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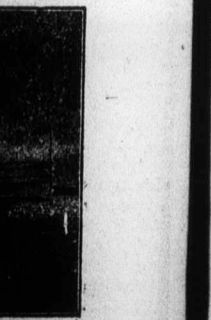
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# The True



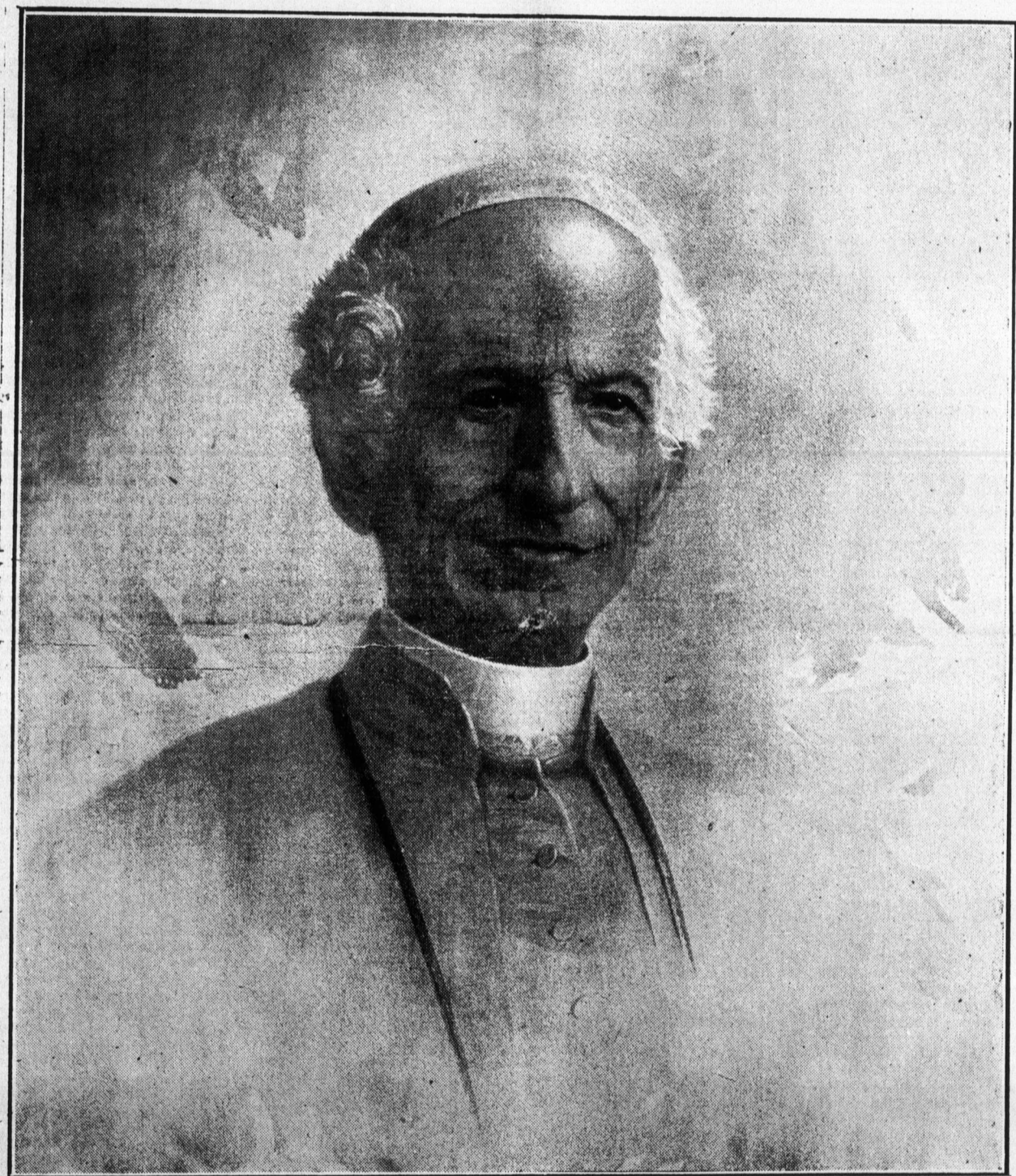
# Witness

Vol. LIII., No. 3

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Dead.



THE LATE POPE LEO XIII.

**THE LAST MOMENTS.** — His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., died at 4.04 o'clock on Monday afternoon. The venerable Pontiff's long expected death came peacefully. The last evidence that the distinguished patient was conscious was at 4 o'clock, when he opened his eyes and smiled, and then closed them again. His last words were "Bless you," to Mgr. Bisleti. Thus reads one of the despatches received in this city:—  
The final scene in the death chamber was profoundly impressive. The Pope's death having been expected since noon, his death-bed was surrounded by practically all the members of the Sacred College in Rome, and the whole Papal Court, while the Pontiff's nephews received word from the doctors which announced

that his last expiring breath was approaching. Then they moved silently within the death chamber, some standing, some kneeling, all awaiting the awful moment of dissolution.  
In the ante-chamber had assembled the high ecclesiastics, members of the diplomatic corps and representatives of Papal aristocracy, awaiting the announcement that the final moment had come.  
Profound silence reigned in the Pope's bedroom, only broken by the doctors rising to render their expiring patient more comfortable, by the sobs of the ever-faithful valet, Pio Centra, or the murmured prayers of Mgr. Piffieri, the Papal confessor, himself 84 years of age, who had to be assisted to the bedside.

The doctors again examined the dying Holy Father, and this time found that he was at the extreme limit of his powers of respiration. His eyes began to become dull and clouded, and Leo XIII. entered into the real agony of death, which was recognized by all present kneeling.  
The last conscious act of the Pontiff was to turn his eyes toward the great crucifix on the wall, after which he suffered from a paroxysm of choking, during which he passed away.  
Then the silence of the awe-stricken assemblage was broken by the sonorous, solemn voice of Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, the grand penitentiary, intoning the requiem aeternam.  
This was the signal for an out-

burst of tears and the sound of weeping, which could no longer be repressed, all the kneeling prelates and others kissing the dead hand.  
Outside the death chamber expectation was intense, but the sight of the sorrowing faces of those leaving the room was sufficient without word to spread the sad news, which was not long in spreading throughout Rome.  
The occurrences in the death chamber immediately following the Pope's demise were of impressive solemnity. Couriers had been despatched to summon those who are delegated to perform the first religious offices toward the dead Pope, and soon the chanting of the Franciscan monks was heard, as two by two, in coarse brown habits and with sandalled

feet, they proceeded to the room into the presence of the remains.  
Of the supreme moment Dr. Lapponi gives an impressive description:—  
"Death occurred through exhaustion, although in the last two hours Pope Leo made a supreme effort to gather together all his energies. He succeeded in recognizing those about him by the sound of their voices, and his sight was almost entirely lost. Still he made a marvellous display of his energy and even his death was really grand. It was resigned and serene. Very few examples can be given of a man of such advanced age, after so exhaustive an illness, showing such supreme cour-

(Continued on Page Four)

"Habitual Confession For The Young."

A BRIEF REVIEW BY "CRUX."

THIS week, being midsummer I had intended taking a holiday, consequently I did not prepare any contribution, along the lines I have been following of late. Just for a relaxation I turned over some pages of the June "Contemporary Review," and was attracted by an article bearing the suggestive title—"Habitual Confession for the Young." Going to the end of that contribution I found it was signed "Ambrose J. Wilson." Having read it carefully I could not come to any conclusion as to whether the writer of it is a clergyman or a layman. Without a doubt, however, he is an Anglican, and one who objects to confession for young persons, as it is practised in certain sections of the Anglican communion. I was obliged to read the article over twice before I could come to any fixed idea regarding the merits or demerits of his contentions. I had not proceeded far when I found that to seize properly the drift and significance of the article I had to read it as concerning Anglican confession entirely divesting myself of all thought of, or reference to the Sacrament of Penance as we in the Catholic Church possess it. Then I had to re-read it, keeping the Catholic doctrine in my mind. The reader can readily perceive that the same article may bear very different interpretations according to the standpoint from which the subject of it is considered.

It is not my purpose to deal with it, in detail, from the Anglican point of view. I will simply dispose of that reading in a single paragraph. While the writer—Ambrose J. Wilson—speaks here and there of a "Sacrament," and mentions "Holy Communion," it is obvious that he does not refer to the sacraments, as taught by Catholic theology. I am, therefore, confined to the general observation, that the Confession to which he refers is, in reality not a sacrament, while the Holy Communion is not the reception of the Holy Eucharist. It would be of no interest to the readers of the "True Witness," nor yet of any benefit for them, were I to fill columns with comments upon his opinions. We have nothing to gain nor to lose, whether the practice of confession prevails or does not prevail in that denomination. It is so entirely distinct from our conception of Confession that what applies, either as a support of or an objection to the one, has no application at all in the case of the other. Therefore, I must consider the article from the Catholic standpoint, ever keeping in view the fact the writer is not talking about Catholic Confession. But, on the broad principle, of the detrimental or the salutary effects of Confession upon the lives of young people, he is absolutely adverse to the practice, we are equally as favorable to it—hence we differ. I will, then, take up the leading arguments of this writer, in support of his contention, and—only in as far as they can affect our idea of Confession—show that they are both illogical and dangerous. I need not deal with his introductory paragraphs in which he speaks of the revival, after ages of disuse, of this practice in the Anglican Church. He claims that such revival is pernicious and a menace to the future generations. And to substantiate this broad assertion, he makes a passing reference to the effects of Confession in Catholic centres. With this we will begin.

"Some of us seem to be too far away, at a distance of some two score miles, to see how in the modern Roman Catholic world it (Confession) helps the spread of infidelity, degrades a priesthood from its true dignity, while increasing its domination, and ranges in antagonism to its sinister influence the mass of men that are most manly."

This is a direct shaft. The fact is that the writer is too far away—not in miles, but in spirit—from the Catholic world to know aught about it, and he simply paints this picture from his vivid fancy. Instead of spreading infidelity the Sacrament of Penance has been the bond that has kept millions moored to the Rock of Faith. Instead of degrading the priesthood, it raises the priest to the sublime office of dispenser of

God's pardon and of representative of God in that tribunal. Instead of turning the men who are most manly from the Church, it has had, and we have learned so from the experience of ages, frightened only the weak-hearted and cowardly, while it has fortified the brave in the hour of danger and has been the consolation and shield of some of the most heroic men that ever trod the earth. But as this writer speaks, as he admits, at too great a distance, to be able to know whereof he speaks, it is not necessary to try further to refute this imaginary statement of his.

He then tells us that "there are not a few motives calculated to set ardent and enthusiastic souls yearning for a renewal of systematic confession, as a recognized part of a remedial Anglicanism." This simply affects Anglicanism. As far as Catholicity is concerned there is no past, present, or future in regard to this sacrament. It never died out, has never to be revived, is as general to-day as it was in the catacombs, and will be as general at the end of the world as it is to-day.

I will pass over the absurdity of talking about the "four great sections of the Christian Church—Anglican, Greek, Lutheran and Roman." There is no Roman section. The other three are fragments detached from the last-mentioned one, and are therefore not even a part of it. Each of them constitutes an entity of its own distinct from the other, and still more distinct from the Catholic Church. The question which the writer indignantly asks, indicates this. He cries out: "Are there, then, indeed, those in our Church who are prepared to swallow all Roman dogmas, discipline and practice alike?" No; unless they are prepared to leave his Church and enter the Catholic fold. To do so they must accept all the dogmas, discipline and practices of the Church, without the minutest exception.

Having delivered himself of a tirade against those of his Church who would revive confessions, for the sake of olden forms and in imitation of Catholicity, he comes to the second point, and says:—

"But there is a second motive, hardly if at all less noble; the desire of helping to advance the spiritual life of others. There lies fascination, for one thing, in the mere idea of probing the deeper mysteries of human consciousness, the more hidden springs of human motive and desire. The same principle which leads the popular verdict to approve most of all that drama, or to demand most of all that novel, which most vividly presents the realities of human emotion and action, this same principle would dispose men to find a yet more delicate aroma of romance in the actual play of living passion and emotion, such as in Confession, is laid bare. And this, which so far is little more than a subtle manifestation of curiosity and self-indulgence, finds a nobler development in the unquestionably high altruistic delight of watching for other souls and helping them in their conflict. And yet such fascination and romance are obviously, in themselves, no arguments for 'Confession,' which stands or falls so far on grounds of utility, on the question whether it is beneficial to the person confessing rather than whether it is productive of gratification, be it ever so noble and spiritual, to the confessor. And the same is true of the sense of power, which has also its more selfless manifestation in the altruistic love of helpfulness. To gratify a love of power in the individual, or to realise an aspiration after power in a priesthood, is a little matter; and the nobler desire of helpfulness becomes effective only so far as it is clear that the help given makes for the best interests of those who receive it."

I cannot accentuate too strongly the fact that all this refers to Anglican confessions. In that which constitutes part of the Sacrament of Penance in the Catholic Church, there is not and cannot be either a craving for power over the penitent, or a morbid curiosity to know what evil he has done, in the breast of the priest. It is quite clear that the writer knows nothing practical of Confession in the Catholic Church. He never went to confession to a Catholic priest; he never met a Catholic priest, who, outside the confessional would speak of what therein occurred; he never met a Catholic lay person who told him about his experiences in the Confessional. Therefore, not knowing anything positive about it he cannot advance, as far as the Catholic priest is concerned, either the argument of curiosity, or that of power. And he does not do so directly; but by inference we may conclude, that since he objects to the revival of confessions and to the imitation of the Catholic practice, he ascribes to the latter the blemishes that he

finds in the Anglican system. If so he is at sea entirely.

To come more directly to the subject which he had in his mind at the outset, he says:—

"It is not proposed, at this time, to discuss the more general bearings of this argument of utility upon the attempted revival of systematic 'Confession,' but to limit the consideration to 'the claim which is put forward by some that it should find a place as a constant factor in the ethical and religious training of the young.'"

Having thus set forth his proposed subject, he takes the precaution to tell us that: "It is not primarily a question of religion, but partly of ethics and partly of religion and ethics in collaboration." If then he is not going to treat an essentially religious subject from a religious standpoint, we can only conclude that he regards Confession (in his Church) as a factor, like fashion, or horse-racing, or any special practice, in the moulding of a younger generation's characteristics. I would, therefore, wish to know, before going any further, what it is he intends to consider. It is possible that the following statement may cast a light upon it. He says:—"It is proposed, in what follows, to state a few of the objections to the system which an experience upon the notice and consideration of the writer. The practice naturally divides itself under two heads, Confession and Absolution, of which the latter, at least in the case of the young, and especially in view of the weakness of ecclesiastical discipline in our times, probably does the greater or present damage."

It is clear that he now proposes to set down his objections to Anglican Confession. For, if he referred to Catholic Confession, he would have added to the Confession and Absolution the Reparation—if ever he heard of that element. And the "weakness of ecclesiastical discipline" is not appropriate in the case of Catholic Confession—there is and can be no such weakness.

Now that I know with what we have to deal I will ask the reader to keep this article in mind until next week, when I will continue and complete this review.

THE ORANGE ORDER.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Lord Erie, when delivering an address at an Orange banquet, in Dublin, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Boyne, made the statement that the order had a membership of seven hundred and fifty thousand—scattered all over the world. No doubt that three-quarters of a million is a pretty large figure; but, if we were to judge from what has been transpiring during the past few years, here as well as in other lands, we would come to the conclusion that the order has greatly decreased in its membership. Or if it has not, decidedly it is less obtrusive, less enthusiastic, and less offensive than it had been in the past. This change may not be due to either a decrease or an increase in numbers, but simply to the fact that the younger generation is too far removed from the irritating subjects of controversy that seemed to intoxicate their fathers and forefathers into a species of madness. Their friction with the great world of commerce and of affairs in general, and the degree to which they are brought into contact with those whom their Order once considered as deadly enemies, may have much to do with the change in sentiment and manners which is surely noticeable.

There is certainly less noise, less boastfulness, and less insulting tones perceptible. There was a time within our own memory, when the approach of the Twelfth of July meant general preparations on all sides for violence and the stirring up of animosities that took half a year to subside. That event is now passed over in the utmost tranquillity. We do not deny that in certain isolated cases there are still to be heard echoes of the old-time mutterings, but they are confined to very narrow circles, and especially to the less enlightened of the populace. Wherever the educating influence of the century, and of its new order of things, is made to be felt, the spirit of animosity that once kept two sections of citizens in a state of injurious distrust, has been succeeded by one of greater tolerance. Minds have grown larger, and men's sentiments are becoming more and more in harmony with that Christian teaching which, without exceptions, ordains that men should love each other. We are the very first to hail this change with pleasure, and to express the hope that yearly we will become further removed from old-time turmoils.

Our Curbstone Observer

ON 'CABINET MAKING'

HERE is nothing amuses me more than to note, whenever some very sensational bit of news is published, the different ways in which it is taken, the varied opinions that are expressed, and the assurance with which people assert their ideas. If a war is declared in some far off land, in the heart of Africa, or in the Islands of Oceania, or some place else in those out-of-the-way regions, you will hear men telling each other all about the situation, notwithstanding that a few hours earlier none of them had ever heard of that land, nor could one of them find it upon the map. Yet they are emphatic and dogmatic about it, and they speak with a familiarity on the subject that would astonish an ordinary person. And it is the same in many other affairs of life. A great man dies. The man on the corner knows all about him, although the day before he had never heard of him. But all these examples are as nothing compared to the facility and wisdom and assurance with which people construct and reconstruct cabinets, whenever there is occasion for such an operation. They know absolutely everything about it; they have long since had the man in their eye and they are ready to bet money upon him. This is all very natural, and, for me—who never says anything, merely listens—it is very amusing.

CABINET-MAKING.

—Last week the announcement came that Hon. Mr. Blair, ex-Minister of Railways, had resigned. As soon as I saw the notice of that event on the bulletin, I made up my mind to hang around and listen to what would be said. I went up to the Windsor and the first knowing one I met told me that Blair had resigned (I knew that already), and that Patterson was also going out. I made no remark. A moment later I saw an acquaintance sitting near a pillar, and I went over, and bound to have first innings, I at once told him that Blair was out. He gave me look that eloquently said: "That is no news, but I have the real news." I sat down, and he began to show me how this was "the beginning of the end," "the breaking of the ice," the "rumbling of the storm;" and he added that Cartwright had gone to Kingston on Saturday and did not attend the Council. He was also going to resign. I had my doubts, but I wisely kept them to myself. The next man told me that Fitzpatrick was going to succeed the late Judge Armour, Speaker Brodeur to become Lieutenant-Governor, Fielding to resign, Sutherland to take Railways and Canals, Prefontaine to get Public Works, Emerson to be Minister of Marine and Templeman or Hyman to enter the Cabinet without portfolio. This decidedly was a "Cabinet-maker" in good earnest. Despite the fact that none of his predictions came true, still he had the courage of his convictions, and I must say that he gave evidence of Napoleonic activity in settling affairs of State. After an hour at the Windsor I went to the St. Lawrence Hall, and the very first man I met told me that the Premier was going to call a general election for October, and that the Railway Bill would be the bone of contention between the two parties. He gave me no better authority for his assertion than that he felt "there is nothing else for them to do." As we are yet a long way off from October I was not prepared to dispute his statement nor yet to agree with it. But if ever a man was surprised I experienced that sensation a few moments later. A person with whom I was well acquainted and whom I knew to be absolutely devoid of all political knowledge, gave me the positive assurance that the Premier was to resign and to go on the Alaskan Boundary Commission, and Blair to be made chairman of the projected Railway Commission Board. And he emphasised his statement with a generous oath and a knowing wink of the eyes. Considering that I had secured about as much political information as I was well able to carry I resolved to go home. I had not been long there when my wife said she had been reading the papers in my

absence, and that she had come to the conclusion that there would be no haste in replacing Mr. Blair, not till after they had elaborated their Bill for the new railway. I asked her why. She said that another minister could run the department for a while, and that the appointing of a successor would necessitate his being elected, and the Government would not likely risk so grave an issue on a bye-election. Then, I said, how will they get over the ultimate necessity of appointing one? She said simply by giving a vacant portfolio to some Senator, and leaving matters as they are until the Bill is either passed or killed in the House.

I considered that she knew more about it than the whole batch of chattering politicians that frequent the lobbies and rotundas of the hotels. In fact, I was convinced that it is not on the street, but in the quiet of the home that all subjects, political as well as social, scientific, or religious, can best be understood and appreciated.

I did not care to say so, for it might flatter the vanity of my better half, but I made up my mind, when next a great issue would be before the public, to give her the paper to read, go out to the hotels for a couple of hours to listen to nonsense, and then return home to get the news and proper information.

Our Reviewer's Notes.

THE FICTION OF THE HOUR.

—In the New York "Reader," a Catholic literary critic, named John J. a-Becket, has published some strong and well-directed criticism on the manner in which certain modern writers, in the field of romance especially, have used and abused the Church and her doctrines, when employing them as subject matter for their light fiction. He is principally severe upon such writers as Mrs. Humphry Ward and Emile Zola. There are also very just exposures, in his contribution, of Edith Wharton, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli and others—all of whom are more or less dangerous and misleading.

As to Mrs. Wharton the writer confines himself, in his strictures, to the abominable moral that her poem entitled "Margaret of Cortona" teaches. He says that "it is incredible that a writer of Mrs. Wharton's refinement and ability should have taken a canonized saint as the subject on which to exercise her unseemly play of fancy." She has represented the saint, after years of repentant life, as avowing, on her death-bed, a preference for her former lover's caresses to the love of the Lord. He decidedly exposes in a manner deserving of the thanks of all honest and moral souls, the abominations of literature, exemplified in such writings. But where he is the strongest is when he deals with the misrepresentations of Catholic dogmas. And, after all, offences such as those of Mrs. Wharton, as illustrated above, or of Mrs. Atherton, who did not know the difference between the Nativity and the Resurrection, are such that any ordinary Christian must perceive their enormity and repudiate them with a whole heart. It is different when the teachings of the Church are brought under the dissecting knife of the fiction writer. The reader may then be easily led into grave error, by accepting as truth that which is wholly imaginary. It is thus the writer sets forth his general ideas concerning these traducers of Catholic doctrine:—

"It is where the dogmas of the church are misrepresented or scoffed at; where the spirit of the church is belied, and her practices and ceremonial are derided or falsely presented; where the character of her ministers is assailed, that the Catholic feels most resentment; and it is in these respects that he feels calamitated where the Christian believer who is not a Catholic may not. Especially is his vigorous repudiation called forth when the offenders are the more guilty because of their greater intelligence or knowledge of facts. There are those who deliberately traduce the church because of hatred of her and her teaching. These, of course, are entitled to no mercy. The temerarious handling of things Catholic by such writers as Mrs. Humphry Ward or Richard Bagot arouse the deepest feeling of resentment on the part of Catholics." In dealing with Mr. Bagot's novel "A Roman Mystery," Mr. a-Becket says that the representing a Catholic as accepting the dogma of Papat

infallibility while not believing it, is simply "idiotic." And in reference to Mrs. Humphry Ward we say that she is far more offensive to the Catholic than is the petulant Mr. Bagot, because she is more intellectual, her antagonism to the Church is more virulent, and it is displayed with insidiousness. "She gets in her fine work by the obtrusion of a dispassionate, philosophic spirit, with not even a flicker of humor to derogate from it." He then takes up her "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the study of a Catholic layman. He is a good Catholic and consistently portrayed. At bottom, a rather noble character, relentlessly faithful to his ideals, but he falls in love with a lively girl much younger than himself, who is an agnostic, and who is repelled by the Church. Helbeck is not a very attractive man, but is entitled to respect owing to his peculiarities. "The main objection to this book," he says, "is that Mrs. Ward so deftly saddles on the Church, or, at least, divelges the non-Catholic reader into so doing, what should be ascribed to the severe, gloomy personality of Helbeck himself."

He then mentions her "nasty stabs at the Church," as when she says, that "the Catholic who is in love with his Church realize truly what the Rome, of the Renaissance meant." Mr. a-Becket says that the most intelligent and fervent Catholic can admit with unreserved composure of faith the scandals that have occurred among clerical and lay members of the Church. He knows that not even the Pope is immune against sin. But while grieved by such misdeeds, he does not confound them with the Catholic faith.

Such articles as this one are exactly what we need in the present age. It is thus that the critic refers to misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine:—

"One may understand, then, the Catholic standpoint as to all that touches on Catholicity in literary work. It is misrepresentation of Catholic truth and tendencies; false Catholic atmosphere, that wounds him most, and which he protests against most strongly. Of course, fiction that is immoral affects him as it does any adherent of rectitude. If the tendency of a novel is to hurt the morality of the individual or the community, he deprecates it; but so do sincere believers in the multifarious sects. He is not shocked if in some masterly picture of human nature, sin, evil, falsehood, treachery, selfishness, or what not of human defectibility, enter in. They enter into the actual life of humanity. But just as the most intelligent and most devoted Catholics are naturally the most liberal and the most broad, so are they the ones who feel the most strongly, and resent with more vigor, aspersions on their faith, misrepresentation of Catholic views, or customs, or tendencies, and most of all, when these distortions of truth are knowingly made, or worse still, craftily disguised, so as to secure the evil result without incriminating their authors of evil intent."

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

In speaking recently at a meeting held in London to promote the circulation of Catholic literature, the Very Rev. Dom Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., expressed himself as follows:— "People, he said, often grumbled about the Catholic Press, but they must remember that if such people only threw themselves into the work and caused the papers to be better known, and to see they were sold wherever possible, the proprietors would feel it their duty to spend more money in the production of a better article. Catholics had it in their power to elevate the Catholic Press, as they desired it to be lifted still higher, so that Catholics and Protestants alike knew that there was culture, there was something for the mind in the Catholic newspaper. They knew that progress was to be made, but let them be practical, let them try and provide the sinews of war so that Catholic newspaper proprietors could do better."

ANOTHER LESSON.

In France during the last twenty years the State has kept religion out of the public schools. What has been the result? In the current number of the "Nouvelle Revue" M. Garnier sums it up briefly by declaring that "during recent years juvenile depravity and criminality have increased terribly over all France, and more especially in Paris." This statement is not from a Catholic source, therefore it ought to be considered impartial. Wherever the school exists without religion it is laying the foundation for the destruction of the State.

Some Notes On the Organization Of The Church

Rev. Dr. D. S. McMackin's Cathedral, New York article, published in "The Post," of that city, outlines features of the relations of the Cardinals and to the Cardinals and to the Cardinals in the Roman member of five Roman cardinals and of the Biblical Commission when asked what he considered fundamental principle of vast administration of the preme Pontiff, while possessing plenitude of power, never in an arbitrary manner after mature consultation of profound learning and the immediate council.

The Cardinals, Pope are the Cardinals, tute the Supreme Council of the Church. In like manner archbishop or bishop in respective diocese has a board of advisors, who assist him in the exercise of his jurisdiction. Before Paul III, and Sixtus V., and Pius IV., the Pope and Cardinals discussed matters in public consistories, but since then, however, they have become private in ecclesiastical administration of the principle so well known in the industrial world as "the labor."

The revolt of Luther as dangerous proportions years that Paul III, in 1562, listed the Congregation of the Holy Office, with purpose to-day, as then, but hereby and false doctrine. Sixtus V., following the adopted by Paul III, 500 congregations (Bull Aeterni Dei," Jan. 22, each of which he assigned work, a definite procedure jurisdiction.

Thus the Consistorial Congregation (Sixtus V., 1588) prepares, and examines the which the Pope is to treat in his allocation to the in a private or public matters concerning the union, or division of metropolitan churches, the candidates for the episcopate, granting of palliums and astical dignities, are referred to the Congregation.

The Congregation for the Dissenting Churches was by Leo XIII., in 1896, for the special purpose of studying that have divided Christ a multitude of sects and publishing a preparatory reconciliation of these with the Roman Catholic Church. The Holy Father himself over the three congregations mentioned, because the Holy Office, discusses of faith and morals; the Consistorial, deals with which call for a formal ment of the Pope; and the Commission for Reun examining differences of was created to hasten t faith in which is the peace—a work particularly the great heart of Leo had the courage and m to begin the vast project given it his own persona

The Congregation of the Regulars is perhaps the most important congregation of Curia. Its special office upon all difficulties between the bishops and directly subject to them, the bishops and the men religious orders residing case. It is a court of which the seculars or th may refer the decisions ops. This commission a and approves the rules of orders.

The Congregation of the instituted by Paul IV. is the power of giving an interpretation to the decrees of Trent, excepting on matters of faith. increased its powers, cor the examination of urovis held in the various c the examination of provincial bishops of his province,

# Some Notes On the Organization Of The Church.

Rev. Dr. D. S. McMackin, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in an article, published in "The Evening Post," of that city, outlines some features of the relations of the Pope to the Cardinals and to the Church at large. Rev. Dr. McMackin writes: "Cardinal Segna, one of the ablest Cardinals in the Roman Curia, a member of five Roman congregations and of the Biblical Commission, when asked what he considered the fundamental principle guiding the administration of the Church, replied: "Consultation." The Supreme Pontiff, while possessing the plenitude of power, never exercises it in an arbitrary manner, but only after mature consultation with men of profound learning and sanctity. The immediate counsellors of the Pope are the Cardinals, who constitute the Supreme Council or Senate of the Church. In like manner every archbishop or bishop in his respective diocese has a board of consultors, who assist him in the exercise of his jurisdiction.

Before Paul III. and Sixtus V., the Pope and Cardinals discussed Church matters in public consistory. It soon became necessary, however, to introduce in ecclesiastical administration the principle so well known in the industrial world as "the division of labor."

The revolt of Luther assumed such dangerous proportions in a few years that Paul III., in 1542, established the Congregation of the Inquisition or Holy Office, whose chief purpose to-day, as then, is to combat heresy and false doctrines.

Sixtus V., following the principle adopted by Paul III., created fifteen congregations (Bull "Immensa Aeterni Dei," Jan. 22, 1587), to each of which he assigned a special work, a definite procedure, and adequate jurisdiction.

Thus the Consistorial Congregation (Sixtus V., 1588) prepares, discusses, and examines the questions which the Pope is to treat formally in his allocution to the Cardinals in a private or public consistory. All matters concerning the erection, union, or division of metropolitan or cathedral churches, the examination of candidates for the episcopacy, the granting of palliums and of ecclesiastical dignities, are referred to this congregation.

The Congregation for the Reunion of Dissenting Churches was created by Leo XIII., in 1896, for the special purpose of studying the causes that have divided Christendom into a multitude of sects and of establishing a preparatory basis for the reconciliation of these dissidents with the Roman Catholic Church.

The Holy Father himself presides over the three congregations just mentioned, because the first, the Holy Office, discusses questions of faith and morals; the second, the Consistorial, deals with problems which call for a formal pronouncement of the Pope; and the third, the Commission for Reunion, besides examining differences of doctrine, was created to hasten the unity of faith in which is the "bond of peace"—a work particularly dear to the great heart of Leo XIII., who had the courage and magnanimity to begin the vast project and has given it his own personal attention.

The Congregation of Bishops and Regulars is perhaps the most important congregation of the Roman Curia. Its special office is to pass upon all difficulties arising either between the bishops and the priests directly subject to them, or between the bishops and the members of the religious orders residing in the diocese. It is a court of appeal to which the seculars or the regulars may refer the decisions of the bishops. This commission also revises and approves the rules of religious orders.

The Congregation of the Council, instituted by Paul IV. in 1563, has the power of giving an authentic interpretation to the decrees of the Council of Trent, except those bearing on matters of faith. Sixtus V. increased its powers, confiding to it the examination of provincial councils held in the various countries by the examination of provincial bishops of his province, and also

the examination of the reports presented to the Holy See by the bishops and archbishops of the world when they make their regular visit "ad limina apostolorum," to the tombs of the apostles, and to the successor of St. Peter, Benedict XIV. modified the Congregation somewhat, establishing a special section for the examination of provincial synods, while Pius IX. later formed a special section for the "ad limina" visits of the bishops. Another very important work assigned to this Congregation is the solution of the very complicated difficulties that arise occasionally concerning the sacrament of matrimony. No power on earth can dissolve a marriage legitimately contracted and consummated by the contracting parties. However, if the marriage be not consummated, or if either or both parties be affected by an impediment nullifying the marriage contract, then the Sovereign Pontiff has the divinely committed prerogative of dissolving such contract or declaring it null and void. It is the duty of the Congregation of the Council to institute a thorough canonical examination and decide whether the conditions requisite for the exercise of the Pontifical prerogative have been verified.

The "Propaganda," the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, is a most important factor in the government of the Church. It is divided into two distinct branches, the Latin and the Oriental, each having its own prefect, cardinals, secretaries, and consultors. The Latin branch has full charge of Church interests in countries where the Latin rite prevails, namely, in Europe, Africa, America, Oceania. The Oriental branch has jurisdiction over the Eastern schismatic peoples and those who employ a liturgical language other than the Latin, such as the Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Chaldeans, and Syrians. The Propaganda has complete jurisdiction over all missionary countries and exercises towards them the role of nearly all the other congregations. By missionary countries are meant those wherein the Hierarchy has not been completely organized. However, some countries, such as the United States, remain under the Propaganda even after the Hierarchy has been established because of the special privilege accorded to missionary lands.

Some idea of the vast and varied duties devolving upon this Congregation may be had from the fact that the Oriental rite alone comprises four principal rites, namely, the Greek, the Armenian, the Syrian, and the Coptic. The first mentioned, numbering with the Slavs nearly 100,000,000 Christians, is divided into five different branches—the pure Greek rite, the Ruthenian, the Melchitic, the Georgian, and the Slavic, which is subdivided into Russian, Servian, Bulgarian, and Ruthenian Greek rites. The Syrian rite includes the pure Syrian, the Syro-Chaldean, the Syro-Maronite, and the Syro-Malabar. Finally, the Coptic is divided into Egyptian, Abyssinian, and Ethiopian Coptic. It is no easy task to keep these various rites within proper limits so that they may not become a menace to the unity of faith. To expedite matters, the Propaganda has been augmented by three special commissions.

The Cardinals assemble on the first Monday of every month for the more important business of the Congregation. Once a week the Cardinal Prefect presides at a meeting of the secretaries and minutants, who dispose of minor matters at once and prepare the different questions to be discussed and settled by the Cardinals. The Propaganda possesses one of the finest polygot printing establishments in the world. It furnishes liturgical and other works to the missionaries, who are educated in the Propaganda College and thence are sent into all parts of the known world to spread the Gospel of Christ.

It is marvellous how the Church, while ever holding fast to principles, in the application of those principles adapts herself to the peculiar circumstances and needs of every age and of every country. In Rome the vast administration of the Church centres in the Secretariat of State under Cardinal Rampolla, and in the Propaganda under Cardinal Gotti. The Secretariat of State deals with countries that have maintained diplomatic relations with the Holy See, where Catholics are in the majority and the Canon Law of the Church can be properly enforced. The Propaganda, on the contrary, has to do with countries where Catholics are in the minority and infidels and heretics are numerous. The policy of Rome is to grant as many privileges as possible to the missionary countries while strengthening the Government at home.

The Congregation of the Index has always met with considerable opposition and criticism, especially, in these days of free speech and the liberty of the press. This opposition is without foundation and is due in most part to misapprehension. The Church, following the example of the Good Shepherd, does not believe in turning the flock out upon indiscriminate pastures. We are told today that the science of medicine can do very much to prevent disease, but little to cure it. And so the great benefit derived from boards of health is that they eliminate the causes which produce or spread contagious diseases. The Index is a remedy against contagious literature. The Church from the beginning has always taken great care to point out to her children all those false or pernicious doctrines that are calculated to impair or blight their faith. Many modern thinkers realize that it is a very difficult thing to cure minds afflicted with anarchism, and are beginning to recognize the great wisdom of the Church in doing all she can to prevent such infection from taking hold of the individual and of society.

The Cardinals and consultors comprising the Congregation of the Index represent nearly every language and every country of the civilized world, so that Rome may keep in close touch with the publications of the different nations. The Congregation takes no cognizance of a publication unless it be referred to Rome by some bishop or other ecclesiastical having jurisdiction in the Church. The work is assigned for examination to some consultor familiar with its matter and language. The consultor analyzes the book, draws up his conclusions and presents them for approval to the Board of Consultors, who prepare a final statement which is presented to the general meeting of the Cardinals. The latter determine first of all whether the publication merits its condemnation, and secondly whether under the circumstances such condemnation is opportune. Sometimes it happens that the Cardinals, whose judgment has been matured by long years of study and experience, refuse to proscribe a work which has received the unanimous condemnation of the Board of Consultors.

The Congregation of Rites was created by Sixtus V. to regulate the celebration of the divine offices, to preserve the ancient rites of the Church in all their purity, to revise and correct liturgical works, and finally to settle all questions relative to the canonization of saints. A characteristic of this Congregation is that one of its members is called familiarly the "Devil's Advocate," whose office is to set forth with all possible skill the reasons why a certain person should not be formally declared a saint by the Church.

It would take a whole volume to describe adequately the process followed by the Congregation of Rites in the canonization of saints. An English Protestant, while conversing with a prelate attached to this Congregation, deprecated the facility with which the Church recognized certain cures as miraculous without satisfactory evidence. The prelate sent him two volumes containing the process of a cause then pending at Rome. After reading them very attentively he returned the books, declaring that if all the miracles proposed to the Congregation of Rites were as thoroughly proved as those in the process he had just read, he was willing to retract what he had said and become a Catholic. "Very well," replied the prelate, "the very miracles which you consider so exhaustively proved were rejected by the Sacred Congregation."

The Congregation of Studies provides for the various courses of study in Catholic universities, directs the examinations, and confers the degree of doctor on those who have satisfied the authorities of their ability to expound the doctrine of the Church and confute the errors proposed to it.

This Congregation watches over all branches of secular as well as ecclesiastical knowledge, and hence among its members we find some of the most eminent Catholic laymen, who have rendered great service to the Church by their scholarly attainments. Such were Alibrandi, the eminent authority on Roman law, and J. B. de Rossi, the founder of Christian archaeology.

The Sacra Penitentiaria, the supreme tribunal for the remission of sins to which the jurisdiction of the ordinary confessor does not extend, the Cancellaria Apostolica, or Apostolic Chancery, which drafts and expedites the bulls and briefs of the Sovereign Pontiff, and keeps a record of all Pontifical acts, and, finally, the Dataria for the conces-

sion of favors asked of the Pope—these, with the Biblical Commission recently appointed by Leo XIII. to study the effects of higher criticism on the traditional view of the Scriptures, constitute the most important bureaus into which the vast and complicated administration of the Catholic Church is divided.

No organization in this world has so many and such boundless resources of human wisdom as the Catholic Church. The traditions of twenty centuries are hers, and she has a precedent for every emergency. She meets the new situation in the Philippine Islands and the recent persecutions in France with the same calm dignity and courage with which she encountered difficulties in the past, and she will solve the former with that sagacity which has always characterized her course in the history of the ages.

The prelates and clerics attached to the various congregations have had a long and thorough training. Educated in the Roman universities, they have won distinction there and as a reward are assigned to the lowest places in the administration of the Church. Some pass their entire lives in the Eternal City, and are promoted from one post to another until they become chief secretaries of the most important congregations, and finally are created Cardinals.

Others are sent to foreign nuntiatures or delegations as auditors to assist the nuncios and delegates in organizing and directing Church affairs in the different countries of the world. Nuncios are sent to nations having diplomatic relations with the Holy See, while delegates are assigned to missionary countries. The former are appointed from the Secretariat of State, the latter from the Propaganda.

After some ten years of service the auditors are transferred elsewhere as inter-nuncios for six years, as nuncios of the second class for six years, and finally as nuncios of the first class for six years, at the end of which period they are created Cardinals and assigned to the congregations best suited for the exercise of their talents and experience.

Thus it will be seen that the Cardinals who preside over the various departments of the government of the Church are not merely men of books, but men possessed of a wide and profound knowledge of men and things. The Sacred College comprises men who are specialists in all branches of theology, in canon law as well as Roman and international law, in Scripture, in science, and all branches of secular and ecclesiastical knowledge. Many of them are unequalled for diplomacy, having been trained early in the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, and having had afterwards a long experience in foreign countries, both monarchical and republican.

It is not possible here to give more than a general outline of the methods pursued by the congregations in disposing of questions submitted to them for solution. A question presented to Rome may be important or unimportant. If unimportant, the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation to which the matter has been referred may settle it at once with the secretary. If important, then the question is handed down to a board of consultors, who make a thorough study of the problem and present their conclusions to the Cardinal Prefect. The latter, if satisfied with the report, brings the matter before the general meeting of the Cardinals, who discuss it exhaustively, and if they agree on the solution of the case, a statement is drawn up by the Cardinal Prefect and presented later to the Sovereign Pontiff for confirmation.

The present system of administration embodies the wisdom and experience of centuries, and has given most satisfactory results. Formerly, as we have said, the Pope and Cardinals discussed Church affairs in public consistory in the presence of foreign ambassadors, who interfered with the independence of the deliberations and votes by endeavoring to win the favor of the Cardinals for their respective countries.

Sixtus V. by creating the Congregations and making their deliberations secret secured the independence of the Cardinals from outside influences, and at the same time enabled them to do more efficient work by relieving them of the burden of studying all matters that concern the Universal Church and by confining their labors to a few Congregations in which they had had considerable practice.

Presidential electors, the Cardinals are not hampered by universal suffrage or any other influences, but are free to choose the candidate whom they feel most worthy of the Pontifical throne and the one destined by Divine Providence to rule the Church. The Presidential electors to-day would not dare select a candidate other than the one chosen by the people, even if they believed in conscience that the man was unworthy of the high office.

There is much speculation concerning the successor to Leo XIII. Is there any Cardinal in the Roman Curia who can be compared to the present Pontiff? Who would have thought that Cardinal Pecci, while Bishop of Perugia for so many years, would become the illustrious Leo XIII., a nonagenarian, and one of the greatest Popes that the Church has ever had? Leo XIII. is in many ways the wonder of the age, and he has achieved great things because he has surrounded himself by great men. I am convinced that there is more than one Cardinal in the Roman Curia who would make a great Pope. Opportunity develops the man, and who can tell the real worth or capacity of the present candidates for the Papacy until one of them has been elected and put in possession of the great opportunities which his sublime office affords?

## With Our Subscribers.

From all the provinces of the Dominion and from many districts in the neighboring Republic, we have received kind words of appreciation of the great change which has taken place in the "True Witness," since its enlargement. Here are a few of the most recent:—

A subscriber of Florida Station, New Mexico, writes:—Herewith please find two dollars in currency to apply to my subscription. Continue the paper to same address. I cannot understand how you can publish such a good paper for so little money. My family like the paper as a whole nicely varied news of the kind that suits their taste and full of reading matter that suggests good thoughts.

A subscriber from Minnesota writes:—"I claim to be one of the oldest subscribers of the 'True Witness,' having continuously subscribed for it for the past fifty years. I remember the time when I paid \$2.50 per annum for it. I cannot understand how you can print your paper now, much larger in size for the price of \$1.00. I enclose you my subscription for the coming year, and wish the old organ the success it really deserves.

An esteemed priest of Maine who recently sent us the name of a new subscriber, writes:—"I take pleasure in commending the 'True Witness' to my friends as an up-to-date, bright and sound Catholic newspaper."

To the Editor of the True Witness. Dear Sir,—I herewith enclose \$1 subscription to the "True Witness" which becomes due on the 15th inst. I have been a subscriber to it since Mr. Clark first started it in Montreal, and whom I knew. I wish it every success, and shall while I live, take it and I look for its arrival every Saturday with the greatest pleasure. I may take the liberty of telling you that I am 81 years old, and enjoy the perusal of the dear old "Witness" as much as I ever did. You will, I trust, pardon my taking up your time in thus writing you, but I think few are now living to-day who took it from the beginning and at my age.

From Newfoundland a subscriber writes:—Herewith find enclosed Post Office order for amount of my subscription. Your paper has become a great favorite, and I and many others are well pleased with the excellent reading it affords.

## LYNCHING IS MURDER.

Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, says in an interview given out at Milwaukee that any person who takes part in a lynching is a murderer and should be so considered in the eyes of the law.

# Old Letters.

(By a Regular Correspondent.)

I have just came upon a letter that I received in 1886, and I had almost entirely forgotten its existence. Even the writer of it, who is now dead, and buried, in a little cemetery near Havre (France) had been almost equally forgotten. I had met him in the winter of 1884-85 away at the head waters of the Ottawa river. He was on a missionary tour. Subsequently he went to South America, whence he wrote me this letter. He was a French priest from some place near the borders of Alsace. I have hesitated about publishing the letter, on account of the peculiar English it contains. But when I explain that this good Father had been only three years learning English when he wrote this, it can be easily understood that he could not have become a master of the language. Moreover, I think he deserved immense credit for being able to write so well with only such a short term of study. I will, therefore, give the letter as it stands, and no matter how queer the language, the sentiments and ideas are beautiful, and the account of his trip very instructive.

Esderales-Ecuador, Sept. 19, 1886.

My Dear Friend,—

From the extremes of the earth I come to you with a letter, to tell you my remembrance of you and to say one "God bless you" in my heart. You ask, suppose, how did you come to that hot land so far away? This is what my purpose to inform you is. I am not obliged to talk of all my voyage which was of the most pleasant to Colon. Colon is on the Panama Isthmus. From that point we journey by railway cars like for cattle, on a crazy road that menaces death over the precipice here, the cataraet there, the big stones everywhere. The sun at Tomaco where we arrive is hot with torrid heat. Tomaco is a dirty town full of soft mud with little wharf, little street, little casarne for military, little military men, and more little donkeys. The trees all grow savage as likewise flowers and fruit. There is a revolution each time the moon become full and an earthquake when the moon makes the last quarter. Very pleasant place for mosquitos and reptiles; they enjoy much life there.

When I came to Ecuador I was to go to Quito, the capital. No road, no carriage, no car, I rode on a mule in the woods for six days to come to Esderales which is my location temporary.

Quito, the capital, my final end of journey, is a hundred miles, perhaps more, perhaps less, no one hear can tell. It is far, far up in the mountains inland where there is temperature like Canada in May. When I will go there I do not know. I await guide. In Esderales no person knows anything of the road, all know Quito it is far, all say it is great capital of the country. Myself, I did not yet meet one person who ever saw Quito. Ah! It is like an Eldorado, or like the city of the Arabic fable. For me it is an vast Spanish castle in the air.

In Esderales the boys and girls, the old men and old women all pick nuts. The nuts are abundant to falling off. They ship them to Germany; the Germans make buttons for clothes with these nuts. It is a great industry. And monkeys help to pick the nuts. In one day I counted 76 wild monkeys in the forest trees, all picking nuts and casting them on the ground.

Oh! it is most delightful. I am enchanted. No water to drink, if not boiled, for it contains many kinds of insects; no place to wash only in the river, and it is full of alligators. Grand place for sacrifice and penance and fast. Great place for to save one's soul. But I do not invite you to come. In Canada you, may save your soul too, and better.

Well, I will go to Quito. If you have the inclination to write a letter to me, address me there. Remember me to all my good friends of alas! only a few weeks. Pray for me that I may reach Quito. You always have the prayers of your friend.

F. X.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII DEAD.

(Continued from Page One.)

age in dying. The Pontiff's last breath was taken at exactly four minutes past four. I approached a lighted candle at his mouth three times, according to the traditional ceremonial, and afterwards declared the Pope to be no more. I then went to inform Cardinal Oreglia, the dean of the Sacred College, who immediately assumed full power and gave orders that the Vatican be cleared of all curious persons having no right to be therein. Contemporaneously the Cardinal instructed Mgr. Righi, master of ceremonies, to send the Swiss guards from the Clementine Hall to close all the entrances to the Vatican and dismiss all persons from the death chamber, the body being entrusted to the Franciscan penitentiaries.

The death chamber preserved much the same appearance as it did at the time of the final illness of the Pope. It is situated on the third floor of the Vatican, the apartments fronting the splendid piazza of St. Peter's, and the windows of the room commanding a view of the tall obelisk and playing fountains, with Rome stretching out beyond the Tiber. Across the middle of the room hang heavy draperies, partly concealing the bed on which lay the silent form of the dead Pontiff. By the side of the low bed burned a number of candles, and from above looked down the picture of the Madonna, with the infant Jesus in her arms. Leo's desk was closed, but some of the books on religious topics which he kept near him remained on it.

**A GLANCE AT HIS CAREER.**—How is it possible to tell the story of such a life. The Papal motto accepted by the greatest Pope of modern times so fittingly represented his glorious life, that it blazes forth in a halo of surpassing beauty around his brows. "Lumen in Coelo;" yes, the "Light in the Heavens" of the Church's greatness has died out; but like "the stars whose death is day," it has but disappeared below the horizon of Time to arise in imperishable splendor over the hill-tops of Eternity. And in its wake of splendor it leaves us a radiance so distinct that by its guidance we can trace his marvellous pathway from his cradle, in the little village of Carpineto to his tomb by the side of the Chief of the Apostles, beneath the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's.

What a life! And how can we condense it? It is the history of an entire century. Then the mere biography of the Pontiff would demand a series of volumes. The mind becomes bewildered and refuses to pause at any one point in that exceptional career. Imagine a man, having reached his ninety-third year; sixty-six years a priest of God; sixty years a Bishop; fifty years a Cardinal; twenty-five years a Pope—the longest of all reigns, including that of St. Peter. This alone would suffice to occupy our time for longer than our necessarily limited space would permit us to publish.

We will, then, glance hurriedly backwards along the pathway trod by the immortal Leo XIII.; we will go back simply that we may start afresh from the beginning and tell, as briefly as consistent with the subject, the details of events that cluster around each mile-stone of gold along that splendid avenue.

When the nineteenth century closed on the 2nd March, 1900, we find the wonderful Pope celebrating his ninetieth birthday; on June 19, 1899, he held the consistory at which he created eleven new Cardinals. In the 11th May previous he declared 1900 a year of universal jubilee; on the 13th February, 1898, he celebrated the 60th anniversary of his first Mass; on the 14th April, 1894, he issued his appeal to England for the re-union of Christendom; in February, 1893, he celebrated his Episcopal Jubilee; on May 16th, 1891, was issued his great Encyclical on Socialism, and Labor; in 1888, the Grand Jubilee was celebrated; in 1887, the Golden Jubilee; in November, 1885, the Encyclical condemning Liberalism was sent forth; November 5th, 1882, the Encyclical against heresy was written; December 28th, 1878, the famed Encyclical condemning communism, socialism and nihilism stirred the entire world; March 4th, 1878, he revived the Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland; on the 20th February, 1878, he was elected Pope; July, 1877, saw him made Cardinal Camerlengo; on 19th December, 1853, he was created Cardinal; in 1846, he was made Archbishop of Perugia; from 1843 to 1845 he was Papal Nuncio at Brussels; from 1841 to 1843 he was Governor of Spoleto;

from 1837 to 1841 he was Apostolic Delegate at Benevento; on December 31st, 1837, he was ordained to the priesthood; on the 16th March, 1837, he was Regentary to Court Segnatura; earlier in 1837 he had been appointed Domestic Prelate by Pope Gregory XVI.; in 1832 he entered the College of Noble Ecclesiastics; in 1830 he matriculated at the Gregorian University; in 1824 he entered college for a first time at Rome; on the 2nd March, 1810, he was born at Carpineto.

Such is the highway of ninety-three years that we have now to descend and as we pass along we will pause, at times, to observe more closely some of the events that stand forth in greater relief than others.

**BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.**—Clinging to the side of a steep rock, some forty-five miles from Rome, in the diocese of Anagni, and in the land of the Volgian race, high up in the Apennines, with its towering spires, its steep crooked streets, its antiquated houses, and its air of prehistoric days, the town of Carpineto, perches like an eagle's nest. Its people are descendants of the old inhabitants of "Latinon" who once ruled the entire known world. In Rome, after all the conquests, the olden Latin type vanished by degrees; but in Carpineto it survived; and the great Pontiff who came forth from that tiny relic of a glorious past carried with him to the grave the remnant of that remarkable dignity that was characteristic of a Caesar or a Cicero, the proud ruler at the Capitol or the eloquent pleader in the Forum. In that little town was situated the seignorial residence of the Pecci family.

This family came originally from Siena, and in the beginning of the seventeenth century a son of that powerful house set up his abode in Carpineto. There Count Domenico Louis Pecci, an honorary colonel of the Grand Army, married the noble Anne-Prospere Buzzi; both of high aristocratic origin. There union was blessed with several children; Charles born in 1793; Catherine, born in 1800; Jean Baptiste, born in 1802; Joseph, born in 1807, and finally, the last, the greatest and the most glorious, Vincenzo Joachim, born 2nd March, 1810. On the day of his birth this child was baptized by Mgr. Tosi, Bishop of Anagni.

His childhood, like all other childhoods, was not remarkable for aught that could well here be inserted. His mother's knee was his first prie-dieu, and there he learned that love for the names of Jesus and Mary that ever afterwards marked his life. When he was only four years old Pius VII. was freed from the captivity into which Napoleon had dragged him. On his way back to Rome the Holy Father rested at the residence of Colonel Pecci, and there blessed the little child. Did the august hand of the venerable Pontiff tremble as it touched the brow that was to wear the tiara for twenty-five years, and to govern the Church long after his own successor, and his successor's successor would be in the grave?

Until the age of eight years young Pecci, a delicate and petted child, had not ever left the paternal home. Then it was that they found it necessary to send him to an institution where he could commence serious studies. The Jesuit College of Viterbo was selected, and there with his brother Joseph, he entered upon a course that was destined to be marked with an unsurpassed brilliancy. Six years were there spent till he had reached a degree of knowledge and a perfection in the Latin and Italian languages that astounded even the learned Jesuit Ballerini.

In 1824 the first great shock came to young Pecci. One day he was suddenly called away from school, to attend the death-bed of his beloved mother. That cloud rested upon his young life, and, if with years it gradually assumed the silvery aspect of the great clouds that distance and sunshine transform into fairy lands, still it was charged with sorrow and it rained tears on his pathway adown the years. His father, broken-spirited, came to Rome to live out his remaining years, and confided the boy to the care of his brother, Antonio Pecci, who resided at the "Ara-Coeli" in the Muti palace. It was then that Joseph became a Jesuit novice. Vincenzo went to the Roman college where he made his course in chemistry, physics, and the sciences. Needless to say that in these branches he was equally as successful as in his humanities, and even the seriousness of mathematical problems never checked the flow of Latin verse, which he had learned to write with a facility and elegance that would have done credit to Virgil.

**HIS VOCATION.**—But all along, from the cradle, almost, his great

love of God, predominated over every sentiment, and naturally drew him to the priesthood. He had seen all that the Church had suffered, and with a spirit born of piety and chivalry he entered into the ranks of her soldiers. He completed his theological studies in the great Academy for noble ecclesiastics, the real polytechnic school of Rome, the nursery of diplomacy and statesmanship, as well as of ecclesiastical government and theological science.

Soon did the eye of Gregory XVI. fall on the young student, and before he was yet a priest that Pontiff had raised him to the dignity of a domestic prelate. He was subsequently ordained to the priesthood by the veneral Cardinal Odescalchi, in the little sanctuary of St. Stanislaus-Koska. It was in the year 1837 that he ascended for a first time to the "Altar of God, to God who rejoiceth his youth." He was henceforth a priest unto all eternity.

**ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE.**—Scarcely two months of priesthood had passed over him when the venerable Pope Gregory XVI. confided to him a special and important mission. He was sent as Apostolic Delegate to Benevento. This province, in the Kingdom of Naples, was the home of brigands. The people lived in terror and a couple of feudal lords supported the robbers. In fact, so fearful was the reign of terror that the people found it safer to pay tribute to the brigands than to appeal to the law. Long and fearful was the struggle, but he eventually subdued the lords, chased the brigands to the hills, and restored peace and order. As a last recourse one lord came to the delegate with terrible threats. Mgr. Pecci was calm, kindly and firm. Finally the exasperated lord said he would go to Rome and demand the recall of "the offensive and medlesome" prelate. "Very well, sir," was the delegate's reply, "but I would warn you that, in order to reach the Vatican you must pass through the Castle of San Angelo." This was the Papal prison of the time. This answer settled the matter. The brigand lord withdrew and young Mgr. Pecci had conquered, had saved a whole province, and returned in triumph to Rome to report his work.

We dwell a little more extensively on this period as it is less known to the world than is the latter part of the great Pontiff's life.

Scarcely had he completed his mission at Benevento than he was intrusted with another one of equal importance. In Perugia disorder reigned to an alarming extent. Mgr. Pecci was appointed Governor of the province, with civil jurisdiction. What a school to commence in a career of diplomacy and administration! He was as successful in Perugia as he had been elsewhere, and the people so dearly loved him and so sincerely considered him their savior, that they wanted him to remain perpetually with them. But Spoleto was then in the whirlwind of revolt and sedition. Gregory XVI. sent for young Pecci, preconized him Archbishop of Damietta (in partibus), and sent him to Spoleto to rule the place. He was then only thirty-three years of age, but his fame had preceded him, and Spoleto, like Perugia and Benevento, was destined to experience his paternal but mastery of government.

No sooner had he completed his work than he was appointed Nuncio to Brussels. Leopold I. was then the Protestant King of the Belgians. His career in Belgium was even more successful than the most sanguine could have expected. Three years of a residence sufficed to make him the idol of the people, the father of the faithful, the bosom friend of the King, and the admired and trusted of the representatives of all foreign nations. Every Catholic work had his protection and encouragement. In 1846, it was clear that his zeal and overwork were wearing out a naturally frail constitution. He was obliged to ask a recall from Rome.

It was then that the King gave him a sealed package for the Pope in which His Majesty asked the favor of a Cardinal's hat for Mgr. Pecci. He visited Liege and all Belgium, then proceeded to Paris, and having visited several European countries he finally reached the Eternal City. Then it was that the people of Perugia came begging to the Vatican to have their friend returned to them. On the 19th January, 1846, he was raised to the Archiepiscopal See of Perugia, and thus became the spiritual head of the province that had known him as civil Governor. It was not till the month of July that he took possession of his See. He employed the six months in foreign travel and the study, by observation, of the customs, governmental forms and various characteristics of the different lands. He spent two months in France examining into all the social questions and visiting the monas-

teries, the universities and the courts of justice. May and part of June were spent in England, the greater part of the time in London, where he was a regular attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons. He also visited some of the provinces and large manufacturing cities and sea-ports. In fact, he was gathering all along material that served him in good stead forty years later when the important questions affecting England, France, Germany and other lands demanded solution at his hands as Sovereign Pontiff.

We cannot tell the story of his administration in Perugia, the paradise of Italy—it would be a whole epic in itself. After he had quelled the insurrection that broke out there in 1848, a Garibaldian was heard to exclaim: "Pius IX. and Cardinal Pecci are two saints of God." It was on his elevation to the See of Perugia that he received the Cardinal's hat. As far back as 1859 he foresaw the storm that was gathering over the head of Pius IX., and his address of warning and of attachment to the Holy Father, sent at that time to Rome, remains a memorable document.

It would be a long list to merely enumerate the institutions of charity and of mercy that he established in all those years of turmoil and persecution of the Church. He had been the greatest encouragement of Pius IX. in those days of severe persecution, the most powerful advocate of Papal rights, the bravest defender of the temporal power of the Vicar of Christ. And when the great and good Pontiff was summoned to his reward Mgr. Pecci left his dear diocese of Perugia, to attend the last sad ceremonies at the Vatican. He went also to take part in the Conclave that would follow. For thirty-two years he had held the crozier of Perugia, and he had hoped that with death only would he have to relinquish it. For thirty-two years he had come and gone, back and forth to Rome, and always returned to receive a joyful welcome from the members of his clergy and of his flock. But on that February morning, 1878, when he set out from his loved Cathedral he had no idea that never again would he enter under its roof, never again would he behold the loveliness of nature mantling the vales and hills of Perugia. Nor did he dream, as he crossed the familiar piazza of St. Peter's to enter the Vatican, that his feet touched those stones for a last time.

It was the 18th February, 1878, after the last ceremonies of the burial of the deceased Pontiff that he entered the Sixtine Chapel with sixty-five other Cardinals, and there, walled in from the world, commenced the work of an election. Two days sufficed; two ballots were all that were needed; unanimous was the decision; Cardinal Pecci despite his resistance was elected. He chose to be called Leo, in honor of Leo XII, for whose memory he had a great veneration. On the morning of the 20th, the smoke from the chimney told the Roman populace that a Pope was elected, and the ballots were destroyed. The wall was torn down, and from the balcony of St. Peter's, the universally beloved Cardinal Pecci, now Leo XIII, blessed the people, blessed the city, blessed the Catholic world.

**A CROWNED CAPTIVE.**—The day of his election two courses were open to the new Pope; to go forth, free into the city that he loved, and of which he was Bishop, to the churches which he had so frequently lingered in and to which his heart was so attached—and thereby acknowledge the rightfulness of the power that held, since 1870, the patrimony of the Popes; or else to remain a prisoner within the Vatican and to sacrifice all liberty and enjoyment of intercourse with scenes so dear to him—but thereby to protest silently against the spoliation that was illegal in his mind and in that of all the Catholic world. He chose the latter course; and for twenty-six years, from inside the four walls of the Vatican, the greatest ruler (spiritual or temporal) of modern times, governed two hundred and fifty millions of subjects, watched over the Church to the uttermost ends of the earth, kept pace with the social, political, national, educational, religious and other changes that the closing nineteenth century beheld, and dictated peace and love of God with an authority and a success that never was attained by Caesar in the penitence of Imperial Rome's magnificence.

The orb that rose ninety-three years ago over the little city of Carpineto has set amidst the splendors of the Vatican, and the most wonderful career of modern times has come to an end. But, in a circle around the dome of St. Peter's, right above the tomb of Apostles

and Popes are the words of promise: "Simon is dead, but Peter never dies;" the individual Pope passes, but the Church lives on.

**IN MONTREAL.**—The bells of the Cathedral and all the parish churches in this city were tolled for one hour, between 4 and 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon, conveying the sad news to the thousands of faithful throughout Montreal.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, upon receiving official intimation of the death of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. through the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, at Ottawa, forwarded the following cablegram to Cardinal Oreglia, administrator of Rome:—

"Deploring the death of the illustrious Pontiff, the Archbishop of Montreal and his suffragan bishops, as well as all the faithful, unite their sorrow and prayers to yours."

As we go to press we learn from official sources that a requiem service will be held at the Cathedral on Tuesday next at 9 o'clock, on which occasion Rev. Abbe Gauthier, of the Archbishop's Palace, will preach. His Grace the Archbishop will issue a pastoral letter which will be read in all the churches tomorrow.

Services will also be held in all the parish churches and chapels on Thursday next, at an hour to be named by the parish priests.

Flags at half-mast are to be seen on all the public buildings and many private residences.

During the day and evening on which the death of His Holiness occurred, large numbers gathered in the vicinity of the local newspaper offices eager to obtain the latest news. Not alone in Catholic ranks, are words of profound regret expressed, but also in the circles of non-Catholics who do not hesitate to speak in terms of the highest praise of the greatest Pope of modern times.

The following cable message from Rome was received on Wednesday by Archbishop Bruchesi:—

"Many thanks for your sympathy in our sorrow over the loss of a Pontiff and father well beloved."

This was signed by Cardinal Oreglia.

**NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTES.**—It is pleasant to note how the venerable and immortal Pontiff, in whose mighty struggle with death so many millions of eyes have been anxiously and tearfully gazing during the past few days, has had the sympathy and admiration of the entire non-Catholic world. In that mighty chorus of praise not one harsh or discordant note. Some Protestant ministers have paid in different forms very touching tributes to the great Pontiff. In justice to them we select a couple of the most pronounced.

Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, in an article on "Pope Leo XIII.," in the June "Booklover's Magazine," says: "The Venerable Joachim Pecci may be regarded from several points of view, and he is an interesting figure from each of them. He is probably the oldest clergyman living; he is the Bishop of Rome; as Pope he is head of the most puissant world power in existence. Besides these he has some claim to regard as a scholar, and he ranks probably first among living diplomats."

Leo as a scholar is characterized thus:—

"As a scholar he is known best, indeed we might say solely, for the possession of a peculiarly flexible and pure Latin style. This vehicle of expression he has used, so far as the public knows, first in the composition of a number of encyclical letters, wherein he has been able to convey the most uncompromising Papal assertion in the most gracious and winning form. In the promulgation of these world utterances he has chosen times and seasons with a singularly profound sagacity. Every one has appeared at a time when its issue was best fitted to promote the imperium of Rome. He has also used his exquisite Latin in a few short poems which have the true classic flavor, and like all the Latin classics, owe their charm rather to their form than their matter."

Of the Pontiff's personality Dr. McConnell says:—

"Through all his words and actions shines a gracious and attractive personality. As priest of an obscure mountain parish, as Bishop of an obscure see, as Apostolic Delegate and nuncio, and as Pope, his personal life has ever been pure and winning."

The "Churchman," a Protestant Episcopal organ of great prominence, says:—

"The existence of the Papacy is a

striking witness to the power of an ideal. The old man, feeble in body but keen and active in mind, who had occupied the Vatican for more than a quarter of a century, was in time. But the sanctions of his rule were wholly in the minds of men, in their faith, their hopes and their fears. Not one of his subjects but could have freed himself at will. The government of which he was chief in deed as well as in name influenced the policy of the mightiest states of Europe at home and played no small part in the development of their policy abroad. We call this a materialistic age, yet we must go back many generations to find a time when any man, defended only by religious awe, has exercised such power over the rulers of land and sea as the self-confined prisoner of the Vatican."

There is certainly a craving for Christian unity in the hearts of all sincere believers in Christ. And while these opponents of the Church are blind to the fact that she alone holds the secret of such union, they will not draw closer to her. Yet they cannot hide their admiration for the Church as well as for the Pontiff. The same organ continues in this strain:—

"We desire to express profound sympathy with our fellow-Christians of the Roman communion in the impending loss of their chief bishop. In doing so, we know that we represent the highest intelligence and truest Christianity of our communion. It is a momentous epoch in the history of any institution to lose its leader. The actual influence of the Roman Church in the world and the potential influence of its head give the change at Rome more than ordinarily momentous significance. Over and above any service that Leo XIII. may have rendered the Papal system as such, his administration of his office has meant much beyond the limits of that system. We in America will not be slow to recognize the progress that has been made during his Pontificate toward a better understanding between Christians, notwithstanding definite and official acts that have seemed calculated to bar progress in that direction. Believing that God reigns and is able to subject all things to Himself, we, as fellow-Christians, will pray that His purpose and His will may obtain in the approaching conclave as against all political and sectarian ambition, and give to the Roman Church a successor to Leo XIII. who will see even more clearly than he has done that God's will for His people stands before any human creation, however re-enforced, and in human eyes rendered sacred, by time and tradition."

Turn now to the Unitarian, who, while disowning all idea of Catholicity, still declines to be ranked as Protestant. Thus does the "Christian Register" of Boston speak:—

"Leo XIII. has by his personal character, his great ability, and his long life, done more than any other man of his time to reduce the hatred which formerly made a chasm between the three great sections of the Christian world. Protestants in him have learned to think better of the Roman Church; and Catholics, under his wise and temperate rule, have become less arrogant in their claims and their condemnation of other churches. While we believe that his long reign has been one of the most important factors in modern progress and religious enlightenment throughout the world, we do not for a moment believe that it has shaken the position of the Protestant churches or made the universal rule of the Roman Church any more probable. But the wisdom, the personal virtues, and the serene good will of the Pontiff at Rome have made religion in all its phases more acceptable, and have tended toward the removal of the scandal of a Christendom at war with itself."

This is about as strong as we could expect from that source. Without going over the long list of denominations, each of which has some kindly and appreciative remark to make, we will content ourselves with the Baptist Church, the most anti-Catholic of all. "The Watchman," the great Baptist organ, says:—

"Little as we like Romanism, we must admit that the administration of Leo XIII. has been in favor of public and private morals, of justice between man and man, and of international peace. He has lived an austere life, without reproach, and will always be reckoned as among the great men of a generation which he seemed to have outlived."

It would be difficult to find three more diversified religion than those represented by the foregoing quotations, and yet they all draw inspiration from the sublime life of the great Pope whose death the Catholic world mourns so deeply to-day.

What a halo of immortality round the head that quarter of a century, the Supreme Pontiff.

**A PRIEST'S VIEW**  
Joseph F. Hallis, known priest of had the happiness received in audience with His Holiness, on the 7th has written an account to one of his parishioners has given the letter. Father Hallissey:

"Mine own eyes saw Leo XIII., the saintly, humble, holds the supreme office of head of Christ's Church. We were admitted in the presence of this morning at ten o'clock, and we remained twenty minutes. I shall I forget the first of the Holy Father. His eyes beaming out upon me, much interest and love, smiling lighting up his wrinkled face; that patting you at ease as you making you feel you were father's house, and the ed with benedictions, you, imploring blessing from the throne of all voice penetrated my heart, he addressed us after the tion of the President's: "Your President, I understand, is a good man, of broad mind, who is not afraid of doing Bear back to him my tude and tell him my touched the heart of the soner of the Vatican."

"We told him of the Catholics of the United manner in which both and non-Catholics celebrate, of the love Ameri him irrespective of religious. All this pleased much. His face light more than a human light pressed his satisfaction we told him.

"With as much self-could muster, I asked the people under my charge Leo, rising from his seat, and not only then your city and all in you from your large-hearted down to the humblest of within the United States return home give, in my Apostolic Benediction." hand over and over again held mine in his, and fell to the day of my ordination was the happiest of my "To look at His Holiness would never think he bore of ninety-three years up emaciated frame. His eyes velous in their penetrativeness; his faculties are even the youngest that him; his mind as clear as his and his whole being that ple man, without honor of showing his greatness. A leaving his presence was a true American style, "Leo XIII." It pleased him so he said: "God bless you and maker her, as she do, be, the greatest nation world."

"As I waited in the ant to speak with Cardinal M Protestant clergyman from came up to us, with great running down his cheeks. Just seen the Pope in the room, where he had given said: Leo XIII. is the moe has more of the divine than man in it. I can now recrowds flocked after the S

**AFTER DEATH.**—Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate Washington, describes as the New York "World" that follows the death of "As soon as the Holy Father treathed his last, amid the tions of religion and after his profession of faith in sense of the grand penitent usually administers the laaments, the Cardinal Camerlengo accompanied and assisted by of the Apostolic Chamber possession of his palace a careful inventory to be everything found in the Papal chamber of death, in which body of the Pontiff still strikes the forehead of Pope three times with a small mallet, asking loudly and "Holy Father, art thou dead?"

"When silence follows the interrogatory he turns to the bleb prelates and proclaims: "Our Father is no more." He then receives from the personal chamberlain, know

witness to the power of the old man, feeble in body and active in mind, who ruled the Vatican for more than a quarter of a century, was in the hands of the greatest ruler of the world...

What a halo of immortality shines around the head that wore, for the quarter of a century, the tiara of the Supreme Pontiff.

A PRIEST'S VIEW.—The Rev. Joseph F. Hallissey, a well known priest of Hudson, Mich., had the happiness of being received in audience by His Holiness, on the 7th May last, and has written an account of his visit to one of his parishioners. The latter has given the letter for publication. Father Hallissey says:—

"Mine own eyes have seen Leo XIII, the saintly, humble man, who holds the supreme office of visible head of Christ's Church on earth. We were admitted in private audience this morning at about a quarter of twelve, and were permitted to remain twenty minutes. Never shall I forget the first view I had of the Holy Father. Those kindly eyes beaming out upon you with so much interest and love; that sweet smile lighting up his thin, worn, wrinkled face; that paternal manner, setting you at ease at once and making you feel you were in your father's house, and those hands, filled with benedictions, raised over you, imploring blessings on you from the throne of all grace. His voice penetrated my very soul as he addressed us after the presentation of the President's gift. He said: 'Your President, I understand, is a good man, of broad intellect, one who is not afraid of doing his duty. Bear back to him my sincere gratitude and tell him that he has touched the heart of the aged prisoner of the Vatican.'"

"We told him of the loyalty of the Catholics of the United States, of the manner in which both Catholics and non-Catholics celebrated his jubilee, of the love Americans bear to him irrespective of religious convictions. All this pleased him very much. His face lighted up with more than a human light as he expressed his satisfaction with what we told him.

"With as much self-control as I could muster, I asked him to bless the people under my charge, and the great Leo, rising from his chair, said: 'Yes, I bless them with all my heart, and not only them, but all in your city and all in your country, from your large-hearted President down to the humblest one that lives within the United States. When you return home give, in my name, my Apostolic Benediction.' I kissed his hand over and over again, as he held mine in his, and felt that, next to the day of my ordination, this was the happiest of my life.

"To look at His Holiness you would never think he bore the weight of ninety-three years upon his thin, emaciated frame. His eyes are marvelous in their penetration and kindness; his faculties are as keen as even the youngest that surrounded him; his mind as clear as crystal, and his whole being that of a simple man, without honor or position, showing his greatness. As we were leaving his presence we shouted, in the true American style, 'Long live Leo XIII.' It pleased him so much that he said: 'God bless your country and maker her, as she deserves to be, the greatest nation in the world.'"

"As I waited in the ante-chamber, to speak with Cardinal Martinelli, a Protestant clergyman from England came up to us, with great, big tears running down his cheeks. He had just seen the Pope in the throne room, where he had given an audience to 3,500 German pilgrims. He said: 'Leo XIII. is the most sublime being I have ever seen. His look has more of the divine than the human in it. I can now realize why crowds flocked after the Saviour.'"

AFTER DEATH.—Mgr. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate at Washington, describes as follows in the New York "World" the ceremonies that follow the death of a Pope: "As soon as the Holy Father has breathed his last, amid the consolations of religion and after making his profession of faith in the presence of the grand penitentiary, who usually administers the last sacraments, the Cardinal Camerlengo, accompanied and assisted by the clerks of the Apostolic Chamber, takes possession of his palace and causes a careful inventory to be made of everything found in the Papal apartments. He then proceeds to the chamber of death, in which the body of the Pontiff still lies. He strikes the forehead of the dead Pope three times with a small silver mallet, asking loudly and solemnly: 'Holy Father, art thou really dead?'"

"When silence follows the third interrogatory he turns to the assembled prelates and proclaims: 'Our Father is no more!'"

"He then receives from the Pope's personal chamberlain, known as the

maestro di camera, a purse containing the Fisherman's Ring, which the dead Pope had used during life.

"The Camerlengo, by virtue of his office, becomes the executive of the Pontifical government. Pope Leo was the Camerlengo of Pius IX. His first act is to order the tolling of the great bell. Formerly the bell at the capitol was used for this purpose. Pope Pius IX. was the first Pontiff whose death was announced from the Basilica of St. Peter's. This order was formerly executed by the 'Senator of Rome,' but this office has been abolished since the temporal power was taken from the Pope.

"Twenty-four hours after death the body of the Pontiff is embalmed and lies in state, robed in the ordinary or domestic costume, upon a bed covered with cloth of gold and crimson draperies. The pious offices of washing and dressing the body are performed by the penitentiaries or confessors of the Vatican Basilica, who are always members of the Minor Conventuals of the Franciscan Order. The dead Pope is next removed to the Sistine Chapel, where, clothed in his full Pontifical vestments, he is placed on a couch surrounded by burning tapers and watched by detachments of Swiss Guards.

"On the following day the Cardinals and chapter of St. Peter's assemble in the Sistine Chapel and accompany the transportation of the body to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the main Church of St. Peter. The feet are allowed to protrude through an opening in the iron railing, that the faithful may approach and kiss the embroidered slipper.

"Nine days' public obsequies for the Pontiff then begin. For the first six days the Cardinals and prelates of the Holy See assemble daily in the quiet Chapel of St. Peter's, where Requiem Masses are sung by the Cardinals and the Office for the dead is chanted. The remaining three days the services are performed around a magnificent catafalque, which is erected in the nave of the great Basilica. A detachment of the Noble Guard stands there motionless, as if carved in stone. Over the bier a lifesize portrait of the Holy Father is hung and 1,000 candles of yellow wax and 20 enormous torches in golden candelabra burn around it night and day.

"During the nine days that the obsequies of the Pope continue the Cardinals assemble each morning in the sacristy of St. Peter's to arrange all matters of government of the Church and the details of the approaching conclave. These meetings are called general congregations. At them the bulls and ordinances relating to Papal elections are read and the Cardinals take an oath to observe them faithfully. The repetitions of this ceremony are intended to impress the august College of Cardinals with the solemnity of the act which they will perform in the election of the next Pope.

"The Fisherman's Ring and the large metal seal used for bulls are broken by the master of ceremonies on the meeting of the first general congregation. Two orators are chosen, one for the funeral oration, and the other for the conclave. All briefs, memorials and official papers not finally acted upon are solemnly consigned to the clerk of the general congregation, to be held during the interregnum.

"On the tenth day the body of the dead Pontiff is quietly carried to its place in the crypt of St. Peter's, there to rest until the death of his successor, when it is transferred to the tomb built during his lifetime."

THE PRESS.—In the columns of an English Catholic organ we find a very appropriate remark concerning the press of the world and Leo XIII. during those two weeks of the Pontiff's last illness. It is thus:—

"The amount of space which the press has during the present week devoted to news from the Vatican is a singular tribute to the greatness of Leo XIII. and the influence of the Papal office. In almost every nation throughout the world the newspapers have brought out special editions containing the telegrams received hour by hour from Rome. Columns have been given to the subject day after day not only by journals which are usually free from anti-Catholic bias, but even by papers which are, as a rule, hostile to the Holy See. As Father Thein observes, despite all opposition it cannot be denied that the Papacy continues to exist with a character of imposing grandeur to which, now, as of old, the masses of the enlightened world render willing homage. Where is there to-day a Bishop or other functionary of a non-Catholic denomination whose moral power could for a moment be compared with that of Leo XIII.? Their reputation and their power are provincial, or at most national; elsewhere

they are unrecognized. But the fame and the authority of the Roman Pontiff are universal. They are acknowledged by all peoples, and this in itself is strong evidence that the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the head, is the true Church—the Church which was established by Christ for the salvation of mankind."

LEO'S MONUMENT.—It was not expected a month ago that so soon would the immortal Pontiff, Leo XIII. be called away to his eternal reward. On the 28th June last, the foundation-stone was laid in Rome, of what is to be known as the 'International Workmen's Monument to Leo XIII.' The site of this monument is in front of the Leonine Portico. The design is a very beautiful one. A statue, about eleven feet in height, represents a workman who leans on an implement of labor, and gazes upon a cross which he holds in his right hand. On the cross is an inscription in Latin: "In this sign shalt thou conquer." On the front of the base are the names of the committee, with a suitable inscription. At the sides are three large bronze tablets on which are engraved three Encyclicals on Labor, published by Leo XIII. Upon the frieze are the words that represent the fruits of these encyclicals: Faith, Justice, Charity and Peace. Then beneath all are the names of the societies in different countries whose members have contributed to the monument. Cardinal Ferrata, who laid the foundation-stone, remarked that the bronze tablets would tell future generations that, as the Encyclicals taught, the solution of the Labor Problem, was to be found in the Gospel of Christ. Such a monument may be called one of the glories of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. It had been fondly hoped that the great Pope would have seen the completion of this work of art and of gratitude. But God willed it otherwise, and the monument will stand in Rome to his glory, while his Encyclicals will tell to future ages his worthiness of such a memorial.

ST. MALACHY'S PROPHECY.—Malachy was once Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, and he was a great friend of St. Bernard. This saintly Bishop has been generally credited with certain prophetic utterances regarding the Popes to reign after his time. In the document left by St. Malachy a characteristic applicable to the person of the Pope, or of some leading agent of his time, is attributed to each Papal reign. Some hold that the descriptions of the prophecy have been fulfilled. They maintain that the words "Aquila rapax" (the devouring eagle) used to designate the pontificate of Pius VII., point to the policy of his oppressor Napoleon I.; that "De balneis Etruriae," (from the baths of Etruria), was correctly employed with regard to Gregory XVI., and "Crux de cruce," representing Pius IX.; and that "Lumen in coelo" (light in the heavens) applies most aptly to the reign of Leo XIII. And they believe that the next words "Ignis ardens," (burning fire) will be illustrated in connection with the career of the next Pope. Two years ago the Abbe Joseph Maitre, published a volume in which he expresses his faith in the prophecy. A well known English Jesuit has, with great earnestness, declare it to be apocryphal. No matter whether it be or be not authentic, there is no doubt that the fulfillment of its sayings in the lives of so many Pontiffs, would suffice to make very many have faith in it. At all events Leo XIII. is properly described—for truly he has been a light in the sky of Catholicity.

AT QUEBEC.—Great sorrow was displayed in Catholic circles when the sad but expected news of the death of the Pope, reached the Ancient Capital. The bells of the Basilica and the various parish churches were tolled on Monday. His Grace Archbishop Begin in a pastoral letter announcing the arrangements for the solemn Requiem Services, one of which was held on Thursday in the Basilica, touched briefly but eloquently upon the leading characteristics of the life-work of the great Pontiff.

THE IRISH PARTY.—At a largely attended meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party, held in the House of Commons, on Tuesday last, the following resolution of sympathy was adopted and forwarded to His Eminence Cardinal Oreglia:—

"As representatives of a people who, by so many centuries of suffering, has attested its fidelity to the Holy See, we hasten to associate ourselves with the people of Ireland

in their sorrow for the event which has agitated the Catholic Church, throwing the entire civilized people in mourning. If anything can alleviate the pain which every Catholic roof supported in the loss of our glorious Pontiff, it is the consoling remembrance of the noble, saintly life of the Holy Father, his serenity in the midst of continual anxiety, his indomitable devotion to, and his marvellous life, which has rendered the influence of religion stronger throughout the world, thus elevating human life.

"We pray, Sir Thomas Esmonde and Captain Donelan, to be the interpreters of the profound and respectful condolence of the party on the occasion of the funeral of His Holiness."

### What Catholics Are Doing in Other Lands

The week before last a great Catholic conference under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society, was held in Liverpool, England, Cardinal Logue, of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, presided. Very important subjects were treated, and the able discourses by the prominent representatives present show that the spirit of organization is strong amongst the Catholics of Great Britain. At the present moment, and especially in presence of the crisis that natural exists, when a Pontiff passes away and the Church awaits the election of his successor, it is important that Catholics world over should combine in their efforts to aid the Church in the mighty work she has to carry on. And in no way can they accomplish this end better than by uniting together in strong bonds and interchanging ideas as well as exchanging encouragements.

We have, if we glance over Europe, a number of examples of the gains to be made by such unitings and of the losses to be sustained wherever the fervor of practical devotion to the work of the Church is allowed to cool.

Look at France as an example of this latter condition. There we find the sectaries gaining the upper hand by degrees, until they finally control the state, and are such absolute masters of the situation that they dare to tread the avenue of persecution against the Church. It may be argued that it is now a little late for the Catholics to unite against them. It is never too late to mend that which has been shattered; but would it not have been better had the Catholics long ago, instead of drifting, with the tide, united and acted before the enemy became all powerful? In Belgium we have another example. But there the Catholics have done better than in France, and as a consequence they are not driven from the land, nor are the homes of their religious consecrated by the State.

But turn our eyes to Germany. There we see the practical results of an active policy of organization. Germany has just issued from the turmoil of an election, and the Catholic party has come back so strong that it is now a position to hold the balance of power. And all this is due simply to the perfect and energetic organizations of the different Catholic associations. In England the same effects are being felt, in another sense, but flowing from a like cause. All the triumphs of the Church in England during these past years may be traced, in a great degree, to the Catholic Truth Society and its splendid efforts. In glancing over the Liverpool Catholic "Times" and its extended report of the lectures delivered at the Conference to which we have just referred, we find the following very significant and sage comments:—

"In no town of Great Britain or Ireland could the Truth Conference be held with greater éclat or with happier effects than in Liverpool. It is a most cosmopolitan centre of population. The Catholic missions include people of nearly all nationalities; and it was a pleasant sight to observe the unanimity with which they gathered round the Bishop of the diocese this week and the heartiness with which they welcomed the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland. The Catholics of Liverpool may legitimately feel pride in the reception accorded to the delegates and in the proofs they have given of zeal for the Catholic cause. Earnestness was manifest from the beginning to the end of the proceedings, and the addresses and papers conveyed lessons at once suggestive and inspiring. In the present state of the education question no words could be more useful or more appropriate than were those of Father Brown and Monsignor Ward. Father Pinnington gave most interesting details of

what Liverpool has done for rescue work, as Lady Edmund Talbot did of the work of Catholic settlements, and Miss Eyre of the labors of the Catholic Girls' Protection Society. By thoughtful proposals such as those made during the Conference Catholics of all classes are stimulated to increased energy, whilst the impression upon outsiders must be beneficial both to them and to us. They must recognize, no matter how strongly they may dissent from our creed, that we have the welfare of the community at heart, that socially our gospel makes for the betterment of the masses, and that on behalf of the religious doctrines which we hold we are able to set forth powerful arguments. All this must tell upon public opinion. Narrow-minded men who have not been able to emancipate themselves from the spirit of bitter controversy may rail against the Church and prefer venomous accusations against Catholics; but their attacks will meet with no approval from the people as a whole, for to them the correct impression has been conveyed that the Faith of Catholics may be summed up by saying that it is the love of God above all things and the love of men for God's sake."

This is, without doubt, the manner to proceed in order to gain the respect of outsiders, to win strength for ourselves, and to carry on to a successful issue the great work of the propagation of the Faith. None more readily trampled upon than the "willing slave," and while the Catholics are not required to be aggressive, at least they should not be cowardly. And they have each and all, a great mission to fulfil in this world, and by proper organization and concerted action alone can they hope to be true to the duties which their high calling in the Church of Christ imposes upon them.

### A Priest Drowned.

Rev. Joseph Dostal, pastor at Chelsea, Iowa, was drowned in the Iowa river on July 7 while bathing in company with his brother. The priest, who had been installed as pastor only the previous Sunday, was either caught in a strong current or seized with cramps; and sank from sight before assistance could reach him.

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"Londonderry," in cases of 100 pints	11.25	1.50
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CREED OF A CLASS

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Dr. William Dewitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College states, in "The Outlook," that he had asked each one of sixty Senior students, in a class, to set down as exactly as possible both his belief and his unbelief, to define, as well as he could, the sense in which he held the things in which he believed and that in which he rejected those that he did not believe. He then took all these sixty creeds and reduced them to a composite creed. In this conglomerate the Professor put everything affirmed by a student, except that which was denied by some other; thus hoping to get a creed to which all would assent. He then gave a copy to each member of the class, and asked him for his criticism thereon and any amendment he would care to make. Article after article was discussed. And after all modifications and concessions were noted, the creed that was adopted unanimously was this:—

"I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty, and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

"I believe in the Bible as the expression of God's will through man; in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God; and in the church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

"I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work; in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong; in salvation as growth out of selfishness into service; in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual; and in judgment as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure, and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud, and the false."

Here is a fantastic and contradictory creed in good earnest. There are three paragraphs in it, and the first one is pantheism—exactly the pantheism of the Indian. God exists, or rather is present in nature as law; that is to say the law of nature is God; the beauty in art is God; the justice of history is God; the sympathy in society is God; the duty that conscience dictates is God; and Christ as our highest ideal is God. There is no need of analyzing this composite creed any further. It is the natural outcome, the logical consequence of Protestantism. Each of the sixty and each of the six hundred, if there were that many had to abandon some of his belief and some of his disbelief, in order to get this result, and the result is simply a confusion of Christianity with paganism. It is the result of division, of lack of united precept, the absence of a central authority to teach, the non-presence of Truth—the one, undivided, and only principle of Christianity.

The second paragraph reads well, means nothing, and is absolutely absurd. The members of that class believe in the Bible, that is to say that they believe the Bible to be the expression of God's will through man; but they do not qualify it by saying that as far as written expression goes. They, therefore, believe in no other expression of God's will, but that Book from which, unaided as they are, they draw their own confusion and pantheism. They call prayer the devotion of man's will to God. It is the expression of the creatures' dependence on the Creator, and of his wants, as well as of his conception of the glory of that Eternal Being. The Church is not a fellowship; it is an institution founded and protected by the Son of God.

The third paragraph is more confused than all the rest; it is a jumble of expressions, a stringing-together of words, but devoid of ideas. What on earth does a man mean who calls "worship" an "inspiration to work" or who says that "sacrifice is the price to make right what is wrong" or "salvation is the growth out of selfishness into service"? We fail to understand the meaning of these sayings. All we know is that they are as much a creed as they are a problem in geometry—and not any more. Then they say that "Eternal life is the survival of what loves and is lovable in the individual." A queer definition of that immortality of the soul which Christ taught. But the strongest hodge-podge of all is the definition of "judgment"—we would suppose that they meant "judgment after death," surely not our faculty called judgment.—They call it the obvious fact that the condition of

the gentle, etc., is preferable to that of the cruel, etc." That is judgment according to the sixty pantheists of Bowdoin College.

We have taken the trouble to go into these details merely to show the absurdity of seeking to draw a united creed out of a confusion of conflicting, contradictory, and indistinct beliefs. The result is simply that this institution, which may be taken as a sample of all kindred institutions, is merely the Alma Mater of a generation of nominal Christians, without faith, principle, dogma, or actual comprehension of Christianity. And, we repeat, that this is the logical consequence of the fundamental principle of Protestantism. No wonder that a system based upon individual interpretation devoid of inspired authority, should be destined to inevitable destruction. This smashing into such an unnumbered amount of particles the basis upon which they would have us believe their system is constructed cannot but be the forerunner of a general crash, sooner or later. We should thank God for our solid Catholic educational institutions where, in the creed of each sixty, and each sixty thousand, is identical—is immutably that of Catholicity.

Some of the Week's Anniversaries

The thirteenth of July was a day upon which several very important historical events might well be commemorated. It was on that day, 1819, that the first steam vessel, the Sirius, arrived in Cork harbor. In the year 573, on the 13th July, one of the most memorable of the Popes—John III., died. And in 1815, on the same day of the month the celebrated English historian—Rev. John Lingard—died. It was on the 13th July, 1793, exactly one hundred and ten years ago, that Marat, the French revolutionist was murdered in his bath by Charlotte Corday. That monster of iniquity and blood was just then concocting the assassination of a score of his fellow-revolutionists. Of births on the 13th July, the most famous is that of Julius Caesar, who came into the world in the year 100 before Christ.

The fourteenth of July is also a day of memorable events. In 1274, St. Bonaventure, the great Doctor of the Church, expired. That day, in 1789, was the commencement of the French Revolution. Each year in Canada, as well as wherever else sons of old France are to be found, the fall of the Bastille—the 14th July—is celebrated as a national festival. On the 14th July, 1692, Archbishop Patrick Russell died. And on that day in 1871, France paid over one hundred million dollars war indemnity to Germany. Two great conflagrations took place on the 14th July; the first in 1779, when Norwalk, and three other towns of Connecticut were burned by the British; the second was in 1874, when four millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed by fire in Chicago.

The fifteenth July also recalls many historical events. In 1779 Stony Point was captured by Anthony Wayne, an event that had considerable influence upon the results of the war of Independence. In 1819, on the same day, the first steamship, the Savannah, crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool. In 1834, on the 15th July, the poet Coleridge died. And on the 15th July, 1808, Murat, King of Naples, ended his glorious career. He had been one of Napoleon's great marshals. On the 16th July, 1864, the Confederate troops; took Harper's Ferry, an event that so encouraged the South that the war was consequently rendered more protracted. It was on the 16th July, 1870, that France fatally declared war against Prussia. Thomas Parnell, the poet, died on the 16th July, 1717. The Catholic Association first met in Dublin on that day in 1825; and the famed O'Sullivan Beare was murdered on the 16th July, 1618. In these few events there is food for a month's historical study.

THE FRANCISCANS.

It is stated that the membership of the Franciscan Order recently presented at the general meeting held in Rome was as follows: Members, 116,482, including 7,572 priests and 3,804 students; provinces, 76; houses, 1,274; missionary countries, 67; districts, 26 in South America, 14 in North America, 11 each in Asia and Europe, 4 in Africa, and 1 in Australia. In these missions there are 4,968 missionaries.

WOMAN'S VALUE.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The New York Journal has been given some views upon the subject the "valuation of Woman," and making comparisons between the estimate that women in Europe and women in America form of themselves. To a certain extent there is nothing very important in the information afforded us, but there are a couple of paragraphs in the article that might suggest other thoughts than those in the mind of the writer. They are the following:

"Forty years ago the leading women of France fought ardently for the privilege of divorce. To-day they are fighting much more ardently to have the marriage bond made as indissoluble and as enduring as possible. As soon as American women grow wise the same propaganda will begin here. "Marriage means more to a woman than a man, and, generally speaking, she is much the greater loser by divorce. Matrimony is the finest of the fine arts, but it is the only one not taught. With the modern school for wives will come a universal female outcry for limitations on divorce."

The most we can say for this passage is that it is adverse to divorce, and in that it has its merits. We have not the least doubt that the author of it is, in his own way, and probably for some social reasons, anxious to see the marriage tie more enduring and the system of divorce done away with forever. It is a laudable purpose and if, by the medium of his writings he can secure any degree of amelioration in the condition of affairs to-day, we trust he may continue his efforts and that they may be crowned with success.

However, we fear that he is very likely to be led into some errors as regards marriage itself, if we are to judge from the terms that he uses. His language would indicate a very human idea of marriage and a conception of that state far inferior to its deserts. Consequently, should these few lines ever come under his eye we hope the correction, made in a kindly spirit, will be understood, and prove beneficial.

He says that: "Matrimony is the finest of the fine arts, but it is the only one not taught." Decidedly we never heard of matrimony being taught as a fine art, we have greatest respect and deepest admiration for the fine arts, but we would not wish to commit the sacrilege of classing that which is a Sacrament and a source of divine grace amongst them. They may be very useful in illustrating and expressing grand ideas of matrimony, but it is one thing to be a vehicle of expression and another to be the thing expressed. It is this false idea of matrimony that militates against the very best intentions of many honest people.

They see and they know that matrimony is one of the great columns supporting the social structure; they can perceive the ravages of divorce in the bosom of the family. They regret the immoral and ruinous system that is quenching the fires of phanage and bars-sinister. But they whole generation the heritage of orphanage and bars-sinister. But they merely look upon that same matrimony as a contract, not far removed from that of sale, or lease, or hypothec. They fail to perceive the divine element that has its place in the sacrament, and they consequently regret the situation, even as they would regret a bad amendment to a good statute. But, if once they could bring themselves to see marriage as we do, to understand it as the Church teaches it, to appreciate the spiritual force of the grace that belongs to it, they would then have a weapon wherewith to do deadly battle with the demand of divorce. We cannot instill this idea into those who have not the Faith, but we can hope and pray, that their otherwise good intentions may secure for them the possession, some day, of that Faith.

Notes for Farmers.

WHAT AN ACRE CAN PRODUCE—I know of one man in New Hampshire who netted \$285 on currants from one acre four years after the plants were set. An acre of currant bushes, set 4 by 5 feet, takes 2,178 plants.

Another man has raised 7,000 quarts of strawberries on a single

acre. You and I ought to raise one-half that amount—3,500 quarts—which, at 10 cents, equals \$350. Mushmelons in hills 5 by 6 feet make 1,452 hills to the acre, and the small Notted Gem kinds will average 10 or more to the hill under good culture, or 14,520 melons, which, at 4 cents apiece, would bring \$580.

Sweet corn, planted 3 feet by 9 inches, allows 19,360 stalks to the acre, or 1,618 dozen, and if sold at 8 cents per dozen, gives \$129 per acre.

Six hundred bushels of onions per acre is not an excessive yield, and the average price for them is generally good. I know of one man whose success with onions has been the means of awakening the interest of others, and resulting indirectly in the whole community becoming prosperous. Another New England man of my acquaintance has averaged more upon a very small area of land, the main crop of which is onions, than any general farmer about him whose invested capital is from 10 to 50 times as great.

Celery is a crop of simple culture, if well grown it usually pays well. An apart and six inches in the row, will acre of celery, set in rows of three feet contain 20,040 plants, or 2,420, which should they bring only 25 cents a dozen, would give \$605 returns. Celery is also a second crop, an early crop of something else being taken first.

A New Hampshire man, not a farmer, tells me that he raised in his small garden, on a city lot, the past year, \$100 worth of celery on a 60x60 foot area, or at the rate of \$1,400 an acre. The same season he raised two outdoor crops of heading lettuce on a bed 60x60 feet, the sale of which brought \$15, or at the rate of \$1,815 an acre. While this seems large, it only means a price of about 2 cents a head and a square foot of space to grow it in. His market was simply the retail groceries of Laconia, N.H., which did not pay fancy prices.

Cabbage pays better than most people realize, and what farmer cannot raise them? Set 2 by 3 feet, an acre requires 7,260 plants. The price per head or pound varies greatly, but any one can easily estimate his possibilities with this crop.

Tomatoes are as commonly used as almost any crop grown. Although the tomato is one of the rankest of plants and an assured producer, it is ever in demand. Even with an increased demand for the canned product, which largely is shipped into New England, our local markets continue firm.

Horticulture on the farm has its place, and should not be neglected. It pays for family use if in no other way. Horticulture on the farm pays, for it keeps the boy there. Horticulture on the farm pays for it makes pocket money. Horticulture is education in plant life. For example, grafting, pruning, budding, propagation, rotations, varieties, soils, fertilizers, cultivators, etc.; these and many more, can be studied.

A NEW FOOD.—During the past few years a city in Germany has been experimenting with a new food for horses and cattle. The food is known by the euphonious name of "Blutkraftfutter," which means blood strength fodder, and consists largely of steam-dried sterilized blood. Besides this, chaff or the hulls of grain finely ground and a per cent. of phosphates is added to the composition. Molasses is used and the ingredients are thoroughly mixed and dried.

The dried blood meal contains on an average about 22 per cent. of protein and fat, while oats contain 7 per cent. less. The preparation can be preserved without deterioration.

As regards the method of feeding, it is advisable to start on one-half a pound per day, thoroughly mixing it with the usual food, and to increase this portion daily until five or six pounds are used per day, diminishing the quantity of the usual food accordingly. For milk cows three pounds per day can be used; for fattening cattle seven pounds per head per day, and for sheep and swine three-fourths of a pound per day per 100 pounds of living weight. Some horses have been given two-thirds of their daily fodder in blood meal, but it is recommended that the quantity fed should not exceed one-half of the daily allowance of food.

A VARIETY OF CROPS.—It is not as a rule wise for the average farmer to depend upon only one or two main crops for income, the greater success comes from a variety of products. Unfavorable weather may ruin the prospects for the farmer who depends on corn or wheat alone, but it is very seldom that some kinds of crop do not succeed even in the most unfavorable

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Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

Hence by having several sources of income from the farm you will be quite certain of some good results. Live stock, poultry, etc., should also be kept to some extent upon every farm, their droppings if properly taken care of and applied to the land will go a long way to keep up the fertility of the farm. As to what kind or variety of stock, etc., to keep upon the farm, that will depend upon the locality and other peculiarities of the farm, as well as the likes or dislikes of the owner. A person always succeeds best along the chosen line of specialties that has the most attraction to him.—The Epitomist.

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For this Week we offer the following Special Reductions, which are less than HALF-PRICE.

EMBROIDERY SKIRTING

A Special in Embroidery Skirting, 40 inches wide, worth 75c, for 35c a yard; \$1.00 for 45c a yard; \$1.25 for 65c a yard. Insertions and Edgings, 40c a yard up, for 19c. Embroidery Loom Ends, 3 1/2 and 4 1/2 yards long, slightly imperfect, were 20c, 25c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

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CHILDREN'S DUCK DRESSES, made with white pleated skirts and colored blouses, colors are Blue, Red and Navy, sizes 1 to 10 years. Prices were \$1.00 to \$1.75. July Sale 75c. CHILDREN'S PIQUE COATS, trimmed with deep Embroidery frills and fastened with large pearl buttons and satin ribbon, prices were \$2.25 to \$4.00. Sizes 1 to 4 years. July Sale \$1.75.

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BRACES 50c ones for 25c
WHITE LINEN HATS, worth \$1.25 for 75c
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GOLF CAPS, 25c, 35c and 50c
PJJAMAS, English Ceylon, \$2.75 for 1.98
WHITE DUCK PANTS, \$1.50 for 1.00
FOWNE'S DRIVING GLOVES, \$1.25 for 75c
UMBRELLAS, nicely case, \$1.50 for 1.07
FANCY HALF HOSE, Samples, 25c, 35c and 45c pair
BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR, Striped, 75c, for 45c
WHITE COTTON NIGHT SHIRTS, \$1.00, for 75c
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SATURDAY, S... OUR OTTAWA LE... (From Our Own... IN THE HOUSE... mass of matter... round me that I... To make matters... is possible I will... into two sections... will refer to local... gious subjects; I... serve till later... concerning the polit... will be remembered... I had foretold sta... ments that were t... fore my letter wou... The very next day... aided by the resign... ister of Railways, B... and they precipitat... fairs such as can... scribed. As I now... tical atmosphere is... expectations. This... calm. Tomorrow, o... est, a series of Reso... introduced in the H... mons, upon which t... Pacific Railway Bill... Until these Resoluti... hands all we can d... upon the probable o... whole scheme. I am... ed by circumstances... for a couple of day... long as it is possib... part of my letter. I... and the hour of the... press I hope to have... mation to enable m... the readers of the "... the situation in all... with every imaginab... upon it. Your corre... pens to be in an ex... place to secure all... the details, and with... which has ever guide... Witness" on all subje... the political situati... tempt to analyze the... as forecast the futu... the Government in t... crisis. Meanwhile, I... tage of the lull in t... ena to speak of the... now absorb public at... Capital.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, July 20.

IN THE HOUSE.—Such is the mass of matter before me and around me that I actually know not how to commence a weekly letter. To make matters as intelligible as possible I will divide my letter into two sections. The first part will refer to local matters and religious subjects; I will have to reserve till later what I have to write concerning the political situation. It will be remembered that last week I had foretold startling developments that were to occur even before my letter would be in press. The very next day they came, heralded by the resignation of the Minister of Railways, Hon. Mr. Blair; and they precipitated a state of affairs such as can scarcely be described. As I now write the political atmosphere is still heavy with expectations. This is a day of calm. To-morrow, or after at latest, a series of Resolutions will be introduced in the House of Commons, upon which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bill will be based. Until these Resolutions are in our hands all we can do is to speculate upon the probable outcome of the whole scheme. I am, therefore, forced by circumstances to leave aside for a couple of days—in fact as long as it is possible—this second part of my letter. Between this and the hour of the paper going to press I hope to have sufficient information to enable me to set before the readers of the "True Witness" the situation in all its phases and with every imaginable sidelight cast upon it. Your correspondent happens to be in an exceptional good place to secure all the most reliable details, and with that impartiality which has ever guided the "True Witness" on all subjects that affect the political situation, I shall attempt to analyze the present as well as forecast the future prospects of the Government in this important crisis. Meanwhile, I take advantage of the lull in the political arena to speak of other events that now absorb public attention at the Capital.

THE POPE'S DEATH.—As I write the flags float at half mast from the spire of the Parliament Building, from the City Hall, and from almost all the public edifices of the city. The bells of the basilica have given the signal, and the steeples of the many churches have taken up the tolling refrain, while across the Ottawa comes the solemn notes of Hull's beautiful chime, and still further off in the distance ring the bells of the Gatineau. It is the announcement to the faithful of that expected, but ever sad news that the Pope is dead. And yet in that chorus of sounds there is an undertone of confidence that blends with the minors of grief it is that confidence which has inspired the Church from the day when first were heard the sublime words, "The Pope is dead, but Peter never dies." Leo XIII. has fulfilled his magnificent mission, he has run his glorious course, he has fought the good fight. In dying he has left his memory and his precept to encourage and to guide his successor, and the Church goes on to the end of time, marching sublimely down the ages, a mystery to the world, an object of dilection in the eyes of God.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel is absent on a pastoral visitation, but left full instruction what was to be done in the event of the Holy Father's death. The Church bells bells were to ring for one hour, from five till six in the evening. And these are the bells that now send their notes of sorrow in upon me as I write these lines. On Wednesday, July 29th, the grand Requiem Masses will be sung in all the churches of the archdiocese. The Apostolic Delegate will preside on Wednesday at the Basilica. Your correspondent now asks for space for the following words of Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, who made use of them to-day—Monday—on receipt of the final news of the death of His Holiness: "Although expecting and fearing to hear of the Holy Father's death at any moment during the past two weeks, the news just received from Rome causes me great sorrow, both personally and as Apostolic Delegate—personally because I have known him well and it is he who has given me on many occasions

proof of his great kindness and condescension, and also on account of close relations between him and my late esteemed predecessor. As Apostolic Delegate because I represent his person and authority. A great loss it is both for the Church and the entire world. His whole life was devoted to the service of God, His Church and his fellow-beings. Under his direction the Church has acquired prestige throughout the whole world. With his master mind he wisely guided the barque of Peter through troubled seas, and drew upon it the respect of all fair-minded men, irrespective of creed or nationality. By the loftiness of his intellect he perceived all the wants of mankind of the present time. In a splendid literary style and with a profundity of thought and largeness of view he applied the principles of Jesus Christ and of His Church to the solution of all the gravest questions that now agitate peoples and nations. In this we cannot but admire the wisdom and the fire of his ardent charity which prompted him to desire and work for the salvation and welfare of humanity."

"If his wise teachings be followed, peace, order, progress, both civil and moral, will reign throughout the world; therefore the Catholic Church mourns a most tender and loving father, the world a most wise counsellor and guide, but whilst we mourn him he is gone to receive and enjoy the reward due to his great virtues and labors."

I need intrude no more on your space concerning this all absorbing question, save to say that nearly every Protestant minister in Ottawa has given expression to views concerning Leo XIII., and his death; and it is a most gratifying thing to be able to say that, while their interviews fill several columns of the daily press, there is not one word or thought expressed that is not in harmony with the sentiments of the Catholic world at this hour. They are unanimous in their kindly opinions of the dead Pontiff, and while each of them declares that he is not in accord with the religious dogma of Rome, still he considers the death of Leo XIII. as the greatest loss this world has sustained in many generations, while the life he has spent has been one of God's most precious gifts to the human race in modern times.

A CATHOLIC HALL.—The officers of St. Joseph's Union, the strong French-Canadian Fraternal Society of Ottawa, have decided to build a splendid new hall on the site of the present one at the corner of York and Dalhousie streets. It is expected that the hall will cost about \$25,000. Ex-Mayor Durocher, grand president, after stating that new branches of the society have been established at Ripon and St. Isidore de Prescott, and others are to be established next week in Beauce County, at St. Evariste, St. Honoré, and St. Sebastien, gave us the following statement concerning the new undertaking:—

"The erection of a new hall is made necessary by the growth of St. Joseph's Union, which has been steady and gratifying. When the present hall, formerly a church, was secured, it was considered very commodious. The establishment of many new branches of the order throughout Ontario and Quebec increased business at the headquarters in Ottawa to such an extent however, that the clerical staff had to be increased several times, and the present quarters have become somewhat crowded. Moreover, the strong membership and high standing of the order, made it imperative that a more imposing hall should be erected. The site at the corner of York and Dalhousie streets is a central one, hence the decision to retain it for the new hall."

A FEDERATION.—At a meeting of the St. Jean Baptiste Society on Sunday, the question came up of the best way to gather all the French-Canadians of the Capital under the auspices of that society. On August 1st, 2nd and 3rd next a great demonstration of all the societies of French origin will be held, and the festivities will be on a scale only second to that of Montreal this year. A debate, lasting several hours, took place on a resolution proposing to adopt as the national emblem the flag of the old French monarchy, with a Maltese cross in the centre surmounted with the Sacred Heart and with fleur-de-lis in the corners. By a narrow vote it was decided to defer the matter till later. Some thought it to be too religious a banner for a nationality, while others considered it as being purely Canadian in character and symbolical of the race in Canada as well as of the religion to which they belong.

C. O. F.—Unfavorable though the weather was on Sunday, still the Church parade of the Catholic Order of Foresters was a most creditable demonstration. About 1,300 were in line. These included the local courts and five hundred visiting brethren from Perth, Smith's Falls, Cumming's Bridge, Billing's Bridge, Rockland, Buckingham, Brockville, Carleton Place, Arnprior, Metcalfe, Fallowfield, Moose Creek, Aylmer, Hull and Gatineau Point. The Brook, Clarence Creek.

The delegation from Perth, Brockville, Smith's Falls and Carleton Place came by special trains.

At St. Jean Baptiste Church eloquent sermons were delivered by Rev. Father Gill, O.P., in English, and Rev. Father Harpin, O.P., in French. The preachers spoke of the great advantages to be derived from union, and from membership in such a fraternal society as the Catholic Foresters, and urged them to live up to the principles of the order, by doing which they would be good Catholics and good citizens. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, a beautiful musical service being rendered, the direction of Mr. Amable T. Blay, organist of the Basilica.

VISITORS.—On Monday a special train of the Intercolonial brought about seven hundred excursionists from Beauport, and Montmorency Falls, in Quebec County, to the Capital. They were under the direction of the Minister of Justice, Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and his secretary, Mr. Verrette. They were accompanied by the Mastai bands. They spent the day on the electric cars, visiting the Experimental Farm and other points of interest. And in the afternoon they invaded the House of Commons. They played music in the summer house on the hill, and played all kinds of pranks around the Buildings. They had possession of the place. This makes the second monster excursion, in a month that Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick has brought to Ottawa. Evidently if he cannot get away from his Parliamentary duties to visit his constituents, he is bound that they shall come and visit him.

Pope of the Holy Rosary

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Many are the titles which belong to Leo XIII., and now that his precious life has been closed, it may not be untimely to recall one of them—Pope of the Holy Rosary—to which possibly much of his recuperative force can be ascribed. It is certainly little short of a miracle that a man who has passed the ninety-third milestone in life, should sink to the verge of the tomb, hang as it were, over the abyss of eternity, and gather together sufficient spirit and energy to conquer that all-conquering death and return to the ways and activities of men. If such a wonderful change be not ascribed to prayer, and the efficacy of human intercession, then truly has the faith died out in the hearts of people. And if there be one form of prayer more than another which awakened the loving enthusiasm of the Holy Father it was that of the Holy Rosary.

We have but to recall his splendid series of encyclical letters dealing with that grand devotion to form an idea of how truly Leo XIII. confided in the advocacy of the Mother of God. We need not here recapitulate all those touching and loving expressions with which he called upon the faithful throughout the world to honor Mary by the faithful recitation of the Rosary. The arguments that he set forth, drawn from divine teachings, from the story of Mary's own and oft-repeated wishes, and from the logic of theology, constitute a chain-work of reasoning that may not unfittingly be compared to the chain-work of the Holy Rosary itself. When we, also, consider that this is the month of the Holy Rosary, and that in each family the parents and children are expected to practise that lovable devotion daily during this month, we cannot but assume that such millions of Rosaries said for the intention of the good Pope and for his restoration to health, must have been one of the causes of the prolongation of his days, even after all human science would have it that his days were numbered.

Next to the Rosary there is no form of invocation more pleasing to the Blessed Virgin than the Litany.

It is a regular love chant arising from the pious soul, and giving to her every endearing and noble term that the mind of the devout could conceive. And yet, after all the human vocabulary seems to have been exhausted in tender and loving terms wherewith to address the most lovable of God's creatures, Leo XIII. seems to have discovered yet another appropriate expression to be added to that Litany. After calling her mother most amiable, and mother most admirable, he adds thereto the invocation of mother of good counsel. In this city we have a parish dedicated to Our Lady of Good Counsel; and it was Leo XIII. who suggested that term to be applied to her whose whole list of titles are concentrated in that of Mother of God. We, therefore, see how deep and powerful has been the undercurrent of devotion to the Blessed Virgin that has ever swept through the great soul of Leo XIII.

And now that we are in the month of the Holy Rosary, and that "the Pope of the Holy Rosary" is battling for life against an array that few men ever meet, and that fewer still ever succeed in conquering, we should join all our supplications to those of the Church, and especially make use of the Holy Rosary—in its form of prayer by predilection—in asking that he be spared for some time longer to direct the ship, to hold the helm, to guide the Church through the winding and dangerous channels that seem to suddenly have been encountered upon her way. And we are confident that if there is any power, under that of God which can restore him to the duties of his august office, it is that power which lies in the invocations of the Holy Rosary.

Diocese of Three Rivers.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

On the fourth of July Mgr. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, made his entry into the find old parish of St. Narcisse. It was his usual pastoral visitation; but this year a special solemnity was added to the occasion, as the parish celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. On Sunday, the 5th July, the good Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 200 children of the parish, and that evening left for the parish of St. Timothee. On Tuesday, the 7th July, he returned for the special celebration of the centennial.

The most attractive portion of the ceremonies was a torch-light procession that had all the novelty of antiquity about it. From all ends of the district people flocked to St. Narcisse; the early colonists and founders of the parish were represented in that procession, and the illuminations, bon-fires, music and singing turned the entire region into a veritable fairy land.

On Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, High Mass was sung by the Bishop, and a most eloquent sermon preached by Rev. Abbe Gerin. The series of addresses delivered by the Bishop, by Dr. Paquette, by Rev. M. F. Gauthier, and the historic lecture by Rev. H. Trudel, all touched upon the story of the parish. It is not often that a Canadian parish celebrates its hundredth birthday, and in the present instance the history of the place is woven into that of Canada and the early missionary struggles. We will, therefore, give our readers a brief account of St. Narcisse.

This parish of St. Narcisse is situated about twelve miles from the St. Lawrence, due north, between the seignories of Champlain and Batiscan. That portion of it which is situated in Batiscan, belonged, when the first colonists came there, to the parishes of Ste. Genevieve and St. Stanislaus; the other part belonged to the parish of Champlain. About the year 1800 some farmers of the surrounding country began to visit the district. The first who are known to have gone there are Collet, of Batiscan, and Norbert and Trepanier, of Ste. Genevieve. But none of these remained. The first real settler who came there was Louis Cosset. It was in 1803 that he left Batiscan to set up his tent. He was born at Ste. Genevieve de Batiscan, the 17th October, 1781. On the 22nd June, 1803, when in his 22nd year, Louis Cosset left his native parish, and axe in hand, and with a small amount of provisions, he penetrated into the forest. He came to a tract of land, now occupied by M. Francois Baril, on the Riviere a la Lime, and there resolved to make himself a future home. After a time, there was a road legislated for, but it was years later when that road was passable. A small chapel was erected on the

very spot where now stands the Church of St. Stanislaus. But only once each month was Mass celebrated by Rev. O. Langlois, parish priest of Ste. Genevieve. This latter parish was used by the pioneer as the basis of his operations, the place whence he drew his provisions. He spent his first winter in Ste. Genevieve, and in 1805 he married a daughter of that parish. Thence forward the work progressed, others followed his example, and soon the place began to be heard of. The family of Louis Henault dit Champagne came there, and settled a few acres from Cosset's place. A couple of years later Francois Lefebvre and Antoine Mongrain, made themselves homes in the same locality. In 1812, Hyacinthe Cosset, a brother of Louis, in 1815, Francois Baril, and in 1818 another of the Cosset brothers, Jerome, sought their fortunes in this almost unknown region. Thus began the settlement.

The distance from the Church of Ste. Genevieve to the Chapel at St. Stanislaus was about seven miles and a half, and it was a rough road to travel. Not like that of to-day; not like that splendid plank road that leads from Price's Mills down the Batiscan, over which a carriage or a buckboard can travel as easily as a parlor car on the track. When Cosset set up his tent in the wilderness, in 1802, and built his chapel, the priest, Rev. M. Langlois was the second parish priest of Ste. Genevieve. Rev. Mr. Aubry had been the first one—he was appointed in 1786; in 1805 Rev. Mr. Dorval succeeded Rev. Mr. Langlois; then came Rev. Mr. Le Bourdais, in 1812; from 1813 to 1815 it was Rev. Chas. Hob; and from 1815 to 1862, Rev. F. X. Cote.

We cannot well enter into all the details of the history of this interesting parish. But in 1851 it was canonically erected. It was carved out of the two parishes of Ste. Genevieve and St. Stanislaus, and had for its first priest Rev. Mr. P. Patry. On the 14th June, 1851, Mgr. P. F. Turgeon, Archbishop of Quebec, placed the new parish under the patronage of St. Narcisse, Confessor and Pontiff, whose feast is celebrated on the 29th October. Mgr. Cook, then Vicar-General and parish priest of Three Rivers (afterwards Bishop of that diocese), selected the site for the Church and marked out the limitations of the parish. On the 15th December, 1851, fifty years ago, the first Mass was celebrated in the new Church, by Rev. F. X. Cote, of Ste. Genevieve. In 1854, the presbytery was built. In 1855 the boarded of wardens was elected. One elementary school was built in 1856, and another in 1858. Finally, in 1859, by proclamation of the Governor of Quebec the parish was civilly erected. To-day they have four schools; the population comprises about 1,400 souls, and there are 6,000 acres of land under cultivation there.

Such is a brief history of this now prosperous Catholic parish, the hundredth anniversary of which has been celebrated with so much pomp and enthusiasm. We have translated most of this information from a splendid special number of the "Tribune," the local organ of Three Rivers.

And the writer takes a special delight in transcribing these few lines for, while so doing, he travels in memory again, over those very roads, which "twenty golden years ago" knew his presence well; and he conjures up scenes and events so intertwined around his heart that they still and forever will form part of his life. He can see again the churches of Ste. Genevieve and St. Stanislaus, and the cemetery beyond the latter, and there are buried memories that arise, and faces that reappear, which the passage of time, and the coldness and hollowness of life's joys and cares, cannot wipe out from the recollection. And there are others, still living, but far from those memory-haunted scenes, who come back again, for the span of years is leaped in a single bound, the hopes and ambitions, the aerial castles and fond aspirations, that had all their foundations away up in that northern region, revive, glow and fling a delusion of momentary happiness upon the one who sits alone, and thinks, and writes.

The simple faith, the honest toil, the noble sacrifices that line the history of St. Narcisse, of the parishioners, past and present, are worthy a place in the archives of the land.

SCOTLAND'S CANAL.

The plans for the construction of a ship canal between the Firth of Forth, on the east of Scotland, across to the River Clyde, on the west, have been definitely arranged. The canal will cost \$50,000,000. One of the great engineering features of the scheme will be the carrying of the canal through the ground near the Loch Lomond end.

FEAST OF ST. ANN.

(By an Occasional Correspondent.)

To-morrow, Sunday, 26th July, the Church celebrates the feast of St. Ann, the glorious Mother of Our Blessed Lady. It is, in consequence, a day of special rejoicing for all Catholics, and for none more than the devoted servants of Mary. We are reminded, from year's end to year's end, of all that we owe to the Blessed Virgin, and there scarcely passes a day that in some manner she is not honored, for she was the most privileged of human beings, the most perfect, the most spotless. And, moreover, she is the most powerful of all the advocates that our race has in heaven. Her power is based upon the great privilege which she enjoys as the Mother of Christ. His filial love for His earthly mother is the key wherewith she can open the treasure-house of graces, when in response to those who have faith in her and who invoke her with confidence, she begs that assistance in need of which her servants so badly stand.

On the same principle that Christ's love for His mother is a fountain of blessings for us, so Mary's love for her own mother—St. Ann—is also a source of untold blessings. It is thus that the devoted lovers and servants of St. Ann reach the Divine Spring of all celestial benefactions. She pleads with her daughter; the daughter pleads with her own Son, and the chain of prayer and of response is complete in its every link.

It is but natural that the Son of God would take into account the love of Mary for her mother and confer on that mother powers and privileges, beyond the ordinary. And that such is the case, we have not to go beyond the limits of our own province, we have here the most irrefutable testimony of the influence, the affection, the miracle-working strength of this great saint. In glancing over the names of the different parishes in Quebec, we find not less than twenty that are especially under the protection of St. Ann. One of the leading Irish Catholic parishes of our own city is that which bears the name of St. Ann. Down at Beauport, there in the heart of the Laurentians that skirt the St. Lawrence, a majestic towers to heaven and in a perpetual sermon in stone preaches the glories of this maternal saint. But more eloquent than all other forms of expression, be they of sculpture, architecture, painting, music, or words, are the processions of pilgrims, from all ends of the continent, that perpetually wend their ways to the shrine of St. Ann. The evidences of the physical cures operated, miraculously through her intercession, are there out of number. But if those physical cures are almost too numerous to be recalled, it were as easy to count the stars in the sky as to enumerate the miracles of a spiritual character that have been wrought in hearts and souls by the wonderful influence of Good St. Ann. We might, therefore, say that our province rests, as it were, under her special protection. It has been a section of the world upon which she has gazed with particular predilection. We, then, are bound in a manner far more strongly than are other people to honor St. Ann on the occasion of her annual feast. And this year it comes on a Sunday a day when all Catholics have a particular opportunity of leaving aside all thoughts of worldly cares and occupations, and of allowing their souls to enter fully into the spirit of the Church.

We learn with deep pleasure that the amount of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Ann have never before been as great as during the present season. It is evident that the spirit of devotion amongst our people, instead of dying out, or being dwarfed by interests and occupations of a purely material character, has increased in fervor and is as powerful now, if not more so, as ever it was. To-morrow, then, all who have faith in Our Lord's love for His Mother, and Mary's love for her mother, will feel an inspiration to honor in a befitting manner Good St. Ann.

FAMILY PEW.

Every family, every unmarried young man and woman should own a pew or at least a seat in their parish church.

Advertisement for MURPHY & CO. featuring various goods like hats, coats, and shoes. Includes text: 'MURPHY & CO.', 'HATS, worth \$1.25', 'COATS, \$7.50 and \$8.49', 'Telephone Up, 2749'.

Advertisement for 'van's' featuring 'SECTION' and 'oa.' with a small graphic.

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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.

LOCAL NOTES. C. M. B. A. NOTES.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.—The weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club was held as usual, but as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Pope Leo XIII., the programme consisted solely of sacred selections, both vocal and instrumental.

Mr. Charles Phillips, a well known non-Catholic in the commercial life of this city, presided. In opening the proceedings, he referred to the death of the late Pope in a very feeling manner. He pointed out the many good deeds he had done during his long life, not only for those of his own flock, but for the whole human race.

Eloquent and touching references were also made to the noble career of the saintly Leo, by Rev. John E. Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, and by Rev. Father Malone, S.J., of Loyola College.

The president, Mr. F. B. McNamee, announced during the evening, that on next Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. a Requiem Mass would be celebrated in the hall of the Club for the repose of the soul of the late Holy Father.

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIMAGE to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, held on Saturday last, was a great success from every point of view. Twelve cars were occupied by the pilgrims.

ANNUAL EXCURSION.—The members of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society have been holding weekly meetings to make arrangements for their annual excursion to Lake St. Peter on Monday, August 3rd.

Casey's orchestra will accompany the excursion. The committee report already a large sale of state-rooms.

Meetings are being held in the hall 92 St. Alexander street every Tuesday evening until the date of the excursion.

At a meeting of the grand officers, trustees and Executive Committee of the C.M.B.A., of Canada, held recently in Kingston, Ald. J. J. Behan was chosen grand secretary, and Kingston was made the headquarters of the organization.

OBITUARY.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a notice of the death of Mrs. Luke J. Egan, (Kate Wall), which occurred at Chicago, after a long and painful illness borne with Christian fortitude.

Mrs. Egan leaves two children—Christopher and Lizzie—to mourn her loss, to whom and other relatives we tender our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

DEATH OF BISHOP CLUT.

The sad news comes from Winnipeg just as we are going to press, that the venerable prelate, Mgr. Clut, of the diocese of Arthabaska at Lesper-Blave Lake, who has figured so prominently in missionary work in Canada during 65 years, has passed to his eternal reward.

The Right Rev. Isador Clut was born at St. Rambert, Valence, France, on February 2, 1812. Joining the Oblat Order he came to Canada and was ordained to the priesthood in 1837.

THE KING AND LAND BILL.

On one occasion King Edward VII. had been informed that after a prolonged session the Irish peers in caucus had decided to resist the proposals which the Irish Nationalists had insisted upon as essential to the Bill. He at once sent in haste the Duke of Abercorn to the Irish landlords with the following verbal message.

Important Question In Parliament.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, July 22. Rarely has there been more subdued excitement and feverish expectancy in the Canadian House of Commons than at the present hour.

The session has now gone passed its fourth month, over 220 bills have been considered, passed or shelved, when the average number for a session is 150 bills.

Two most important measures have yet to be dealt with: The Redistribution Bill and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bill.

As to the Redistribution Bill, it is now ready to come before the House. It was at one time thought that the system of arranging all the details of that necessary measure, by a committee from both sides of the House would facilitate its being readily accepted.

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

I am writing this on Wednesday night, consequently before the "True Witness" goes to press very important matters shall have been dealt with. On Friday afternoon the long-looked-for Grand Trunk Pacific Bill will be introduced, and then the fight will come on.

It is well known that the Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, resigned on the ground that he could not agree with the Government's policy in building that road now, in constructing a new line from Quebec to Moncton, and in leasing the latter to the Grand Trunk.

Population approaching 600 is the unusual record of the third week at Cliff Haven. This decided gain over former years may be accounted for in various ways for never before has the place been so attractive from every point of view.

On Monday morning next Miss Boretta H. Hayes will form her classes in Physical Culture. During the past year Miss Hayes was appointed instructor of Physical Culture in the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent, on the Hudson.

GRAND TRUNK

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" daily at 9 a.m., at Toronto at 4.47 p.m., Hamilton 5.40 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont. 7.05 p.m., Buffalo 8.20 p.m., London 7.40 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., Chicago 7.20 p.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above Train

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD AND SEASIDE.—Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Lv. Bonaventure Station 8.00 a.m. week days, 8 p.m. daily.

SUBURBAN SERVICE TO PT. CLAIRE. Commencing Saturday, July 25, and each Saturday during the month of August, also on Thursday, July 31st and Monday, August 3rd, on account of Seawanna Cup Races.

VACATION TRIPS. Write or call on Trunk Railway Agent for copy of "Summer Tours," giving valuable and interesting information how and where to spend your Holidays.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 137 St. James Street. Telephones Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"IMPERIAL LIMITED" WEEKLY FAIR FARE between Montreal and Vancouver, leaving Windsor St. at 11.40 a.m., SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Daily Trans-Continental Train at 9.40 a.m.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA Sleeping Car Service. Commencing June 25th, and every Tuesday and Friday thereafter, through sleepers leave Montreal, Windsor St., 9 a.m., week days, 8 p.m. daily, commencing Monday, June 15.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD, Seabrook Etc. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Trains Lv. Windsor St., 9 a.m., week days, 8 p.m. daily, commencing Monday, June 15.

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Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. Main 2161.

ST. PETER and COMMON STs.

claimed that by leasing that section to the Grand Trunk the latter will be bound, by its own business interests to use it; which in any other case it would not do, for it would branch off at Richmond and carry our Western produce to Portland—the line being by so much shorter.

All this is merely the statement of what Opposition, Government, and Mr. Blair advance, on one or the other side. But it will only be when the Bill is before the House and the details are known, and those details are discussed that one can form any opinion.

Catholic Summer School

Large classes were formed this week in Principles of Education and in Applied Psychology, by Dr. Joseph Taylor and Mr. William O'Callaghan. These classes meet in the Auditorium at half past nine and half past eleven respectively.

On Monday morning next Miss Boretta H. Hayes will form her classes in Physical Culture. During the past year Miss Hayes was appointed instructor of Physical Culture in the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent, on the Hudson.

The new bowling alleys were opened this week. They are of splendid construction, and sure to afford great pleasure to the bowling enthusiasts at Cliff Haven.

The evening lectures next week will be given by the Rt. Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, on the History of the Church in France.

DIED. In Chicago, on the 6th inst., Mrs. Luke J. Egan, widow of the late Mr. Luke J. Egan, formerly of Montreal.

S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

EVIDENCE OF A SUCCESSFUL

July Cut Price Sale

Said an American Lady—a visitor to The Big Store, the other day:—"It is not so much the vastness of the crowds that impresses me, as the fact that every one seems intent upon making purchases."

That is the fact patent to all: the people who buy assemble in largest numbers at Montreal's Greatest Store. Consult our announcements for the reasons.

20c CORDED MUSLINS AT 10c.

Choose from 31 different designs. Ground is white, with tracings in black of rings, spots, figures, sprigs, and imitation lace effects. All 30 inches wide. Worth 20c yard. Sale price.....10c

SUMMER WEIGHT UNDER-SKIRTS FOR LADIES.

25c purchases a usual 40c garment. Postage charges extra—enclose 5 cents to cover this item.

They are fancy drop open stitch Lisle Thread Underskirts, low neck, no sleeves; embroidery and ribbon trimming around neck and armholes. In colors of white, blue or pink. Value 40c. Sale price.....30c

Good Sorts of Cameras

BROWNE CAMERAS: No. 1, size of picture, 2 1/2 x 2 1/2. \$1.00 No. 2, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2. \$2.00

FOLDING POCKET KODAK: No. 0, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. \$6.00 No. 1, 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. \$10.00

FILMS for all above mentioned Cameras.

Some Summer Sporting Goods

Baseballs..... 5c Masks..... 50c Tennis Rackets..... \$1.70

Tennis Balls..... 15c Tennis Nets..... \$1.05 Split Bamboo Rods..... 99c Fish Lines..... 5 1/2c

GREAT VARIETY IN Ladies' Summer Corsets.

The July Cut Price Sale affects the prices of these reasonable lines, and serves to further emphasize the excellence of The Big Store's values.

Ladies' Summer Corsets, made of fine white net, short girdle length, trimmed with lace, sizes 18 to 26. Sale price.....45c

Ladies' Summer Corsets, made of strong, durable net, straight front, long hips. Sizes 18 to 26. Sale price.....45c

Ladies' Summer Corsets, made of extra fine white net, latest model, trimmed with lace. Sizes 18 to 30. Sale price.....62c

Office Coats and Vests.

Men's Office Coats and Vests, in Navy Blue Cheviot and Mohair Cloth, well finished, sizes from 36 to 44 in. chest measure. July Sale price.....\$2 20

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BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. Everything that is up-to-date in CARPETS, CURTAINS, JAPANESE and GRASS MATTINGS.

Oriental Rugs and Squares in all Sizes, Colorings and Designs.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

workshop presents a view of unceasing toil. The Summer School management has been particularly fortunate in its choice of the Misses Heck as teachers. Their efficiency and enthusiasm are constantly winning praise.

On Monday morning next Miss Boretta H. Hayes will form her classes in Physical Culture. During the past year Miss Hayes was appointed instructor of Physical Culture in the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent, on the Hudson.

The new bowling alleys were opened this week. They are of splendid construction, and sure to afford great pleasure to the bowling enthusiasts at Cliff Haven.

The evening lectures next week will be given by the Rt. Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, on the History of the Church in France.

DIED. In Chicago, on the 6th inst., Mrs. Luke J. Egan, widow of the late Mr. Luke J. Egan, formerly of Montreal.

Another View of the Situation in France.

(By a Regular Contributor)

IT IS NOT ALWAYS of a correspondence that interest, lies. If it were correspondents who fill columns by the yard, read very long letters of "Innominate" and then here and there we joined. With all his ab not "fill up space" with the point and giving much that is unnecessary fusing. But he has a capable of great concentration when used for that purpose of reasoning. An example we find in a recent Rome, dealing with the France. We cannot avoid pressing to our legitimate on seeing how exact correspondents with omissions of several months do not pretend that we as concise an arguer couched our ideas in as gauge; but the reader, who the trouble to go back of the "True Witness," several articles wherein we Combes' policy as a France and that the of Europe will gain by F ses. We give the letter add thereto sub-heading; serve to draw attention cially to the different ch argument.

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TWO FEELINGS P "The French Republic has a great moral and polit in the face of the whole feelings dominate the gene regarding M. Combes' re congregations: The joy France grow weak and lo station, and the praise for nal dissension. Herr vor in his best speech in 1888 ed the importance of "imp-nerable" forces in cate domain of general pr prestige, the good name, ence and the respect for t have been lowered in all What little sympathy th for the urbanity, the good the humanism of France i away like the leaves of a tree. For her rivals and out of her, the feeling is jo keen desire that the war time and that France herself out from the actio national powers."

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IMITATING FRANCO Spain and in Portugal t tion of the Parisian m broken down in the face of tude of the people and of the state. Some difficu arisen in Switzerland; at a university professors have government to "save" G ization; at Constantinop thodox and ecumenical has devoted an encyclical vasion" of the religio whose schools disturb the indolence and incompeten on the one hand, these rations have decided noth compromised nothing, and other hand, the persecuted ceived elsewhere a generou and interested reception."

A FUNERAL PYRAMI French Republic with t



ce Sale

The Big Store, the witness of the crowds every one seems intent

people who buy as- al's Greatest Store, sons.

IS AT 10c.

is white, with tracings in lace effects. All 30 inches

FOR LADIES.

Summer sporting Goods

Underskirts, low neck, no neck and armholes. In lace.

IN Corsets.

Vests.

Co. LIMITED.

SALE.

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LED. FIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476

SALE.

Department. Carpets, Cur- tings.

Sizes, Colorings

LED. FIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476

SALE.

Department. Carpets, Cur- tings.

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LED. FIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476

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Sizes, Colorings

LED. FIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476

SALE.

Department. Carpets, Cur- tings.

Sizes, Colorings

LED. FIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476

Another View of the Situation in France.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

IT IS NOT ALWAYS in the length of a correspondence that its merit or interest lies. If it were so there are correspondents who could read all columns by the yard. We have read very long letters from the pen of "Inominato" and have found them here and there weak and disjointed. With all his ability he cannot "fill up space" without forcing the point and giving the reader much that is unnecessary and confusing. But he has a pen that is capable of great concentration, and when used for that purpose it drops gems of thought, of observation, or of reasoning. An example of this style we find in a recent letter from Rome, dealing with the situation in France. We cannot avoid giving expression to our legitimate satisfaction on seeing how exactly this letter corresponds with our own expressions of several months ago. We do not pretend that we made use of as concise an argument, nor yet couched our ideas in as fine a language; but the reader, who will take the trouble to go back over his file of the "True Witness," will find several articles wherein we pictured the Combes' policy as suicidal for France and that the other nations of Europe will gain by France's losses. We give the letter in full, and add thereto sub-headings that will serve to draw attention more especially to the different chains in the argument.

"Inominato" sends this correspondence from Rome to the New York "Sun," and he writes thus:—

TWO FEELINGS PREVAIL:—"The French Republic has just lost a great moral and political battle in the face of the whole world. Two feelings dominate the general opinion regarding M. Combes' war upon the congregations: The joy at seeing France grow weak and lose consideration, and the praise for this internal dissension. Herr von Bismarck, in his best speech in 1888, proclaimed the importance of moral and "impardonable" forces in the delicate domain of general politics. The prestige, the good name, the influence and the respect for the republic have been lowered in all countries. What little sympathy there existed for the urbanity, the good grace and the humanism of France is dropping away like the leaves of a withering tree. For her rivals and those jealous of her, the feeling is joined to the keen desire that the war may continue and that France may shut herself out from the action of international powers."

ANTI-CLERICAL CALCULATIONS:—"The anti-clerical coalition had counted on the political results of Europe's favoring the religious persecution. The French government thought that the excitement aroused by the Dreyfus affair and the spirit of imitation would prevent nations and states from giving the exiles a gracious hospitality. It seems indisputable that the hopes of the Paris coalition have been disappointed and that the powers, instead of following the example of France, have received the expelled monks with eagerness."

IMITATING FRANCE:—"In Spain and in Portugal the imitation of the Parisian model has broken down in the face of the attitude of the people and the interests of the state. Some difficulties have arisen in Switzerland; at Athens the university professors have urged the government to "save" Greek civilization; at Constantinople the orthodox and ecumenical patriarch has devoted an encyclical to the "invasion" of the religious orders, whose schools disturb the Oriental indolence and incompetence. But, on the one hand, these rare persecutions have decided nothing, have compromised nothing, and, on the other hand, the persecuted have received elsewhere a generous, kindly and interested reception."

A FUNERAL PYRAMID:—"The French Republic with its civil

war and its inextricable embarrassments is crucifying itself in a great solitude, like a funeral pyramid in the midst of a boundless desert. It alone has the privilege of taking pleasure in a suicidal object. Even in Italy, to which the Quai d'Orsay, offers favors, gold and concessions; in Italy, so hostile to the Pope; in Italy, where the whole external and internal policy is based on the fight against the Church—in Italy, the government, in spite of the entreaties of the anti-clericals to resist the threatening deluge of the friars, has given a lesson of justice and of tolerance to M. Combes and the majesty of the Palais Bourbon."

THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.—"At London public opinion and the government have showered attentions and flattering demonstrations on the monks. Among the Ritualists the proposal to join in the protests against M. Combes' regulations was discussed for a moment. Lutheran Prussia, I need not say, heaps up flattery and facilities. After the Kaiser's trip to Monte Cassino this fact stands out in peculiar relief; it is a conduct diametrically opposed to the hatred and violence of which the congregations are victims at Paris."

A MORAL BODY:—"Doubtless these countries and states are willing to profit by the decapitation of the Republic. The monks bring to them capital and a moral body. What France loses the world gains. For two centuries, not without reason, the opponents of the monarchy have reproached Louis XIV with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which impoverished France and enriched Europe. Granting the exaggerations which have been made for this view, we must accept the lessons which the exact parallel provides. We have the same procedure and the same violence, the same material, intellectual and moral losses. Such are the profits and the advantages of M. Combes' policy. But such high views and such a serious weight of interests will not stop the arm nor the hatred of the cabal. M. Combes is obeying an order and a task; the persecution keeps on."

This letter demands no comment; but that last sentence is surely the expression of a generally recognized fact. Combes is simply the tool of the sectaries; he cannot do otherwise; he is bound hand and foot to the secret societies; he has no option; "kill or be killed" is the motto to that best suits the situation. It is an ignoble part to play, and all ignoble parts have been the curse of the ignoble men who played them. He is the sword; but the hand that holds and yields it is visible.

AMERICAN HOLY NAME SOCIETY TO HOLD A COUNCIL.

On the last Sunday of this month, July 26, the Holy Name Society will hold an annual council at Oyster Bay. The celebration will under the auspices of the Brooklyn and Long Island councils. The grounds of St. Dominic's Church will be used for the occasion. The Rev. Father Power, of that Church, has all the arrangements in hand, and he has received a promise from President Roosevelt that he will address the council on that occasion.

All the branches of the society in the diocese of Brooklyn and many from the archdiocese of New York will be represented at the meeting, and an attendance of at least five thousand members is expected, in addition to a large representation of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic organizations. The Holy Name Society has recently affiliated with the National Federation of Catholic Societies.

It will certainly be a most interesting occasion and one of great encouragement for the Catholic Societies of America. It is a pity, however, that the A.P.A.ists will have the sorrow of witnessing a President address such an organization.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble now. In small and large bottles from all grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

Queer Notions Of American Women.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

We might ask the question, very pertinently, "What is an American Woman?" Is she a native of America? Who were her ancestors? Were they the aboriginal inhabitants of the land? If not, from what country did they come?—for come they must have from some country or other. We would like to know all these things because a person signing herself "An American Woman" has written to the New York "Sun," and her brief epistle leaves us in doubt about her origin. As to her state of mind we have also a doubt; we are entirely enabled to say, from the tone and substance of her letter whether it is insanity or ignorance that predominates; but no matter which, it is, at least, an unenviable state of mind. Here is her elegant effusion:—

"To the Editor of the Sun:—The question of Bible reading in the schools is of interest to me. We must have the Bible in our schools. The Jews and Irish are strangers in our land, and courtesy demands that they submit to our ways or 'go home,' or else send their children to Jewish or Catholic schools."

"AN AMERICAN WOMAN."

So the Jews and the Irish are strangers in America, according to this lady. Well, for that matter so are all other people living in this continent more or less strangers—except the Indians. As to going home, it would be no easy matter for the Jews to find that locality to-day—they have been so many centuries without a home; and as to the Irish they are always glad to "go home" whenever they find it convenient—for their hearts are with their home land—but they are not likely to allow any one to drive them home, if they chose to remain here. If it were a person of education, intelligence, and some slight knowledge beyond the narrow limits that evidently circumscribe this lady's information, that we're writing on the subject, we would recall Shiel's reply to Lord Lyndhurst when he styled the Irish aliens. We will explain, for the sake of the "American Woman," that alien means stranger. And that which Great Britain, equally applies to Shiel said of the Irish regarding them in America. But to quote it would be "casting pearls before" "An American Woman," and American women of this class do not know the value of jewels. This is, however, a most refreshing sample of the bigotry and prejudice that are implanted in the hearts of some of the people. We are not exactly finding fault with the person who wrote the above-cited letter, for we do not consider her quite responsible for what she is pleased to put on paper, but we certainly have good reason to blame a system of education which inculcates the narrow spirit manifested and which makes it possible for a female to display, without being aware of her absurdity, such a lack of common sense and ordinary knowledge.

GRAVE DANGER.

The Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, director of the Cathedral Library of New York has recently made some very sage remarks upon the great danger of over-reading. So wise do we find some of the remarks of Rev. Father McMahon, that we will take the liberty of clipping two or three paragraphs from them, and we do not doubt that the perusal of them will interest our readers and may serve to awaken some of those so-called book-worms to a realization of the dangers they run and the consequences they may have to suffer. He says, amongst other remarks:—"I have been hearing among us for years a stock phrase, 'browsing among books,' used in such a sense as to indicate that such browsing was a desirable privilege and a profitable habit. Because browsing is enjoyable and profitable for some, it does not follow that it is good for all people at all times. There is

great danger here especially for children.

"As has been shown, reading can become an abuse of physical life. So it may of intellectual life; it may result in utter lack of thinking. The human mind can respond to a certain amount of stimulus, and indulgence beyond this reduces power for action, for though is a result of the activity of the mind. There is no excuse for lauding much reading, when much reading destroys power of thought. We cannot think of or by ourselves; in order to think we must have stimulus from outside. The purpose of reading is, or should be, to stimulate thought; when this does not occur, it is as though the body received food that is not assimilated; it is then not power, but a hindrance. Much reading cannot be of use unless it produces the object of reading—thought.

"With proper selection, and ability and training, there is no intellectual or moral danger from over-reading. The open-shelf system encourages people who are not properly trained to fall into the habit of desultory reading; everything is glist for their mill, and they are in danger of going on into superficiality. Over-reading and desultory reading under improper conditions produce flippancy in judgment. Unless the intellect is exercised it becomes atrophied. The omnivorous reader becomes incapable of the patience and endurance required for sound judgment. The reader who has been used to roaming at will here and there is unfit to apply himself worthily to any subject."

INDIGESTION'S SLAVE

IS SALLOW, LANGUID, THIN AND DOWN HEARTED.

Troubled with Wind, Billiousness, Headaches and Sharp Internal Pains.

No one deserves more sympathy than the sufferer from indigestion. A light meal lies like lead upon his chest—a good meal gives him hours of agony. The dyspeptic's slavery can't end until he builds up his system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver and sharpen the appetite. There never was a case of indigestion that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could not cure if given a fair trial. Proof of this is given by Mr. Gustave Emond, of St. Jerome, Que., who says:—"I suffered from dyspepsia for five years. The agony I endured at times can only be understood by those who are similarly afflicted. I tried a number of home remedies and advertised medicines but they did not help me. Then I decided to see the family doctor, and I took for a long time the medicine he gave me, but the results were no better; in fact I was getting worse. Some days I could not eat at all, and when I did eat the meal was followed by violent pains and cramps in my stomach that made life almost unendurable. Then I stopped the doctor and again began trying other medicines, but the result was always the same—no cure, and scarcely even temporary relief. And so the trouble went on for years, until last winter I met a friend from St. Scholastique who asked me if I had ever tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not but after some persuasion consented to do so. This was the beginning of the end of my trouble. Before the first box of pills were finished the pains after eating were less severe. I continued the Pills for a couple of months and at the end of that time I was wholly cured. I can eat as hearty a meal now as anyone, and never have the slightest return of the pains and cramps that so long had made life miserable. I have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure this trouble when all other medicines fail, and I would strongly urge other dyspeptics to give them a fair trial."

A formal protest has been telegraphed to Ottawa by Mayor Cochran, regarding a clause in the Railway Bill, that would it is thought deprive Montreal of the control of its streets.

Orders From France Find Refuge In England.

Elsewhere we comment upon a letter that tells of the attitude of England towards the French Government in regard to the persecution of the religious orders. To all appearances there is to-day a degree of sympathy between France and England that has not marked the intercourse of these two nations for many decades, or even generations. The King's reception in France; President Loubet's reception in England, are two incidents that indicate great cordiality. But we must not be entirely carried away with the idea that the people of Great Britain are blind to the workings of the present French Government.

When President Loubet crossed the channel, he declined to receive a body of most distinguished citizens of England, who desired to petition him concerning the treatment that Combes' administration was meeting out to the members of the religious orders. Yet, nuns and monks, driven from France are finding a refuge in Great Britain. The only condition imposed on them, when they seek to settle in any place is that they should receive the consent of the Bishop of that diocese. If they do so they can obtain the necessary financial aid. The Carthusians have established themselves at Parkminster, and are in such numbers that they need other retreats. The Dominicans to the number of twenty, including the famous preacher, Rev. Father Clerissac, have established themselves at Haverstock Hill.

The English Catholic priests who were educated at the English Benedictine College at Douai have formed a committee to receive the Abbot and community of Douai, with all their students. These monks have, since 1818, carried on the work begun by Cardinal Allen, who, in 1568 founded the first college abroad for the sons of English Catholics. The Benedictine monks will take the place of the secular clergy at St. Mary's College, Woolhampton (Berkshire).

A branch of the Benedictines has settled on an estate in Wales, which Lord Ashburnham, has lent to them. They lost all their possessions on board the steamer St. Joseph, which foundered in the channel a couple of weeks ago. Amongst other things they lost their apparatus for making cheese which was their greatest loss. But they will soon be enabled to replace it.

The story would be a long one were we to attempt to tell of all the religious orders that France has banished, and that Great Britain has sheltered. This is still the more noteworthy since the latter is the home of Protestantism and the former is the land that has been styled, and with good reason, the "Eldest Daughter of the Church." We can only admit that the ways of Providence are far beyond our finite comprehension. The lesson is a serious one, and one that should form the subject of grave meditation.

Names of Irish Saints.

An article that we read recently has very happily drawn our attention to a fact that is generally overlooked or not noticed in the usual way by our people. "The Leader" of San Francisco asks why more of our new churches and colleges and hospitals are not dedicated to Irish Saints. "The Irish," it says, "gave most of the money to build these institutions; the Irish and their children support, fill, and conduct them. But very few of them are placed under the protection of one of the glorious band of confessors and martyrs and virgins that Erin has given to the Church of God. We dedicate freely to French, Italian and Spanish Saints, but the only Irish saints that seem to be known in the United States are St. Patrick and St. Bridgid, and here and there St. Columba or St. Brendan. The indisputable fact is that as far as the naming of churches and other Catholic institutions is concerned, the saints of Ireland have been sadly neglected."

This is a subject that might well awaken our attention here in Canada, and all that is said concerning the United States might easily be

made in a less extended sense, applicable here. The article thus continues:—

"There are some American cities where the church is supported chiefly by the Irish people and which, nevertheless, have not a single parish placed under the protection of an Irish saint, given to its principal church, has been abandoned in the newer and, we suppose, more fashionable buildings. Of course, as Catholics we pay due reverence to all the saints of God. But there is no good reason why, in naming our churches, the church erected by the hard-earned money of Irish working men and women, we should not give preference to the saints of our own motherland. There is no evidence that the Catholics of other nationalities, when they build their temples, place them under the protection of Irish saints to the utter neglect of the saints of their own races and their own cradle-lands."

It might be no harm to complete the above and give a few of the great Irish saints, amongst whom surely we can find powerful patrons for churches, hospitals, colleges and schools. We have Patrick, Bridgid and Columba; Colman of Clovenagh; Flannan of Killaloe; Munchin of Limerick and Albert of Cashel; Furse of Ardagh and Finitan of Clonragh; Kyran of Ossory and Senan of Limerick; Macartin of Clogher, and Ceallach of Armagh; Cloneth and Congall and Carthage; Lascarian and Brendan, Jarlath and Kevin; Rumbold, Kilian, Nathy and Fedlimin; Muredach and Fachanan and Eugene of Ardstraw; Audoen and Michan, and Fiacre; Ailbhe, Macanise, Eunan, Finbar, Kenny, Gall, Donat, Thaddeus, Otteran, Malachy, Irvini, Virgil, Laurence O'Toole and Columba. Though we have here only the names of a few Irish saints, still they more than suffice for a beginning. In fact there is not a glen or moat, or mountain-pass in Ireland that is not sacred to some great saint whose feet once walked its sod. And yet we hear their names, rarely mentioned, nor are they known to the majority of our people. This is surely a subject worthy our attention.

The Lukewarm Catholic

He is not exactly a bad man. He may even have many good traits in him. He goes to mass every Sunday but by preference to low mass where no sermon is given. He sometimes keeps fasts and abstinence fairly. He may be good hearted and give alms. He may be sober and industrious. May be a kind father and a good husband, yet he has no energy in the cause of religion. He takes no active part in furthering the interests of his congregation. He never pushes forward, but simply allows himself to be dragged along. He is not present or pays no attention when sermons are given on certain good works, such as the support of the poor, of the orphans, of the school, paying church debt, the importance of parochial societies, etc. The fact is that in most congregations there are but few men who have the general welfare at heart. It ought not to be so. It is not enough to pray "Thy kingdom come." We should always be alert to make room for it.—Pittsburgh Observer.

THE KLONDIKE.

According to the estimates of officials, mine owners and bank managers from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 more gold dust will be taken from the Klondike this year than last.

Premium TO Subscribers.

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

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

# A Day At the Great Carmelite Hospice.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

Niagara Falls, Ont., July 16.

**ON THE WAY.**—All aboard! the big ropes are flung from the dock, the last comers scramble on board, the large steamer moves slowly from the moorings and on the 16th of July, 1903, the beautiful feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the passengers on the "Cheppewa" from Toronto find themselves crossing the broad bosom of Lake Ontario bound for the now noted Hospice of Mount Carmel.

A steam of two hours and we find ourselves at historic Queenston; here the electric cars are taken and for an hour we follow the zig-zag road leading to the goal of our desires. Anything more beautiful than the planning of Nature along the route could scarcely be imagined; trees in many shaded green foliage line the banks where the pinkish loam in which the roots are set attracts the attention of even the least observant; here and there one looks into the wonderful basins of the cataract where the seething waters play unceasingly and the whirlpool performs its never ending and changeless role. From our elevated site the eye follows the serpentine way of the "Gorge-Route" which skirts the almost edge of the precipice seems the very closest link possible between time and eternity. On either side are the orchard of apple or peach, the field of gracefully flowing corn or expanse of white-blossomed and sweet smelling clover. At the "Whirlpool" the car is stopped to give the passengers an opportunity to view this fascinating specimen of Nature's activity, and then on again until the town is reached; after this a hill and at the summit the Hospice, the hospitable house of the monks of Mount Carmel.

Here for a moment one goes back in thought to Palestine where Carmel first of the name is situated; one compares its height above the sea, its rich verdure, its innumerable caves and its hospitality to pilgrims with the scene that meets the eye and we say "truly history repeats itself;" here on the western continent is a second Carmel pointed out by a second Elijah; the elevation overlooks the magnificent Falls, Nature's green surrounds it, the monastery door stands open to all and the brown-cassocked monk like another Berthold extends the hand of welcome to all who come that way.

## HISTORY OF THE HOSPICE.

The story of the origin of the Hospice is one that tells us that the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are not altogether materialistic; the sublime stands out strongly at intervals. To the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, late Archbishop of Toronto, is due the inception of the Hospice. When this prelate first saw the magnificent waters, he was filled with their grandeur and unceasing activity which to him seemed an endless psalm of praise to the glory of their Creator, and from that moment his desire was to found there a house which in its prayer and work should be typical of the mighty cataract. The means employed to bring this about are too numerous to mention here, but from a pastoral letter of the Archbishop we get the pith of his idea. "I have searched," he said, "for a fervent congregation of men to found a monastery and church worthy of the place and its destination. Enthusiastic pilgrims of Nature's grandeur come here to enjoy its beauty; others alas! to drown remorse. We desire to have a religious house where pilgrims would be attracted to adore Nature's God in spirit and in truth." This desire has culminated in the present Hospice and shrine, but there yet remains much to be done. It is the intention that the building when completed shall consist of three parts; a central wing or shrine with the Hospice on one side and the monastery for the members of the Order on the other.

As yet only one wing is built; the Guest House is a substantial erection of grey stone in the shape of an "L" the sides being 200 and 250 feet in length; twin towers 85 feet from the ground crown the graceful facade with its many massive supporting pillars of granite,

the whole presenting to the eye an enduring and artistic figure. The interior is everywhere suggestive of cleanliness, order and comfort, but with the exception of handsomely stained glass windows on the landings there is nothing that speaks of elegance or wealth. We know, of course, that luxury is no part of the Carmelite environment, but then we somehow associate the idea of art—art in painting and in architectural design, in richness of vestments and in the appointments of the sanctuary, in the well selected volumes and in phases innumerable—with the ideal monastic retreat, but so far all these are wanting—wanting too for lack of funds, for the outlay before the whole idea is completed will be great and the income is in no wise proportionate to the demand. Here then is a chance for the generous giver. Not money alone but statuary, books, pictures, adornments for the chapel, vestments—a hundred and one things that which might suggest themselves will be found most useful and command a grateful reception and at the same time help build up a shrine and hospice destined to become one of the most famous and lasting in the western world.

The House has accommodation for sixty guests; the rooms open into long and lofty corridors; one floor is devoted to men, another to women, and a third for families; there is also a dormitory where women may be accommodated at the reasonable sum of five dollars a week. Ordinary rates are from a dollar fifty to two dollars a day. Everything is up-to-date; plumbing, lighting, heating are perfect; an office with equipment for long-distance telephone is among the modern conveniences; a large and beautifully lighted library which commands a magnificent view is one of the attractions the house affords, the books, however, are not as numerous as it is hoped they will be in the future. The institution is unique in the fact that it is the only house in the world where the cooking and heating in addition to the lighting are done by electricity. Down in the kitchen the ovens and furnaces send out their juicy joints and russet loaves, but no glowing embers or consequent gray ashes are used in the process, but as in the days of the Arabian Nights a magic button is pressed the heat comes on, and without dirt or laborious cleaning the work is done. The lion's share of the building of the Hospice done by the Rev. Father Kreidt. The present Superior is Rev. Father Best, who receives the pilgrims who find their way thither with the courteous hospitality of the English gentleman.

**THE SHRINE.**—The shrine or chapel of Our Lady of Peace was built in the early part of the last century. To it in the time of Archbishop Lynch, and through his solicitations, Pope Pius IXth granted all the favors and indulgences of the old and famous shrines of Europe. These privileges are all transferable to the new shrine when built.

The little chapel can boast of no beauty. The wonder is that being so long known and having been visited by so many thousands that nothing in the way of votive gift or other offering is in view. Everything is of the plainest; the chapel is small, the walls of plaster in many places showing signs of age and wear; the altar though neat, displays not even one glimmer of richness; plants in plain earthen pots and utterly devoid of any attempt at more artistic covering stand in rigid rows behind the tabernacle; the one redeeming feature is the electric lighting which surrounding the statue of Our Lady with lobes in pretty coloring gives a vivifying touch to the whole.

On the feast of Mount Carmel Mass was being celebrated when the Toronto pilgrims arrived, and many went at once to the chapel. The scene here was very different to the ordinary; instead of the usual quiet a stream of people went back and forth continually; women and children entered carrying bundles or picnic baskets, which they deposited in any available space and then drew forth prayer book or beads; a few men were also present; many nationalities were represented, the German language, especially being plentifully mingled with English. Outside in the little grave yard surrounding the chapel the stones drooped over the sacred mounds almost hidden by the long grass and the subdued voices and reverent tread of the living kept close company with the long departed and silent dead.

**THE HOSPICE CHAPEL.**—A special word about the chapel in the Hospice itself. This is a large apartment possessing all the advantages which good lighting and generous space can give. These are the

foundation for what in time may be a haven of beauty, at present, however, all details to this end are lacking. The benches are plain and the plastered walls devoid of all relief save the Stations which are small, and the little altar is almost pathetic in its poverty; at least this is how it struck the writer, and the bit of carpet that covered the step was most limited in dimensions speaking plainly its distress. Now it must be understood that no word of complaint which might have marred the beauty of the beautiful day on which we visited the Hospice was heard, no reference was made to lack of funds; everyone was received with the genial smile that told nothing of the cankering cares which a struggle for necessary and pressing demands entails, but in a little booklet speaking of the place a foot note tells us that the "Hospice solicits donations of books, pictures, etc.," and this together with the transparent need for such donations especially to the chapel are the writer's only authority for drawing the attention of the public to the spot where a rich harvest may be gained by sending the "mite" to the chapels of Mount Carmel while the "hundred folds" may be storing up rapidly. It is not necessary to specify anything and everything useful or ornamental for the chapels would be acceptable. In time the Hospice promises to be of continental reputation, and the handsome and substantial exterior demands that the interior details in every particular should not be disappointing. It is here that the priests of the Toronto diocese spend the week of their annual retreat; this then is a selfish motive, to speak of nothing higher for Toronto people at least to take an interest in the Hospice at the Falls, to help beautify the spot where those who do so much for them are resting for a while from the routine and worries of parish life. As to the people of Quebec they are so rich in church adornment that out of their abundance something might easily be spared, and at the same time they are assured that to all "workers in the vineyard" the recompense is alike.

## HOW THE DAY WAS SPENT.

A large tent had been erected capable of covering several hundred and in this a temporary altar had been arranged and seats set. Here Mass was celebrated. Pilgrims from many of the neighboring American cities were on hand rendering the gathering quite varied. Singing during the Mass was impressive, and a sermon in English on Our Lady and the Scapular was preached by Rev. Father Wilson of Buffalo.

After this all looked for luncheon. The young ladies of Toronto's Cathedral Sodality betook themselves to the park, others lunched in the grounds near, while many, hundred dined in the house where, for a reasonable sum dinner was served in the large dining-hall, and pretty amiable girls—presumably the daughters of the families round—waited on the guests. The only drawback was the delay in getting to the table, and the luck of those who getting there last found everything cold. This, however, was to be expected under the circumstances. Outside booths had been erected, and here cool drinks and luscious fruits were sold to the hungry visitors.

On the verandah of the house a sale of devotional articles was inaugurated, and here throughout the entire day buying went briskly on. Beads, scapulars, prayer-books, crosses, statues, photos of the Hospice, pictures, were all in view, and under the direction of the ladies of the district and a young member of the Order, who in his brown habit looked like a modern St. Anthony, business was unceasing. At three o'clock these articles were blessed, and afterwards taken home as mementoes of the day. In and out too, of the chapel went the throng in an unending procession, for each time one entered an indulgence was gained. Others again visited the places of natural interest, the Horse Shoe Fall, the Twin Sister Islands, the American Falls, the Whirlpool and the many other well known spots. In the afternoon hundreds seated themselves under the big tent, and awaited the Benediction, which was to be given later. By and by the music of voices was heard, and plaintively and sweetly the words and air of a German hymn were taken up by those assembled; this was followed by many others. How one was impressed by the beauty of the singing. All sang correctly and with devotion; women, mothers of families, and the many low and true contraltos added richness to the sweet treble of the greater number. The men took no part in the singing, but remained seated with uncovered heads, evidently enjoying the impromptu programme. Benediction and a sermon in German closed the day, though those who

had to take the early boat were unable to assist at these.

**LIFE AT THE HOSPICE.**—Some may wonder how time at the Hospice is spent; like one who found himself there as a guest, they may imagine as he did before he found out the contrary that one must "go round all the time with a book in his hand." This, however, is all a mistake; recreation, rest and spiritual exercises are so intermingled that they never become irksome and life is made "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Meals are served at regular hours as in an hotel; recreation is provided by means of a tennis-court or visits to the lovely spots adjacent, and rest and conversation are found in the library or cosy corners of the house. Mass, of course, is celebrated every morning at seasonable hours, and extra spiritual exercises are provided for those who wish to avail themselves of them; for instance, some come here who for years have neglected God almost entirely, but who have received grace to pick themselves up before going right over the chasm; such may wish to make a retreat, and if so, arrangements are made to suit the case, and all, according to the story of one who was there, is done so kindly and encouragingly, that when the exercises are over, the penitent leaves the scene with nothing but regret and loving memories of the time he spent at the Hospice of Mount Carmel.

M. L. HART.

## Healing Power of Sun.

Man is naturally an outdoor animal. The tropics being his natural home he lives in cold countries only at the expense of an enormous outlay of labor, and probably also with a very considerable shortening of his life.

The value of outdoor life is best appreciated by those accustomed to sedentary life when opportunity is afforded for them to spend a few days in the open air. It needs no lengthy argument to demonstrate to such a person the value of continuous outdoor life as a health promoter. The value of such a life does not consist wholly in the purity of the air and the exercise, matters of great importance, but also in the cooling effect of the air in motion, and especially in the vitalizing influence of the sunlight.

The rays of the sun contain heat and chemical rays as well as light rays. The heat rays act powerfully upon the glands and vessels of the skin, while the chemical rays influence the nervous system in a remarkable way. It is the chemical rays which cause so-called sunburn. The sun is the source of energy to the world. The marvelous energy manifested in plant life is derived from the sun acting upon the green parts to organize and vitalize the elements of the earth and air into living substances. The same energy of the sunlight is essential to animal life, invigorating and vitalizing the tissues and quickening all the processes of life. The sun bath is now a well-recognized and much-valued therapeutic agent.

In this form of treatment the whole body is exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays. Persons who are not accustomed to exposure to the sun, and individuals who have light hair and light skins, should make the first exposure to the sun of short duration, ten or fifteen minutes. Longer exposures are likely to produce sunburn. No particular harm is done by sunburn excepting the inconvenience occasioned by it. The pigmentation of the skin induced by sunburn protects the skin from further injury in this way.

The body may be exposed either in the open air or before a window. When the sun's rays are so intense that the heat is depressing, the heat rays may be filtered out by means of a blue-glass screen placed between the patient and the sun.

After the sun bath, a cold plunge, a cold shower, a cold towel rub, or a wet-sheet rub should be administered to tone the skin and the nerves.

In the summer time in a hot climate the sun bath may be very conveniently taken in an outdoor gymnasium. A sand pile furnishes a most appropriate couch, as the heat which it accumulates may be utilized as an aid to induce perspiration when this is desired.

Every home should be provided with a convenient place for taking the outdoor sun bath in summer time, and sun bath indoors during the cold season. Civilized human beings suffer greatly because of the seclusion from the sun occasioned by

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modern modes of life. Those who reside in cities, like the cave-dwellers of the olden time, are by their opaque walls and shaded windows, almost excluded from the sun. The results are shown in the pale faces of old and young, the rickety children, the growing prevalence of consumption and other constitutional maladies, the increase in deformities and degenerations, and other evidences of race deterioration. Out-of-door life and a return to the simple habits of our ancestors is the only way in which the race extinction to which we are at present rapidly hastening, can possibly be averted.

The sun bath is useful in almost every form of disease in which an acute febrile process is not present. It is especially valuable in neurasthenia, all forms of dyspepsia, rheumatism, diabetes, gout, skin disease, and chronic maladies of every sort.

By means of special appliances, the actinic rays of the sun and of powerful arc lights may be separated from the heat and light rays and by concentration upon diseased parts with lenses are utilized in the cure of skin cancer, lupus, or tuberculosis of the skin, acne, psoriasis, or dry tetter, and other superficial diseases of the skin.—J. H. Kellogg, M.D., in Good Health.

## Household Notes.

**FRUIT DIET.**—Fruits are natural foods, and cannot possibly be productive of harm. When disturbance results, it is not due to the fruit, but its improper combinations with other foods. There are people who fill the stomach with a many-course dinner, finishing up with fruit to counteract the ill effects of the heterogeneous mass that preceded it. In such a case, if fruit appears to disagree, it is not to be wondered at. By far the better plan is to make one or two meals of fruits exclusively, and the remainder of the meals of other foods, if it is deemed necessary. The secret of a nutritious diet lies in properly combining foods; but simply pitchforking all sorts of foods into the stomach indiscriminately, cannot help but invite disaster. In its general aspect digestion is a chemical process, and as the chemist avoids the attempted union of incompatible, so the individual should avoid mixing incongruous substances in his dietary. Fruits are ideal summer foods, combining not only diuretic and laxative qualities, but germicidal ones also, and their liberal use under the foregoing limitations cannot fail to be beneficial in the highest degree.—Health.

**ORANGES** are a most valuable fruit. Orange juice allays thirst, and with few exceptions is well borne by the weakest stomach. It is also a laxative, and if taken at night or before breakfast it will be found most beneficial.

**EATING BETWEEN MEALS.**—Eating sweets, fruit, nuts, and other things between meals is a frequent source of headaches and general discomfort in summer, says a writer on domestic topics. Sweets are better not eaten at all; least of all between meals, when the stomach already has work on its hands. Fruit should form a large part of the morning and evening meals, and taken in this way will only do good. But if eaten at odd times during the day, it may cause digestive disturbances. Children would be far less fretful and troublesome if cured of the habit of eating between meals. Three meals daily afford ample nourishment for anyone, and many would reap real benefit by limiting themselves to two.

**HEADACHE CURE.**—Here is a headache cure that is said to be a marvelous remedy and to relieve the

sufferer when all else fails. It is easy to make and easy to apply, and it consists simply of black pepper and camphor. Take a quantity of black pepper and put it in a handkerchief. Then fold the handkerchief over so that the grains cannot fall out and saturate the whole thing with camphor. Bind this "plaster" on the head and lie down. In a very few moments the headache will be relieved and the patient will be asleep. When the handkerchief becomes dry saturate again with the camphor; that's all. People who have tried everything else say that this home remedy relieves them quickest.

**WHAT HOT WATER WILL DO.**—When tired, drink hot water as a tonic. When hot and thirsty, drink it as a cooler, for it never disappoints.

Headache almost instantly yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. A strip of flannel or towel folded several times lengthwise and dipped in hot water, then slightly wrung out and applied to the neck of a child suffering with an acute attack of croup, will usually relieve the sufferer in the course of ten minutes, if the flannel is kept hot.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water, quickly wrung out, and applied quickly over the seat of pain will in most cases promptly relieve.

Hot water, if taken freely a half a hour before bedtime, is one of the best possible cathartics in severe cases of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels.

There is no domestic remedy that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

## FEELING WELL.

This matter of feeling well or ill, or of working or not working, is largely a question of mental dominion.

The writer knows a physician's wife, a very estimable lady, who has been subject for years to occasional severe attacks of headache which last for three or four days. While these attacks last she is completely prostrated. She says, however, that, when anything of supreme importance makes it imperative that she should fulfill the duties of her position, she is always able to postpone an attack, sometimes for days at a time.

## A MATTER OF HUMOR.

There is great danger that young girls who are delicate while growing up, and lounge around the house and lie down wherever they feel the least bit out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity.

How often do we see such girls "brace up" at once when anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception or a ball, or any other pleasant social function, acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody until after the entertainment.

## A GOOD TONIC.

Self-confidence has a great deal to do with one's health.

If, for instance, you have anything of importance to do, and if failure to do it would mean a great loss to you, you would not allow any ordinary feeling of indisposition to prevent its accomplishment. The conviction that you must do a thing, the belief that you can and your determination to do it at all hazards have a great deal to do with the suppression of mental or physical disorders.

The influence of expecting yourself to do a good day's work and demanding it of yourself works like magic. It is a powerful tonic.

SATURDAY, S

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CHAPTER XXVIII

Eily, as if yielding impulse, glided into which, during the been furnished up an her own use. She eyes from wandering able, and commenced and trembling hands ments for departure. and speedily effected. was folded into her once she tied on her cloak without referring. It was all over now. py dream, but it wa a tear fell, nor a sig lips, during the course well occupations. The deep and terrible, but mastered. A few elapsed before she aga the door of the little courted for the journe "Danny," she said small voice, "I am re "Ready?" "I exclaimed going you are, a-chre Nothing could be m to Eily's firmness at that any sound of con kindness. She felt th once, and hurried chance of this additi "Poll," she replied, same faint tone, "goo I am sorry I have o give at parting, but I get you when it is in left my things withi for them some other t "And where is it "Danny, what's all this "What business is it plied her brother, in a "or of mine either? "ter's bidding, an' you why he done it when you want to know?" "But the night will r a bad night," said I the clouds gatherin' fo I comin' down the mo Eily smiled faintly a head, as if to intim changes of the seasons forth be to her of trivi "If it be the master must be right, no doub still looking in wonder city on Eily's dreary face; "but it is a quare what it is. Won't y thing?" "Oh, not a morsel with a look of sudder disgust; "but perhaps I "No, but I'll drink a have it," returned the "tone which showed that much the likelihood of ment of that kind remai active in the possession ter. To his delight and ment, however, Poll h bottle from the neighb which contained a consid ity of spirits. He dr whole at a draught, and more clearly show the est which Polly Naught situation of Eily, than that she left this u unnoticed.

Without venturing to farewell, Eily descended but feeble step, the which led to the Gapro quickly followed by the Committing herself to h she soon lost sight of the cottage, which she ha hope and joy, and wh abandoned in despair.

CHAPTER XX

HOW

HARDRESS

LOST

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Eily had not been m absent from the cottag thunder-storm predicte Poll commenced, smid tuncstances of adventio by which those elem tions are accompanied. Kewy mountains. The down in torrents, and



# THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued)

Eily, as if yielding to a mechanical impulse, glided into the little room, which, during the honeymoon, had been furnished up and decorated for her own use. She restrained her eyes from wandering as much as possible, and commenced with hurried and trembling hands her arrangements for departure. They were few and speedily effected. Her apparel was folded into her trunk and for once she tied on her bonnet and cloak without referring to the glass. It was all over now. It was a happy dream, but it was ended. Not a tear fell, nor a sigh escaped her lips, during the course of those farewell occupations. The struggle was deep and terrible, but it was firmly mastered. A few minutes only elapsed before she again appeared at the door of the little chamber, accoutred for the journey.

"Danny," she said, in a faint, small voice, "I am ready."

"Ready?" exclaimed Poll. "Is it going you are, a-chree?"

Nothing could be more dangerous to Eily's firmness at this moment than any sound of commiseration or kindness. She felt the difficulty at once, and hurried to escape the chance of this additional trial.

"Poll," she replied, still in the same faint tone, "good-bye to you. I am sorry I have only thanks to give at parting, but I will not forget you when it is in my power. I left my things within; I will send for them some other time."

"And where is it you're going? Danny, what's all this about?"

"What business is it of yours," replied her brother, in a peevish tone, "or of mine either? It is de master's bidding, an' you can ax him why he done it when he comes, if you want to know."

"But the night will rain; it will be a bad night," said Poll. "I seen the clouds gatherin' for thunder, an' I comin' down the mountain."

Eily smiled faintly and shook her head, as if to intimate that the changes of the seasons would henceforth be to her of trivial interest.

"If it be the master's bidding, it must be right, no doubt," said Poll, still looking in wonder and perplexity on Eily's dreary and dejected face; "but it is a queer story—that's what it is. Won't you ate anything?"

"Oh, not a morsel!" said Eily, with a look of sudden and intense disgust; "but perhaps Danny may."

"No, but I'll drink a drop if you have it," returned the lord, in a tone which showed that he doubted much the likelihood of any refreshment of that kind remaining long inactive in the possession of his sister. To his delight and disappointment, however, Poll handed him a bottle from the neighbouring dresser which contained a considerable quantity of spirits. He drank off the whole at a draught, and we cannot more clearly show the strong interest which Poll Naughten felt in the situation of Eily, than by mentioning that she left this circumstance unnoticed.

Without venturing to reiterate her farewell, Eily descended with a hasty but feeble step, the broken path which led to the Gaproad, and was quickly followed by the little lord. Committing herself to his guidance, she soon lost sight of the mountain cottage, which she had sought in hope and joy, and which she now abandoned in despair.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW HARDRESS LOST AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Eily had not been many minutes absent from the cottage when the thunder-storm predicted by Fighting Poll commenced, amid all the circumstances of adventitious grandeur by which those elemental convulsions are accompanied among the Kewey mountains. The rain came down in torrents, and the thunder

clattered among the crags and precipices with a thousand short reverberations. Phil Naughten, who had entered soon after the storm began, was seated with his wife at their small supper-table, the latter complaining of the assault made by Danny on her spirit flask, which she now, for the first time, discovered to be empty.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised and Hardress Cregan entered, with confusion and terror in his appearance. The dark frieze great-coat, in which his figure was enveloped seemed to be drenched in rain and his face was flushed and glistening with the beating of the weather. He closed the door with difficulty against the strong wind, and still keeping his left hand on the latch, he said:

"I am afraid I have come too late. Is Danny here?"

"No, sir," said Phil; "he's gone those two hours."

"And Eily?"

"An' Eily along with him. He gave her papers that made her go."

Hardress heard this with an appearance of satisfaction. He leaned his back against the door, crossed his feet, and fixed his eyes upon the ground, in a silent soliloquy, which was to this effect:

"It is done, then. I would have saved her, but it is too late. Now, my good angel, be at peace with me. I would have saved her. I obeyed your call. Amid the storm, the darkness and the rain, I flew to execute your gentle will. But the Devil had taken me at my word already, and found me a rapid minister. Would I had saved her! Ha! whisper's that? There can come nothing worse of it than I have ordered. Forsaken! Banished! That is the very worst that can befall her. And for the consequences, why, if she be so weak and silly a thing as to pine and die of the slight, let nature take the blame, not me. I never meant it. But if that madman should exceed my orders. And if she should," Hardress suddenly exclaimed aloud, while he started from the door, and trembled with fury; "and if he should," he repeated, extending his arms, and spreading his fingers as if in act to gripe, "wherever I meet him—in the city, or in the desert; in the lowest depth of this accursed valley, or on the summit of the mountain where he tempted me, I will tear his flesh from off his bones, and gibbet him between these fingers for a miscreant and a ruffian."

He sunk, exhausted by his frantic burst of passion into a chair—the chair which Eily had occupied on that evening. Phil Naughten and his wife left their seats in astonishment, and gazed on him and on one another in silence. In a few minutes Hardress rose more calmly from the chair, and drew his arms out of the great-coat, which he handed to Poll, signifying, by a motion of his hand, that she should hang it near the fire. While she obeyed his wishes, he resumed his seat in silence. For a considerable time he remained leaning over the back of the chair, and gazing fixedly upon the burning embers. The fatigue of his long journey on foot, and the exhaustion of his feelings at length brought on a heavy slumber, and his head sunk upon his breast in deep, though not untroubled sleep. Poll and her husband resumed their meal, and afterwards proceeded to their customary evening occupations. Phil began to repair the pony's saddle, while Poll twisted the flaxen cords, according as her husband required them.

"I'll tell you what, Phil," said his wife in a low whisper, "there's something going on to-night that is not right; I am sorry I let Eily go."

"Whisht, you foolish woman; returned her husband; "what would be going on? Mind your work, an' don't wake the master. D'ye hear how he moans in his sleep."

"I do; an' I think that moan isn't for nothing. Who is it he was talking of tearing a while ago?"

"I don't know; there's no use in thinking about it. This is a cold night with poor M'Donough in his grave—the first he ever spent there."

"And so it is. Were there many at the funeral?"

"A power. The whole country was after the hearse. You never heard such a cry in your life as was set up in the churchyard by poor Garret O'Neil, his own natural, after the grave was covered in. The whole place was in tears."

"Sure Garret wasn't with him this many a year?"

"He was not, until the very day before he died, when he seen him in his own room. You remember a long wattle that Garret used always be carryin' in his hand?"

"I do well."

"That was given to him by the master, M'Donough himself. Garret axed him once of a Hansel-Monday for the hansel, and 'tis what he gave him was the wattle, as it was standing behind the parlour door."

"Here, Garret," says he, "take this wattle, and when you meet with a greater fool than yourself, you may give it to him." Garret took it without a word, and the master never seen him after till the other day, when he walked into his bedroom, where he was lying in his last sickness, with the wattle still in his hand. The master knew him again the minute he looked at him. "And didn't you part with the wattle yet, Garret?" says he. "No sir," says Garret, "I can find nowhere a greater fool than I am myself." "You show good sense in that, anyway," says the master. "Ah, Garret," says he, I b'lieve I'm going." "Going where, sir?" says Garret. "Oh, a long journey," says he, "an' one that I'm but little provided for."

"An' did you know you'd be goin' that journey?" says Garret. "I did, Heaven forgive me," says M'Donough. "An' you made no preparation for it?" says Garret. "No preparation in life," says the master to him again. Well, Garret moved over near the bed-side, and took the master's hand, an' put the wattle into it, just that way. "Well," says he, "take your wattle again. You desired me to keep it until I'd meet a greater fool than myself, an' now I found him; for if you knew you'd be taking that journey, an' made no preparations for it, you are a greater fool than ever Garret was."

"That was frightful," said Poll. Hush! Did you hear that? Well, if ever the dead woke, they ought to wake to-night! Did you ever hear such thunder?"

"'Tis great, surely. How sound Mister Hardress sleeps, an' not to be woken by that. Put the candle at this side, Poll, an' don't disturb him."

They now proceeded with their employment in silence, which was seldom broken. Any conversation that passed, was carried on in low and interrupted whispers, and all possible pains were used to avoid disturbing the repose of their weary guest and patron.

But the gnawing passion haunted him even in the depth of sleep. A murmur occasionally broke from his lips, and a hurried whisper, sometimes indicative of anger and command, and sometimes of sudden fear, would escape him. He often changed his position, and it was observed by those who watched beside him, that his breathing was oppressed and thick, and his brow was damp with drops of moisture.

"The Lord defend and forgive us all!" said Phil, in a whisper to his wife. "I'm afeard—I'll judge nobody but I'll afeard there's some bad work, as you say, going on this night."

"The Lord protect the poor girl that left us," whispered Poll.

"Amen!" replied her husband aloud.

"Amen!" echoed the sleeper; and following the association awakened by the response, he ran over, in a rapid voice, a number of prayers, such as are used in the service of his church.

"He's saying his litanies," said Poll. "Phil, come into the next room, or wake him up, either one or the other; I don't like to be listenin' to him. 'Tisn't right of us to be taking advantage of anybody in their dhramas. Many is the poor boy that hung himself that way in his sleep."

"'Tis a bad business," said Phil. "I don't like the look of it at all, I tell you."

"My glove!—my glove!" said the dreaming Hardress; "you used it against my meaning. I meant but banishment. We shall both be hanged—we shall be hanged for this—"

"Come, Phil! Come—come!" cried Poll Naughten, with impatience.

"Stop, eroo!—stop!" cried her husband. "He's choking, I b'lieve! Poll! Poll!—the light! Get a cup of water!"

"Here it is! Shake him, Phil. Master Hardress!—wake, a'ra gal!"

"Wake, Master Hardress: wake, sir, if you please!"

The instant he was touched, Hardress started from his chair as if the spring that bound him to it had been suddenly struck and remained standing before the fire in an attitude of extreme terror. He did not speak—at least, the sounds to which he gave utterance could not be traced into any intelligible form; but his look and gesture were those of a man oppressed with a horrid apprehension. According, however, as his nerves recovered their waking vigour and the real objects surrounding him became known to his senses, a gradual relief appeared to steal upon his spirits, his eyelids dropped, his muscles were relaxed, and a smile of intense joy was visible upon his features. He let his arms fall slowly by his side, and sunk down once more, with a murmur of painful satisfaction, into the chair which he had left.

But the vision, with which he had been terrified, was too deeply impressed on his imagination to be at once removed. His dream had merely represented in act a horrid deed, the apprehension of which had shaken his soul with agony when awake, and had brought him amid those obstacles of storm and darkness to the cottage, of his neglected wife. His fears were still unquieted; the frightful image that bestrode his slumbers yet haunted him awake, and opposed itself with a ghastly vigour to his eyes, in whatever direction they were turned. Unable to endure the constant recurrence of this unvarying suggestion, he at length hurried out of the cottage. He paid no attention to the voice of Poll Naughten, who followed him to the door, with his great-coat in her hand, but ran down the crags, and in the direction of his home, with the speed of one distracted.

The light which burned in the drawing-room window showed that all the family had not yet retired. His mother, as he learned from old Nancy, was still expecting his return. She was almost alone in the house, for Cregan had left the cottage about a fortnight before in order to escort Miss Chute to her own home. She was seated at a table, and reading some work appropriate to the coming festival, when Hardress made his appearance at the door, still drenched in rain, and pale with agitation and fatigue. He remained on the threshold, leaning with one arm on the jamb and gazing on the lady.

"What! up yet, mother?" he said, at length. "Where's Anne?"

"Ha! Hardress! Oh! my dear child I have been anxiously expecting you. Anne? Do you forget that you took leave of her a fortnight since?"

"I had forgotten it. I now remember. But not for ever?"

"Why should say so? What do you mean?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Is not your bridal fixed for the 2nd of February? But I have mournful news to tell you, Hardress."

"Let me hear none of it!" exclaimed the unhappy youth, with great vehemence. "It will drive me mad at last. Nothing but mournful news! I'm sick of it. Wherever I turn my eyes, they encounter nothing new but mourning. Coffins and corpses, graves and darkness all around me! Mother, your son will end his days in Bedlam. Start as you will, I say but what I feel and fear. I find my reason going fast to wreck. Oh! mother, I shall die an idiot yet!"

"My child!"

"Your child!" Hardress reiterated with petulant emphasis. "And if I am your child, could you not care more kindly for my happiness? It was you that urged me. You brought me into the danger; and when I would have withdrawn, you held me there. I told you that I was engaged; that Heaven heard, and Earth recorded, my pledge, and that I could not break it. Oh! mother, if you were a mother, and if you saw your son caught by a treacherous passion—if you saw that he was weak, and yielding and likely to be overcome, you should have strengthened him. It would have been a mother's part to warn him off to take the side of honesty against his weakness, and make him virtuous in his own despite. But this you did not. I was struggling for my falling honesty and you strove against me. I rose again and again, almost discomfited, yet still unwilling to yield up all claim to truth and again and again you struck me down. Behold me now! You have succeeded fully. I am free now to execute your will—to marry or hang, whichever you please."

"Hardress!" exclaimed his mother in an agony, "—"

"Oh! no more remonstrance, mother. Your remonstrances have been my curse and bane; they have destroyed me for this world and for the next."

"You shock me to the soul!"

"Well, I am sorry for it. Go on! Tell me this mournful news. It cannot be but another drop in the ocean. I told you that my reason

was affected, and so it is. I know it by the false coloring that has grown upon my senses. My imagination is filled continually with the dreariest images, and there is some spirit within me that tinges, with the same hue of death, the real objects I behold. At morning, if I look upon the east, I think, it has the colour of blood; and at night, when I gaze on the advancing shadows, I think of palls and hearse-plumes, and habits of mourning. Mother, I fear I have not long to live."

"Fie, Hardress!—fie! Are you growing superstitious? For shame! I will not talk with you to-night upon that subject, nor will I tax you with the manifest unkindness of your charges on myself, so often repeated, yet now again repeated. I have a matter of weightier interest to communicate. You know Mrs. Daly, the mother of your friend Kyrle?"

"There again!" exclaimed Hardress starting from his seat and speaking with passionate loudness. "There again, mother! Another horrid treason! Why, the whole world are joining in one cry of reprobation on my head. Another black and horrid perfidy! Oh! Kyrle, my friend, my calm, high-minded, virtuous and serene companion! He trusted me with everything; told me his secrets, showed me his fears, and commended his hopes to my patronage. And what have I done? I pledged myself to be his friend. I lied! I have supplanted him! How shall I meet him now for evermore? I feel as if the world were met to spit upon my face. This should be my desert. Oh, fool!—blind fool! Anne Chute! What was Anne Chute to me, or I to her, that I should destroy my own reputation, betray my friend, resist my Maker, and forsake my—?" suddenly arresting his speech at this juncture, he sunk back into his chair, and added in a low murmur: "Well, mother, tell this mournful news at once."

"It is soon told," said Mrs. Cregan, who had now become too well accustomed to those bursts of transient passion in her son to afford them any angry consideration. "Poor Mrs. Daly is dead."

"Dead!"

"But this evening I heard it. The circumstance is one of peculiar melancholy. She died quite unexpectedly in her accouchement."

"And if the virtuous are thus visited," said Hardress, after a pause, lifting up his hands and eyes, "what should not I expect? I wish I were fit to pray, that I might pray for that kind woman."

"There is one act of mercy in your power," said his mother; "you will be expected at the wake and funeral."

"And there I shall meet with Kyrle!"

"What then?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" He paused for several minutes during which he leaned on the table in a meditative posture. His countenance at length assumed an appearance of more peaceful grief, and it became evident, from the expression of his eye, that a more quiet train of feeling was passing through his mind. "Poor Mrs. Daly!" he said at last. "If one would be wise at all times, how little he would sacrifice to the gratification of simple passion in such a world as this! Imprimis, a cradle; item, clothing; item, a house; item, a sire; item, food; item, a coffin: The best require no more than these; and for the worst, you need only add—item, a gallows, and you have said enough."

Mrs. Cregan heard this speech without the keen anxiety which she would have felt if Hardress had been less passionate in his manner and less extravagant in his mode of speech. But knowing this, she heeded little in him what would have filled her with terror in another.

"Well, will you go the wake, Hardress?" she said. "You must set out to-morrow morning early."

"I will," said Hardress. "It's a long distance, but I can be there, at all events, by nightfall. When does the funeral take place?"

"I suppose after to-morrow. I will have the curdle at the door by day-break, for you must set me down at Castle Chute. Go now, and change your dress at once, or you will suffer for it. Nancy shall take you a warm foot-bath and a hot drink, when you are in your room."

Hardress retired without further question. The idea of meeting Kyrle Daly, after the unmanly neglect and even betrayal of his interests, was now the one which occupied his sole attention. Half love is vanity; at least, a fair moiety of Hardress Cregan's later passion might be placed to the account of that effeminate failing. It could not therefore, continue to maintain its hold upon his heart against a passion so new and so terrible as that of remorse. His love for Anne Chute was now entirely dormant in his mind, and his rea-

son was at full liberty to estimate the greatness of his guilt without even the suggestion of a palliative. When we add to this his cruel uncertainty with respect to the fate of Eily O'Connor, it is probable that few who hear the story will envy the repose of Hardress Cregan.

For one instant only, during his conversation with Danny Mann, the idea of Eily's death had flashed upon his mind, and for that instant it had been accompanied with a sensation of wilful pleasure. The remembrance of this guilty thought now haunted him with a deep feeling of remorse, as if that momentary assent had been a positive act. Whenever his eye-lids dropped, a horrid chain of faces, passed before his imagination, each presenting some characteristic of pain or death—some appearing to threaten, and others to deride him. In this manner, the long and lonely night crept by, and the dreary winter dawn found him still unrefreshed and feverish.

(To be continued).

## BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. This is because the little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep Mrs. P. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born upwards. They contain no opiates or poisonous "soothing" stuff sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## INSECT PEST.

The gypsy moth caterpillar is doing a tremendous amount of damage this year in Middlesex County, Mass. There are thousands of trees as bare as in mid-winter.

## A LITTLE SELFISH.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of twelve dollars a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes.

"I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"

## THE LOUNGER.

If you ever expect to amount to anything in the world, you should resist an inclination to loiter or lounge around as you would a temptation to any other evil tendency. You can never make the most of yourself if you succumb to the lounging habit.

## TWO METHODS.

George Gould once engaged a stenographer, but said nothing about the time he was to report in the morning. The man came in at ten o'clock, and found Mr. Gould hard at work. The next morning he came at nine. Mr. Gould was there. The third morning the stenographer, willing to work and anxious to please, arrived at eight. Mr. Gould looked up from his desk covered with papers, and remarked, "Young man, I should like to know what you do with your forenoons."

## NEW YORK'S STRIKE.

The strike which has kept building operations at a standstill in New York for nearly two months has been a serious loss to the participants.

During the 51 days of the shutdown, according to the New York "Times," the total loss has not been less than \$68,000,000, nearly a million and a quarter per day. This loss may be divided as follows: To the strikers, in wages, \$18,000,000; to the contractors, in interest, office expenses and loss in contracts, \$30,000,000; to other workmen, \$20,000,000.

# Our Boys And Girls.

HELEN'S VOCATION. — "Papa, I want to be a nun."

The speaker, a bright, fair-haired girl of more than common beauty, threw herself on the hearthrug at her father's feet and laid her head on his knee. The curtains were drawn and the lamps lighted in the cosy little drawing room, and Squire Warden had settled for a comfortable chat with his favorite child his darling Helen.

"Now, Helen," he said, laughing and derisive, "what new fad have you got in your whimsical little pate? You a nun! why you are never still five minutes together — you're too fond of pleasure. You a nun, and again he laughed. A keen observer would have detected a note of anxiety in voice and laugh.

"Come, papa, be serious," said Helen as without looking up she caught his hand and placed it on her head. "I can't talk much about these things, they lie too deeply for words. But, indeed, I feel I must be a nun, and, if you and Bella will spare me, I should like to go soon."

"My dear child!" said he, surprised. "You who only last night was the belle of the ball, the cynosure of all eyes, dancing like a fairy, flirting like a —"

"No, papa, not that," interrupted Helen earnestly.

"Well, it looked remarkably like it," said her father testily. "Why everyone has coupled Sir John and you together for the last six weeks. Yesterday I was afraid if you were not really engaged.

The girl's face became one glorious glow as a certain scene of yesterday came before her — a kind voice pleading for her hand, her one apparent cruel answer. Oh! she was right in ending it and declaring her position.

"Sir John is very, very good, but I never intended to marry him. I — told him so last night."

"Then you refused him?" said her father.

"Yes, papa, we were never anything but good friends."

"Rubbish, friends indeed!" said her father angrily. For the moment he could not control himself. Here was his silly whimsical Helen throwing away the best chance a girl ever had. Sir John, a good Catholic — young, well bred, handsome — what could girl want more? Then more calmly, "My dear Nell, you are only a child, and I am sure Sir John will forgive your inconsistent conduct. You have encouraged him in every possible way, and you would not wish me to consider my little girl a flirt. Not only I, but all who have seen you together. As to your religious vocation, believe me, my child, it is but a whim, born of a moment, and will soon pass away."

Helen rose and faced her father.

"No, papa, this vocation is no whim of a moment. I made the resolution to offer myself to God on my First Communion day, and though I have not talked about it, the resolution has increased with my years. As to Sir John, I never encouraged him, and he is too good and kind to think so for one moment."

Her father looked at her — was this little whimsical Helen, this self-reliant, determined woman of tonight. Pshaw! the mood would not last. He was silent for some moments. Helen knew he was displeased. "And where do you want to go — what order? Have you formed any plans — consulted anyone?" said he after a time.

She hesitated a moment. "Father Plevas has known of it for some years," she said faintly. "I want to join the Poor Clares, if they will have me."

"No, indeed, you shall not," he almost shouted. "An active order would be bad enough, but a contemplative! You, to hide yourself behind a grille — bury yourself. No, it is too much," he jumped to his feet.

"Put the fad from you, Helen — for you shall never be a Poor Clare."

She burst into tears. "It is no fad, papa dear, but a desire strong as life itself. Oh! you must let me try," she replied.

He put his arm round her. "Listen, Nell. I am a good Catholic, I hope, and I reverse all the good nuns to whatsoever order they belong. But I don't believe in your vocation to a contemplative life one bit, and I shall never give my consent. Remember I am your father and next to God you owe me obedience."

"Next to God," whispered Helen, tearfully. "Let me hear no more of this now, but dry your eyes and be my smiling little Nell once more. I don't want you to marry Sir John if you do not love him, but I do want you to be a bright, merry

hearted girl. Leave Poor Clares and the rest to the sorrowful ones of the earth — of whom there are enough and to spare — and do you content yourself with your innocent amusements and the love of Bella and myself, until such time as you meet some good man and true, who will be your — what do your romanticists style it — smiling a little, 'affinity' isn't it? You have been reading too many lives of the saints lately and they have muddled your brain. Now go, my child, and get to bed early, a good sleep will benefit you." Kissed her "good-night," Squire Warden led her to the door.

"All a fad, a childish whim, I must try to divert her mind — yet if there should be anything in it — stuff and nonsense! Poor Clares indeed — that, in itself, shows she has no vocation. Why, she'd be dead in six months — she so full of life and spirits." Tears came into the strong man's eyes. "Oh God! anything but that — a living grave. If only her mother were here. Bella has little or no authority over her. My winsome little Nell," and he sat down and covered his face with his hands.

Helen in the meantime ran up to her bedroom, and throwing herself at the foot of the little altar, was praying and crying in turns. "God keep me true to Thee," she prayed, "lest I betray the trust Thou hast given me, keep me true to Thee." But was it a fad as her father had said. Then what was a religious vocation! He said she was a child and owed him her obedience — so she did, but was not always God first? Ah, but had God really called her or was it merely a whim? Oh no, no, this was no whim, this resolution that had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. So she prayed on, "God keep me true to Thee — and make my way clear."

.....

"Ready, Helen?"

"Yes, papa." Helen gathered up gloves and driving whip, ran down stairs, and joined her father at the hall door. A dainty little figure she looked in her dark blue riding habit, and tight-fitting hat, under which her wavy masses of golden hair glistened and shone in the sun. Her father looked at her admiringly. He thought her a little pale — due most likely to last night's emotional moments, but this was an improvement rather than otherwise.

"Watkins, Miss Helen's pony seems rather skittish this morning," said the squire, as the groom led the long-maned chestnut to the steps.

"Yes, sir," said Watkins, "she's been like this some time now, sir, a little or'er her food too, sir. I can't make her out."

"Is she safe?" said the Squire anxiously.

"Oh, yes, sir, quite safe sir, sure."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure, sir. I trotted her round the paddock a long time yesterday. Safe enough; sir, if Miss Helen don't use her whip and holds her well in."

Helen nodded brightly to her father as she mounted and took the reins from the groom.

"Careful, Helen," said he, as the animal plunged a little.

"Oh, we're alright," said the girl patting the pony's neck. "Jess and I understand each other — don't we Jess? I'll go on a little ahead, papa, and you can catch me up. I want to call in at the schoolhouse."

She waved her hand and cantered off, he looking after her lovingly. "She'll soon get over her disappointment when she sees how thoroughly I am against it," he murmured, as he turned to get his hat and whip. "What was it she said, 'God first,' well yes, of course, but I know He does not want my bright winsome Nell," then mounted he walked his horse slowly down the avenue, and through the lane leading to the schoolhouse.

Helen was remounting as he came in sight. She had been bribing the children with sundry coins and the promise of a great feast to say the Rosary for her particular intention during the next half hour. The mites, who loved Helen with all their little hearts, eagerly promised, and began before she was well out of the door. Her father caught the sounds as he came down the lane, and looked at Nell a little suspiciously.

"Miss Alverstocke keeps her children longer than usual at their prayers this morning," said he.

Helen laughed, blushed slightly, and they cantered on.

It was a delightful September morning, healthful, exhilarating. A sharp ride soon brought them on the Downs, a long stretch of greenward leading to the Devil's gap, the highest cliff in Heltonbury. Squire Warden encouraged his daughter in her joyous sallies, delighted to see her in such spirits. Helen, as most sensitive natures are, was keenly alive to atmospheric influence; the ozone-laden air filled her senses, her spirits rose, and Wat-

kin's caution in regard to Jess, was quite forgotten. Touching the animal lightly with her whip she gave her her head. A minute later she realized the mistake and tried to pull her in. To no purpose; the light lash had maddened the pony, and before Squire Warden had discovered what was the matter, his daughter was almost out of sight. Putting spurs to his horse, he tore after her, calling to her to keep her seat. His heavy weight was against him however, and though he rode well, he and his horse were no match for feet-footed Jess. On she dashed, her light burden swaying in the saddle. "She is making for the Devil's Gap," gasped the Squire, as Jess turned and tore along the cliffs toward their highest point. "My God! is no one in sight to stop her?" Five minutes more and horse and rider will lie maimed and lifeless on the rocks fifteen hundred feet below. The thud of the horse's hoofs is beating into his brain. "Merciful God," he cried in agony, "save her!" an afterthought — "Yes even so, save her for the Poor Clares."

Then a wonderful thing happened. Panting and covered with foam, Jess stood quite still on the very brink of the Gap — and Helen was saved. Two minutes more and Squire Warden was lifting the panting, trembling girl from the saddle, who managed to whisper, as she clung to him, "But Jess, papa, turn dear Jess round."

.....

This happened ten years ago. Squire Warden is compelled to admit that a Poor Clare's vocation is not confined to "sorrowful ones of the earth," and that Helen is as bright and happy behind a grille as in his cozy drawing-room — indeed attributes her escape on that eventful September morning to the children's Rosary; he on the intervention of Providence on his agreeing to her vocation. — The Rosary.

## THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

Come away from the crowded centers  
Of the city's throbbing life;  
The palaces grand on every hand,  
The noise and heat and strife;  
From the fever of pride and passion,  
That the grave can only cure,  
And walk with me in the twilight hour  
By the humble homes of the poor.

Here the father comes home in the evening  
From care and from danger free  
As the little ones run to meet him,  
With their innocent shouts or glee,  
No hireling's hand has nursed them,  
Nor will guard them at night secure,  
For the mother is all to her children  
In the humble homes of the poor.

I love to walk in the twilight,  
Where I see through the open door,  
Some busy household duties,  
Some at play on the simple floor,  
No luxury makes them heartless,  
No idleness makes impure;  
The menace to souls where Mammon rolls  
Cannot enter the homes of the poor.

Come away from the hollow pleasures  
Of the ballroom and banquet hall;  
For the children's nour in the cottage  
Has joy that exceeds them all,  
Come away from the proud, for their riches  
Take wing and shall not endure,  
Their pride will not weigh in the judgment day  
With the humble homes of the poor.

Catholic Home Companion.

## Patent Report.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

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

Nos.

81,714—Pierre Dansereau, Montreal, Que. Axle-nut.

81,795—Joseph Lafrance, Montreal, Que. Pipe-joint.

81,810—Chas. D. Spatee, Roseway, N.S. Bread slicer.

81,814—Clinton Geo. Sellers, Strathcona, N.W.T. Horse-shoeing frame.

81,820—Frs. Octave Schryburt, Quebec, Que. Welt machine.

81,822—Cephas Thompson, Fleming, N.W.T. Adjustable desk.

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District of Montreal,  
No. 2976.  
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Montreal, July 10th, 1903.  
LEONARD & LORANGER,  
Attorneys of the Plaintiff.

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### Society Directory.

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

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

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

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

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

**A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6** meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmett Quinn, Rec.-Sec.; James tary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

**G.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.**—(Organized, 13th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Charcellor, P. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connof and G. H. Merrill.



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