conclusions by the same methods. You have no more right to make me homogeneous with you than I have to make you homogeneous with me. Resemblance sometimes may be very undesirable, sometimes strength and beauty of the universe and of everything in it, whether of the natural or spiritual order, is not a unity of monotony and sameness, but a unity of variety, a unity achieved by an authority and influence which is not the infinitely divergent types together and makes them all cooperate to a common end. In that the beauty of the world consists, but our apostles of homogeneity conceive the asphalt road over which the education roller has passed. It might be good to remember that streets of tar, in spite of the roller, become rivers of fire in a conflagration. Bryce, in his 'American Commonwealth,' pointed out that our greatest social danger lies in the production of a 'levelled' society. Besides, who are you, friend, that you decide off hand that your type of the homogeneous is correct? And lastly, why are you continually proclaiming that the aim of the American school is to develop individuality, while in the same breath you demand homogeneity? The two qualities are contradictory."

"Secondly, the scheme is violently undemocratic. If homogeneity of education is really and honestly essential for true Americanism, then abolish forthwith all your great institutions like Yale and Harvard, which are supposed to differentiate their pupils, socially at least, from all other Americans, and which are even differentiated from each other in tone and tradition. The 'Yale spirit' is not Harvard's, nor Harvard's Princeton's, nor Princeton's Cornell's."

"More than that. Close all your expensive private schools which are established everywhere by Americans, yet which are so many sacred and inviolable preserves for the children of the rich—for no plebeian governances or be ready to let the public official knock at your door and inquire if what she teaches corresponds in time and matter with the programme of the State. Does this seem absurd? It is done in Germany now and such inspection was seriously proposed in a recent school law before the Legislature of the State of New York. If your rich man does not send his children to the public school lest they should sit side by side with the children of his servants, or of the mechanic or laborer, why should I not be allowed (not that I avoid the poor, for we are mostly poor) to withdraw mine for greater than social or sanitary reasons? Or does the

scheme propose that only the children of the poor should be thus homogeneously huddled together? If so, and such is its intent, it is class legislation; it is undemocratic and unjust."

"Thirdly, homogeneity is a foreign importation. It is French and not American. It is precisely what Waldeck-Rousseau is imposing on France with an iron hand at the present moment. He uses the same shibboleth of homogeneity and is perpetrating this great crime of the century by robbery and expatriation of Napoleon Bonaparte, who carried it out so vigorously that his Minister of Education could boast that at any hour of the day he could tell what every child in France was reciting. And the project of a national university in the United States with its centre in Washington as mooted here, is nothing but a recruitment of that discredited foreign plan of intellectual and political slavery. We object to all this homogeneity, whether in nation, state or city, because it is absolutely un-American, because it is state socialism and because, just as Bonaparte brutally declared that the fundamental purpose of his national university was to inculcate loyalty to the Napoleonic dynasty, so in the same way, homogeneity in city, state or nation will tend inflexibly to perpetuate the sway of the political party that happens to be in power. In point of fact, the declaration of the National Education Association which is furthering this project bluntly avows that its purpose is 'to lead public sentiment into legislation when necessary.' This is not a Protestant or a Catholic or an American. We object to it for the same reason; because just as the Napoleonic university has wrecked genuine education throughout France, as official investigations have shown, the same result will follow here if this scheme is carried out. No better proof of it could be given than the very Declaration which is launched by this National Association of American Education. Its framers style themselves 'educationalists' and are guilty in several parts of the document of an obscurity of thought, an inconsequence of reasoning and an incorrectness of language that would disgrace a dull boy in a common school."

"Lastly, we object to it for patriotic reasons. And this position of ours ought to have especial force at this terrible moment of our country's history. We find in the 'Herald' of September 12, 1901, that the fourth article in the anarchist programme is 'unreligious schools.' It is not that reason enough to multiply our religious schools as a breakwater, and to force all men to cooperate in that federation of churches which is called for by some of the most distinguished men in New York (New York 'Sun,' September 12, 1901) on behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational and social interests of family life. We have all along seen the perils which are now striking such terror into the heart of the country."

I would gladly reproduce the terrible indictment based upon the acceptance of Rousseau's godless principles by the leading American Protestant educationalists, which Father Campbell launches; but space will not allow. However, we now come to the all-important question of taxation of Catholics in public school purposes. This splendid exposition of the subject I must give in full. It is the best that I have ever read. After showing Rousseau to be a pagan one, reviewed in modern times, and after proving that because the Catholic loves his country he is opposed to its introduction, as being un-American and unchristian, the author closes with the following admirable exposition:

"It is especially, we insist, because of this feature that Catholics are antagonistic not, remember, to the public schools as such, but as they are at present conducted. Am I not perfectly within my rights? Am I not wise and prudent, and sincerely and truly patriotic? At the very moment that the leading Protestant educationalists throughout the land are clamoring for religion in education as a safeguard for the Republic, I find that under the pretext of homogeneity and 'fictitious Americanism' there is a scheme to rob my child in the hours that he is away from me, of what I regard as his best possession; to cheat him out of what I have labored to put in his little mind, the religion, namely, for which I have paid so dearly, and on account of which I am still suffering. I ask myself, why, if I am endeavoring to bring up my child a Christian, I should be punished for it? And why should Christianity be ostracized? Are we not being de-christianized rapidly enough without having our public servants at high salaries accrete the work?"

"But I am told: 'You are not compelled to send your children to the public schools.' 'If I cannot avoid doing so except at a considerable expense, I am. Surely that is compelling me.' 'Do you expect the state then to pay for your schools?' 'Certainly.' 'Never, I am answered promptly and harshly; not a penny of the public funds for sectarian purposes.' 'Softly, Mr. Official, if it is public money, I have a right to my share. I am of the people. You are the servant, and not the proprietor, and are to distribute the public funds justly and not according to your moods and prejudices.' 'It is no prejudice,' is the reply. 'It is against the whole spirit of the country to pay for the support of any religious theory. You might as well ask us to support your churches.' (New York 'Sun,' Sept. 16, 1901). 'As to its being against the whole spirit of the country we may disagree, but do not worry about the churches. The religious theory is taught there, and draw mine for greater than social or sanitary reasons? Or does the

it is different. I am giving all the secular training that is given in the State schools. Why should not that be paid for? As for teaching the religious theory, I'll pay for that."

"But you must pay the public school tax like every one else. Every dollar of it, only I object to paying it twice, which no one else does. But if I teach my children the same things that are taught in the common schools and teach them better, and add, over and above, of my own expense, something which not only betters their characters as men and women, but is absolutely necessary to the country's salvation; if I make them genuine Americans and base their patriotism on a more solid foundation than you can; if while you are content with the mere fact of their characters as men and women, but I am foisted upon by political or other influences, whether he be a Christian or a scoffer, and about whose manner of life I have only your guarantee, whose religion I possibly may not value, while I can detect those of whose abilities and exalted character I am almost absolutely sure; if you are guided in your system by incapable men whose whole time is taken up in commercial pursuits, or political schemes; if I am enjoying the privilege of detecting those who are not devoted but consecrated to the work; if with all that, I am perfectly willing to admit government inspectors, either of the structure or of the requirements of hygiene, and of the studies (barring of course religion, which the state has nothing to do with) why, pray, when I am conferring such inestimable advantages on the state, which even those who are not friendly to me acknowledge, should I not get the benefit of the learning which I pay to the state? This is what puzzles me. That I am a sectarian I prize as my right; that I am an American citizen ought to ensure me my rights. As to the 'garb' of my teachers, that is as much my private as it is the state's to uniform their attire. It is a private concern of theirs. I am taught in American history that my country severed its connection with England because it was taxed without representation; that is to say, it was left without the power of electing how the taxes which were levied upon it should be applied; but now I discover that you, who are presumably not an Englishman, not only do not permit me to say how they should be applied, but you give my money to the state. This is a new criminal I could understand how I should be debarred, but I am an honest hardworking man for whom every dollar counts; who never have before the courts, who have the interests of my country at heart, who never care to get away from my rich friends; who have not stopped at any sacrifice to bring up my children honestly, and if I with my co-religionists have spent millions of money to give them the land, Fraterland, the wisest men in Catholics, admit now to me as merely the best but the only safeguard of my country, because it inculcates religion, why should I not and feel the benefit of what is levied on me for education?"

"It cannot be done," you say. "It is impossible to make any division." Amazing! You had no difficulty in collecting the funds in spite of the diversity of the sources from which they are derived; and you are now to pay my paper in the morning? I read that the Board of Apportionment regularly and without trouble assigns money to hospitals, asylums, roads, lamp-posts, schools, etc. Is there any insuperable difficulty in proceeding further along the division, or is the famous American instinct for mathematics disappearing? Can you divide by two but must you no longer be asked to divide by four? Besides you exempt these schools from taxation because of the benefits they confer on the Commonwealth. That is subsidizing these schools. What is to prevent you then from doing a little more and making your recognition keep pace with the good you receive. He is not a very generous man who is satisfied with not preventing me from enriching him and who takes all I give without thanks. One ought to pay for what he gets."

"We have indeed lost our senses to some extent; but the awful crisis through which we are passing has revealed to us the precipice yawning at our feet. As for ability in practical matters, we have it to a greater degree than other people, and can more easily adjust ourselves to circumstances; and lastly, though perhaps misinformed, we are not willfully unfair. It can be safely admitted that if these truths are placed squarely before the American people, they will frankly acknowledge and honestly admit them. But this is to be done, not by underhand methods, not by dickerings with politicians who will smile and nod, and promise, and then leave us on our back as helpless as before, but by reiterating our position and compelling the people to see that our demand for religious education is not prompted by any sinister design against our fellow-countrymen or their liberties, but by an ineradicable conscientious conviction which events are proving to be well founded; that religion is necessary for the preservation of our country, that it must be implanted in the hearts and the lives of the growing generation, and that there is no other way of doing it than by resorting to the national, feasible and the now widely admitted method of teaching it in the separate schools of the various denominations."

A CATHOLIC CENSUS OF LONDON.

At St. Michael's Catholic Church, Commercial Road, London, recently, Cardinal Vaughan stated, on more than one occasion he had ordered a census to be taken of the

Catholic population under his jurisdiction, but for some reason this instruction had not been fully complied with. In the district of Whitechapel alone it had been almost impossible to obtain an accurate statement of the number of adherents to the Catholic faith. Cardinal Vaughan stated that a large number of Catholic children—between 400 and 500—were being educated in non-Catholic schools, and were attending Protestant institutions and falling under the direct influence and guidance of non-Catholic leaders. Knowing and realizing this serious condition of affairs he regretted to say there were a large number of Catholics who were absolutely heedless of the spiritual welfare of their co-religionists. He had ordered a census to be taken of the Catholic population in order to discover the conditions under which his co-religionists lived.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

"It is some years since the events I am about to relate happened," Father Clifford said, speaking slowly. "I had just returned from Australia; and I found the work in Whitechapel, London, no less arduous than in Queensland,—indeed, of the two, the life in the colonies was the more agreeable to me."

"The missionary paused, as if in thought; and the young priest to whom the words were addressed did not speak. Father Clifford was giving a 'mission'; and the curate of Dhune, knowing that the time at Father Clifford's disposal was short, allowed him to tell his story without interruption of remark. "I presume you know little of a priest's work in such places," he said, in a moment or two; "but you know enough to form an idea of the class of people a priest meets. There was among my flock one man well known for the wild, irregular life he led. His wife, poor soul! had managed to keep one faint spark of faith alive through all the events of a sinful and stormy career; and it was from her I first heard of her husband's dissolute life. James Daly was not an uneducated man, but he had not been so that when I first talked to him soberly, he could not talk fluently and intelligently on many subjects. During our first meetings I allowed him to lead the conversation; and, as I never mentioned religion to him, we became somewhat friendly. When, after a while, I broached the subject, I was shortly answered: 'But for all that I did not despair of reclaiming him, and managed to visit regularly the wretched rooms he called home. Mrs. Daly, at least, was glad to see me, and often spoke of 'Jim.' 'You are strong,' she would say; 'an O Father, I sometimes fear that he will be taken suddenly! All his people died without much warning.'"

"I myself noticed that Daly's appearance had altered for the worse; and indeed, one could hardly wonder at that; for he seldom accosted me, but he only laughed at my comment or inquiries concerning his health, till one day at noon when I was fortunate enough to find him at home."

"Are you taking a holiday," I asked, entering the room, where he lay on an old sofa. "No, Father, but I have a confounded headache."

"Well, I am glad to catch sight of you, anyhow. Do you know that the Passionist Fathers are giving a mission in our church?" "I have heard that," he answered sullenly. "Will you not attend the mission, Daly?" I began.

"No, I won't; and there's an end of the matter—wait, seeing I was about to speak to you, I will go to confession to any priest; it will be to yourself, Father—ever go?" "Very well," I said gladly. "And why not now? Mind Daly, you are worse, much worse than you suppose."

"Are you a doctor, too?" he inquired, with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders. "One doesn't require much medical knowledge to see that you are very ill. Listen, Daly: for God's sake, for your own soul's sake, make 'His confession.'"

"Not now, I tell you, Father—not now." "When, then? Come, fix the time yourself."

"He looked at me a moment, then with a mocking smile, replied: 'At a morrow morning at three o'clock.' I manifested no surprise, and he added: 'At that hour exactly.'"

"All right," I said; "and I hope you are not trying to deceive me." "It was an unusual and inconvenient hour to fix; but I determined to be at his side in good time. Indeed, so restless and excited was I that by half-past two I was at his door; and as I raised my hand to knock, the door was flung open, and Mrs. Daly appeared."

"He is dead, Father—O God have mercy, he is dead!" "Not James?" "Yes, yes. Only a few minutes ago he woke me, saying he must be away before you would come. He wanted a drink; and while I was getting it he fell back dead."

"Yes, James Daly was dead—of heart disease, the doctor said. After a little time, sick at heart myself, I left the place. "The morning was breaking over the city, but there were no stragglers abroad. Before I had gone far I was startled by hearing some one speak my name. I turned, and quite close to me, stood a lady of most unusual beauty. She was richly dressed, and spoke in tones singularly sweet. I was so astonished to speak. At no time are women such as she to be met with in Whitechapel, and my amazement at seeing her there at that hour in the day prevented me from replying when she addressed me. She waited

for no reply, however, but mentioned a certain house and street and a woman's name. "That woman is dying. Go at once."

"Involuntarily I turned in the direction named, and when I turned again to speak to the lady, she had disappeared."

"She must have gone down some alley near," I said to myself; "but how suddenly! In God's name I'll seek the place at once!"

"So I did, and, with some difficulty, found it. Entering a room bare and dilapidated, I noticed what appeared to be a heap of rags in one corner. Approaching nearer, I saw the figure of a woman stretched on a handful of straw, and covered only by a few tattered garments."

"My poor woman," I said, "you are very ill." "She looked at me with wild, eager eyes, but did not speak. "Have you been long—I began. "Are you a priest?" she broke in, trying vainly to struggle to a sitting position."

"Yes." "Then, for God's sake, leave this place—this hell! Go, go!" "But don't you want me?" "No, no! Want you!" She laughed bitterly.

"Are you a Catholic?" I asked. "Yes," she responded, shortly. "Then, poor soul, why do you not make your peace with God?" "Peace! There is no peace for such as I. I deserve hell. Peace—there is peace and pardon for all."

"No, no, no! There is no pardon for me—none! Why for thirty years I have sinned—sinned as you cannot know! In all these years I have never prayed—not once. "Never prayed!" I repeated mechanically.

"Never, well, hardly at all. I did dare to say a 'Hall Mary' now and then." "And Mary will pray for you now."

"She threw up her shrivelled hands with a despairing gesture. "Will you go? Why do you stay here to torture me? I don't want you. I did not send for you. Oh, go away—go!"

"But you did send for me." "It is a lie—I did not!" "For some priest, then," I answered wonderingly. "No. Whom would I send?" "Are you strong?" "I'll swear so if you like. Will you go away?"

"No. Listen. And I told her in a few words of James Daly's death, and of the lady who had sent me to her. "Who was she?" she asked. "God's Mother, I do believe," I said solemnly.

"She gave a great fearless sob. "Say that again, Father." "Do say it,—I do believe that our blessed Lady has had the pity on you which you will not have on yourself."

"Oh, if I could think that, I might hope that God would forgive me if she were to ask Him. "God will forgive you," I replied. "Remember His own promise. "If I could think so," she sobbed. "O Father, help me! I will make my confession."

"So she did and I had her removed to a home, where she lingered for three days. She died thoroughly penitent and hopeful; and to-day, I trust, she preys for me in heaven. The messenger? I am convinced it was no mortal; and the wisdom of the heart tells me it was the Refuge of Sinners, who is never inopposed in vain."—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

To the one who, with eye and heart, studies the moral conditions of America, it must be apparent that one of the most fruitful sources of crime and misery is the sin of drunkenness. To the one again who considers the various remedies, political, social, moral, religious, that have been offered for this evil, it must be as clear as the sun at noon that the most efficient is personal total abstinence.

There are indeed some who question the necessity of such a measure. The world of pain and grief, misery and sin, with its heart of ceaseless throbbing activity, lies before them; but they do not seem to grasp the necessity of their doing something to heal the wounds. No doubt many of you have seen the wonderful series of pictures by Tissot that tell the life-story of our blessed Lord and Saviour. If, so you remember the terrible reality with which, even upon the smallest canvas, the agony, the passion and death are depicted. When first they were exhibited I went to see them. The various effects they seemed to have upon the onlookers was as remarkable a study as that of the paintings themselves. Some looked upon them only with a critical gaze. They put the glass to the eye, examined every detail, passed some criticism and walked on. Some, who had displayed the greatest interest until they reached the pictures of the Passion, seemed to be overcome with a loathing at the terrible scenes before them, and then turned quickly away. Others, some, and strong men, amongst them, gazed with a different feeling in their hearts. The reality of suffering was brought home to them as never before; the thought of their own guilt filled the soul; the face grew pale, and with bowed head and tear-dimmed eye they passed from the hall to the outer world.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls or how unstable the wall until it crumbles, and so in the moral nature of men subtle forces cast their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.

Ab In

This week I had only space to deal with the Catholic education question, as it presents itself in England and in Ireland. It will be remembered that I took extracts from Rev. Father Brown's discourse upon the situation in England, and from Bishop Clancy's address, in the United States, upon the question of primary, intermediate and university education in Ireland. From these we learned that in England the Catholics look forward, with hope, to the next session of Parliament for some measure of justice in matters affecting their schools; we also learned that in Ireland the great barrier to Catholic advancement is the absolute lack of university facilities. I now turn to the wonderfully exhaustive address, by Rev. Father Campbell, S.J., on "The Only True American School System." I will be obliged to take copious extracts from Father Campbell's masterly study of the Catholic school question. It is preferable that I should do so, as any comments of my own could add nothing of value to what he has written, and they might simply help to confuse the reader.

Admirable as history and irrefutable as argument are the opening pages in which Father Campbell proves, by the testimony of the ages, that "what is true of individuals is true of nations—religion is indispensable, and that "in the modern dispensation, the religion that is essential to the prosperity and existence of the State is Christianity." Turning to America he indicates that it is a Christian nation, despite the fact that there is not a word about Christianity in the Declaration of Independence. The intense religiousness of the original colonists, the opening of the Legislatures with prayer, the annual proclamation of Thanksgiving Day, and the Christian death of the late President, are all so many evidences that the American Republic is a Christian country. But, on the other hand, there is an evident tendency to efface that Christianity, and thereby bring the great Republic to ruin. Even as the Caesars of Ancient Rome caused the downfall of that grand empire, so must the same causes produce the same effects in our day.

The author then proceeds to detail the evidences of a fading Christianity. Amongst others he points to the acknowledged emptying of the churches; the prevalence of immoral and infidel literature; the ominous condition of American life in the matter of marriage; the record of increasing crime of every category; above all the frightful increase of homicide, the abominations of lynch laws, and the various other indications of unbridled depravity of sentiment. If the American is asked for a remedy he will suggest religion as thought out by the individual citizen. On this Father Campbell says:

"Longer flattering such an assumption may be to our self-conceit, it is in flat contradiction with reason and experience. Think out your own religion! Can the mud-stained laborer who perhaps has taken his dinner in the ditch and who stumbles home after his hard day's work to a miserable apartment, amid a swarm of squalling children to snatch a few hours rest for the toll of the morrow, do any independent thinking on the abstruse matters of morality or religion? Can the mechanic who slaves at his bench, or the clerk at his desk, or the merchant, engrossed in more making, or the lawyer or physician, absorbed by the anxieties of his profession, sit down and ponder the vast mysteries of the spiritual world? Taking man as he is, actuated by passion, absorbed in business pursuits, apathetic to the religious life, and averse to anything outside the domain of sense, though he may attain to some religious knowledge there are a thousand chances to one that he will not bestir himself at all, and there are more chances that if he does, he will blunder in the most elementary truth. But above all that, there are mysteries which no man can fathom and for which instruction is indispensable. We ask a policeman or a passer-by to guide us in a strange city; can we all unaided find the path that leads over the limitless universe of the unseen? If the meannest handicraft as well as the most learned profession requires an instructor who perhaps has spent years in acquiring the knowledge he possesses, surely an acquisition of the sublime truths of religion requires similar assistance. The merchant, the man with the hoe needs some one to show him how. It is in the very nature of things. We cannot or do not evolve knowledge out of our helpless ignorance. Aid must come from above, and the beneficent sunshine bearing on the cold and lifeless earth calls up the flowers and the fruitage that delight and sustain the world, so in the realm of the intellect, the brightness of the knowledge that our fellow-men as well as the generations that have preceded us have acquired, must dispel the darkness of our mind and make it beautiful and safe with the light it imparts."

This brings us to the question of how, by whom and in what manner to be taught. The author answers all the objections to the teaching of religion in the schools. After establishing most positively that the education of Catholic schools is not below grade, and that the fact of being a Catholic makes a man a

better American, which is the exact contrary of what some of the Protestant educationalists contend, he quotes a few pages of American history in support of the contention that Catholic missionaries, priests, and laymen have actually contributed the most important share to the building up of the Republic. Turning to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the public schools, he says:

"The Catholic Church has no designs on the public schools. It is satisfied to leave them as they are for those who wish them, but it does not want and will not have for its children, in the period of their defencelessness, an education which is calculated to ultimately make those children a curse to their country, by robbing them of those principles of morality which are indispensable in forming them into honorable and pure men and women. It has lost too much, even here, in its contact with irreligion; it has lived too long in the world not to know that religion is necessary to prevent the ruin of a nation, and it has too many horrible examples in the crimes of the apostate governments of to-day, to allow it to sit idly by without attempting to prevent similar disasters here. It will not be satisfied with the odious hour after school, which in the child-mind makes religion penal, but it wants the atmosphere of its schools to be such that religion will enter as a motive and a guide of what is done and avoided. It wants the child to begin to be what he ought to be later on in life, honest, pure, faithful in his duty to his God and his fellow-men, as the light of his religion which will enter as his sacramental helps assist him to become. He will not want the child to imagine that religion is an affair of Sunday and has nothing to do with the rest of the week. It does not comprehend the offer of a well-known president of a Protestant university to teach Catholicity by lectures. Such a proceeding displays a deplorable inability to appreciate what religion really is. Faith is not truth alone but life."

Ability, and Influence In Business Affairs.

By Our Curbside Observer.

This week I purpose dotting down a few random ideas concerning business and the training of young people for active commercial life. The title I have selected is more as a reminder to myself that I wish to touch on a particular phase of this subject, than as an exact indication of the contents of this column. For some time past I have met with a number of newspaper articles and contributed opinions regarding the best methods to be adopted in preparing boys for business. I have always observed that advice and precept flow easily from certain pens, especially when the writers are men who have achieved a degree of success in some sphere or other. But, as a rule, were these men to compare life under the changed conditions of the present they would be obliged to adopt very different methods from those of their time. I could sit down and write volumes of advice that would read very well and against which no critic could advance a serious objection; but I doubt very much if I would be personally able to follow my own advice, were I in the position of the majority of those to whom it would be tendered.

A writer in "Success" says that "the merchant of 50 years ago believed that business could not be learned by educational processes." He claims that the "tricks of the trade had to be taught in the counting room under a system of apprenticeship. The merchant received the boy into his family, and made him the trusted companion of his life and labors." Commenting upon these remarks another writer says: "The conditions are now changed. The volume of business now transacted, and the methods in vogue in offices, stores and factories make it impossible for the business man of to-day to afford time for the general training of his clerks and assistants. The shop is the place where training must be used, rather than sought. Thus in many occupations it has become necessary to substitute practical training in the schools for the teaching formerly given through experience."

All this may be very true; but I am under the impression that today as in the past, the school is supposed to lay the foundation and the office or shop to build the superstructure. It is in the school that the theory is acquired; it is in the sphere of active life that such theory is applied and put into practice. There is no comparison to be instituted between the methods of half, or three-quarters of a century ago and to-day. Take any trade as an example. The maker of that time took in his apprentice, and the lad spent six, seven, or more years working for his master. Possibly at the end of two or three years, if the boy had the necessary aptitudes, he might be able to turn out a better piece of work than his master, yet he was obliged to serve the full term of his apprenticeship. To-day the young fellow would more likely go into a factory and there learn, in a comparatively short time, one particular branch of the trade, and continue for the remainder of his days to act the part of a given piece of machinery. The same training is not required, nor is it of the same nature. The result, however, is obvious; the real tradesman is vanishing and the so-called mechanic or machinist replaces him.

It is not for me to say whether the world is better or now for all the "improvements" that our age has witnessed. At all events I doubt if men are happier. Are we more contented in our express trains than our fathers were in their stage-coaches? After all, should not contentment be the standard of success in life? "There is no royal road to learning" was an old saying, and a true one. Yet we all want to become learned, that is to say, masters in our different spheres, and to attain that level without being obliged to undergo the long terms of probation that the former times exacted. Leaving aside the tradesman, the artisan, the mechanic, let us look for a moment at the great world of trade, of business, of finance. No man wishes to spend ten, and twenty, and thirty years building up a business and laying the foundations of a fortune; the aim seems to become independently rich, millionsaire, if possible, by the

THE HURLER ON THE FENCE.

By a Regular Contributor.

In Tipperary, in the good old days of hurling, there was a saying that "no man knows as much about the game as the hurler on the fence." The meaning is quite obvious. The players on either side are carried away by the excitement of the game, each one is intent upon doing his duty and guarding the post committed to him, none have time to look around or study the chances of the struggle, but the lad on the fence, who is calm and can take in the whole field at a glance, whose eye follows the players at will, and whose lofty position affords him an opportunity of noticing every slip, every error, every miscalculation, is better calculated to tell what the result is likely to be. Moreover, he can see what a player should have done, although he might not have done it himself. In fact, he is the critic who can find fault or praise, but who would be unable to improve up-

on the play of the one he censures or to imitate the skill of the one he praises. As it is with the game of ball, so it is in every great struggle in life.

In the field of letters we meet with the critic, the professional analyzer of other men's work. He might not be able to pen two lines of acceptable verse, yet he has that sense of keen appreciation which makes him competent to judge of the merits or demerits of other men's poetry. It comes to him in almost every sphere. Take, for example, the political arena.

The man who has been selected as a candidate in an election contest, is rarely the best judge either of his own popularity, or of his chances of success. Circumstances of a peculiar nature have placed him in the front; yet he may be under the false impression that he alone is competent to judge of the requirements of a candidate. He is in error, for the fact of his being selected is an evidence of his indisparability. Then the battle commences; he imagines that he knows all about it, that he has the advantage with every detail of the situation, and that his defeat is a moral impossibility. He awakens some fine morning to discover that he has been beaten, that all his "castles in the air" have tumbled down about his ears, and that he absolutely knew nothing of the situation. The man on the fence, that is to say the ordinary onlooker, could have told him a score of times how he had erred, could have pointed out to him the causes that would result in his defeat; but he very probably would not have believed such testimony. If that onlooker happened to be unfriendly, in all likelihood he would allow the deluded candidate to nurse his delusions and rush ahead blindly to his overthrow; if, on the other hand, he were friendly, he would think many times before risking a plain statement to a man who could not see anything but success in his every move.

The same candidate will meet with fifty men who could tell him, in a most dogmatic manner, what he should have done; but, very likely, not one of that fifty would have, or would have done the same thing if placed in the candidate's position. In the same way we find men in opposition dictating, with no uncertain sound, what men in power should do. From their particular point of view they may be right; but, were they in power, would they consider the same question from the same standpoint? Would they be able to carry out that which they advise others to do? These are questions that can only be answered by experience, and very practical experience at that.

Speaking in a friendly manner, to a leading public man who chanced to be at the head of a government, the writer took the liberty of pointing out that his representative position had neglected to perform a certain thing for the neglect of which he had constantly criticized his opponents when they were in power. The politician, however, frankly admitted that he had not done that which he had demanded of others, and he honestly said: "Friend, at that time I had never been in power, and I knew absolutely nothing of the performance of that which I exacted from others. I have since been there, and I can now fully appreciate the situation. It is one thing to find fault, when you have no responsibility; it is a very different thing to act when that responsibility comes to you."

It may be argued that this would be an excuse for any degree of bucksliding in those who pass from the sphere of criticism to that of active performance. By no means. It is simply an argument affecting men who are in good faith, who honestly believe that they could do wonders if they had only the opportunity. These men are like the "hurler on the fence," they see every move, they note every false step, they detect every advantage, and they are lost; but were they in the position of the players they might make far more mistakes and far less good strokes. It is absolutely wonderful how people in these positions are able to assign to their opponents what could never exist. Any man in an audience might be able to tell you how the speaker of the evening failed to complete some argument, how the speaker had made such and such a point, and how the speaker did not lay sufficient stress upon this or that point; but let that same man stand up in presence of that same audience and attempt to do what he considers the actual speaker of the evening should have done, and his performance will be very different. It is the same all around. The person who can go home on Sunday and tell his family, or his friends, how the priest was mistaken, how he forgot to mention something, or other, is how he overlooked that which he would have said had he been in the pulpit, is the most unlikely person in the world to be able to construct a sermon or even an ordinary common sense argument. It is not the fault-finder who is usually the most competent in any line or branch.

At almost every corner of the street we meet men who, in their own minds, could perform miracles, if they only had the chance—that is to say, if the power were only given to them. One could take hold of a newspaper and make a "howling success" of it, although he never spent an hour in a printing establishment in all his life. Still he could advance theories by the yard, oblivious of the fact that all his imaginary original ideas are actually as old as journalism, and have been all smelted, times out of mind, upon the rock of practice. An-

other could have won a certain celebrated case, had he been a lawyer; in fact, he could talk for an hour, on the street corner, filling your ears—if not your head—with all the arguments that should have been advanced in order to have won the case; never for a moment calculating that there was another side to the same case, and that the other side had long ago forestalled his arguments of argument. Again another could have saved President McKinley, had he been a physician, and had he been consulted in the case. But he is careful not to take any of his own medical advice, nor to impose upon members of his own family. We might go on through the whole list of the professions, the trades, the various situations and positions in life, and find for each one a number of these exceedingly clever people, who could do the world and all, if they only had the chance.

Not later than a week ago the writer got three different pieces of gratuitous advice, from three very well-meaning friends. The three agreed on one point, that had either one of them the writer's pen, he could make a fortune in no time. It would be very amusing to watch the progress towards that fortune even with a dozen pens such as this one. The first of these gentlemen advised me to write a novel; in tendering the advice, he was kind enough to map out the entire plan of the proposed book, he gave me an elaborate sketch of the plot and of the characters, and he concluded by predicting an immense sale for the volume. The trouble of it is that his plan, his plot, his characters all so harmonize with those utilized already by Dickens in "Bleak House," that it would be very unsafe for such a pen as mine to attempt the work. The second friend advised me to write a history of Canada, and he told me that it should contain, and how it should be arranged, he had been reading "Withrow," in all probability—at least, the work he advised has long since been accomplished by that author. The third wanted me to write comic songs. He believes that they could be sold, like street ballads, for five cents apiece, and that hundreds of thousands of them would be bought. The only trouble I see would be the necessity of the singer singing the songs, and being "gifted with a bad voice." I fear that I would prove a failure.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

So men are wont to gaze upon human misery in the world about them. Some look with a cold, critical eye, and their hearts are not touched. Some turn quickly away and strive to put the thought of it all far from them. Some, however, as they gaze, are so filled with the sense of suffering that they likewise suffer, and they ask: "What can we do to relieve the pain?" In this way have come to look upon the sin and the human misery caused by drunkenness, and we have made the resolve that we shall do everything in our power to put down the evil. We see the great need of it.

We ask the physician, and he tells us that this vice, more than any other, is the cause of fatal diseases; and renders fatal those ordinarily of a light character.

We ask the superintendents of our prisons, and they tell us that this vice is the cause, direct or indirect, of 75 per cent. of all crime. Not long since, visiting one of our pri-

sons, I asked if this estimate was too great, and the answer I received was: "Your estimate is far too low."

We ask those in charge of our insane asylums, and they tell us that one-third of all the insanity confined there is caused by the vice of intemperance. Lately, while visiting perhaps the largest insane asylum in the world, and asking if this estimate was too great, again I received the answer: "Your estimate is far too low."

We examine all classes of people, and we find that among the high and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, there is one vice which more than others is to be found working its destruction, and that is the vice of intemperance.

My beloved friends, there is no one in the whole world to whom the woe and sin and shame and misery of humanity come so closely home as to the Catholic priest. If I could but snatch from him the spark of intelligence, if I could but present in the colors of the great artist, one-half, ay, one-tenth of all the misery caused by this one sin of drunkenness, I do not believe that there is a man or woman in all this broad land, with a spark of love for God or man within his heart, that would not pledge himself to do all in his power to wipe this evil from the face of God's earth.

Above the homes of our poor and the palaces of our rich, above our workshops and our counting-houses, there hovers this demon of intemperance, bringing unhappiness wherever he rests; and what an arraignment we can bring against him!

Spirit of Evil! I charge thee with robbing man of his manhood; with taking from him that distinctive mark placed upon him by God; with snatching from him the spark of intelligence which makes him the lord of all creatures upon earth. I charge thee with ruining more homes and breaking more hearts than all other sins and crimes combined! I charge thee with bringing the gray-haired mother down in sorrow to her grave. I charge thee with turning the wife's love into despair and her honor into shame! I charge thee with stilling the music of children's laughter and bringing desolation and wretchedness to the home! Despoiler of men, terror of women, murderer of children! I charge thee with taking more lives than all the plagues of earth since first sickness visited the earth, and man first raised his arm against his brother!

Extraordinary measures are needed for putting down such a wide-spread evil; and is there one reason why Catholics should not unite in using that means which their Church and their sense of virtue proclaim to be the best?

I am a total abstainer because I can thus enter a public protest against the vice of intemperance and everything that aids or contributes to it.

I am a total abstainer because if I do not need the practice for my own sake, I do for my brother's sake; and Heaven help me, if I love not my brother whom I have seen, how can I love God whom I have not seen?

I am a total abstainer because I am a man, and everything that is beneficial to mankind is precious to me.

I am a total abstainer because I am an American, and I would see this yoke broken and shattered and cast from off the necks of countless of my fellow-citizens.

I am a total abstainer, again, because I am a Catholic, and I for drink have been as a filthy cancer in the fair cheek of the Church I love, because my heart burns within me when men point the finger of scorn at some bad member and say "These the children of the true

Church of God? These the true followers of Jesus Christ?" No, I am aware that no power upon earth has done so much for the cause of temperance as the Catholic Church; I am aware, therefore, that the reproach is unjust; but, nevertheless, it is a reproach that burns and stings me to the quick. I know many Catholics who do much for the cause of temperance; but I know some who never lift a finger for it.—Extracts from an address of Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., at the Hartford Convention of the C. T. A. U.

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- Men's Fleece-lined Shirts, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.15. Drawers to match at same prices.
- Men's Anti-Grippe Bands, 25c, 60c, 75c.
- Children's Ribbed Wool Vests, 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c.
- Children's Natural Wool Vests, 60c, 75c, \$1.00.
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The only way to permanently CURE Catarrh is to kill the germs that cause it. Sniffs and local washes cannot do this; yet, if it is not done, the spring winter will be like the previous ones, or worse, for the germs multiply like every other living thing. When they become too numerous in the head they will spread down into the chest and lungs. Their invasion of the lungs is only a question of time. Their increase there means CONSUMPTION. Why run such a risk? Catarrh of the Head is easy to cure under the proper treatment. Dr. Spruce can do it quickly. Let him take it in hand now. You will then pass the coming winter and all following ones in health and comfort. You will no longer disgust your friends with your hacking and blowing and spitting. You will breathe easily. You will think clearly. For your head will not be heavy with Catarrh. You will find yourself filled with a new energy and ambition, and life itself will look brighter. For all the strength that your system is now wasting, in fighting the Catarrh germs, will then be yours to use.

Catarrh of the Head and Throat.

- Do you spit up slime?
- Are your eyes watery?
- Do your nostrils fall?
- Does your nose discharge?
- Do you sneeze a good deal?
- Do you sneeze from the nose?
- Do you have pain across the eyes?
- Do you have pain in the nose?
- Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- Are you losing your sense of smell?
- Do you have up phlegm in the morning?
- Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- Do you have pains across the front of your head?
- Do you feel dripping in back part of throat?

Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes.

- Do you take cold easily?
- Is your breathing too quick?
- Do you raise frothy mucus?
- Is your voice hoarse and husky?
- Have you a dry hacking cough?
- Do you feel worn out on rising?
- Do you feel stiff all up inside?
- Are you gradually losing strength?
- Have you a disgust for fatty food?
- Have you a sense of weight on chest?
- Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
- Do you cough worse at night and morning?
- Do you get short of breath when walking?

If you have any of the above symptoms, mark them and send them to CATARRH SPECIALIST, Symona, (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston. HE WILL DIAGNOSE YOUR CASE FREE.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

A WORK OF MERCY.—One of the
corporal works of mercy is to clothe
the naked; and there are more ways
than one of performing this noble
and eminently Christian deed. As
the winter approaches, with its
long, dreary months of cold and ex-
posure to countless ills, the poor,
that is to say the deserving poor,
feel the terrible need of assistance.
It is an awful thing to be unclad,
to be really cold, to experience all
the privations incident to the sea-
son. Yet, there are many who pass
through such an ordeal without ever
making their situation known. They
are too proud to beg, and they pre-
fer to suffer than to ask for charity.
It is for the special purpose of com-
ing to the aid of these sufferers that
a number of benevolent ladies meet
once or twice a week to sew and ar-
range various objects of useful cloth-
ing. We know of no work that is
more deserving of encouragement.
The ladies do honor to themselves
and to the community, they set an
example that is worthy of imita-
tion. The great trouble is that so
few take part in these reunions.
There are scores of ladies, with
scarcely anything of a serious na-
ture to occupy their time, who
might spend a most useful as well
as pleasant hour each week by at-
tending the sewing circle and con-
tributing to the grand work of char-
ity, of mercy, so highly recommend-
ed by the Church. Apart from the
merit and consolation of doing a no-
ble deed, of coming to the assist-
ance of fellow-beings in distress, of
making, there is an amount of real
social pleasure to be obtained, an
enlargement of one's circle of ac-
quaintance, and a fund of informa-
tion to be obtained. In fact, the in-
creasing of the sewing circle means
a proportionate augmentation of
happiness in scores of homes dur-
ing the course of the coming winter.
We trust that some of our young
ladies, as well as of the married
ladies, in each parish will take an
interest in this good work and help
in making it a success.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—The
holiday season will soon be with us.
Already have the various establish-
ments in the city opened out their
Christmas and New Year's stocks,
and the public is now on the move
to secure all that Santa Claus is
supposed to bring in his big sleigh.
Frequently subscribers and friends
have asked us if we could indicate
any way in which they could help
us. This is a time when each and
all can give us an extra cost, and
do so without any extra cost to
themselves. If each of our well-
wishers would carefully glance
through our advertisements before
making the usual holiday purchases,
and give the firms whose names ap-
pear in our columns the preference,
the custom thus afforded those who
encourage us with their advertise-
ments would be the most acceptable
Christmas Box that we could re-
ceive. Needless to insist on the mu-
tual benefits to be derived from such
action on the part of our subscrib-
ers.

ALDFRID IN IRELAND.—It is
not generally known that princes,
as well as ordinary men frequent
Ireland in the earlier days to secure
that degree of education so neces-
sary for success in almost every
sphere of life. "There was a King, a
Saxon King, whose career as a mon-
arch was marked by exceptional ben-
efits to Church and State, and
who, in the days when yet a prince
and an heir-apparent spent a pro-
longed term in Ireland to acquire
the knowledge which alone could
then be found in that quiet home
of sanctity and learning." In his
"Life of St. Cuthbert," the Vener-
able Bede tells how King Aldfrid
spent a long time studying in Ire-
land. In Legend's history of Eng-
land we read that "Bede assures us
that the Irish were a harmless and
friendly people. To them many of the
Angles had been accustomed to re-
sort in search of knowledge, and on
all occasions had been received kind-

ly and supported gratuitously. Ald-
frid lived in spontaneous exile among
the Irish through his desire for
knowledge, and was called to the
throne after the death of his brother."
While in Ireland, or possibly
shortly after his return to England,
the monarch wrote a poem in the
Irish language, in which he tells of
what he saw and learned in that is-
land. James Clarence Mangan trans-
lated into English that poetic ac-
count of the royal exiles' wander-
ings. From that translation we take
the following extracts—the poem be-
ing too lengthy to reproduce in full:
"I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and
gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen,
I travelled the fruitful provinces
round,
And in every one of the five I found
Alike in Church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all,
Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of ho-
ney.
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a
city."

He then tells what he found in
Munster, in Connaught, in Ulster,
in Leinster, in Ossarie, and else-
where, and of the many things he
found may be numbered—
"Sweet fruits, good laws for all and
each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful
speech,
I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor and hospitality;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security,
I found strict morals in age and
youth,
I found historians recording truth:
The things I sing of in verse un-
smooth,
I found them all—I have written
sooth!"
This is decidedly a very fair tri-
bute to the character of the Irish
race one thousand years ago. No
wonder that they were considered
the most civilized of all the then ex-
isting nations of Europe. The story
of Ireland's far away past is one
that has been repeated, generation
after generation, down to our own
day. The characteristics of ten hun-
dred years ago are the characteris-
tics of the race at this hour.

THE CARDINAL AMUSED.—At
the half-yearly meeting of the Cath-
olic Truth Society, held a week
ago last Tuesday, at the residence
of the Archbishop of Westminster,
His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan pre-
sided. Apart from the very interest-
ing addresses delivered and the en-
couraging reports brought in, the
Cardinal, who was greatly amused,
made the assembly merry by reading
a specimen page from a work en-
titled "The Bible Reader's Very
Best Companion." In order to seri-
ously show what Catholics had to
contend with, the Cardinal laugh-
ingly read the following extract:—
" That religious impostor and blas-
phemer, Cardinal Vaughan, is guilty
of the crime of supporting the old
swindler the Pope of Rome, and both
of them ought to be sent to jail as
religious rogues and vagabonds.
Cardinal Vaughan is also guilty of
breaking the law of 1850, and if he
had his deserts would be imprisoned
as a dangerous criminal. Possibly
he will be at an early date. Let him
expect to be dealt with in a thor-
oughly effective manner by several
true Protestants who are deter-
mined to cleanse our Protestant empire
from the pollution of his leprous pre-
sult, absolutely unfit to be al-
lowed, absolutely unfit to be al-
lowed to live under the British
flag." Loud laughter.)
The reading of this funny extract
was equal to a long sermon on the
mad bigotry and ignorance of the
anti-Catholic element.

THE KING'S HEALTH.—The last
rumor is to the effect that King Ed-
ward VII. is suffering from cancer
of the tongue, and that he has not
more than two years to live. For
several months back like rumors
have been set afloat, but there seems
to be very slight foundation for any
of them. In fact, we have absolute-
ly no faith in those semi-sensational
despatches. They are on a par with
the weekly Roman budget that has

the Pope either dead, or dying. The
other day we were solemnly warned
that His Holiness is certainly sink-
ing slowly, and that there is no end
of intrigue going on in the Vatican.
In one of the leading organs of
France it has been seriously stated
that there was question of appoint-
ing a substitute for the Pope; that
is to say, a kind of coadjutor Pope,
who would do all the work while the
present dying man might simply
wear the tiara and nod his head in
approval of all that the pro-Pope
might do. It turns out that at the
very time referred to His Holiness
was giving a series of audiences to
leading Europeans, including a mem-
ber of royalty, and was obliged to
decline seeing his physician at the
usual hour, on account of the
amount of work he had to perform.
These same yellow journalists will
very probably use the King of Eng-
land as they do the Pope of Rome,
as a lever to stir the globe of pub-
lic interest. The pity of it all is
that they have not the fulcrum of
truth to lean upon, otherwise they
might rival Archimedes.

VALUE OF A LIFE.—Mr. Justice
Jas. A. O'Gorman's decision in the
case of a five year old boy that was
killed by the Metropolitan Street
Railway, and whose father brought
action for \$300, is most remarkable
and characteristic. In giving judg-
ment, Judge O'Gorman said:—
"The verdict is for \$300, but the
funeral expenses and other special
damages not contested and conclu-
sively proved, amount to \$181, thus
leaving a trifle over \$100 as the
figure placed by the jury as the
value of a human life. Substantial
awards have been almost uniformly
made by juries in actions brought
to recover for negligently causing
the death of infants. The verdict
rendered in this case is so grossly
inadequate and indefensible it should
not be allowed to stand.
"No terms will be imposed as a
condition for a new trial. The ver-
dict is perverse and the damages
arbitrarily and capriciously fixed at
such a low figure as to shock the
moral sense. The plaintiff is in no
manner responsible for this miscar-
riage of justice and to impose costs
as a condition of setting the verdict
aside and granting a new trial is to
emphasize the wrong to which the
jury has already subjected him.
Granting a new trial under these cir-
cumstances cannot be regarded as a
matter of favor. The plaintiff is en-
titled to the relief sought, as a
matter of right."

There is something touchingly hu-
man in this striking decision. Too
little value is placed on the lives
of the young; yet their lives should
be the most important of all.

ITALY IS CATHOLIC.—"The false
idea is abroad that the Italians are
falling away from the Church; and
this opinion receives its color from
the anti-Catholic spirit of the men
in power. The true state of religion
in that country is aptly pointed out
by 'Vox Urbis,' the well informed
Roman correspondent of the 'Free-
man's Journal.' After indicating all
the evidences of a deep and abiding
faith in the people, the union that
has been fostered between Catholics
and the special devotions that have
arisen," the writer says:—
"From all this it is clear that the
great bulk of the Italians are thor-
oughly devoted to their religion.
The truth is the country has fallen
into the hands of a clique, and the
great voice of the people has no
means of making itself heard. It is
a pity to have to record that there
are signs of division among the ac-
tive workers of the Catholic forces
of the country—a new element has
made its appearance, which already
almost claims the right to set aside
the Pope's advice about political
elections—ne electi ne electori—Cath-
olics must neither be electors nor
elected in Parliamentary contests.
The intentions of the Young Lemo-
crats, as they call themselves, are
no doubt the best in the world, but
it is very hard all the same to ex-
cuse them from the charge of dis-
loyalty and of causing disunion in
the ranks of Catholics."

What is true of Italy is equally so
of France and of every other Cath-
olic country.

FALSE CHARGES.—They say
that false charges are hard to re-
fute, and that they are eternally
liable to be revived, no matter how
conclusively or how frequently they
have been disproved. One of these,
a perpetually recurring accusation,
is to the effect that the Catholic
Church and the Catholic clergy are
always opposed to the circulation of
the Scriptures. The Bishop of Man-
chester, in addressing a meeting of
the "British and Foreign Bible So-
ciety," has had the hardihood to
state that he "found from this
year's report that, though many of

the Roman priests on the continent
still opposed the circulation of the
Scriptures, yet here and there the
priests were beginning, according to
the desire of the present Pope, to
circulate the Scriptures among their
people." A correspondent of the
"Manchester Guardian" not only
informs the Bishop that the Gospels
are published at a penny each by
the Catholic Truth Society, and
kept in book-cases of that society
at the doors of many churches in
England, Ireland, and Scotland, but
also quotes a passage from a letter
addressed by Pius VI. to the Arch-
bishop of Florence in 1778, con-
gratulating him upon his Italian trans-
lation of the Bible. The clergy of
Spain are described by Protestant
"colporteurs" as specially hostile
to the circulation of the Bible. We
have before us as we write an edi-
tion of the four Gospels, with ad-
mirable notes from the Fathers,
which was published at Madrid in
1895, and is sold for a mere trifle.
But it is useless to cite facts for the
"British and Foreign Bible So-
ciety." The imaginations of its agents
rise superior to them.

MRS. LAKE'S REMARKS.—Mrs.
Lenora M. Lake, who came to Mont-
real under the auspices of the Dom-
inion Women's Christian Temperance
Union, and of whose arrival we
made mention in last week's issue,
delivered a lecture in one of our
city's halls this week Hon. Mr. Jus-
tice Curran presided at the lecture,
and with his characteristic urbanity
and gallantry introduced Mrs. Lake
to the audience, amongst which was
a large number of Irish Catholics.
In the report of the remarks of His
Lordship the "Daily Witness" says:—
" In introducing the speaker Judge
Curran expressed the pleasure it
gave him to preside over such a
meeting. Mrs. Lake was not coming
amongst strangers. In Montreal
there were several temperance socie-
ties connected with different Catho-
lic churches and tens of thousands
of people in Montreal sympathized
with her work. The press had intro-
duced her, and he believed she was
not only a temperance advocate, but
an able representative of the wit
and eloquence characteristic of her
race."

We are told in the same report
that Mrs. Lake, in referring to the
remarks of the honored Chairman,
said:—
" She feared that the 'Judge,' like
many others of his native land, was
not here to display wit or eloquence,
but to tell, as best she might, her
simple story in the interests of the
homes and children of our country."

"She was glad Mr. Curran had
stated that there were temperance
societies in Montreal belonging to
her own Church and faith. If he had
not said so she would not have
known that there was one pledged
Catholic abstainer in the city; so
much for hiding their light under a
bushel."

We have no desire to write words
of criticism of a woman of our creed
and race, notwithstanding the fact
that she may indulge in flippant re-
marks regarding men and women
engaged in the same cause as her-
self. We merely refer to the inci-
dent to point out, for the benefit
of Mrs. Lake, that if she desires to
obtain recognition in an official and
public manner at the hands of Irish
Catholic temperance societies there
are channels through which she may
do so, notably the clergy of our five
Irish parishes. Ever since the founda-
tion of this city Irishmen and wo-
men have been zealous in their en-
deavors for the noble cause of tem-
perance. Mrs. Lake's remarks were,
to say the least, ill-advised.

LIFE OF WOLSEY.—There is no
character in the history of England
that has awakened more interest in
the student of the past than that of
Cardinal Wolsey. His famous dying
words have been repeated in every
compendium of history that has been
placed in the hands of pupils; his
influence upon his times cannot be
gainsaid, nor can his title to great-
ness be disputed. Father Taunton,
author of the "History of the 'Jes-
uits,'" has just issued a most im-
portant work entitled "Thomas Wol-
sey, Legate and Reformer." That
the great Cardinal, greater as an
historical personage than as a
church man, had conceived grand
schemes for the improvement of edu-
cation, the spread of enlightenment,
and the advancement of religion can-
not be denied; and Father Taunton's
work abundantly proves all these
things. But as a critic says, "diffi-
culties at home, misunderstandings
and troubles abroad, where the Pa-
pal See was in trouble, led to the
failure of his noble attempt to se-
cure the better things. Then came
the blunder and the crime of Hen-
ry's marriage, the Reformation,
and the old church was crippled and
beheaded. It is a sad story, but to
behead it over it does no good now.
Had Wolsey had more power, he
might have done more good." These
are the comments of an eminently
Catholic writer, and we see no rea-
son why they should not be taken as
exact. No doubt the new book will
constitute a very important stone
in the edifice of Catholic English
history.

THOUGHTS OF WINTER

By an Occasional Contributor.

In Ednam, the shire of Roxburgh,
two hundred years ago, was born a
man destined to give to the world
one of the most reflective, descrip-
tive and religiously beautiful poems
that the English language possesses.
The name of James Thomson is
scarcely known to-day save in con-
nection with "The Seasons." Yet,
in the language of Dr. J. Aikin, he
"planned and constructed a poem
which, founded as it is upon the un-
fading beauties of nature, will live
as long as the language in which it
is written shall be read." In glanc-
ing through that wonderful and de-
lightful lesson, Thomson's "Winter"
we come upon thoughts, linked to-
gether in all the soberness of blank
verse, that seemed to us highly sug-
gestive of the approaching season
and its studies. It is quite possible
that many of our readers have per-
used "The Seasons," but none will
feel anything better than satisfac-
tion in again reading those serious
reflections. If the reproduction of
those often verses should stir up
sentiments of benevolence in the
breasts of our fellow-citizens, we
will feel that we have done some-
thing good. It is thus the poet re-
flects—
" Ah! little think the gay licentious
proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence
surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in
giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they
dance along,
How many feel this very moment
death,
And all the sad variety of pain,
How many sink in the devouring
flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many,
bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man
and man,
How many pine in want, and dun-
geon-glooms;
Shut from the common air, and com-
mon use
Of their own limbs. How many
drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter
bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by winter
winds;
How many shrink into the sordid
hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many
shake
With all the fierce tortures of the
mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt,
remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the
height of life,
They rush matter for the tragic
muse.
Even in the vale where Wisdom
loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace and Contem-
plation, joined,
How many, racked with honest pas-
sion,
In deep-retired distress. How many
stand
Around the death-bed of their dear-
est friends,
And point the parting anguish.
Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand name-
less ills,
That one incessant struggle render
life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and
of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand
unchallenged,
And heedless rambling impulse lea-
fen to think;
The conscious heart of Charity
would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate
ale.
The social tear would rise, the so-
cial sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual
bliss,
Refining still, the social passions
work."

This is a long quotation; but yet
not sufficiently so to cover all the
misfortunes of life, nor all the mis-
eries that the chilly season brings
in its long train. Nor is it too
lengthy to suggest the "luxury of
doing good." In our
making others happy. In our
charities almost every Sunday, at
this season, do we hear appeals
made on behalf of those who suffer
want. There is a glow of happiness
about the fireside that the approach
of Christmas brings, a glow that at
no other period of the long year
can be equalled; there is even a
means whereby that radiance may
be made more cheerful and that hap-
piness be rendered more perfect. It
is by making some of the less happy
many feel less the misery that is
their lot. For this do the followers
of St. Vincent de Paul labor; for
this do the charitable organize en-
tertainments and various means of
securing the funds required for their
benevolent object. All cannot take
active part in such works; but all
can aid, to some extent, in securing
success for the active workers. It
is this holy spirit of the season that
actuates them, and it is in that
same spirit we touch again upon the
subject.

We know that there are thousands
who need but to be shown the way
in order to walk it; there are multi-
tudes who are so preoccupied with
their own individual concerns that
they have not time to think of their
fellowmen. When gaunt want meets
them face to face on the public
highways or at their own doors,
they are impressed; but they would
never picture to themselves the ac-
tualities of misfortune were their
attention not drawn to them.
When we look around us we are
astonished at the variety of occupa-
tions that engross the minds of
men. They are absorbed in business
enterprises, in professional careers,
in political schemes, in financial pro-

jects; they are frequently ready to
give abundantly of their means for
highly meritorious undertakings, for
higher educational works, for the
founding of institutions—all of
which are to be so many monuments
to perpetuate their names; but they
will never pause for a moment to
contemplate the needs of the lowly,
the humble, the insignificant mem-
bers of their own community. To
our mind a broader and a more
practical charity would serve to ad-
just all the differences that tend to
increase the gap and even the an-
tagonism that may be said to divide
sections of the social world. It is
the very absence of that charity
which makes the pinched and suffer-
ing ones feel the contrast between
their condition and that of the rich
and apparently happy. Gradually
the sting of resentment takes
root; and a festering rank soil,
that off-shoot spreads into a giant
of enmity. The kindly touch of sym-
pathetic charity would have trans-
formed that plant into a sprout of
gratitude and of affection. Read
over again these lines of the poet;
they were written a century and
three-quarters ago, yet they have
come down to us, even as have the
needs of the poor and the require-
ments of charity—the same in each
succeeding generation, the same un-
to the end of time.

MANCHESTER MARTYRS' ANNIVERSARY

This evening the grand historic
drama in 5 acts entitled "Sir
Thomas More," will be presented by
the dramatic section of the St.
Ann's Young Men's Society, at the
annual entertainment of Division
No. 1 Ancient Order of Hibernians,
in St. Ann's hall, the anniversary
of the Manchester martyrs. The com-
mittee in charge of the arrangements
have worked hard for the success of
the entertainment, and from the
large advance sale of tickets, the
capacity of St. Ann's hall will be
tested to its fullest extent.

A WORK OF AN ARTIST.

Miss Mary Mullaly, of Papineau
Avenue, has just completed two
beautiful crayons of the late Rev.
Father Simon P. Lonergan and
Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, both former
pastors of St. Mary's. Miss Mullaly
has made two excellent crayons,
and certainly the parish of St. Ma-
ry's is to be congratulated on hav-
ing one so proficient in the use of
pen, brush and pencil. These two
beautiful crayons have been present-
ed by Miss Mullaly to the St. Ma-
ry's Court of Catholic Foresters,
who have had them handsomely
framed and mounted, and will be
drawn for at a concert to be given
by the above Court on Monday even-
ing next in St. Mary's Hall. Every
person holding a ticket for the con-
cert will have a part in the draw-
ing, and each family in the parish
hopes to possess one of the por-
traits.

ERZEROUH'S SAD FATE.

A cable message from Erzeroum,
in Turkey, announces the particu-
lar destruction of that city by an earth-
quake, and the consequent loss of
many lives. An American mission-
ary wires as follows:—
Erzeroum, Turkey, just visited by
earthquake. One thousand houses
were destroyed and fifteen hundred
damaged. It is known that several
were killed. Fifteen thousand people
who have been driven to huts for
shelter are in need of immediate re-
lief. The winter is coming in se-
vere. Contributions can be remitted
to the American Consulate, 155
Constantinople. One hundred and
thirty thousand dollars are needed for
immediate relief.
Erzeroum is the principal city of
Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, capital
of a vilayet of the same name on a
large elevated plain in the West
Branch of the Euphrates, 155 miles
west of Mount Ararat. It is partly
inclosed by a wall thirty feet high
and has an extensive citadel. The
population is estimated at from
50,000 to 100,000. The streets are
narrow, filthy and mostly of mud,
timber, or sun-baked bricks. The Ar-
menians and Greeks have pretentious
churches, and there are about
fifty mosques, besides a large cus-
tom-house and numerous bazars.
The city has an extensive trade with
all the adjacent countries and is a
chief halting station for caravans
going from Teheran to Mecca. The
surrounding country is extremely
fertile and yields quantities of agri-
cultural products.

TO FIGHT A TRUST.—B. H. Kro-
ger, the millionaire grocer of Cin-
cinnati, is said to anticipate fight-
ing the Biscuit Trust by offering
two loaves of bread for five cents.
He figures that with a delivery his
bread costs 2 and 4-10 cents a
loaf, allowing a profit of one-tenth
of a cent a loaf when sold at 8 1/2
cents. He gives what he terms a
rough estimate of the items of ex-
pense as follows: One barrel flour,
\$4.15; ten to twelve pounds of lard,
\$1.20; labor, 93 cents; general ex-
penses, 20 cents; total expense,
\$6.48; number loaves made, 270.
Cost per loaf, 2 4-10 cents. So
every million loaves at that rate
would represent \$1,000 profit. Mr.
Kroger will operate large profits in
New York, Chicago and other large
cities.

BOSTON'S MAYORAL CONTEST.—
In which the two contestants will
be the present occupant of the civic
chair, Mr. Thomas N. Hart, again
selected as the standard-bearer of
the Republicans, and the well known
Irish Catholic, Mr. Patrick A. Col-
lins, who will be candidate of the
Democrats, promises to be a most
exciting campaign. There is every
prospect that Mr. Collins will be
elected.

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RESCUE OF CI

November issue
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Copies of the Day

RELIGIOUS IN FRANCE.—A leading Paris newspaper that has correspondents in different French towns has been trying to elicit from these the prevailing opinion of the population on the action against the religious orders. The results are significant. We learn that at Tours the prevailing opinion is one of sadness and consternation, and that lovers of true liberty there consider that liberty in France has received a death blow. One writing from Bayonne says that in that town the proscription of the religious orders is looked upon as a covert attempt to un-Christianize France. The correspondent from Grenoble says that since the revocation of the edict of Nantes no arbitrary measure has struck such a vital blow at France's prosperity as the recent law against the congregations. From Lyons the note is very grave, that town being one of the most religious in France. There no less than 200 religious houses, most of which have for their aim the relief of suffering humanity, come within scope of the law.

TRUE HEROISM.—Preaching recently on this subject in London, Eng., Mr. J. Vaughan said among other things:—The Catholic Church, filled with the spirit of Almighty God and intent upon man's sanctification and salvation, did not come to destroy nature but to perfect nature, to purify it, to lift it up, and therefore she took whatever was good in nature and used it for her own great ends, and since she found men stimulated by the exhibition of great deeds and heroic lives, even amongst worldlings, she said that if her children wanted a model to stimulate their zeal she would put before them really noble examples of those whose heroism was unquestioned. And she adapted herself to man's necessities, not because she wished to make use of the means the world made use of; but it was because she wished to correct the erroneous examples the world put before them that she raised her own examples and placed her own heroes so that men might see them.

What were the heroes of this world, what was the world's conception of exalted virtue? Who were the great ones of the world? Whose names were most famous in the history of the country? Whose names stood out in bold characters on the pages of the history of this or any other country? They were the names of warriors, Kings, great potentates, great politicians, great statesmen, great generals, men of blood and action, men of great fortune—especially if they had made their fortunes themselves. Such were the world's heroes. Let him (the right reverend preacher) ask if the lives of those men would admit of close scrutiny? Could they turn the searchlight of impartial inquiry upon them and find no fault in the characters of those men?

The heroes of the world were successful men, and the world worshiped success. But what had been the secret of the success of those great men of the world? Had it been their virtue, their holiness, that had led them to that position, or had it been something entirely different? They would find that the success of those men was their lust for power and rank. Their yearning for things of this world, for influence and control, had made them so bold and persevering and successful. Now, those were the heroes of this world. But the Church did not approve of such heroes; they were not heroes in her eyes. When they were called upon to contemplate the great hero and the great warrior the Church beckoned them aside, and drew them from the atmosphere of adoration and flattery and the clamorous of an excited multitude, and pointed out to them men like St. Paul or St. Anthony, who occupied their time in penance and mortification, and she said, "These are heroes greater than any of the heroes of the world."

RESCUE OF CHILDREN.—In the November issue of "St. Peter's Net," a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan to the Rev. E. B. Bann is published, and we recommend our readers to carefully study the appeal which is made by His Eminence for the support of Catholics in carrying out a great work of rescue, says the London "Univers." His Eminence in his letter recognizes the weight of the burden which he has placed upon the manager of the Homes for Destitute Catholic Children.

You will soon have in our various homes (writes the Cardinal) a thousand children dependent upon your exertions for bread. It is only right therefore that I should give you a

special recommendation to the clergy and faithful—and to all, irrespective of creed, who care to have a hand in saving a multitude of children from poverty, vice, and destitution. Civic, social, philanthropic, and religious motives combine to commend your appeal for help to every class of the population that is interested in the welfare of the people.

The stupendousness of the great social undertaking which is now administered by Father Bann may be seen by statistics which are given. It is estimated that it will be necessary to find during the forthcoming year the sum of over \$50,000, or, to be exact, \$150 per day will be needed if the children rescued from every conceivable danger to moral and spiritual welfare are to be properly educated and prepared for entering the busy world. Having an estimate upon the receipts last year of the two societies, the sum of \$40,000 is practically assured, but the problem which at present faces the administration is the difficult one of making up the deficit. Two sources are depended upon, the charitable public and the monthly parochial rescue collections, and when the public realize the enormous responsibility of finding food and shelter daily for nearly 1,000 destitute children they will, no doubt, respond generously and promptly to the appeal made by the Cardinal Archbishop and by the Rev. E. Bann.

A poet laureate is not always the happiest builder of stately verse. To write poetry to order is no easy task. The poor poet cannot be expected to be always in the proper trim, nor can he command inspiration on every occasion. It has been said that the poet laureate of the United States is again being pushed to the front. The present agitation is preliminary to the general convention in aid of the movement, which will be held at Cincinnati on Dec. 10. There, it is expected, the fate of the scheme will be decided for good and all. That it will meet with opposition from those high in authority in the Church, there can be no doubt, but whether this opposition will be active or whether it will merely take the form of silent disapproval will depend largely on the amount of strength made at the convention. The preliminary organization of the federation was accomplished at Long Branch last August, when the representatives of religious and benevolent societies got together and adopted a constitution and elected officers. The objects of the federation are:—

"The cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic and Catholic societies of the United States, and the fostering of Catholic interests and the promotion of religion, piety, education and charity; the study of conditions in our social life; the dissemination of the spread of the Catholic literature and the circulation of the Catholic press."

Within a month of the adjournment of the convention this call was issued by the federation:

To the Officers and Members of all Catholic Societies in the United States: Greeting: On Aug. 28 and 29, 1901, at Long Branch, N.J., the movement in the interest of the Federation of Catholic Societies was completed, a constitution adopted and officers regularly elected. This meeting was thoroughly representative, and completely approved by the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, N.J., many of the leading Catholic clergymen of the country, as well as many of the prominent laymen of several States. It was unanimously agreed that a general call be issued, signed by national officers, and sent to every Catholic society in the United States, whose address could be secured, inviting them to become members of this federation. An initiation fee of \$5 is to be charged, and every society is to be entitled to two representatives, whether the society is an independent society, or a branch of any national State or diocesan organization.

Complying with this instruction, notice is hereby given that the convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1901, and all Catholic societies are cordially invited to become members and send representatives. Fraternally yours HENRY J. FRIES, President. JOHN J. O'ROURKE, Secretary. Approved: SEBASTIAN G. MESSMER, Bishop of Green Bay, Wis. JAMES A. McFAUL, Bishop of Trenton, N.J. A few days later this circular letter was sent by the federation to the leading officers of Catholic organizations in all the States:— Dear Sir,—I send you herewith a copy of the proceedings of the convention recently held at Long Branch, together with a notice of the call of the convention to be held in Cincinnati, Dec. 10, 1901, and attached credential blanks for your delegates. The success of the federation seems to be assured, and from nearly every State of the Union words of encouragement have reached headquarters. We confidently hope to have every diocese represented. As you will notice by reading the proceedings of the Long Branch convention, every society, whether a member of a national State or diocesan union or not, is entitled to two delegates and a membership in the federation upon the payment of \$5. We believe the best interests of all

language, such as Spanish or German or Italian, there would be no objection about establishing classes, but because a few people wished to learn their own language they were laughed at. If they found that the classes could not be kept up it would be easy to drop them. The people were sincere in what they asked for, and instead of welcoming them it was proposed to put all sorts of obstacles in their way and make them a laughing stock. The Rev. Father Beckley seconded the amendment. He agreed with all that Father Brown had said. It was a fact that German commercial travellers learned Gaelic for the purpose of travelling through Ireland, and the result was that their goods were bought in preference to those of the Englishmen who did not understand the language. On a division the amendment was rejected by 23 votes to 21, and the motion was afterwards agreed to by 25 votes to 21.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

There are many serious problems which concern Catholics on this continent now engrossing the attention of their leaders in the ranks of the clergy and the laity. Of these, perhaps, none has occupied more attention during the past year and has been given more prominence than that of a Federation of Catholic Societies. The secular press of the Republic is now devoting much attention to the subject mainly due to the idea that the matter will be dealt with at an early day by the hierarchy of the United States. The following article, which appeared in the news columns of the New York "Sun," recently, is an evidence of this fact. It is as follows:—

The scheme of Bishop McFaul of Trenton for a federation of the Roman Catholic societies of the United States is again being pushed to the front. The present agitation is preliminary to the general convention in aid of the movement, which will be held at Cincinnati on Dec. 10. There, it is expected, the fate of the scheme will be decided for good and all. That it will meet with opposition from those high in authority in the Church, there can be no doubt, but whether this opposition will be active or whether it will merely take the form of silent disapproval will depend largely on the amount of strength made at the convention. The preliminary organization of the federation was accomplished at Long Branch last August, when the representatives of religious and benevolent societies got together and adopted a constitution and elected officers. The objects of the federation are:—

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will be served by your body taking favorable action at your very next meeting, and trust, therefore, to have the pleasure of hearing from you shortly. Very fraternally yours, JOHN J. O'ROURKE, National Secretary.

The activity of the promoters of the federation has, it is said, aroused the opposition hierarchy of this country, who fear that the organization may in time drift into politics. The subject will be discussed at the annual meeting of the archbishops, which will be held at the Catholic University in Washington on Nov. 20.

Those of the opposing prelates who have expressed themselves on the subject say that the movement is fraught with grave danger to the Church, inasmuch as, no matter how good may be the intentions of its promoters, it is bound to become a political factor and in time perhaps the tool of designing politicians. It is true, they say, that Bishop McFaul has denied that there is anything political in the movement, but they profess to be unable to see how it can escape the malstrom of its work on in the direction of "fostering Catholic interests."

They point out that the promoters in stating the need for such a federation urged that the Catholics of this country did not get the recognition which should be theirs by right of their numbers and importance in the body politic. This was taken to indicate that the promoters of Catholicism were discriminated against in political matters of vital interest to them, such as for instance the Government of the Philippine Islands.

Another drawback in the eyes of the opponents is the danger of counter-organizations of non-Catholics. Such a movement, they say, coming at a time when the A. P. A. is on its last legs, would furnish the opportunity for which the rabid opponents of Catholicism are seeking and would kindle again the fierce fires of bigotry.

They do not deny that the scheme of federation has its attractive features, but hold that there is no reasonable excuse for its existence just now. In commenting on the subject recently a leading Catholic publication said:—

Are there not many local grievances to be redressed? Yes; but there is no need of a national organization to right local wrongs. Moreover, the Catholics of the country do not want to stand before their fellow-citizens with a running sore to be healed or a grievance to be redressed. We desire rather to unite with all the people of our country and to do our share in securing its ends.

We are heart and soul American, and thoroughly in accord with the best sentiments of the American Government, and sympathetic with the highest aspirations of the American people.

The time may come when it will be necessary for us to unite in a Catholic party, as the Catholic people did in Germany, but the time is not now. Nor is it wise to have the necessity of such a state of affairs.

The president of the Federation is H. A. Fries, of Erie, Pa., and Bishop McFaul is the spiritual adviser. Among the organizations that have contributed to its support are the American Catholic Union, the German Central Catholic Verein, the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Atlantic City, N.J., the Pittsburgh League, N.J. Catholic Society, the Knights of America; the Knights of St. John, the New Jersey League of German Catholic Societies and the Emerald Association.

DOINGS IN PROTESTANT CIRCLES.

AGGRESSIVE METHODISM.—Such is the title of an article setting forth the fact that the New York city churches, of the Methodist persuasion, are seeking to raise \$1,000,000 for the purpose of clearing off the debts upon thirty-two churches. For some time past a like undertaking has occupied the attention of the Methodists of Canada. In the case here, it is to pay off the debt of one church, that on St. Catherine street, Montreal. A prominent Methodist clergyman, speaking in the New York "Tribune" said that the "laming of thirty-two church mortgages means much for metropolitan Methodism." And he added:—

"A Methodism with new spirit, rising free from the shackles of the debt of decades, elated and springing to meet the demands of twentieth century progress, will be the result. Methodism can then stand squarely on its feet. It can set itself seriously to the task of trying to redeem the city. It will no longer be a mere struggle for existence, but splendid aggressive work everywhere. It will pave the way for a wonderful work of the Holy Spirit in all the contributing churches."

It seems to us that despite all the loads of debt that Methodism, on this side of the Atlantic, has to carry, the members of that sect are by no means backward in their aggressiveness. If they succeed in raising the required million in New York, and another million in Canada, we may look forward to a downright assault, all along the line, upon Catholicity. The queerest characterists of these Protestant denominations is their fixed enmity against Rome. They will combat, preach temperance, convert heathens; but above all they find it necessary to commence with an attack upon Catholicity. It would seem as if the Catholic Church in their eyes stood for all these enemies against which they are called upon to struggle.

INSTITUTIONAL CHURCHES.—So rapid had become of late years the falling off in Church attendance

in New York, that Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, established what he was pleased to call the institutional church. Describing the aims and operation of this supposedly every day in the week, and services were multiplied. In addition to a large staff of clergy, scores of lay workers, men and women, were employed, many of whom were able to give as much time to the work as the clergy. Dozens of guilds and philanthropic and missionary societies were organized, each one demanding of its members active work involving much time and effort, if not money. There was hardly an hour of the week in which the parochial machinery was not whirling, with a score or more of eager workers supplying the power, and the chief pastor in his office, like any business man, from Sunday to Sunday, with hardly a moment to relax, or forego the Sisyphean task of rolling the human race up the hill of duty.

"So the church was thrown open every day in the week, and services were multiplied. In addition to a large staff of clergy, scores of lay workers, men and women, were employed, many of whom were able to give as much time to the work as the clergy. Dozens of guilds and philanthropic and missionary societies were organized, each one demanding of its members active work involving much time and effort, if not money. There was hardly an hour of the week in which the parochial machinery was not whirling, with a score or more of eager workers supplying the power, and the chief pastor in his office, like any business man, from Sunday to Sunday, with hardly a moment to relax, or forego the Sisyphean task of rolling the human race up the hill of duty."

"It appeared to be a success for a time, but we are now told that 'one of the most successful churches is losing its hold on the people, and there is reason to believe that the situation may be true of other institutions.' The principal cause assigned for this failure is the over-taxing of the clergymen, the unceasing treadmill round of duties, the unending series of calls, sermons, exhortations. It is said:— 'At first, perhaps, the increasing succession of meetings, services, rallies and the like pleased the non-churchgoing masses, but after a while they, too, find the pace too simple, too slow, and lose much of their interest in the church. They do not actually cease to attend it, but worst of all, the modern institutional church must have a deteriorating effect on the clergy. A few picked men, rare moral and spiritual endowments may resist the deadening influence of its unceasing activities. But the average minister, with the best intentions in the world, is pre-occupied to have much of his fresh energy and inspiration taken out of him by the constant drudgery of his work, unrelieved as it is in many cases by any moments that he can call absolutely his own from his recreation or enjoyment apart from his work.'

It seems never to have flashed upon these people that what they are vainly attempting to do, and what is wearing out their clergymen, is the ordinary routine that the Catholic Church has kept up for long centuries and still continues to this hour. Her clergymen never grow weary, they never lose their breath, they never slacken their pace. Her temples are open all the year around, from the hours that precede the dawn to the hours that follow the sunset. Her priests pray, say Masses, preach, attend to parochial duties, visit the sick, instruct the young, perform all the offices belonging to the priesthood, sit before altars; and yet they are never broken down, nor do the people tire of the Church. What is the reason? Simply that the Catholic attends his duty as a matter of duty, and not as a worldly tie to bind him down. nor has he any allurements to draw him away from the path of unceasing duty. No spasmodic outburst of zeal can compete with a condition that centuries have consecrated.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM FARRELL.—The hand of death is again busy in the midst of the older generation. This week we have to place upon record the death of Mr. William Farrell, an Irish Catholic of Montreal and prominent in its history, civic, political, social and commercial for more than half a century. With that spirit of enterprise so characteristic of a large number of the older generation now passing away, Mr. Farrell embarked in business on his own account at an early age, and by constant toil, perseverance, upright methods, combined with natural tact, he succeeded in building up a trade connection not alone in the city, but throughout this province which he held to the end. Despite the constantly growing demands of his business he took an active interest in various public affairs. He was an alderman of this city, representing an important commercial ward for a period of fifteen years, and the same practical knowledge and courage of conviction which he displayed in his commercial undertakings has left its impress in many civic works which to-day bear testimony of his zeal and devotion for his native city.

Mr. Farrell was not so demonstrative in public in proclaiming his views regarding questions affecting his nationality as others in his race, but the writer has had occasion to know that whenever Ireland's cause required assistance he was always ready to do more than his share. When the sunburst came he was prepared, strengthened and consoled by all rites of Holy Church he was away to his eternal reward. He leaves five sons and five daughters.

THE JEWS OF THE UNITED STATES

have organized a society to prevent poor Hebrew immigrants from settling in the slums of the cities and to settle them on farms and in small towns. Already they have sent away from the Ghetto of New York about 4,000 persons.

AMERICAN CENSUS.—

An American exchange remarks:— We are a great people, we Americans, but it has cost us, so far, \$9,695,000 to ascertain just how far that greatness extends numerically. By the time the official census is finished, between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000 more will be needed. It will probably take until June, 1903, before the work is complete.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

THANKSGIVING DAY November 28, 1901. Return Tickets will be issued at lowest first-class SINGLE FARE between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich.; Niagara Falls and Buffalo, N.Y.; Massena Springs, Rome's Point, N.Y. and Leamport, Ont.

GOING DATES—November 27 and 28. RETURN LIMIT December 2, 1901.

MONTREAL AND SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SHORTEST LINE DOUBLE SERVICE. Montreal 9.01 a.m. ex. Sunday 8.40 p.m. daily. Springfield 6.18 p.m. 7.25 a.m. Montreal 8.20 p.m. 7.25 a.m. Springfield 9.05 a.m. ex. Sunday 8.10 p.m. daily. Through Coaches are run on day and night trains and Pullman coaches on night trains in both directions.

CITY TICKET OFFICES,

127 St. James Street, telephone Main 460. Main 461, or Bonaventure Station.

A Very Refreshing Blend of Carefully Selected Growths of India and Ceylon Teas.

We have just received a consignment of FINE BLACK TEAS which we are retailing at FIFTY CENTS per pound in one-pound and half-pound Sealed Packages. Try a sample package. Half-pound packages 25c each; one-pound packages 50c each; Fifty-pound cases, 50c per pound.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., 171-173 WATERHOUSE, 207, 209, 211, ST. JAMES STREET

two of whom are married, to mourn his sad loss. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from his late residence to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted. Representatives of the City Council, the Harbor Commission, and of other institutions, as well as a large concourse of citizens assisted to pay their last tribute of respect to a citizen who had done his duty nobly.—R.I.P.

JAMES P. SLATTERY.—

If the most prominent members of the older generation are gradually passing away, the scythe of Death mows down, from time to time, many of the young, the talented and the promising in its dread swath. Of these youthful victims, not a few have been considered as the hope of the future, and their early loss is the more keenly felt because their places cannot always be filled in the ranks of our coming citizens. Of these one of the brightest and most talented, as well as most universally admired and beloved is the young man whose death, at the early age of twenty, we are called upon to record this week. The late James P. Slattery, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Slattery, so well known in Irish Catholic circles of Montreal, passed away after a brief illness which he bravely defied with that insidious disease, typhoid fever, and despite all that the best medical skill could do he finally succumbed. At the time of his death young Mr. Slattery held a position of trust in a well known commercial firm, and enjoyed the fullest confidence of his superiors. He was on the threshold of a most promising career; prepared for the battle of life under the Christian Brothers of St. Ann's parish, he was fully equipped to compete with all the young men of his age, and was certain of marked success. In the sphere of usefulness which he had selected, he was a member of two well known Irish Catholic young men's societies, and in each of these organizations he was a general favorite. Needless to say how deep and sincere is the sympathy felt for Mr. and Mrs. Slattery, in their bereavement, by their many friends and acquaintances. When the good and young die it is as the stars "whose death is day." In the prayers for the repose of his soul, and for the consolation of those who loved him dearly, we join, while we pay this simple tribute to the memory of the deceased.

REV. MICHAEL STANTON, one

of the best known priests in Ontario, died last week. He had been ill for some time. He was 50 years of age and a native of Galway, Ireland. His education was received at the Jesuit College, Galway, and at All Hallows' College, Dublin. In 1861 he came to Canada, and his theological studies were completed at Regiopolis College, Kingston. He was ordained in St. Mary's Church, Kingston, by Archbishop Dubin in 1865. His first charge was that of curate at Wolfe Island. Later he was transferred to Erinsville, and after eight years occupancy he was appointed parish priest at Westport. Later he became pastor of the Catholic Church at Smith's Falls. In 1849 he was called to Brockville to succeed Rev. Father Gauthier who had been selected as Archbishop of Kingston.

Father Stanton was instrumental in having a convent erected at Westport and in Brockville and Smith's Falls he made many improvements. Father Stanton was well known in Montreal.—R.I.P.

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THE USURPER.

There was a strange silence brooding over Paris. The moon looked down upon a white city and frosted the snow that rested on every pinnacle and fretted carving with a silver glory. From the heights of Montmartre could be traced the circles of the city walls, and outside the circle there gleamed another wider one of twinkling lights—the watch-fires of the beleaguering Prussian.

Those among the besieged who were learned in such matters had been heard to declare that in five days at the latest capitulation must come and the cup of degradation be emptied to its dregs.

Within the city there reigned a stagnant misery, starvation and smouldering fury. Men looked at one another with an unspoken curse shining in their eyes, and women bearing the mark of long-drawn-out misery in their pinched faces trudged wearily to the few bakers' shops still open and waited their turn for the purchasing of such meagre portions of bread as were to be bought.

Therefore a silence brooded over Paris, being broken only by the bursting shells that landed in unexpected spots at all hours of the day and night. The quarter of Montmartre was especially dangerous for the pedestrian, for the Prussian marksmen had got their range and bombarded the city continuously. The defenders of the hill had dragged their heavy cannon up to the heights and from their vantage point returned the fire, but the position was a hot one, and the wayfarer in that quarter of Paris took his life into his own hand, for at any moment a bursting shell might bring it to an abrupt termination.

Two men, both wearing the uniform of lieutenant, were pacing the bastion near the eastern gate of the city. From time to time they stopped and looked over the snow-shrouded plain that lay between them and the twinkling lights of the Prussian camp and then again with a shrug of their shoulders resumed their tramp.

They were both young, having, indeed, but recently left boyhood behind them, and they were curiously alike in appearance, though the likeness was explained by the fact of their being brothers. Enveloped in the long military cloak, and with peaked caps drawn down over their eyes, it was difficult to distinguish between them.

"To surrender," said one of them, "is our only chance. At least it will save the whole place being knocked to bits and the certainty of being starved to death."

"It will be a sorry sight to see Bismarck riding through the streets as a conqueror," replied Armand de Quetteville. "I wonder how the people will take it."

"The people," observed the other, "have had all their spirit crushed out of them by sheer starvation. What they want is food, Bismarck or no Bismarck! Empty stomachs are great levelers of pride."

"But we French do not take defeat easily, Silvestre, and there is a pride in us that not even hunger can kill."

His brother did not reply, but again stopped and looked out over the plain at their feet.

The night was dark now, for the moon had set, but the gloom only helped to intensify the glitter of the enemy's camp fires. The lights looked vindictive in their watchfulness and like so many hungry wolves waiting for their prey.

"What of Therese and Madam Raudin?" asked Silvestre at length. "I have had no time to go up to the house to-day."

"It goes badly with them, as with everybody else. Therese waited for two hours at the bakery in the Rue Blanchard for some bread—"

"She got it, I hope?" interrupted Silvestre.

"The supply was sold out before it came to her turn!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the young soldier. "What will they do?"

"Therese says they have enough in the house to last them for another day, but then—"

ver all right? Good. Well, God guard you, old chap, and bring you safe back—with the papers. Vive la France!"

The gate swung back and Silvestre, creeping cautiously out, was swallowed up in the gloom.

With the advance of the night a light mist had arisen. This, argued Armand, would be in Silvestre's favor, lessening the chances of his being detected by the Prussian outposts. But it was a dangerous job, one requiring all the nerve and thorough knowledge of the lay of the land that his brother possessed.

The reward would be great, however—the consciousness of doing his duty for the honor of his country and of being perhaps the means of averting the grim doom that looked so fatally certain, also—and to a lover's eyes the best—the hope of bringing to a maiden's face a flush of pride for a loved one's deed of daring, a flush that might lead to much—the winning, maybe, of that wavering heart.

With his cloak wrapped well about him Armand de Quetteville kept watch for the return of his brother. The monotonous passing to and fro of the sentry hardly disturbed his thoughts as he leaned over trying to pierce the impenetrable darkness of the country that lay between the walls and the Prussian camp.

An irritating and to all appearances purposeless bombardment was maintained intermittently, the shells being directed against the upstanding hill of Montmartre, where the artillerymen, under cover of the night, were busy at the work of re-mounting guns dislodged by the Prussian fire.

Occasionally a shot fell short and ploughed its way into the hard frost-bound earth at the foot of the walls, not more than thirty paces from where the officer stood. The gate was in the direct line of fire, and those in charge of it ran no small danger of becoming victims to the Prussians' persistent endeavors to dislodge the artillery from their position.

The minutes passed very slowly to Armand de Quetteville. In spite of his words to the contrary, he was very jealous that the lot had fallen to Silvestre. It was not so much that the love of his country burned in his heart as that he begrudged Silvestre the chance of becoming a hero in the eyes of Therese Raudin.

Every one of these great words had been the lodestar of two brothers. Being orphans, they had of late years found a second home in the house of Madam Raudin, an old friend of their mother's. Thus side by side with themselves had grown up a sweet-faced child whose heart—when she grew old enough to realize that she possessed such a thing—wavered between her two willing slaves.

Each brother considered that the other was the favorite, and Silvestre, on his side, was willing to admit the superior claims of Armand. He was the elder by a year, and certainly the cleverer, and possessed of the greater wit and fun.

Armand, to do him justice, was conscious of his senior officers to which he could not lay claim. He envied him his gentleness, the power of sympathy and readiness to sacrifice his own pleasure for that of others. He knew, too, that in spite of being the younger he enjoyed the confidence of his senior officers to a greater degree than himself—his word was always implicitly relied upon also his unwavering sense of honor.

Thus there were many disquieting thoughts in Armand's brain as he looked out into the gloom of the raw winter's morning. The church bells had sounded the hour of 4, and still there were no signs of Silvestre.

Supposing—

Armand shook the thought from him, but the devil that had prompted it was only momentarily abashed, and again whispered into his ear, urging the supposition.

If Silvestre failed in his mission! Failure could only mean one thing. Either he came back with the papers, or he did not. If the latter—the devil at his shoulder grinned as he saw the hot flush of shameful hope rise to Armand's face—then his path would be unobstructed.

Dieu! What was that? The flash of a musket caught his eye, and a few seconds later the dull crack of the shot. As far as he could judge, it was about a couple of miles distant.

Armand started to his feet, erect and vigilant, and peered intently into the darkness.

The minutes passed, drew out into half an hour or more, and yet nothing happened. There has been that one musket shot, and then—silence. He strained his eyes as he would in some way connected with his brother he was positive, yet—

Yes, there was a figure running toward the gate—a reeling, staggering figure, as of a drunken man, groping blindly in the snow, though almost in total darkness.

Armand flung himself precipitately down the steps leading to the entrance, and seizing a lantern that hung upon the wall, ordered with an oath the man in charge to unlock the gate. He waved the light frantically to and fro, a guide to the wayfarer, whom he knew for a surety was Silvestre.

of his speed towards the inner gate. He must go at once to the commandant's office; the papers must be delivered.

As he walked swiftly a curious feeling crossed him. With the packet in his hand he could almost have believed that he had been the means of procuring them for his country.

True, the colonel did not know which of them—Silvestre or himself—had finally decided to go on the perilous quest. He almost laughed at the strange feeling of envy that swept across him. Silvestre was wounded, poor chap—but what of that? He would be a hero on the morrow—one who had wrought a great deed at the peril of his life.

A weird humming sound, as of the working of a thousand looms, filled the air—the rush of something that shrieked like a demon in mortal fear as it tore its way through the atmosphere—a blinding flare of light—a crash—a belching hell of flame!

Armand de Quetteville lay on the ground, his hand tightly grasping the package of papers, his body deluged with blood, struck almost insensible by the bursting shell. He was grievously wounded, but he still kept the power of speech. Men rushed from all quarters and raised him gently.

"To the commandant's office!" he had sufficient strength to whisper before they would give up their charge.

"Take him to his quarters," said the colonel, "or stay—better still—take him to the house of Madam Raudin in the Rue Blanchard, and tell the surgeon to go there at once. They will take good care of him—they have known him from childhood. Not such the matter with him, I fancy," added the officer; "a few flesh wounds and a nasty knock on the head from a splinter. Be careful of him my lads—be a brave fellow, and it's rough on him for this to have happened just as he had finished his work—so gently there."

Not even the roar of the bursting shell roused Silvestre from the deadly stupor into which he had fallen. His wounded arm had been attended to, but the loss of blood that he had suffered had made him as weak as a child, and for a couple of hours he lay in the guard room unable to move.

When consciousness returned to him, his first question was as to the safety of the papers. He was told that they had been duly delivered, but that Armand had met with an accident, and had been taken to the Rue Blanchard. The corporal who was in charge of him was mystified as to the business of the papers—he only knew that the young officer had run some danger in procuring them. Silvestre did not enlighten him as to the mission with which he had been entrusted; the fewer who knew of such matters the better.

The morning was well advanced before he felt strong enough to walk up to the Rue Blanchard. However, he must see Armand first, and then report himself at the commandant's office to give an account of his doings during the night.

He was very weak, but he somehow managed to reach the house of Madam Raudin. He almost dreaded to ring at the door. What was this accident that had befallen Armand—and so serious a one as to necessitate his removal from barracks? He braced up his courage, but he knew the worst, anyhow—and rang the bell.

The sound of lightly hurrying footsteps came to him, and the door was flung open.

A pair of laughing eyes met his own, and in them was a strange glow of happiness such as he had never seen before. It was Therese who was standing there, but a glorified Therese! How could she look so radiantly happy with Armand sick in the house?

"Oh, Silvestre, it is you! Where have you been all this time?" she gasped. Then catching sight of his arm in its sling, she cried: "Oh, mon Dieu! You have been wounded, too! Was it by the same shell?"

"How is Armand?" he interposed, almost fiercely. "Never mind about me. How is Armand?"

They were standing in the little salon, and he leaned against the table for support.

"He is doing well. His head is badly hurt, but the shell—"

"What shell?" stammered Silvestre, confusedly.

"You don't know, you haven't heard?" the girl asked, her face still in a glow of excitement. "Oh, Silvestre, was it not hard on poor Armand? To risk his life for those papers, and then at the last minute to be struck down! It is grand, though," she continued, her eyes sparkling. "He has done a splendid thing. I don't believe another man in Paris would have dared to go all alone into the Prussian camp and risk being caught and shot as a spy, and all for the sake of a few papers. Dear, brave boy. I always knew he would be a hero some day."

A curious grayness spread over the face of Silvestre de Quetteville, and a dull understanding reached his numbed brain.

Pure Gold Tomato CATSUP.
NATURAL COLOR. NATURAL FLAVOR. Tomatoes and Crushed Spices only.
TRY IT.

Society

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

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

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1866, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street. First Monday of every month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President; Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vic, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vic, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

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

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strabbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

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

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1888—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 626 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 8:30 p.m.

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Chimes and Pools,
New Superior Copper and Tin, Cast Iron,
MONTREAL BELL FOUNDRY
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MENBELY BELL COMPANY

TROY, N.Y., and
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Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

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YOUR EMBROIDERY
Use of BRODIE'S XXX
Self-Raising Flour, which
prevents the flour from
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keep it soft and pliable
for 12 months. For 12 six pound bags
of this flour, send \$1.00 in
advance. The flour is
packed in one six pound bag.
BRODIE'S XXX
100 N. W. VAN DUZER ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

PALE GIRLS
Too bad to see the health and beauty of a young girl fade away. This often happens to girls between the ages of twelve and twenty. Girlhood ought to be a time of perfect health. Pale blood—a blood disease—is a common enemy of good health in our girls.

Scott's Emulsion is having remarkable success in bringing back the roses to those pale faces. All the mental and bodily trouble that go with pale blood are relieved by this treatment—Scott's Emulsion. Mothers of pale daughters should see that they get it.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
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Licensed Ladies' Dresser,
240 NEIGNEURS Street.

The moment that is flying holds more eternity than all our past, and the future holds none at all.

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to catch the six...
Newburg.

Our Boys and Girls

THE WHITE ROSES.—Marie, a winsome little maiden of about ten summers, was an orphan. She was a babe, slumbering to the lullaby of the angels who guard the little ones, when her young mother was called home. Before death claimed her for his own, she solemnly consecrated her darling babe to Mary the Blessed Mother. Having placed her treasure in hands so strong and tender she calmly and trustfully expired. Marie would be the guardian of her helpless child.

Marie wore for seven years our Lady's colors, and was taught by her kind aunt to consider herself the Blessed Mother's own little child. She had scarcely laid aside the lividity of our Immaculate when her devoted father was also summoned to a better world.

Marie felt his death keenly. Her aunt bade her submit lovingly to God's will, and cling all the more trustfully to her heavenly Mother. These admonitions sank deep into the susceptible mind of the young orphan, and day by day she strove with all the ingenuity of a loving heart to render herself pleasing to her great Patroness. Above all things she sought to imitate the virtues practised by the sinless child Mary in the temple at Jerusalem.

Thus little Marie matured in innocence and beauty in the garden of God. She observed various pious practices in honor of her Blessed Mother. Among the flowers with which she loved to deck the altar of our Lady, pure, white roses seemed to her the most appropriate. May, with its wealth of bud and blossom, the loveliest month of the year, and hence so fitting to be consecrated to the fairest and purest of virgins, was drawing to a close. The little maiden had each day placed her bouquet—shimmering white roses—at our Blessed Lady's shrine, when one evening her aunt informed her that they must arise early on the next morning, in order to catch the six o'clock train for Newburg.

"O, but Auntie dear, shall we arrive in time for me to pay my sweet Mother the usual visit, and present my bouquet of roses?" "Darling, I am afraid there will be no time for either. Say your rosary with greater fervor. This will please our Lady just as well."

"I will say my rosary every day, Auntie, but my Mother, this is my Mother's own month, and I wish so much to lay my roses at her feet."

"I am sorry for your disappointment, Marie, but it is impossible, for the carriage will not start punctually at half past five, and indeed we shall not then be any too soon."

Marie tried to bear her little trial patiently, but she could scarcely keep back the tears, and she retired with a very sad heart.

Next morning as the carriage dashed rapidly to the station, Marie espied a flower stand on which were several magnificent bouquets of white roses.

"O Mike, Mike!" exclaimed Marie, "stop, do stop, just a minute. Aunt Margaret, see the beautiful roses. O, let me out just one second to purchase a bouquet. I have enough money to buy a bunch of those lovely flowers."

Mike could not find it in his heart to refuse his little mistress a favor. He reined up immediately.

"Well, dear, this is too bad. We shall certainly be late, exclaimed Aunt Margaret, impatiently.

"No, no, Auntie, dear. We shall be in time. Say 'yes,' and she kissed her cheek, and she said, 'Well, well, do not spoil my colt. Hurry, you strong-headed little miss, and get your bouquet, but if we are late you—'

"Do not fear, Auntie," and the graceful child sprang lightly from the carriage, and in a remarkably short time had made her choice of the fair, fragrant buds she loved so dearly, and returned joyfully to the carriage.

"Whip up the horses, Mike, or we shall miss the train."

Off the vehicle rattled in hot haste, while Marie caressed her beautiful flowers in the gayest of moods. Just as the train pulled out, while Marie sat gazing disconsolately after it.

"Did I not tell you so, Marie? See that well-willed you have been."

"No, I am sorry, dear Auntie. I thought sure we should be in time."

"My dear, you must learn to submit to the wishes of your elders."

"Drive right home again, Mike, we will take the afternoon train."

"O Auntie, dear," interrupted Marie, "O Mike! don't go yet. Please let him drive to the church, it is such a little distance out of the way."

"I declare, Marie, you're taking the reins into your own hands this morning, and I see Michael is bent on helping you; between the pair of you I'll have to give up. Drive to the church, Michael, and after this, my young lady, Auntie and not your little ladyship will manage affairs; remember that!"

"Ah right, Auntie dear; but Mother Mary will get her flowers."

It seemed to Marie, while kneeling at the Madonna's shrine, that Mary smiled upon her, and although she regretted missing the train for her aunt's sake, yet she never felt happier than at that particular morning.

The carriage again drove up to bring Marie and her aunt to the station, at what appeared to her a very early hour in the afternoon. Mike was not going to be cheated again by the cars, he would be in time this trip. He insisted that the cars and not Marie were in fault in the morning.

The morning express, the very train they had missed, had collided with a heavy freight, and had been totally wrecked. The loss of life was very great, and but few if any of the passengers had escaped uninjured.

"O Auntie, do you see our sweet Mother Mary wanted to keep us from being killed. Oh, isn't she the sweetest and dearest Mother!"

Aunt Margaret was deeply moved, as, my child, our Blessed Mother has rewarded your devotion in an extraordinary manner. Continue, dearest, to seek the protection of our Blessed Lady, and to render yourself worthy of it by the practice of those virtues which are so dear to her.

"I will, dear Aunt, I will with God's help," said Marie, solemnly, while tears of gratitude shone in her sweet blue eyes.

Marie and her aunt when they arrived at Newburg, immediately made a visit to the shrine of our Lady in the nearest church, to offer their tributes of grateful thanks to Mother and Son. The holy Virgin had saved them from a terrible death, and Marie earnestly offered her young heart to the service of Jesus, under the protection of the Queen of Heaven—M. B., Sister of St. Francis, in the Sunday companion.

HOW HENRY WON.—The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four-year's course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide."

As before, at the closing examinations the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to the principal's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was carrying in her wash-packet a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves it to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."

THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

During the course of a recent sermon in London, Eng., Rev. Henry J. Groch touched upon the literature of the hour. He said among other things that there was no doubt about the abomination of a large amount of so-called literature vomited forth from the press day by day.

What modest man or woman, not to speak of children, could have taken up the London papers within the last month and read what was printed there without a blush and without upon their minds?

The Church came along, and she told her children they must not touch that which would contaminate them, and although she did not pronounce individually against a single member of the press, she said to her children, "You shall not read that which will probably bring spiritual

death to your soul." Was she to be blamed for this? The world, the polluted, the depraved and polluted mind of millions who were imbued with the spirit of an unclean world was responsible for the abominable reading that was poured forth by an unblushing press both in England and elsewhere. And why? Because if there was no demand for it, there would be no one to supply it. If the public did not demand it, there would be no sale for it, and it would not be produced. But there was an enormous demand for it, and it was the depraved public taste that was producing this unclean thing. So low had this public taste become that it required even a secular paper to declare that it would no longer print such unclean things. All honor to that member of the public press who, in the face of the demand of a polluted world, could say, "I will publish no more. Buy my paper or leave it, as you please." And the children of the Catholic Church—what must they do? They must be ranked on the side of the Church; they must stand firm and uncertain strength and firmness upon the side of the Church of God in this matter, and raise their voices with all the strength they could command in condemnation of such literature. They must resolve not to read anything which would destroy the minds of the young and old of this land.

All honor to the Catholic press of this country. Catholics were not a people, and they could not command the press of this country. Would that they could! But this much must be said, that the Catholic literature of this country—he was speaking of periodical literature—was an honor and a credit to the press of this country. It was free from all that was objectionable, and the Catholic press could hold its own in this matter with any of the periodicals in Europe. It was the duty of Catholics to support the Catholic press, which was inviolable from the charges that it had ever caused a blush to rise to the face of those who read it, whether they be young or old. He was not saying this, that the editors of Catholic papers were unclean, but that they were not unclean. He did not suppose their one motive was the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He had their living to earn, but he had their mission, and they did not prostitute the mission that was given to them to their own greed or to the morbid taste of an ungenerous public. If they suffered for this, it was in the cause of righteousness. If Catholic periodicals were taken, in a certain sense, a lowly position amongst the literature of the day was it not perhaps because they were not bringing themselves unfaithful to not bring itself to which belonged to it in the name of religion, to aim at the amelioration and the elevation of those under whose gaze it came? This was a noble mission, and one worth suffering for.

Household Notes

CLEANLINESS.—A correspondent of an American daily journal discussing this question says:—

I may be old-fashioned, but I must confess to a preference for clean beds and body linen on Sunday. Do not believe any amount of argument could convince me that Saturday was not the proper day for washing the beds and picking up the soiled clothes of the household. Cleanliness and godliness are akin, you know, and I maintain that they should walk hand in hand on Sunday. Why, they belong to the rest which Sunday brings to mind and body.

There is a certain amount of work in the home that should be done each night. It will make the morning's tasks fewer in number. The fire can be laid ready for the match and a large part of the preparation for breakfast can be done before retiring. Glass can be so carefully washed after each using that a session of cleaning is unnecessary and silver may be treated in the same manner. For expensive glassware a wooden bowl is the safest, and two are better than one. In the first can be done the cleansing in rather warm, soapy water, and in the second the pieces can be rinsed in cool, clear water and left to drain a few minutes before the wiping process. Careful handling and a plentiful supply of clean wiping towels will result in safety and beauty for each dish.

It is a good idea to have a few give some trouble unless you often find that they ought to be two-thirds filled with pretty warm water and pieces of well-soaked brown paper, left two or three hours, shaken thoroughly and well rinsed in clear, cool water.

BATHS.—Few people realize the many advantages of the up-to-date city house, with its full supply of hot and cold running water, over the average farm-house to which pilgrims go in vain to get cool. There is nothing for severe weariness like the intelligent use of the bathtub.

Fill it two-thirds full of water as hot as you can stand. A good way to determine how hot it should be is to put the elbow down into the water to test it. Of course the fingers or even the hand forms no test at all.

Four a teaspoonful of ammonia into the water. After about eight minutes' soaking in this, spray or sponge the skin with cold water very quickly and rub with a rough towel.

If sore or lame from overexertion, washing or riding, follow the bath with a mild massage of the muscles with a little vaseline. Then take a half hour nap, and you will be all right.

Many persons believe that the daily morning bath in water as cold as the hydrant affords if taken reg-

ularly is of the utmost importance in maintaining a sound and vigorous constitution. It is a mistake to think that it is unsafe to take a cold bath when the body is heated. In cases of complete heat exhaustion the treatment now favored is an ice packing. When you are perspiring freely, you are "warm all the way through," and you are in the very best shape to step into water as cold as you can get.

The fear of "shock" is only a meaningless tradition so far as healthy persons are concerned. Of course a victim of heart disease will do well to keep out of the water, and very old and feeble folks must be careful.

THE SCIENCE OF MENDING.—But not many women have enough and to spare of this world's wealth, and the great majority time is more plentiful than money. So twisting and turning, patching and mending must continue to play an important part in domestic economy.

As long as there are small boys there will be trousers out at the knees, and stockings out at the heels, and there are men in the family, buttons will be missing, shirt-bosoms will break, trousers will fray on the edge, and coat-sleeves will be rubbed. Old-fashioned people lament that the art of mending is lost. "Girls are not taught as they used to be," but for all that the mending must be done, and the woman must mend, if the girl has not, how to do it.

Putting on a patch appears to the uninitiated one of the simplest things in the world, yet to do it properly takes both time and skill. Measure at first the size of the hole which is to be covered, remembering that if the cloth around it is worn thin the patch must be large enough to cover it all and leave a margin beside. Cut the patch out square by a straight or square on the four sides, lay it over the hole, on the wrong side, smoothly and without wrinkles, laying thread with thread so that it will set straight; baste carefully and hem the edges down, evenly on the wrong side. Now, turn the garment on the right side, and cut the hole square, trimming all frayed edges and making a tiny diagonal slit in each corner of the aperture, leaving just enough space to turn the edges under, and hem down on the patch with invisible stitches, by a thread of the goods. If this has been properly done, the patch will set as possible, and the garment will be in position and stitched on the sewing machine, but when great care is necessary the sewing by hand is preferable. If the material is a striped or figured one, be particular to have the figuring match exactly. A patch put on by a stripe, when done neatly, is scarcely discernible. Still better than the regular patch, where very careful mending must be done, is the use of the French method. Cut out the hole by a thread and turn the edges of the aperture under, basting them down. Now cut a piece which will fit the hole exactly. Match the pattern as closely as possible and baste together, one side of the hole and the corresponding side of the patch. Then overseam them together on the wrong side, just as close stitches and as tiny a seam as possible.

The French patch is a piece inserted without turning the edges. The hole is cut out, the piece fitted in, both basted smoothly on stiff paper, as close as possible, and together, as close as possible, with the finest of stitches and finest of silk.

In darning a rent place a piece of the threads running the same way in both the lips of the rent, tear closely together, by running and forth with fine, even stitches, taking care not to pucker the darn. The thread used should match the material exactly; use the ravelings of the fabric, or, if ordinary, use the sewing silk split and waxed exactly as the edge being that thread which is hard twisted does not sink into the goods and is, therefore, more likely to show. When mending gloves let the sewing-silk match the color of the kid, and overseam for a rip; for a tear button-hole-stitch the edges of the rent around closely, one or twice, as they are strong, and draw together, then join the hole may require, together with a single row of close button-hole stitches. Kid gloves may be patched beautifully by inserting a piece of kid and over sewing a piece of kid and over sewing the method practised by French women.

American girls sent to school in Germany surprise their teachers in the art of stocking-mending. A German woman fills in the hole so that it looks like the original garment, a tedious process which does not pay, except for the fine silk practised by our ordinary method practised by our grandmothers is good enough for all others; that is, weaving in a filling, with threads across one way and in and out the other. When the hole is large use a darning-egg, and draw the edges of the hole—not together but into position—with long stitches of white basting cotton; otherwise, it will stretch. Leave a tiny loop at the end of each thread, for the stocking will stretch while the darning-cotton will not; in filling in do this closely, but not heavily. Let your work extend far enough to form a border to the hole which you mend, else the darn will pull away from the stocking, leaving breaks all around it. Stocking darning, in these days of cheap hosiery, is a virtue which may be carried to excess, but within limits it is both necessary and praiseworthy. It is not every mother who can afford always to buy new stockings, instead of mending the worn ones. It does not take any more time to insert a new heel into a small boy's stocking than it does to darn a big hole, and if the work is neatly done, it will look better and be more comfortable. One may find heel-protectors of kid and chamois-skin on the stocking-counter of every large store, but

those made at home, of unbleached Canton flannel, wear better, besides costing many times less. Make them of two pieces, like the heel of a stocking or a doll's cap, with crown in shape of a T, and a straight piece sewed around it.

Sheets wear thin in the middle, while the sides are still good. You may make single-bed or crib sheets of them by taking out the worn portion and stitching the outside sections together, hemming the torn sides, so that the strongest part comes where the hardest wear is; or the outside portions will answer excellently for common pillow-slips. It rarely pays to mend pillow-slips when they begin to go: like the "one horse shay," they go to pieces simultaneously. Use them for clean rags, which are always more or less necessary in a household. Never throw away a scrap of linen or of flannel, have the strain washed out of the former, and keep both where they will be accessible when desired. They are also useful in house-cleaning. Good white pillow-slips are worn out at the bottom a new ruffe, which may be put on in an hour's time at the sewing machine, will make them as good as new.

The old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine," like many other ancient bits of wisdom has lost none of its truth with the passage of centuries. It is just as well worth heeding as it ever was. When the clothes come in from the wash, sew on every missing button and button and catch all loose threads before you put the garments away. Take the earliest day you can for more elaborate mending, and do not allow torn clothes to accumulate.—The Delineator.

CAREWORN MOTHERS.

Life Often Made a Burden Through Nursing a Cross and Freeful Baby.

All babies should be good-natured, well babies, if there is no outward cause for discontent, are always good-natured, and yet how many mothers permit themselves to be thoroughly worn out caring day and night for a sick, cross and fretful baby, when a little care and forethought would remove all the trouble and make both mother and baby happy. The little one's suffering and crossness may be caused by any one of the numerous ills that make baby lives a misery to themselves and a constant source of worry and discomfort to the mother, such as colic, worms, indigestion, constipation, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, etc. When baby is cross do not, if you value your child's future welfare, give it any of the so-called "soothing" medicines, as they only stupefy and deaden without removing the cause of the trouble. What is needed is a simple, vegetable compound such as Baby's Own Tablets, which reach the root of all the minor ailments of little ones, making them well and happy. The best proof of this is the high praise all mothers who have used them have given it. Mrs. W. S. Beaverstock, Church street, Brockville, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my house for several years and know of no medicine for little ones that can equal it. I have tried many others, but they do not give it any of the so-called 'soothing' medicines, as they only stupefy and deaden without removing the cause of the trouble. What is needed is a simple, vegetable compound such as Baby's Own Tablets, which reach the root of all the minor ailments of little ones, making them well and happy. The best proof of this is the high praise all mothers who have used them have given it. Mrs. W. S. 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CARDINAL MORAN ON AUSTRALIAN TOPICS

During the past few years we have had occasion to point out many a time and oft that our faith in the veracity of the cable demon is not an abiding faith. Time and again we have convicted the catfish of gross misrepresentation of facts, not infrequently we have had to lay at his door or at that of his informants the still graver charge of downright fabrication of the intelligence which he flashed across the submarine wires. Catholics in these colonies have learned by long and sad experience to view with grave suspicion every cable statement of Catholic happenings; and the frequency with which (to use Sir Thomas More's expression) the cable-rigger "lies by lumps" when he speaks of the Church in the Age of the chief impelling motive for the proposed formation of a Catholic News Agency, which, we trust, the near future will see a working reality. We do not go the length of saying that the cable-demon is incapable of telling truth where the Catholic Church and her clergy and institutions are concerned. We merely remark that in this connection truth is with him much stranger than fiction.

our brave Australian soldiers returning from the battle fields of South Africa. He hailed their return with joy, the more earnestly as he had from the beginning been opposed to this suicidal war, and had advised Australians to remain at home. But the Australian soldiers had invaluable lessons in warfare in South Africa, and perhaps after all it was well they went, for they had learned to defend an independent Australia if such a necessity should arise. In the Old Country they had seen how the King had taken a form of oath in which he offers deliberate insult to his Catholic subjects. In protesting against this oath Australia held her part. Not only the Catholics, but those separated from them in religion, had protested against this declaration, and the Premier of the Commonwealth delivered the thanks and gratitude of the Catholic people for his suggestion. But Mr. Chamberlain and those associated with him had shown themselves unequal to the work of doing justice on this question, and they had only tried with it. It is true all religious disabilities were abolished in the British Empire, and he had hoped that we would bring from our civilization, the Cardinal in conclusion trusted that whatever might happen elsewhere, Australia would remain the home of religious and civil liberty, and that the citizenry would guard their rights and their independence. The Cardinal summed his seat amidst great cheering.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

THE CORK EXHIBITION.—The international exhibition to be held in Cork next year promises to prove a very successful enterprise. The buildings, which are being laid out amid very picturesque surroundings, are already in a very forward state, and the promoters are meeting with where they have gone in search of financial support.

THE EXAMPLE OF A CATHOLIC JUDGE.

It is an old saying that one funeral makes many, says a London correspondent, and it would appear to be true in the case of County Court Judge Bagshawe, who caught a child attending his brother's funeral on Monday next day. He was one of the leading Catholics at the Bar, and he practised in the Court, when the famous Sir George Jessel presided over it. He was a man of handsome appearance, with portly figure and a benign countenance. He was an earnest and devout Catholic, and came under my own observation, showed how deeply he was imbued with the spirit and discipline of the Church.

MR. JOHN MORLEY ON HOME RULE.

MR. JOHN MORLEY ON HOME RULE.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., for the Montrose Burghs, addressed a meeting of his constituents in Forfar on Monday night. The meeting was a very large attendance, the building being crowded. Mr. Morley made a brief reference to the Irish question, remarking: "We were told the other day that the demeanor of the Irish people in view of the circumstances in which we find ourselves proves that Home Rule, if it had been granted by Great Britain, would have been a universal misfortune. If my friends think so I don't. The language that is used about the mishaps that befall us is certainly as detestable to me as it is to any man in this island, but when it is said that men use language of hostility to the policy of this country when this country has refused them a boon which for generations they have been asked, I say that if the boon had been granted to them their language might have been entirely different. In any case, from that point of view our position in respect of the difficulties by which we are now confronted, and out of which we will one day or another get, would not

A Teamster's Story.

SUFFERED GREATLY FROM ASTHMA AND HIS NERY TROUBLE.

Spent Some Time in a Hospital and Almost Impoverished Himself Buying Medicines, Without Benefit—Gains by Williams' Pink Pills—Cure After Other Medicines Fail.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N.S. Mr. William Cochrane, a well known teamster, who lives near the Halifax Polo Grounds, is one of those who willingly bear testimony to the curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A reporter of the "Acadian Recorder" who had heard of Mr. Cochrane's sufferings and subsequent cure, called at his home, when he gave an account of his experience substantially as follows: "I had for many years been a constant sufferer from asthma, accompanied by an aggravated form of kidney trouble. The latter trouble caused severe pains in the back and loins, and at times his sufferings were very acute. He said he had almost impoverished himself in buying medicines of all kinds, but to no purpose, the trouble continued and seemed to grow worse as the years passed. Mrs. Cochrane said that she had frequently seen her husband choke up and fall to the floor as though dead, and he would have to be worked with and rolled around before he would revive. A few years ago he spent ten days in the Victoria General Hospital. The doctors there thought that the pains in the back were due to over exertion in his business as a teamster, but gave him no material help. After leaving the hospital, he used bottles and bottles of medicine, but failed to find a cure. A neighbor of his, Mr. Lowe, whose wife had been made a well woman after years of sickness, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised him to try them. He used a couple of boxes without apparent result, and felt somewhat discouraged, but Mr. Lowe advised him to continue the use of the pills, and before the third box was finished he began to improve. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a God-send to me," said Mr. Cochrane; "they are the only medicine I have taken which seemed to do me any good. I had one prescription from a doctor which cost me \$1.75 a bottle, which like many other medicines I took, was just so much money wasted. I have used eight or ten boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can say that before I began their use I was an intolerable sufferer. I have reason to be thankful that I followed the friendly advice that urged me to use this medicine. Most diseases have their origin in poor blood or weak nerves, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and strengthen the nerves that they have met with such success in curing kidney trouble, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, anaemia, nervous prostration and kindred troubles. See that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' is on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

MR. JOHN MORLEY ON THE WAR.

Mr. John Morley, addressing a meeting of his constituents at Arbroath recently, said the war was now drifting and degenerating into one of extermination, and the attitude of the Government was that of the desperation. Were the ends which the Government had in view apprehended by its antagonists? Were the Boer leaders, who were opposed to the essential conditions of our policy? In view of the disastrous effects of the struggle on our finances and our diplomatic position, surely it was worth while, consistently with the maintenance of the ends we had in view, to abstain from sitting with folded hands, and saying we would leave it to the soldiers. For a country to say that implied that it was bankrupt in such bankruptcy; but if those in office had more resources, the King would, perhaps, at a distant date, have to seek other advisers with a better insight into the nature of the complex and dangerous situation which confronted the country.

ANOTHER PAGE OF IRISH VALOR.

Details received of the massacre of that gallant young Irish American soldier, Captain Collins, of this city, and his men of the Ninth U.S. Infantry, on the Island of Samar, by the Filipinos, adds another page to the records of Irish valor. The fight was made against overwhelming odds and he ranked among the world's heroic battles. The troops were eating breakfast, completely unarmed, when they were attacked by an overwhelming force of natives, armed with the murderous bayonet, a weapon corresponding to the terribly effective machete of Cuba. They fought with fists, stones, clubs, table knives, and whatever weapon chance threw in their way; and though they were annihilated, they killed many more than they were numbered of the enemy. One soldier killed seven of his assailants with a baseball bat. Captain Collins died a hero's death—a small consolation, in their great loss, to his afflicted family here.—Irish American.

SIMPLE CURE FOR CANCER.

London, Eng., Nov. 15.—It was Professor Roswell Park, of New York, who declared not long ago that if the present death rates are

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, November 23, 1901.

HOUSEHOLD Table Linens.

Wise housekeepers will be investigating Linen values on Monday. We have prepared a rich collection of beautiful Damasks worthy of the proudest occasions, inexpensive too. Substantial Linens, the kind that housekeepers like and admire, made of pure flax. Here's suggestive prices:

- Linen Damasks: Quality considered, Carlsley's Linens are lower in price by 10 to 15 per cent. than any ordinary store. Irish Double Damask, fine quality, 72 inches wide, 67c. Irish Double Damask, very fine quality, 72 inches wide, 75c. Irish Double Damask, extra quality, 72 inches wide, 90c. Irish Double Damask, superior quality, 72 inches wide, \$1.10. Irish Double Damask, extra superior quality, 72 inches wide, \$1.25. Irish Double Damask, super quality, 72 inches wide, \$1.35.

Battenburg Linens.

A very Choice Collection of Battenburg Linen Laces, Doylies, Bureau Covers, Table Centres, Five O'clock Tea, Cloths, etc. Battenburg Lace Doylies, very handsome work, from 25c. Battenburg Lace Table Centres, beautifully hand-worked, from \$1.00. Battenburg Lace Five O'clock Tea Cloths, exquisite workmanship, daintily finished, from \$3.00. Battenburg Lace Bureau Covers, very elegant designs, \$5.00. Battenburg Lace Table Covers, delicate and intricate workmanship, beautifully designed, size 2 by 2 1/2 yards, special \$29.60.

SMART WINTER COATS.

If you are interested in money-saving, come here and see the marvellous values in fashionable garments—all this season's styles—for little money.

- Ladies' Useful Winter Coats, \$2.65, \$3.40, \$4.25, \$6.00. Ladies' Dressy Winter Coats, \$7.25, \$8.75, \$9.50, \$11.00. Ladies' Stylish Winter Coats, \$12.75, \$13.25, \$14.50, \$17.70. Ladies' Handsome Winter Coats, \$19.25, \$22.50, \$25.50, \$29.00. Extra Quality Winter Coats, \$32.00, \$35.50, \$43 up to \$100. LADIES' short Jackets at Half Price.

A MILLINERY Marvel.

Our new Trimmed Hat is bound to be a success from the start, as it contains all the elements of popular style at a wonderfully low price. Made of Angora Felt, as cut, plain crown, folded brim, large fold of silk velvet on side in gray, beige, navy and black. A regular \$4.00 hat for \$2.60.

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THE OGILVY STORE

The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store in Canada.

WARM HOUSE GARMENTS

The magic fabric for indoor comfort in winter time is Eiderdown. Light in weight, soft, elastic, serviceable and warm. Little wonder that women demand it for garments to be free and easy in. Then, best of all, it is quite inexpensive.

New Coats for Children.

Agree from 6 months to 6 years, in Silver Bear with large double collars, well lined, from \$9.00 to \$8.50. 16 only, Eiderdown Coats, deep collar, trimmed with Thibet fur, well lined, in navy, cardinal, pale blue and white; were \$4.00, reduced to \$2.00.

Flannels of All Makes.

White and Cream English Electoral Flannels, from 25c. White Unshrinkable Flannels, from 40c. Scarlet Flannels, all wool, from 15c. Gray Flannels, from 15c. Striped Shirting Flannels, wide width, from 25c.

OGILVY'S

St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

C. A. McDONNELL

Accountant and Liquidator 190 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

TELEPHONE 1188

CATHOLIC QUITZ

the "Catholic Union" that the "Troquois" of Catholic young men, held the first of men recently. Several honored, but the motto that of "Catholic" which elicited an thoughtful reply from P. Jennings. Father Inpart: To those who pursue like him always suggestive of but properly handled kind of men they could for good.

CATHOLIC QUITZ

he said. "The grog is inborn in us all, authority we have not good for men to are the rendezvous, places, and they have tage—that they can may come in and wh out. And this is where the door of built high enough for self-respecting manhood. The requirement of men are the requirement of Catholic manhood."

CATHOLIC QUITZ

Father Jennings then some of the qualifications of Catholic faith, always faith and making no obedience to the Church men too reverent to wait or even contented many to stoop to a fault-finding. They temperate men—temper use of all God's gifts, men, above reproach, ords before God and men awake to the in their kindly inheritance up to the standards it As citizens, the speaker pushed themselves in all ways honorable, demanding recognition and their co-operation in the requirement of manhood when they get "We have the men," "We have the talent, opportunities. What some conviction of our the courage to live up

REV. DR. O'HARE

of a recent sermon, del Church of St. Anthony Brooklyn, on the subject said:—At the scholastic season every will hear of the princely of the country endowing ha's in Princeton, Yale, and the critic w is the Catholic body o can answer that, as di of Rochester, a few ye a notable address at the ment of Seton Hall O Protestant community its dollars laid on the cation; but where, I as in the Catholic Church, the sacrifice of lives an comforts for the cause education? If those liv italized, they would me amount. It is, indeed, the Franciscans and O thers and their sisters our religious communiti possible for us the sol Catholic school problem

REV. DR. O'HARE

I will not now dwell sons why Catholics wis tion inspired and suppl religion. It is enough t we mean that such shall cation. I will not tell judicious minds in th those most zealous for the race and the Republi are right. It is eno and me to know that t Church has decided th draw shall be educated in atmosphere, and that t Church in America on t has nailed its colors to it, therefore, means to justice and experience d win it surely shall, ever struggle may be prolong

CULTIVATED VOICE

of our exchanges we free with short paragraphs t a considerable amount