

SALE. Goods. 19c yd.

Wool Dress. Blue, handsome effects. 19c.

Press Goods. 13c yd.

from St. Gall. SKIRTING.

Counters. Sources of interest.

Removal Sale. Montreal.

Business is re-unchanged.

fair jobbing steady.

practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

is practically these just now.

remain steady.

THE MONTREAL AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF FRENCH-CANADIAN PROTESTANT WRITERS.

In one of his famous letters in reply to "Junius," Sir William Draper characterizes certain utterances of the great political critic as "assertion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censure without dignity or moderation." This appeared to us a very sweeping condemnation of the writings thus attacked, and we even wondered if it could be considered as exactly true. However, since a copy of a certain French Protestant publication came into our possession, we have no longer any doubts concerning Sir William Draper's words. Decidedly they apply to every article and every contribution in this peculiar specimen of Canadian journalism. If such be the only or the best weapons at the command of the French Protestant element in Canada we need not be surprised that the anti-Catholic crusade makes so little headway amongst our French-Canadian co-religionists. At first we had intended leaving it aside entirely, for, in reality it contains nothing that deserves serious comment. It will be a long time before the towers of Notre Dame are shaken by such efforts as those made by the writers of that publication. Still we felt inclined to select one of the best written, most apparently rational contributions to its columns, and having given our readers a summary of its contents, leave them the easy task of applying the words of Sir William Draper to what they will read.

One correspondent undertakes to deal with the coronation oath. After excusing the portion that is offensive to Catholics, by claiming that, in the beginning, it was a necessity, on account of the aggressiveness of the Papal Court, the writer then informs us that to-day there is no need of any such terms in the oath. He says that if the oath were to be drawn up to-day it would not be worded so rudely, nor so insultingly as far as the Roman Catholic subjects of the Empire are concerned. Then he says: "These latter"—the Catholic subjects, "are raising protests that are very just, and to my mind, very admirable." So far one would conclude that this French Protestant editor, or writer, was a very fair-minded and honest-intentioned person. His opening remarks were intended, as they are calculated, to leave an impression of a very favorable nature upon the reader; he evidently wants the public to make his acquaintance in prepossession; he seeks to create a feeling that he and his co-workers are broad-minded, tolerant, generous and even inclined to do justice to Catholics and Catholicity. But, he continues his article, to describe the "Syllabus" as a menace to their liberties, and the laws of Christian marriage as an insult to their various beliefs. Therefore, he concludes, let the gentlemen of Rome speak more politely about Protestantism, and give an example of Christian charity, "and all the difficulties will be settled." Let us stop right here! We need not after this one quote any of the other articles—for this is the most able and most logical in the paper; this is the master-piece of that is-

dolous error of fact, because a command contrary to the law of God is null, and if we suppose it to occur it would instantly cancel the engagements which the religious has taken. But if this accusation implies that a religious obeys with perfect acquiescence and in will in what is right, then we say that it is precisely this which takes from their submission every mark of shameful and passive subjection. We maintain that there does not exist in any society such impassable barriers against the abuse of power, or such splendid guarantees in favor of the man who obeys.

They are not degraded by the very perpetuity of their engagements. Behold, our enemies say you make a vow, you perform an irrevocable act, the act of a moment which weighs on the whole future, even to the hour of death. The same ridiculous objections might be made against the Divine law with regard to the indissolubility of marriage. The vow of a religious binds him indeed forever, but that law is of man's making. It exists only because he has sought it and consented to it with full knowledge and perfect liberty. That law of his own framing he continues to submit to only because he wishes it. Only his will and his adhesion to his promise which he renews as each day dawns, only his persevering love for God keep him under the self-imposed yoke.

They are not men who are weary of life, and who come to heal their wounds in the recesses of the cloister. Unhappily, not only are our detractors making these assertions, but the clumsy apologists of religious life also sometimes represent convents as the asylums of weary souls discontented with their lot here below, angry at their mistakes, or broken down by sorrow and grief. With a mind that is perfectly sound, with the free control of a spirit that is not sick or discontented, he has taken the magnificent resolution to give himself to God as a recognition of the gift which God has made of Himself to the human race. Self-sacrifice and immolation is the response which his human love gives to the love of a celestial God.

The religious life, far from being a shelter for the sluggish, is, on the contrary, the arena of the strong. Its distinctive characteristic is strength, not that brutal strength which man has in common with the brute, not that material strength whose contemptible triumphs demoralize the world, but a strength that consists in exercising control over self in conquering rebellious nature, and that above all, a strength of self and the weakness which nature gave it—that strength which is a cardinal virtue and which dominates the world by its daring and its power of sacrifice.

"Egotists and useless men!" It is a singular egotism, forsooth, which consists in a constant and complete immolation of oneself. We admit that the service of the neighbor is not the first object formulated in the scheme and purpose of certain religious bodies. The underlying and deciding motive of every religious vocation is the love of God. Before everything else, the religious seeks to glorify and serve God, by the means and purposes of self, but by the very fact of doing so, he is making himself most useful to his fellow-men. It is nothing to show to the world how to triumph through the love of God, over the selfishness and passions of the earth? Is it nothing to show how to despise the deceitful things for which men commit such enormities? Nothing to scorn the pleasures of the senses, for which men give over their souls to slavery? Nothing to be above that dreadful spirit of independence, which is the source of so much disaster? If to the fierce greed for gold, which torments humanity and which threatens at every moment to kindle between the rich and the poor the unextinguishable flame of war, we oppose the voluntary detachment of those sublime "paupers," who have nothing which they can call their own; if to that unbridled sensuality which allies every beauty, entitles every strength and makes life a barren waste, we oppose the virginal purity, which is the sister of youth and strength and fecundity; if to that savage impatience of every yoke and of every rule, whose champions write upon their banner the device of Satan, "non serviam," we oppose the motto of the humble, of the peaceful and the obedient, namely, "to serve God is to reign;" if we do that, do we not render to modern society the greatest and most important of services and the one of which it stands in the most in need at the present time?

And finally, if we recall the more tangible benefits of religious orders, those namely, which are more in keeping with our utilitarian ideas, the refutation of the charge of their greater force. Self-sacrifice is incomprehensible without devotedness to others. By self-renunciation, the religious is only the more ready to help his fellow-man. He is ready for anything, the labors of the apostolate, of the school-room and the hospital. Do you know that from France alone (though it is true that in this our country outranks all others), ten thousand religious women have gone beyond the seas to bring to the children of savage lands and desolate, which could not be lavished by the most devoted of mothers? Some are clearing the

wilds of ignorance and of childish stupidity, in the schools of barbarous nations; others are bestowing their untiring devotedness upon infirmities, not unfrequently the most disgusting and the most protracted that poor human nature is afflicted with. The victims of the sick and the dying, the orphans and the old find loving hearts, and sisterly souls in these religious; fathers and mothers in this immense legion, which includes the Brothers of St. John of God, the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Little Servants of Working People, the Sisters of Goodness and the Sisters of Bon Secours, the nurses in the hospitals and the sisters of the prisons and the slums. It has been often attempted, in more than one place, to drive them out and bring others in their stead, but it was soon seen that it was easier to counterfeit true charity, than supply its place; that true devotion could not be bought for gold, and that the supposed egotism of the religious was better for the perfect administration of benevolent works than the interested struggles of selfish mercenary could ever hope to be.—Etudes, December 20, 1900. Rev. H. Prolot, S. J.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

THE OLD TONGUE.—The enthusiasm manifested in different districts in this country has been touched upon in these columns from time to time. The most recent evidences come from Magherafelt where a meeting was held to establish a branch of the Gaelic League. The Very Rev. Canon McNeene, P. P., who presided, said that the acquisition of any language was a useful exercise and Irish literature offered a particularly interesting and rich reward to the student, but Irishmen had an especial inducement to study it when they recollected that it was the language of their forefathers, of their saints and heroes. Apart from sentiment this question of a people's language was not the trivial matter some people considered it. Let them look at the Austro-Hungarian states who were struggling so keenly each to make its own speech the acknowledged language of the Empire. There it was fully understood that the state that should succeed in imposing its language upon the other would by the mere fact go far towards securing the dominant position in the affairs of the Monarchy. He must not, however, be taken as suggesting the cultivation of the Irish language to the exclusion of the English. That, for commercial and various other reasons, was both impracticable and undesirable. Still, a bilingual system had been pursued with success in other countries, and he saw no reason why it should not succeed equally well in Ireland.

PROSELYTIZING METHODS IN LIMERICK.

The Rev. Father O'Donnell, rector of St. Michael's, Limerick, addressing the members of the Temperance Society in their rooms, Coill street, alluded to some recent events in his parish, and said it was not his desire to accentuate differences between Catholics and Protestants. Continuing, the rev. gentleman said: I believe that for a long time they have lived on friendly terms with each other, and if differences be accentuated now, it is not the fault of Catholics but the fault of those who have become accustomed to the Catholics of this city. Certain methods have been introduced into Limerick within recent years, which recall the worst days of that system known as proselytism. It is strange, especially in the present age of boasted progress and enlightenment, that such methods should be used by anyone, especially by any Christian, in whom there may be left the sense of honor and justice. But some people, the needy, the ignorant, and slow to realize the first principles of the natural law. For centuries Protestants propagated their gospel, or rather endeavored to propagate it, in this country by the old and barbarous system of persecution. Now some of them are trying to spread the light by diplomacy and bribery. The people—the poor, the needy, and the sick and suffering—constituted a contrast in exchange for their faith, they are asked to barter away that treasure which the severest persecutions could not wring from them, they are asked now to sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage. What a contrast between the methods of Protestants and of Catholics, for instance, between the Protestant Propaganda here, and the Catholic workings in England. Here the ignorant, and even children without even sense or reason are sought to be made "converts" by the highly intellectual arguments of blankets and coal, clothes and medicines, and the attention and blandishments of lady nurses. And "nursing" seems to have much to do with religion as well as with politics of the present day. There is such a thing as "nursing" constituency, as well as nursing a patient, and no doubt it is felt that the political complexion of the nurse has not greater influence on the other. The path to heaven suggested, rough and narrow path, nor are the rewards relegated to the other world. Neither are the doctrines hard to be understood. They are so plain and simple that by them the errors of "Popery" are thoroughly refuted within the space of one day, to the complete satisfaction even of an obtuse-minded man or woman.

TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—The Most Rev. Dr. Gaffney, Bishop of Meath, in the course of a pastoral letter which was read at the different churches of the diocese, says an English pilgrim a few days ago proclaimed, to the everlasting credit of its members, not in the spiritual, but the temporal sovereignty of the pope and its inalienable rights. We saw the reception given the usurper when he

attended the requiem mass for his father, at the Pantheon, on All Souls' Day; we saw the reception given the Pope by the nationalities of the world three days before. In the first of all, were State officers, soldiers and State ceremony, with little devotion, in the second, it was the acclaim of Faith, and the first thought that struck us, as the swell of the world's enthusiasm ascended, was, he was verily the King of the world. There he was, a great power, beloved by millions, feared and hated too. And yet his voice was uplifted, as in the days of yore, to proclaim the law of eternal justice, and condemn the evil-doer. Why did not Italy blot him out of the map? It was not love of him; it was not fear of him as an armed monarch. What then? It was because he has and holds the allegiance of hundreds of millions of Catholics, who uphold his Sovereign rights and demand their restoration as earnestly as the English pilgrims.

A list of converts has been published by the "Whitehall Review" (a Protestant journal) showing that during the latter half of the 19th century several hundreds of eminent and learned men and women in England have gone over to Rome. The list includes the names of university men, members of the legal profession, medical men, etc., and a numerous body of Protestant clergymen besides those of last year I have just mentioned. In fact the publication of the "Whitehall Review" is not properly described when called a "list," it is a pamphlet of good size, filled with the names and addresses or descriptions of the converts, so that there can be no mistake about them. But nobody who is a fool, should be taught to be equally proud of them who held Limerick's walls, to hear with equal pride, sounding across two centuries of time, the wild hurrahs with which the hold defenders of the breach cheered the women of Limerick as they rushed to aid the men, the crash like thunder that told the wide valley of the Shannon that our great national hero had blown up the guns at Ballyneety.

You will observe that I have said "some of the Protestants," because I know that there are Protestants in Limerick who do not support the conversion. I allude to those Protestants are men of fair play and common sense, who have a right sentiment of honor, and whose desire it is not to widen but to close up as far as possible the breach that divides Catholics and Protestants. But yet, though I know that such Protestants exist in Limerick, I am not satisfied that they are either as numerous or as active or as outspoken as we should wish them to be. I have reason to fear it is not the events of the last few years are not quite satisfactory in this respect. A stranger came down here amongst the Protestant body. He soon provoked the indignation of the Catholics. What has been the feeling of the Limerick Protestants towards him? Well, we cannot know the inner workings of their mind; but externally they seem to have received him with open arms. On the occasion of recent promotions amongst Protestant ecclesiastics a step up was given to a certain dignitary whom the Catholics had suspected of proselytizing tendencies. But that is not all. When there was a question of congratulating this dignitary on his promotion, whom did the Protestants here select to read the congratulatory address? No less a personage than the proselytizing Protestant. Other proofs are not wanting that the stranger and his methods have sympathizers amongst the Protestants of Limerick. What is being done by those Protestants who do not sympathize with such methods? They have expressed their disapprobation in private. But the time has come when we must tell them plainly that this is not enough. If they are in earnest they must speak out. Otherwise they will force us to conclude that they want to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. If there is any Protestant in Limerick who condemns the system which attempts to purchase creed and conscience by bribery, or any of the good things of this world, whatever they may be or under what shape offered, now is the time to raise his voice. And those that are most directly concerned in this matter are the Protestant doctors. We should like to know what do the Protestant doctors think of this stranger? Do they look on him for us what is their attitude towards him. Because we do not want to have our patients, rich or poor, contaminated by the touch of him, or of his friends, who have endeavored to prostitute the noble medical profession by trying to wed it to the debauched and discredited, worn-out decrepit representative of Protestant missionary failure, commonly called "Souspirant."

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

WAR ON THE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS IN FRANCE

A few extracts from a very important article upon this burning question cannot fail to prove both interesting and instructive. The entire article is a masterly treatise. Amongst other false accusations against the religious bodies, the writer refutes the following:

Religious, say their enemies, are individuals whose natural faculties are deteriorated, who are dishonored by the abdication of their inherent rights, who are degraded by a blind submission of their will to the will of another, and who are enslaved by the perpetuity of their obligations. Let us take these reproaches one by one. They are individuals whose natural faculties have deteriorated. In the same fashion, the reproach is made of Faith—oppressing reason, and orthodox science. Both charges have the same foundation. But how is it possible, we ask, that a struggle which is renewed with each returning day, against what degrades and enervates, that the constant effort of a will aiming at the attainment of virtue, that a perpetual aspiration towards everything that is above the mean interests of the earth, that a noble flight of the soul into the higher regions of human activity where it finds its true and immortal grandeur, how is it possible, we repeat that all these things (and they are the conditions and duties of a religious life) result only in causing man to deteriorate and in making his best faculties wither and decay? We might enumerate all the literary, scientific and oratorical glories which it has been the source; the statements which it has produced, the

heroes and saints who have been formed by its teachings. The ordinary religious may not be called to ascend to these heights, but the ambitious among them, far from being arrested in his normal development by his religious profession, is on the contrary, constantly urged by it to make the level of his moral worth higher, to force the natural gifts which he received at his birth to fructify. In a word to become more of a man, a Vir in the true sense of the word, a man of heart, a man of soul, a man of reason and of character.

He has not abdicated the rights which are inherent in his human personality. The rights which are inherent in a human personality are manifold, and on account of their variety, they conflict sometimes with each other, both in cases where the renunciations are imposed upon us, and in the renunciations which we impose upon ourselves. Everywhere a man ought to enjoy the freedom to use or not to use a right which he possesses. But, the first and the most fundamental of the rights of man is to choose, and especially to choose what is better, to relinquish what is less honorable for what is more so.

A religious is not a being degraded by a blind obedience to the will of another.

When the accusation of blind obedience is hung at religious, it is clear that there is a misunderstanding. If they mean to say that a religious promises to obey everything that comes into the head of his Superior, even what is wrong, it is a most ridiculous error of fact, because a command contrary to the law of God is null, and if we suppose it to occur it would instantly cancel the engagements which the religious has taken. But if this accusation implies that a religious obeys with perfect acquiescence and in will in what is right, then we say that it is precisely this which takes from their submission every mark of shameful and passive subjection. We maintain that there does not exist in any society such impassable barriers against the abuse of power, or such splendid guarantees in favor of the man who obeys.

They are not degraded by the very perpetuity of their engagements. Behold, our enemies say you make a vow, you perform an irrevocable act, the act of a moment which weighs on the whole future, even to the hour of death. The same ridiculous objections might be made against the Divine law with regard to the indissolubility of marriage. The vow of a religious binds him indeed forever, but that law is of man's making. It exists only because he has sought it and consented to it with full knowledge and perfect liberty. That law of his own framing he continues to submit to only because he wishes it. Only his will and his adhesion to his promise which he renews as each day dawns, only his persevering love for God keep him under the self-imposed yoke.

They are not men who are weary of life, and who come to heal their wounds in the recesses of the cloister. Unhappily, not only are our detractors making these assertions, but the clumsy apologists of religious life also sometimes represent convents as the asylums of weary souls discontented with their lot here below, angry at their mistakes, or broken down by sorrow and grief. With a mind that is perfectly sound, with the free control of a spirit that is not sick or discontented, he has taken the magnificent resolution to give himself to God as a recognition of the gift which God has made of Himself to the human race. Self-sacrifice and immolation is the response which his human love gives to the love of a celestial God.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

ON "HOUSE-HUNTING."

This is the "house-hunting" season, and experience in the past, as well as observation both past and present, have combined to make it a very interesting subject for me.

sparing of fuel that any house would be cold for them. How many tons of coal did I use? This needed but a brief answer. What kind of neighbors had I? Well, on this point I had little to say.

By this time they had taken a pretty fair inventory of all that my front parlor contained, and had handled nearly all the ornaments and bric-a-brac on the mantel-piece, admiring, or criticized the pictures, excepted the map of the carpet.

Of course, I was in no way angry; conjoined up a smile, and strove hard to look happy. But, philosophic and all, as I am, I did not ascend the stairs in exactly the same spirit as on former occasions.

At last, one day, we were favored with a visit from two young ladies. As a matter of fact, I happened to find that these ladies did not require a house, that they lived with their respective fathers in houses that belonged to themselves.

Just as we were having our dinner prepared—we live in the old style and dine at midday—the bell rang. I went to the door myself, as I expected a message from my own business.

The first question they asked me was "why was I leaving the house?" Now, this and a few other very pertinent—to me impertinent—questions, obliged me to enter into a certain lecture upon my own private affairs.

I will not detain the reader with a recital of all we went through during these three months. One thing I know as a fact, if the half of the city of Montreal is not fully aware of all my business affairs, of my domestic arrangements, and of my worldly belongings, it certainly is neither my fault nor that of the law that permits such vandal-like incursions every spring.

madly up stairs, dashed into the room where my wife and children were gathered, upset a chair, and nearly killed the cat, in my hurry, flung my hat upon a table—upsetting and breaking a china cup and saucer.

The house is gone! was all I could say—and I said it in the tone of one exclaiming "Our future is made, thank God!"

THE NEW SPEAKER

Of the Senate.

The new Speaker of the Senate, Hon. Laurence G. Power, is an Irish Catholic. He is the son of the late Patrick Power, merchant of Halifax, N.S.

At quiet, studious man, Senator Power has occasionally given the public some minor contributions to the literature of his time.

GREAT IRISH BOOK COLLECTION

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has presented to the Royal Irish Academy his life-long collection of rare books, MSS, and curios.

First in point of importance is a large volume entitled, "Illustrations of Irish History, in which all the Irish events of note from the time of Grattan down to the present day are shown in pictorial form.

Little less interesting is a book of autographs in which are contained letters or autographs from over one hundred of the famous Irishmen of the last sixty years, among the number being Clarence Mangan, including his biography, and the autobiography of Thomas Francis Meagher, the latter of which is described as being a unique work.

One of the sweetest things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved; how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy.

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyse the blood upon which these organs depend.

tion," the "Tribune," the "Irish People" (not Mr. William O'Brien's organ) and the "Irish Nation" (New York.) There are also the documents relating to the Tenant League and the "Tenant Right" movement of 1850; the papers dealing with the establishment of an Irish press association in the year after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and perhaps the most valuable of the lot, the promotor's copy of a play to be performed in Richmond Prison during O'Connell's incarceration there.

PRACTICES FOR LENT.

- 1. Go to the Holy Sacraments as soon as possible, to fulfill the duty of the Catholic University, Ireland, and Harvard Law School, taking the degree of LL.B. at the latter in 1886.

SELF-DENIAL.

The Church suggests to us in the Divine office the following matters, in which we should deny ourselves during Lent:

1. Food.—Observe strictly the law of the Church so modified by the Lenten Indult; and never permit yourself any further relaxation, not compelled by necessity, without permission.

2. Sleep.—Rise punctually at a fixed time, both as an act of penance, and that you may make your morning prayer with less hindrance. Retire to rest early and at a fixed time, according to the advice of St. Francis de Sales, who said it was an act of virtue to retire early, that we might rise early to praise God.

3. Words.—Practice the virtue of silence as you may have opportunity, as a penance for your sins of the tongue, and as a help to recollection and prayer.

4. Recreation.—Avoid as much as possible all the amusements and gaieties of the world, and all that is unbecomingly of sorrow. Do not seek pleasure, but draw in your thoughts, and consider what it cost our Divine Lord to redeem you; that by timely penance you may attain to eternal glory.

5. Senses.—Maintain during this time of penance, a stricter guard than usual over the senses. Sight, hearing, smelling, taste and touch—all should be mortified and brought under command that death may not enter in by them.—(Jesuit Calendar.)

FALSE HISTORY.—Bishop Scannony's Lenten pastoral letter, which was read in the churches of the diocese of Omaha, contains some passages regarding a work on history used in the high school, declaring that it is written on an anti-Catholic basis, as the author "dwells with some emphasis upon the shortcomings of the Popes and other ecclesiastics and has little to say of their good deeds."

One of the sweetest things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved; how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla advertisement with logo and text: "Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when you are 'a bit off' or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints."

ODD INSCRIPTIONS

On Graveyard Stones.

Cemeteries may be thought queer places to study human nature, and yet in many an old graveyard abundant opportunities for this are offered. The Reformation took away the consoling doctrine of purgatory from many of the people and human affection had to manifest itself in some way towards the departed, and often found vent in poetical inscriptions on tombstones.

Here are four lines found on the tombstone of a child, who died just before he was three years old:

With the scarlet fever I was slain, And death a conqueror coming hath reign, But death by Savior conquered hath, And I shall live again.

A woman who died of consumption at the age of twenty-five has this epitaph:

The pale consumption Gave the fatal blow; The event was mortal, Though the effect was slow.

Here is an unique one to a little child:

He dropped into our world To taste life's bitter cup, But turned his head aside, Disgusted with the taste and died.

Another lad's history is told in this couplet:

Oh! he was a good boy If ever a good boy lived.

The following stanza is quite common:

Stand still, kind reader; drop a tear Upon the dust that slumbers here; And when you read the fate of me, Think of the glass that runs for thee.

The monument builder generally kept a quantity of lines ready for all comers and frequently tried his own power at composing when something unusual was asked. Here is an inscription that is very common in these old graveyards and can be found in parts of Ohio, especially in the Western Reserve, settled by New Englanders:

Stranger who halts to give a sigh, As you are now, so once was I, As I am now, so you will be, Prepare for death and follow me.

To a one-day-old child:

Happy the babe, who purified by fate To shorter labor and lighter weight, Received but yesterday the gift of breath, Ordered tomorrow to return to death.

Here is an inscription quite descriptive:

While she was at the brook And where she did not like to go, She from her friends was sudden took Seized with a fit she's subject to, Her body in the water lay; Her weeping husband found the same.

Here are five lines from an Ohio cemetery inscribed in 1833:

Oh, how I suffered here, Physicians all in vain Till God did please And death did seize And ease me from my pain.

A New England woman lies buried under a slab with this suggestive couplet:

Here lies a woman who always was tired; She lived in a house where no help was hired.

and its tombstone and carry away the impression that the firm had ceased business, so he erected a stone to his late partner, inscribing these lines upon it:

Sacred to the memory of John Wills, for 20 years senior partner of the firm of Wills and Bute, now J. J. Bute & Co.

A Jeffersonian Democrat in Texas left a will requesting that the firm had ceased business, so he erected a stone to his late partner, inscribing these lines upon it:

"He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of democratic principles and measures. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

An English magazine is authority for these two exceedingly unique inscriptions found in a very old cemetery:

Here lies the body of John Smith. Buried in the cloisters! If he don't jump at the last trump, Call, oysters.

The other runs: Under this yew tree Buried would he be Because his father—he took in the yew tree. Planted this yew tree.

Here is one from Georgia:

He was drowned in the ocean, But he'd still be at home If he'd stuck to the mill pond And let oceans alone!

The "Atlanta Constitution," noticing this, remarks: There may be an absence of rhyme in the above, but there is considerable truth."

Canada brings forward this very peculiar funeral card issued in 1848 on the occasion of the death of a watchmaker: "Interred at Reform cemetery in a horizontal position the outside case of Charles Hudson, clock and watchmaker, who departed this life wound up in the hope of being taken in hand by his Maker and being thoroughly cleaned, repaired and set going in the world to come. Died on the 4th day of September, 1848, and in the 74th year of his age."

Could anything be more nonsensical, not to say outrageous, than this language?

All through these inscriptions which I have quoted there breathes not a word of prayer for the dead. How consoling to see in the Catholic cemetery such sentences, "Pray for the repose of," etc., "May they rest in peace," "Requiescat in Pace."

Too often our modern cemeteries are but places of pomp and marks of the pride of life. To close this rambling paper let me quote a few recent inscriptions to prove that even to-day nonsense can find its home in a burial ground.

A costly monument was recently built in memory of a liquor dealer by his wife, and nothing should do but she must have engraved upon it: "Summoned before the 'bar' of justice." Another erected to a detective says: "Gone to look for his last clue." A young widow put up a costly monument to her late husband and had engraved upon it: "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it. A year or so later she married again and, feeling awkward about the inscription, she solved the difficulty by adding the word "alone" to it. She now it reads: "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it alone."

There is no man but knows more evil of himself than he does of other people.

What mysteries prove is that man's mind has by God's aid, been lifted to its highest, and that God is higher still. The philosopher who thinks that to him there should be no mysteries does not think that there should be none to the peasant. Yet surely the intellectual difference between man and man must be small compared with that between man and God.

COWAN'S Hygienic COCOA Royal Navy CHOCOLATE. Are the favorites with most people. Buy COWAN'S, the best and purest.

The Drink Habit CAN BE CURED AT HOME without pain, publicity or detention from business, by the use of the DIXON VEGETABLE REMEDY.

J. B. LALIME, Manager the Olives Care Co., 572 St. Denis Street, - Montreal, - DR. MACKAY, QUEBEC. All communications strictly confidential.

Teas. 20c up. CEYLON and JAPAN TEAS, select GUILLON'S, 29 McCord street near St. Ann's Church. Tried and recommended.

A MODERN

The Abbe Rambo called the remark by Our Lord in the Holy Family. The Abbe Rambo called it a little known. An time to publish the miracle. What bet chosen than that Leo XIII has as the Holy Family brief on the 12th kept with great Holy Family, in the Lord for the miracle.

This year, by dance, the date Sunday, the very in 1822, Our Lord during the Benediction of the Sacrament to tute.

M. Noailles' great uncertainty of the attacks made upon imposed secrecy, stances have been come to publish Holy Family has ed over difficulties, curly developed; mustard seed of a great tree, in the many birds of the world is blessed every shore and glorious of the Holy found. The Holy Divine seal on it. of Nazareth, this silence and conceit immense good, for sole reward of benediction. We, obliged to imitate when God's glory loves of souls are we draw aside the love, not shrouded before the public miracle.

In a letter written to the Abbe Gaudin, Cathedral of Metz, description of this place in the chapel deau.

"Loretto is flourished and He has just a proof of His presence of which I w of before, had not pr that I should first written documents. This is what took gesima Sunday, of St. Jane, which Eulalie with great many penitents to Benediction as is Loretto chapel, so old priest, the Ab place me at the when Christ was at. He went accordi the Blessed Sacra had he finished fir first time, when stand of the Sacre and bust of the ture portrait frans, with this figure was alive.

In a dark red scap was bowing slightly to the left and str officiating priest discern the figure scribes the figur and seeming to years of age. At it was an illusion, change in what he whole of the Tair withstanding his himself of the fact the little thurifer asked him if he sa ordinary. The latt trembling, that he had been on some time. The pi child inform the to one of the Siste cristian, but she o dictation, having st the Sacre Species posed at the begi. Whiler, these thi place, the Mother seated somewhat f altar, having, custom, looked strances, had perc well as the priest. His movements, e inclined towards t that particular m had been greatly sus Christ, and n be the victim of a this thought and Benediction was her cell before the chapel, but having moments after, sh by everybody in th ed her if she had acle that had been she exclaimed, "it Our Lord who app fore, not discoverd Him." Nearly eva pel had seen the ception of three St lowered their veils and bowed and the Monstrance, I cleared, that they

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle

Printed and Published by the True Witness P. & P. Co., Limited, No. 2 Busby Street, Montreal, Canada.

P. O. BOX 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Table with subscription rates: CITY OF MONTREAL, Delivered, \$1.50; OTHER PARTS OF CANADA, 1.00; UNITED STATES, 1.00; NEWFOUNDLAND, 1.00; GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND and FRANCE, 1.50; BELGIUM, ITALY, GERMANY and AUSTRALIA, 2.00.

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

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

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.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 23, 1901

NOTES OF THE WEEK

ST. PATRICK'S - Arrangements are being made for special retreats for the young women and young men of the parish during Lent.

THE GESU - The Lenten course of sermons commences next Sunday evening at eight o'clock. Father Kavanagh, S.J., will open the series, taking as his subject: "The Bible as it was written and as it is to be read."

CHINA ACCEPTS - China has finally accepted the ultimatum of the Powers. What next? The answer must greatly depend upon the determination to be shown by the Powers, and upon China's chance of effective resistance to "the strangers."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ADVERTISING - One reason why our advertisers should make sure that their orders for St. Patrick's Day issues are placed with the "True Witness," is that, by so doing, they will reach a constituency of "bona fide" subscribers, of people who take the paper week in and week out, and from whom they can legitimately expect some return in patronage.

THE ICE MOVEMENT - The exceptionally early movement of the ice in the St. Lawrence has given rise to considerable speculation. Does it forecast an early spring, or not? Will it be productive of an inundation? or will the harbor improvements suffice to resist any abnormal rising of the water?

ASH WEDNESDAY - The attendance in all the Catholic churches on Ash Wednesday was remarkably large. It is evident, if for reasons of sufficient moment His Grace the Archbishop has lessened the rigor of the Lenten rules this year, that the Catholics of Montreal are determined to observe the recommendation made them of a closer observance of the Sunday and a more zealous attendance at all the Church services of this holy season.

THE DELPIT CASE - The daily press has furnished the public with full reports of the arguments and evidence, on both sides, in the now famous Delpit case. The presiding judge has taken the matter on deliberation, and a judgment may soon be expected. Of course we, in common

with all others who have followed this case, have our private opinion concerning it; but as long as the matter is "sub judice," we do not feel at liberty, nor would we be justified, to express our views. The moment, however, that judgment is delivered, we will be in a position to deal with the whole issue.

IRISH IN PARLIAMENT - The attempt of Mr. O'Donnell, the Nationalist M.P., to address the House of Commons in Irish, and the peculiar discussion that flowed from the speaker's decision, may have a very humorous side, but equally is there a serious aspect to the question. We firmly believe that were any member of the Canadian Parliament to address the House in Irish he would be allowed to proceed as long as he desired. If he was not understood by the members that would be his own loss, but no rule of the House can prevent him from making use of any language he wished to speak.

AN INVITATION - We received a card, as did all our neighbors, informing us that we were invited to attend the "Evangelical Services" that Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have been conducting all week in the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church. The card in itself is an interesting document. It tells us that "whosoever will," and that "H-i-m-t-h-a-t-c-o-m-e-l-h-t-o-m-e-I-w-i-l-l-i-n-n-o-w-l-e-c-a-s-t-o-u-t," also that Mrs. Gordon "is an interesting and attractive speaker," but it says nothing as to Mr. Gordon's qualifications.

THE POPE'S HEALTH - A week ago last Thursday, in the Sala of Consistors, the Holy Father received about 250 ladies, members of the Association of Work for Poor Churches. The Holy Father looked exceedingly well, and spoke a few kind words to each of the ladies. And yet the irrefragable correspondent will have it that the Pope is ill, that he is slowly weakening, or that very grave anxiety exists, in Vatican circles, concerning his health.

THE CORONATION OATH - As an evidence that Rev. Father Fallon's action in regard to the coronation oath has been more far-reaching than may be supposed by some, we quote the following from a leading Catholic organ of England: "We are glad to observe that our demand for the excision of the blasphemous and insulting words on Transubstantiation

from the Coronation Oath before it is taken by the King, is supported in various quarters. In a letter to the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. A. S. Clarke, of Eastleigh, Hants, asks the very pertinent question why the King should be required at the beginning of his reign to stigmatise Catholic doctrine as superstitious and idolatrous, when the proposal that he should begin his reign by publicly declaring that the Mohammedan religion was false would be universally rejected. Another correspondent writing to the "Cork Examiner" with reference to our remarks in last week's issue, justly says: "One of the most encouraging signs of the present day is the perfect freedom enjoyed by the different denominations of the world. This, of course, is the result of education and points to the decay of intolerance. Why, then, should England of all nations still preserve this relic of antiquity?"

As to the anti-Jesuit class of so-called patriotism, it is the mere outcome of ignorance and prejudice. The men loudest in their howls against what they are pleased to style "Jesuitism," and the people and the press that applaud them, simply know nothing about the Jesuit Order, and less of it were possible - about individual Jesuits. They have a nightmare conception of some vague phantom, distinct from Catholicism yet constituting the undercurrent of Catholic action; and they label that creature of their fevered fancy "Jesuitism." Possibly they do not even know that they are actually fulfilling the dearest wish of St. Ignatius of Loyola. It was in Spain that his wonderful life was passed. From the field of Pampaluna, where, a wounded soldier, he closed his militant career as a servant of his country, to his death-bed whereon he closed his militant career as a soldier of God's Church, Spain has the honor of being the theatre of his activity. And, when dying, he prayed that the Order he had founded would always be obliged to fight and to suffer. To the Catholic the motive of that prayer is patent. And history proves abundantly that his prayer was heard and granted.

THE MINING DISASTER - This week has witnessed another of those terrible events in which human lives are destroyed in numbers. The fearful story of the recent disaster in the Cumberland, B.C., mine, whereby a score of lives were lost, comes to us with an effect like that produced by the going down of a vessel at sea. Yet of the two, we almost think that the loss of a whole crew on the ocean is less dreadful than the wholesale destruction of a body of men buried down in the earth, away from all human aid, in a perpetual darkness, walled in by the impenetrable rocks, and cut off from the light of day by hundreds of feet of narrow passages. No imagination is sufficiently vivid to conceive the horrors of such a situation. Truly does the miner, the delver after earth's hidden wealth, take his life in his hands each time that he descends into those dark pits. There is heroism in such a life, and a heroism that knows no proportionate recognition or reward. May it be long before we ever read of a similar catastrophe again.

THE WORLD GONE MAD - Truly, in glancing over our daily exchanges from across the line, and in perceiving the mass of sensationalism that is furnished to the press by the strange events that hourly occur one is inclined to ask if the world has gone mad. Before us is a copy of a New York daily of last Tuesday; just glance at the headings of the items that fill up two columns on the first page. "Stole His Prize Oration," "Gave His Life for His Boy's," "\$40 A Plate Dinner to Capt. Kear," "Girl Robbers Caught," "Break in Commercial Relations," "Chicago Hotel Fires Bogus," "One Elder Kills Another," "Church Hears Defaulter Confess," "American Interests in Danger," "\$10,000 in a Dirt Pile," "Kneel Naked at Cathedral Door." There ought to be enough sensationalism in these two columns to furnish ground work for a dozen dime novels. Yet they say that the world is improving.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN. While we are perfectly aware that the bulk of the reports that the Protestant press gives us concerning the present turmoil in Spain are grossly exaggerated - especially in regard to the anti-Jesuit movement - still we must admit that there is a foundation for it all, and that such foundation is sufficiently serious to cause all right-thinking people to pause and reflect. There is no doubt that a band of anti-Catholic masonic politicians has recently come to the front in Spain, and is aiming at the control of the entire country. A recent editorial, of great length, in one of our contemporaries seems to go to the very fountain-head of the difficulties. It would be difficult, in turn, to sum up the situation more exactly than the writer of that article does, in these terms: "Though Spain is supposed to be the most Catholic country of the

world, her affairs are in the hands of those who are wedded to Masonry and who are cordially set against the Church. They are capable of any violence and mock at all religion. If loyalty and unselfish devotion were not virtues beyond their comprehension their bad aims would result in unbounded evil. "In Spain as in the other Catholic countries of Europe, the sanest and most trustworthy citizens are driven from public life, preferring to leave the destinies of their country in the hands of the unscrupulous and the designing. It would be interesting to know the real cause of this apathy. Some, of course, are satisfied to lay it at the door of the Church and to proclaim triumphantly that the Catholic religion reduces its votaries to mere harmless chattels, forcing them to forget the things of time and work only for those of eternity. But the history of the Catholic religion in all ages and in all lands is such an assertion. The best son of the Church is he who works best both for the things of time and the things of eternity. When Spain and the other nations of Europe were most Catholic they could point to the best and most delightful of the ideals held out by religion their downfall was two-fold. The nearer they came to the teachings of the Church, the greater will be their zeal for country as well as for God."

As to the anti-Jesuit class of so-called patriotism, it is the mere outcome of ignorance and prejudice. The men loudest in their howls against what they are pleased to style "Jesuitism," and the people and the press that applaud them, simply know nothing about the Jesuit Order, and less of it were possible - about individual Jesuits. They have a nightmare conception of some vague phantom, distinct from Catholicism yet constituting the undercurrent of Catholic action; and they label that creature of their fevered fancy "Jesuitism." Possibly they do not even know that they are actually fulfilling the dearest wish of St. Ignatius of Loyola. It was in Spain that his wonderful life was passed. From the field of Pampaluna, where, a wounded soldier, he closed his militant career as a servant of his country, to his death-bed whereon he closed his militant career as a soldier of God's Church, Spain has the honor of being the theatre of his activity. And, when dying, he prayed that the Order he had founded would always be obliged to fight and to suffer. To the Catholic the motive of that prayer is patent. And history proves abundantly that his prayer was heard and granted.

ABOUT THE PARISHES.

AT ST. ANN'S - The earnest and enthusiastic members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held their annual religious celebration on Ash Wednesday evening, in their parish Church. Judging by the large attendance of parishioners, there are hundreds in the grand old parish of St. Ann's who are in warm sympathy with the endeavors of the organization to promote the noble cause. The ceremonies were opened with prayers, after which the Rev. Father Spellman, of St. Patrick's, ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent discourse. The evils of intemperance and the miseries and punishment it entailed were vividly described, and contrasted with the cause of temperance and its good effects upon the individual and the family. The rev. father's sermon produced a deep effect, as was evident from the large number who immediately after took the pledge of total abstinence. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The Rev. Father Lemieux officiated, with the Rev. Father Reivelt and Rev. Father Saurier as deacon and sub-deacon. The altar and sanctuary were specially decorated for the occasion. Seats of honor were arranged within the sanctuary rails and were occupied by Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. J. J. Costigan, St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. P. O'Brien, St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, and the other officers of the respective societies. Immediately after the services a special meeting of the St. Ann's Society was held, with Mr. Gallery in the chair, when twenty new members were admitted and signed the roll of membership. The choir, under the direction of Prof. F. J. Shea, rendered a number of solos, duets and choruses, in a manner which added greatly to the solemn occasion.

LADIES OF CHARITY - This excellent association of ladies, in St. Patrick's parish following up the programme mapped out in the opening days of the winter, held another successful euchre party in St. Patrick's Hall last week. It was attended by a large number. The following ladies and gentlemen were the fortunate ones in the contest, and were awarded the handsome prizes - Ladies: First, Miss McGrath; second, Mrs. Reynolds. Gentlemen: First, Mr. Owen Tansy; second, Bernard Tansy. Ladies' consolation, Mrs. Ryan.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY

61st Anniversary.

The St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, the parent Total Abstinence Society of this continent, celebrated its 61st anniversary on Tuesday last by an entertainment in the St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street. The friends of the society showed their appreciation of the good work done, and being done by attending in force, and notwithstanding that the event had not been advertised, the hall was crowded long before 8 o'clock, and even standing room was at a premium. Mr. J. J. Costigan presided, and was supported by the Rev. J. P. Kiernan, Rev. President of the Society, Mr. John Walsh, Chairman of the Committee of Management, Mr. Jas. H. Kelly, treasurer, Mr. M. Sharkey, Mr. John P. Gunning, secretary, Mr. J. Easton, financial secretary, and other officers of the society. The Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President, was unavoidably absent. Mr. Costigan opened the proceedings by a short address of welcome, in course of which he gave some interesting details regarding the society, from its foundation in 1840, by the Rev. Patrick Phelan, to the present day. The good work done by the society during its lengthy career was an impossibility to estimate, it had been true to the intention of its revered founder, its aims and objects were to-day the same as they were in 1840, and the society was still as active as of old in their promotion and advancement. The present condition of the society was a most satisfactory one, and the membership was being continually increased. The membership of the society was divided into three classes, viz., regular branch with benefits attached and which had since its inception done much good, this branch had paid out close on \$15,000 in benefits to members, and had to its credit \$3,000 in bank. The ordinary branch was also satisfactory and doing good work. The junior branch, which was now in full operation, thanks to the zeal of the Rev. Father McGrath, was advancing with rapid strides, it had a membership close upon a hundred boys ranging in ages from 13 to 18 years, all zealous in the promotion of the cause of temperance. Following the Chairman's address, the first part of the programme was proceeded with as follows: -

- 1. Song, "Will my soul pass thro' Ireland," Miss Lillie McKeown.
2. Song, Mr. Jas. Legalles.
3. Song, "The Swallows," Miss M. McNally.
4. Violin solo, "Cavatina," Mr. J. St. John.
5. Song, "Monarch of the Woods," Mr. Joseph H. Maiden.
6. Comic recitation, Mr. N. J. McIlhonne.
7. Song, "Asleep in the Deep," Mr. W. F. Costigan.

All of the above items were most effectively rendered, and each and all were most heartily applauded. The Chairman then rose and paid a marked and fitting tribute to the many Rev. Fathers, who from time to time had filled the important office of Rev. President of the Society, to whose watchful care was justly attributable its past and present prosperity and without whose guidance the Society would not have accomplished much. He then introduced the Rev. Father Kiernan, who had been Rev. President of the Society in 1879-80. The Rev. Father on coming forward, was most heartily greeted, he thanked the audience for its warm reception, he did not intend to make any lengthy address, he was pleased to be present to celebrate with them the anniversary of the Society. Their Society had had a long and honored career, of which they might well feel proud, the work in which they were engaged was a noble one, they had the assistance and help of the Church and the clergy, and the Rev. Father who did have charge of the Society always found willing co-workers in the lay members and officers of the Society, and it was thus that the Society had prospered. The Rev. Father then dwelt upon the evils which had called the society into existence, he described the ravages which intemperance made on society, the individual, and the family, he depicted the blighted homes and the wrecked careers which followed in its wake. This great evil was rampant sixty years ago, and it was still doing its deadly work. The society had done much, and there was still much for them to do, he exhorted the members to be true to their principles, to renew their energy; he then pointed out the necessity of the society and the many wants which it could still employ to promote the spread of its principles, the promotion of its prosperity and the happiness of

- 1. Piano Duet, "Merry Skaters," Master David Walsh, Mr. J. I. McCaffrey.
2. Song, "For Old Times Sake," Mr. Jas. Kennedy.
3. Recitation, Shamus O'Brien, by special request, Mr. Richard B. Milloy.
4. Quartet, "I wonder where she is to-night," the Misses McKeown, Miss Harney, Miss May Palmer.
5. Coon Song, Selected, Mr. W. Hennessy.
6. Song, "Beyond the Gates of Paradise," Miss McNally.
7. Song, "The Old Postmaster," Miss Lillie Harney.
8. Vocal Duet, "Joys of Life," Messrs. J. Kennedy and J. Legalles.

Mr. John I. McCaffrey was the accompanist, and was assisted by Miss Florence Costigan and Mr. J. McNally. John P. Gunning, secretary, acted as master of ceremonies, and the manner in which he conducted the various details was much praised by all who took part. The Committee of Arrangements, Messrs. W. P. Doyle, W. H. Turner, W. F. Costigan, D. J. Kelly, J. C. Reynolds, Thos. Harding and John I. McCaffrey, are deserving of congratulations on the success which attended their efforts. FATHER MCGARRY CELEBRATES HIS SILVER JUBILEE. One of the best known priests in the archdiocese of Montreal, Rev. M. A. McGarry, the esteemed and zealous Superior of St. Laurent College, celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination this week. A large number of the former students of the institution assembled to join with the pupils of the institution in congratulating the reverend father and presenting their best wishes for his future. The celebration opened by a solemn High Mass in the college chapel in the morning. In the afternoon His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, accompanied by a number of the priests of the Cathedral, paid a visit to Father McGarry. Among the members of the clergy present were Rev. Father Dion, Provincial Superior of the Holy Cross Order; Rev. Father Ducharme, Provincial of the Clerics St. Viator; Rev. Father Lemieux, Provincial of the Redemptorists; Rev. Father Art. Guertin, of the Oblate Order; Rev. Father Geoffrin, C.S.C., Superior of Cote des Neiges College; Revs. Bourget, of Ste. Genevieve; A. Jasmia, Ste. Therese; F. Beaulac, curate at St. Laurent; Moulin, chaplain of St. Laurent convent; Cousineau, of Ste. Cunegonde; Decary, curate of St. Cunegonde; Messrs. A. Harwood and McDermott, advocates, and many others. In the evening the students and guests assembled in the public hall of the college, where addresses were delivered to Father McGarry by Messrs. A. Rousde and J. Dwyer, in French and English. A musical and dramatic entertainment was then given, the latter carried out by the members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of the college.

THE ANTIDOTE TO RATIONALISM.

In that wonderfully comprehensive document, the joint Pastoral Letter of the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, in England, we read the following regarding the imbibing of rationalism: "But indiscriminate reading is, perhaps, the most insidious form under which the poison of rationalism and unbelief is injected into the soul. Without attracting attention men, and women too, take up books and magazines that lie about, and as it were casually turn to the cleverly written and highly spiced articles against their faith which they find within. Their minds have no tincture of philosophical or theological training; they possess no antidotes to the poisonous drafts. But they read on without excuse or necessity, allured by fashion, curiosity or a desire to taste the forbidden fruit. A common result eventually produced is either distrust of the Church, doubt of revelation and of the existence of God himself, ending in secret or open unbelief, or a general loosening of the spiritual life and bonds that hold the religious structure together." Here is a great truth set forth in clear terms. The natural antidote to this literary poison is sound Catholic literature, including the wider circulation of Catholic newspapers.

THE LATE

We translate the full tribute to the Callaghan, from "La Semaine Religieuse." "The Angel of his victims among Fathers. In less than fatal strokes. T. Rev. James Callaghan down of life, at a time of of fruitful ministrations expected from many expectations do not always cover, of the collectivity, even as a soul of man, it must said, that like unto came dropped upon never sheds around more delicate perfume resting upon the b severe trials. And why we have beheld others, this excellent down to the tomb. emn language of h was cut down as h James Callaghan Montreal, where he 18th October, 1855 rich in faith and h been an object of since he drew about to strengthen the priesthood. Two of even now priests o Martin Callaghan, rick's, and Rev. laghan, connected v copal household. S bers of the family positions occupied world. Being sent to th there's Schools be studies, James be lively spirit and h humor. In the aut went to the Montr his elder brother h three years. If he actly to that cate known as "delvere masters remarked for work, a pliable mind, and a gold his classmates two priests, and one Valleyfield - was r the hierarchy of O suffice to show th that these students. After eight year course, young Call the study of theol an arduous borderi that he divot into sacred learning. In retreat he received tions: Tonsure, th and subdiacon. Under the action his heart felt attr munity founded b sailed for France, Seminary of Ste. concluded his the was there receive cil, who, ten year came to Montreal, visitor of the Or fessor of moral t Rev. Mr. Hogan, rior of the Boston ad. was at that t ed in France, whil Piche and Balliar, philosophy at Isay t, Duckett and a followed the highl ogy in Paris. Or the 26th May, 18 lagan was admitt end of the sam tude - or novitiate St. Sulpice. Th spent; a year of future ministry; an association, unde and of initiation life. Into that Father Callaghan ant and jovial m man forever in t fellow-novices. On his return t cutumn of 1878, curate to St. Ann der the care of h He launched hear cise of the variou istry, and soon l talented preacher with a peculiar t the hearts of th ing them in the had won his wa and affection of suddenly he was of duty. The Sem given over the p to Mgr. Fabre. After a year of Seminary, Fath sent into the act try for the exerci sessed such mar lated Father Dou a son, was happ a curate of St. h spend the St.

THE LATE FATHER JAMES CALLAGHAN.

We translate the following beautiful tribute to the late Father James Callaghan, from the last number of "La Semaine Religieuse." "The Angel of Death multiplies his victims amongst the Sulpician Fathers. In less than a year five of them have fallen under his fatal strokes. The last one, Rev. James Callaghan, was stricken down in full vigor of life, at a time when many years of fruitful ministry might have been expected from him. But many expectations and God's will do not always correspond; more over, of the collective soul of a community, even as of the individual soul of man, it may truthfully be said, that like unto the grain of incense dropped upon the coals, it never sheds around it a purer or more delicate perfume than when resting upon the burning embers of severe trials. And possibly this is why we have beheld, after so many others, this excellent priest, go down to the tomb. To use the solemn language of Holy Writ, "his life was cut down as by a sickle; and was harvested while yet ripening." James Callaghan was a child of Montreal, where he was born on the 18th October, 1850. His family, rich in faith and honor, must have been an object of God's pleasure; since he drew abundantly therefrom to strengthen the ranks of His priesthood. Two of his brothers are even now priests of Montreal: Rev. Martin Callaghan, curate at St. Patrick's, and Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, connected with the archiepiscopal household. Several other members of the family do honor to the positions occupied by them in the world. Being sent to the Christian Brothers' Schools for his elementary studies, James became noted for his lively spirit and indomitable good humor. In the autumn of 1865 he went to the Montreal College, where his elder brother had already spent three years. If he did not belong exactly to that category of students, known as "delvers," at least his masters remarked in him a facility for work, a pliable and submissive mind, and a golden character. Of his classmates twenty-three became priests, and one—Mgr. Emard, of Valleyfield—was raised to a place in the hierarchy of Canada. This should suffice to show the degree of piety that these students had attained. After eight years of a classical course, young Callaghan commenced the study of theology. It was with an ardor bordering on enthusiasm that he dived into the study of sacred learning. In that same holy retreat he received the first ordinations: Tonsure, the 30th May, 1874, and subdiacon, the 22nd May, 1875. Under the action of Divine Grace, his heart felt attracted to the community founded by Mr. Olier. He sailed for France, and there, in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, he concluded his theological studies. He was there received by Rev. Mr. Bichel, who, ten years later, in 1886, came to Montreal, in the capacity of visitor of the Order, and his professor of moral theology was the Rev. Mr. Hogan, the present superior of the Boston Seminary. Canada was at that time well represented in France; while Messrs. Bruchesi, Piche and Baillarge, concluded their philosophy at Issy, Messrs. Laliberte, Duckett and James Callaghan, followed the higher courses of theology in Paris. Ordained priest, on the 26th May, 1877, Father J. Callaghan was admitted, towards the end of the same year, to the solitude or novitiate of the priests of St. Sulpice. Therein a year was spent; a year of preparation for his future ministry; a year also of sweet association, under the eye of God, and of initiation into community life. Into that home-like intimacy, Father Callaghan brought a pleasant and jovial element that will remain forever in the memories of his fellow-novices. On his return to Montreal, in the autumn of 1878, he was appointed curate to St. Ann's parish, then under the care of the Sulpician priests. He launched heartily into the exercise of the various duties of his ministry, and soon became noted as a talented preacher and an endowed with a peculiar facility in gaining the hearts of the young and of turning them in the right direction. He had won his way to the confidence and affection of the faithful, when suddenly he was taken from his post of duty. The Seminary, in 1880, had given over the parish of St. Ann's to Mgr. Fabre. After a year of professorship at the Seminary, Father James was again sent into the active parochial ministry for the exercise of which he possessed such marked aptitude. The late Father Dawd, who loved him as a son, was happy to receive him as a curate of St. Patrick's. There did he spend the fifteen most fruitful

years of his career. It would be now superfluous to recall his unbounded charity for the poor, whose dispenser of alms he had for a long period been; of his zeal in instructing and converting our separate brethren, a great number of whom he led into the Church; of his devotedness to the youth of the parish, whose undertakings and societies he directed; of the care which he ever manifested in preaching the word of God, a duty always performed with priestly dignity and frequently with oratorical brilliancy; of the countless missions which he gave to the school children; of that inextinguishable affability which made him approachable for every one and at all times; superfluous would it be to recall all these things, after magnificent obsequies that the piety and the gratitude of the Irish Catholic faithful gave him. Like a silent eulogium, too vast for human language to express, was that spectacle of a speechless and sorrowing throng following his bier as it slowly glided, on a Sunday evening, down from the Hotel Dieu to the Church of Notre Dame, or of that multitude gathered under the vaulted roof of that great temple to pay tribute to the dead. Such a scene forces upon the mind, the words of the great Apostle to the Corinthians: "You are our letter known and read by all..... We are your glory and you are ours." How not recall, in presence of such an event, the consoling thoughts expressed by Cardinal Manning in that chapter of his work on the "Eternal Priesthood," in which he treats of the death of a good priest? "The more he wore himself out in the service of the faithful, the more is he beloved, and the more beloved he is, the more is he sustained in his last hour by the prayers of those whom he had led to God. Admirable bond of union that charity creates between souls! A livelier and closer union than that of blood! A union that, far from being broken by death becomes transfigured in the world of light, and unites the priest and the faithful for all eternity." Needless to insist further; all praise becomes dull in presence of a whole people in mourning! However, we do not hesitate to say, that the profoundly priestly soul of the lamented deceased, grew grander and more beautiful in the presence of sacrifice. During his visit to Montreal, in 1876, Rev. Mr. Captier, having need of a professor of Church history for St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, cast his eye upon Father James Callaghan, and offered him the place. To accept meant to leave Montreal, to separate from St. Patrick's, to quit a ministry that he loved; and in which he was beloved, to break away from his accustomed course of life; yet Father James did not hesitate, and despite any advice to the contrary that he might have received, he persevered in his resolution. He only required to be made aware of a desire on the part of his superiors for him to obey at once and blindfolded. He was ever submissive as a child to them. His obedience was one of the predominating characteristics of his community life. And there were others easy to perceive. His attachment to his fellow-novices, ever so simple and so good-natured, at times was very touching. We know that attempts were made to draw him away from St. Sulpice. But neither the glitter of dignities, nor the allurements of a greater degree of freedom, could produce any effect upon that soul so solidly embedded in the faith and so entirely abandoned to the will of God. In 1897 he returned to Montreal, and was appointed chaplain of the Hotel Dieu. There it was that, in silence, in prayer, in dispensing spiritual aid to the sick, he prepared himself for eternity. Stricken with a mercurial disease, which must have caused him untold sufferings, he neither decried of complaining, nor of seeking medical assistance, thinking, with Louis Vediot, that "as the cross is everywhere, it must be borne, and that the best way to bear it is to bear it alone, for then it is truly borne with God." When the ravages of the disease became apparent it was too late to check it. No longer in doubt concerning his condition Father Callaghan prepared himself for death by an extraordinary confession. "I disliked very much to die," he admitted to a friend, "but since then I see things in another light, and I gladly bid death as a liberator." On the 12th January, foreseeing a crisis, Rev. Father Colin, his Superior, gave him the last sacraments. Once the crisis over, he improved somewhat, and even his recovery was hoped for. But soon that illusion vanished. Alarming symptoms foretold an early end. The 7th February, sustained by the sacraments, assisted by the prayers of his relatives,

without pain, and like a predestined saint, Father James Callaghan, gave up his soul to God. He was in his fifty-first year. The last paragraph of this beautiful tribute consists of a brief account of the funeral services at the Hotel Dieu and at Notre Dame, as well as the sad ceremonies, at the grave, which latter were performed by his former class-mate, Bishop Emard of Valleyfield. "And now, James Callaghan sleeps within a few feet of Fathers Dowd and Toupin, memories ever dear, names ever blessed, that are written in ineffable characters upon the hearts of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and we firmly believe, in letters of gold in the Book of Life."

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE'S ILLNESS.

In answer to many inquiries as to the condition of the venerable Patrick Donahoe, founder of "The Pilot," we can but say that he holds his own and that his vitality is the marvel of his physician. The above is taken from the week's issue of "The Pilot." Mr. Donahoe is within one month of completing his 90th birthday.

IRISH AMERICANS IN TRADE.

A correspondent to the New York "Sun" in referring to certain phases of the commercial supremacy of the United States, says:— The quickness and ingenuity of American workmen are due to the influence of Celtic activity upon our industrial enterprises. The full resources of this country were first laid bare by Irish labor; our great industries were started with the aid of Irish workmen. The liveliness of the Celt and his nervous quickness of movement have left their imprint upon our commercial system. The Irish-American workman has set a pace which his comrades of other races are bound to follow. In so doing he has made it possible for our manufacturers to finish a piece of work in less time than has required in English quarters. He has set a pace which cannot be maintained by the dull, slow Anglo-Saxon. Accordingly, the English manufacturer is now falling to the rear, although economic conditions are more favorable to his business than to ours, although the rate of pay is much lower in England than in the United States.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

Much has been spoken and written in regard to success in business affairs. A writer thus summarizes some of the little actions of life which have an important bearing in this success. He says:— Few people live up to all the privileges that they might enjoy. To illustrate, one well written, business like letter might open up a line of business that would be far-reaching in its effects, yet that letter is never written. A determination to investigate some new idea in ascertaining the cost of production or increasing the value of a product might mean the difference between success and failure, but the step is never taken. A resolution to change methods of doing business, to cut off expenses that are useless, to adopt habits of thrift and enterprise, might change the whole condition of a man's life, but the resolution is never put into execution. When such things are so apparent it is no wonder that there are so many failures. Eternal vigilance is the price of success. Many may know this to be true, but only a few realize it. It will do no harm for even the most successful to stop and take an inventory of his methods once in a while and see wherein improvements can be made.

A MUSICAL TYPEWRITER.

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is the musical typewriter. It does not play music, but writes it, the keyboard being an arrangement of musical character instead of ordinary letters. The mechanism is in most respects similar to that of the everyday typewriter. The sheet of paper on which the music is to be written is printed beforehand with the lines of the staff, and, by pressing one of the buttons, the musical character desired may be made to assume its place on the line wanted, so as to stand for the proper note or other mark. Full notes, half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes and sixteenth notes appear on the keys, as well as the signs for sharps and flats. In writing music the operator first prints the clef mark, and then the arrangement of sharps and flats which indicates the key in which the piece is written. Chords are formed by putting the component notes together, one after another, but in a vertical line on the staff. It is all very simple, but as may easily be realized, this kind of typewriter requires special expertness and a good deal of practice. It is likely to be of more value in copying than in actual composing.

The greatest aim? To form ideals and live up to them.

CATHOLIC EDITORS ON MANY THEMES.

THE OLD STORY.—Under the apt caption "Who Killed Cock Robin?" the "Providence Visitor," of Providence, R.I., thus refers to the apparent apathy which seems to prevail at present in regard to the proposed federation of Catholic societies which caused so much commotion a couple of months ago in the neighboring Republic. We give the article in full as follows:—

What has become of the movement in favor of a federation of Catholic societies? Last year there was much talk about certain specific grievances under which Catholics are alleged to labor in the United States—about the unwisdom of a longer observance of the policy of hope and silence—and about the need of concerted action among Catholic organizations as an effective and legitimate means of securing the redress we desire. The Bishop of Trenton—though he disclaims the honor of being the first to broach the idea of federation—was hailed as the leader of the new movement. So lively an interest was shown in the matter by our people throughout the country that eminent politicians took alarm. Such an organization as the one contemplated, effected for the purpose of rebuking bigotry, wherever bigotry showed itself, bade fair to become an important factor in State and national elections. Bishop McPaul's strong article in the North American for September, 1900, was followed, in the October issue of the same review, by a pointed rejoinder from the pen of the Rev. Thomas H. Malone, member of the Colorado State Board of Charities and Corrections, in which his charges were declared to be without adequate foundation and his project of federation was stigmatized as sure to do more harm than good.

It would be interesting to know how Father Malone's article came to be written, but that is another story. The Independent endorsed the sentiments of the Colorado official as was to be expected. The Catholic press as a whole endorsed Dr. McPaul, though there were Catholic editors who, despite the plain language of his Boston letter, his Trenton address and his North American article, insisted on thinking that the Bishop aimed at the formation of a Catholic political party. The Bishop of Green Bay formulated a plan of organization, a meeting to take action on the lines suggested was held in New York last November and then, somehow or other, general interest in the affair ceased. Whether the collapse of the movement was due to the notion that it was designed, or, at least, destined to become political, or whether it is only another illustration of the curious touch of inefficiency which seems to be inherent in the Celt, or whether the prophecy that federation would cause a recrudescence of A. P. A.-ism disconcerted our people, or whether Catholic societies are too deeply interested in mummery, social events and kindred matters, to find time for weightier concerns, nobody seems to know or care.

Meanwhile the Philippines are snickering over the revelation we have made of our lack of unity. Bold Baptist preachers, speaking in the name of four millions of Baptists, tell the President what they want done in the Philippines, and New York, Baltimore and Washington Jewry tells the school authorities what the children of Abraham object to in the conduct of the public schools. It is good, still, that persecution is what we American Catholics are "spilling for." It is the only thing that will arouse us from our ignominious apathy.

SIR FRANK SMITH'S WILL.

Commenting upon the recent reference of a Catholic journal to the will of the late Sir Frank Smith, the "Catholic Register" says:— Sir Frank Smith did not wait until told the President what they want done in the Philippines, and New York, Baltimore and Washington Jewry tells the school authorities what the children of Abraham object to in the conduct of the public schools. It is good, still, that persecution is what we American Catholics are "spilling for." It is the only thing that will arouse us from our ignominious apathy.

NOW A JUDGE.—Mr. Arthur O'Connor has been soothed for the loss of his position in the House of Commons. He lost his seat for Donaghy, but he has won a judgeship, says the "Boston Republic." He has been appointed a judge of the county court of Durham, Eng., by the Lord Chancellor upon the recommendation of Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the Tory party in the Commons. At one time Mr. O'Connor was a trusted leader in the Irish Parliamentary Party. To-day he is a beneficiary of the Tory Cabinet. A London correspondent, writing on the subject, said: "Of course, Mr. O'Connor began his career as a clerk in the war office, and he always took exceptional credit to himself for his surrender of that situation for the position of an Irish Nationalist member. That act of self-sabotage has now been rewarded by his security in a much more valuable berth than he could ever have attained in the war office."

Fat positions are always open to Irish members who are willing to turn traitors to the cause of their country, and to the credit of the long line of leaders and workers it may be said that they have generally

DON'T PAY TWO PROFITS.

When you are buying any kind of mattress you should come in and get our prices. We make all our mattresses in our own Factory, and in buying from us you only have one profit to pay and thus save about 25 per cent. We are always pleased to show samples of Ticking and filling.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON.

652 Craig Street, 2442 St. Catherine Street.

NOTES FROM MAGAZINES.

Literature has ever flourished in the virgin languages, writes Mr. George Muir, in an article on the Irish language in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century." In the middle of last century French threatened to become the language of Russia, and if it had been accepted by Russian writers as their literary medium do you think that Tolstoi and Tourgueneff would live with the same intense life in French as they do in Russian? A story is told of how, thirty or forty years ago, three men, the last three who could speak literary Bohemian, met in a library and decided to revive the language of which they were the last literary representatives. A more audacious adventure was hardly ever undertaken, but it has succeeded, and the Bohemian language is to-day spoken and written by all the inhabitants of Bohemia. The Flemish language, which five-and-twenty years ago was rarely heard in the streets of Brussels, is now heard frequently, and it is not improbable that the next generation of Belgian writers will write in Flemish. In fact, it may be said that all over Europe the desire to preserve the small languages is manifesting itself, as if Nature were aware in its subconsciousness of the danger of uniformity which a great empire imposes, and in her own obscure way were remedying the evil. When we see Nature working in this way it is well to listen, for she alone knows the whole truth. In Ireland, just as in Bohemia, the nation became suddenly aware of what it was losing, and in five years 150 branches of the Gaelic League have sprung up, in the north, in the west, in the south, and in the east; and the question whether Irish children may learn their own language in the schools they pay for was debated for the first time in the last session of the last Parliament. On both the English and the Irish side the debate was a disappointment. It was generally assumed, on the English side, that the English language was capable of expressing every thought that could enter the human mind, and that there was no reason why as great a literary heritage as Shakespeare's and Milton's might not be available to the Irish people. On the Irish side, the speaker with either knowledge or conviction. The desire of the Irish language is, as I have said, no more than five years old, and in the last five years the bitter party politics, in internecine strife, party politics, in the last Parliament they had forgotten that, below the religious question—and the Home Rule question, the fundamental issue of Ireland—is the question of the Irish soul. It is only within the last few years that Ireland has come to see quite clearly that the saving of her soul is inseparable from the saving of her language.

RECENT DEATHS.

MACDONALD.—The death of Mr. William MacDonald of Panmure, P.E.I., father of our esteemed and highly respected religiousist, Dr. J. A. MacDonald of Belmont street, Montreal, is announced. Deceased died at his death-bed at the age of 75 years. Dr. MacDonald will have the sincere sympathy of his hosts of friends in our Irish parishes in his bereavement. R.I.P.

HARDING.—After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Thomas Harding, wife of Mr. Thomas Harding of the Montreal Post Office, passed to her reward a few days ago. Deceased was well known in St. Patrick's Parish, where she had resided for many years and identified herself in a most sincere and cheerful manner with charitable works. Mr. Harding and daughter will receive the sympathy of a large circle of our people in their sorrow. R.I.P.

The human soul is like a bird in a cage. Not a thing can deprive it of its natural longings, or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.

The heart of a Christian should be a tomb for the faults of his friends.

Conscience and rattlesnakes warn and then strike.

A CURIOUS SICK CALL.

A Fact Related to the Person Who Describes it for the Northwest Review.

Some forty or fifty years ago a little girl of about seven went into the sacristy of a country church in the west of France as soon as mass was over, one weekday morning, and did her best to explain to the priest that her grandfather begged that he would go without delay to administer to him the last sacraments, as he was near death. The priest was surprised to receive the message, as he had heard no tidings of the old man's illness, and his perplexity increased when, on questioning the child, who lived alone with her aged relative, he could learn nothing to confirm the statement. "Is your grandfather very ill, my child," asked the priest. "I don't know, Father," replied the girl. "Was he in bed yesterday?" "No, Grandfather was up, and did everything that he does every day." "Are you quite sure, my little one that you are making no mistake in this message?" "No, Father. Grandfather told me to come early, and to be sure to find you, and ask you to go at once." The priest looked at the sacristan who had been listening to the conversation, but no question that even he could suggest served to any purpose but to confirm the first impression, namely, that the child was doing exactly what she had been told to do, but that no particulars as to the illness of the old man, who usually enjoyed excellent health, could be elicited. The priest hesitated, it was to go to a considerable distance, over very bad roads, to an out-of-the-way place, and as far as he could judge, without reason. For himself, he should not have minded, but he would willingly have spared the fatigue of the sacristan, whose health was feeble. However, there was a possibility of some ground for the message, so the priest explained to the child that they would accompany her home. When they reached the woods both the priest and his companion were glad to have a safe guide in the little figure that stepped bravely and surely before them in the right path where they might have doubted whether to turn to the right or left. After a long, long walk, the small party came in sight of the woodman's hut. As they approached nearer, to the surprise of the priest and the sacristan, they perceived the old peasant sawing wood near his door. Respect for the Blessed Sacrament which the priest carried prevented any observations from those who had come to minister to the wants of the child's grandfather; but the priest said afterwards he concluded immediately that his journey had been unnecessary. His first words to the old man were, "My friend, your little granddaughter asked me to come to give you the last sacraments because you were in danger of death." "Yes, Father," replied the woodman, calmly, "and I am very thankful to you for having come; it is true that I am going to die." "But you don't seem to be ill?" "Perhaps not, but I should like to have the last sacraments." Again the priest hesitated; however, he thought, the man is old; he lives very far from the church; he has been preparing, it seems, for some time; perhaps it may be safer to accede to his wishes. The old man, firm in his conviction, insisted upon going to bed, and with simple devotion received all the last rites of the Church. When the priest and the sacristan cast on him their farewell glance nothing in his appearance implied that it would be the last he would receive from them in life. When they had been gone about ten minutes, they heard the rapid patter of little feet behind them. It was the child, who threw herself, sobbing, on the ground before the priest: "Grandfather is dead, my grandfather is dead."

The greatest grief? The snapping of a life's link.

The punishment of falsehood is to suspect all truth.

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

Before every decisive resolution the dice of death must be thrown.

"True Witness" double issues, March 16 and 23. A few advertising spaces yet open; good positions.

OUR REMOVAL SALE

Will no last much longer as our new premises on St. Catherine Street are nearing completion. This is a rare opportunity for parties furnishing, as our discounts are extremely liberal. We handle every kind of ingrainable Floor Coverings and Carpets, and our stock of Rugs, Curtains, Portieres, etc., is the largest in the city. Mail orders promptly and carefully attended to.

1894 Notre Dame St., Montreal. 2446 St. Catherine St. 175 to 179 Sparks Street, OTTAWA.

Behind Prison Walls.

The line of dingy-coated men stretched along the broad granite walk and like a great gray serpent wound in and out among the wagon-shops and planing-mills and filled the prison yard.

Down beyond the foundry the beginning of the line, the head of the serpent, was lost at the stairway leading to the second floor of a long, narrow building in which whisk-brooms were manufactured.

An hour before, on the sounding brass going at the front, that same line had wound round the same corners into the building whence now it crawled. There, the men had seated themselves on four-legged stools before benches that stretched across the room in rows. Before each man was set a tin plate of boiled meat, a heavy cup of black coffee, a knife, a fork, and a thick bowl of steaming, odoriferous soup.

During the meal other men, dressed like the hundreds who were sitting in suits of dull gray, with little round-crowned, peaked-visor caps to match, moved in and out between the rows, distributing chunks of fresh white bread from heavy baskets. Now and then one of the men would shake his head and the waiter would pass him by, but usually a dozen hands were thrust into a basket at once to clutch the regulation "bit" of half a pound. The men ate ravenously, as if famished.

Yet a silence that appalled hovered over the long, bare dining hall while eight hundred were being fed. There was no clatter of knives and forks; there were no jests; the waiters moved about as noiselessly as ghosts.

There were faces stamped with the indelible marks of depravity and vice, but now and then the "bread-lost" eyes, see uplifted a pair of frank blue eyes, in which burned the light of hope. There were those who dreamed of a day to come when all would be forgiven and forgotten; when a hand would again be held out in welcome, and a kiss again be pressed to quivering lips. Men there were of all kinds, of all countenances, young and old, the waiting, sunlit hair of youth side by side with locks in which the snow was thickly sprinkled. All these men were paying the penalty society imposes on proved criminals.

And now, their dinner over, they were marching back to the shops and mills of the prison, where days and weeks were spent at labor. Those employed in the wagon-works dropped out of line when they came opposite the entrance to their building. Those behind pushed forward as their prison mates disappeared, and never for more than ten seconds was there a gap in the long, gray line.

The whisk broom factory occupied the second floor of the prison yard. On the far end of the building, on the ground floor men worked at lathes, turning out wooden handles to the brooms that were finished, sorted and tied upstairs. At the corner the line divided, sixty-five of the men climbed the stairway to the second floor, the other thirty entered the lathe room below.

A dozen men in blue uniforms marched beside the line on its way from the mess-hall, six on each side, at two yards' distance. Their caps bore "Guard" in gold letters, and each guard carried a short, heavy, crooked cane of polished white hickory.

On entering the workroom of the second floor, the men assembled before a raised platform, upon which a red faced, coatless man stood behind a desk. In cold, metallic tones he called the numbers of the convicts employed "on the whisk broom contract," and the latter, each in turn, replied "Here!" when their numbers were spoken.

"Twenty-thirty-four!" called the red-faced man.

There was no response.

"Twenty-thirty-four!" The red-faced man leaned over the desk and glared down. Then a voice from somewhere on the left answered, "Here!"

"What was the matter with you the first time?" snapped the foreman.

The man thus questioned removed his cap and took three steps toward the platform. In feature, the word "hard" would describe him. His head was long, wide at the forehead, and set narrow between the temples. His eyes were small and close together. His nose was flat, and his mouth hardly more than a straight cut in the lower part of his face. The lower jaw was square and heavy, and the ears protruded abnormally. A trifle above medium height, with a pair of drooping, twitching shoulders, the man looked criminal.

To the question he replied doggedly, "I answered the first time, sir, but I guess you didn't hear me."

The foreman gazed steadily at the man. Their eyes met. The foreman's did not waver, but "2034" lowered his, and fumbled nervously at his cap.

"All right," said the foreman, quietly, "but I guess you'd better report to the warden as soon as you get through here. Don't wait for any piece-work. Go to him as soon as you have finished your task. I'll tell him you're coming. He'll be waiting for you in the front office."

"Yes, sir." The convict did not raise his eyes. He stepped back into line.

Then, at the top of the foreman's hands the men broke ranks, and each walked away to his own bench or machine. Five minutes later, the swish of the corn-wisps as they were separated and tied into rough-brooms, and the occasional tap of a

hammer, were the only sounds in that long room where sixty-five men toiled.

Now and then one of the men would go to the platform where the foreman sat bent over half a dozen little books, in which it was his duty to record the number of "tasks" completed by each of the workmen "on the contract"—a "task," in the prison vernacular, being the amount of work each man is compelled to accomplish within a given space of time.

On the approach of a workman, the foreman would look up, and a few whispered words would pass between the two. Then the broom-maker would dart into the stock-room, adjoining the factory, where, upon receiving a written requisition from the shop foreman, the official in charge would give him the material which he needed in his work—a ball of twine, or a strip of plush with which the handles of the brooms were decorated.

At ten minutes past three o'clock 2034 crossed to the platform. "What do you want?" asked the foreman, as he eyed keenly the man in the dull gray suit.

"A paper of small tacks," was the reply, quietly spoken. The order was written, and as 2034 made his way toward the door leading to the stock-room, the man on the platform watched him closely from between half-closed lids.

A guard who had come round from behind the broom-bins noticed the way in which the foreman followed every movement of the convict, and stepping over to the platform asked, in an undertone, "Anything wrong, Bill?"

"That's what I don't know, George," the foreman replied. "That man Riley has been acting queer of late. I've got an idea there's something up his sleeve. There's not a harder nut on the contract than that fellow, and by the way, he's carrying on, sullen like and all that, I'm fearing something's going to happen. You remember him, don't you? What, no? Why, he's that Riley from Acorn. He came in two years ago on a bid for a job as a fitter, where he shot a drug clerk that, I've feared objections to his carrying off all there w's in the shop. They made it manslaughter, and he's in for fifteen years. And I'm told there's another warrant ready for him when he gets out in Kentucky. He's a bad one. A fellow like that is no good round this shop."

The guard smiled cynically at the foreman's suggestion that a convict may be too bad even for prison surroundings.

"And his influence over the boys isn't for good, either," went on the foreman. "There's not a fellow inside these walls that for the sake of a fellow on a bid for a job, would be quicker than that fellow Riley. I've got my eye on him and I'm sending him up to the warden this afternoon. Say, George, when you go back, will you tell the warden Riley's coming up to call on him this afternoon, and tell him what I've been telling you about him, will you?"

"Sure, Bill," was the smiling reply of the guard as he moved away. 2034 had returned with a paper of tacks and gone directly to his bench.

It was quarter to four by the foreman's watch when the door at the head of the stairway opened, and two friends entered, accompanied by two friends whom he was showing through the "plant," as he always persisted in calling the prison. The warden was a stout, jovial man, who looked more like a bishop than a "second father" to eight hundred criminals. The foreman did not observe his entrance into the room, and only looked up when he heard his voice.

"This is where the whisk-brooms are made," the warden was explaining to his friends. On the floor before the brooms were laid out, though by hand, over at those benches. In the room beyond, through that door, we keep the stuff handy that is called for from time to time, and in a further room is stored the material getting into the manufacture of the brooms, the tin tips, the twine, the tacks, and about ten tons of broom straw."

As the warden ceased speaking, the foreman leaned across the desk and tapped him on the shoulder. "Riley's coming in to see you this afternoon. He's been acting queer—don't answer the call, and the like. I thought maybe you could call him down."

The warden only nodded, and continued his explanation to the visitors of the work done in the shop.

"Now," he said, moving away toward the door leading into the stock-room, "if you will come over here I'll show you our storerooms. You see we have a heap of material on hand. Beyond this second room the stuff is stored up, and is taken into the stock-room as it is wanted. Between the rooms we have arranged these big sliding iron doors that, in case of fire, could be dropped, and they for a few minutes at least, cut the flames off from the room but that in which they originated. See?"

He pulled a lever at the side of the door, and a heavy iron sliding-sheet dropped slowly and easily to the floor. "You see," he went on, "that completes the wall."

The visitors nodded. "Now come on through here and look at the straw and velvet we have stored away in bins."

The visitors followed the warden through the second room, and into the third. There, ranged regularly on the floor, were huge bales of broom-straw, and against the walls of the

rooms, boxes upon boxes of velvets, tacks, ornamental bits of metal, and all the other separate parts of the commercial whisk broom.

The visitors examined the tacks and the twine and felt the bales of straw.

"Very interesting," observed one of the men, as he drew his cigarette from one of the cigars it contained, struck a little wax match on the sole of his shoe. He held the match in his hand until it had burned down, then threw it on the floor, and followed the warden and the other visitor under the heavy iron screen into the workroom of the factory.

The foreman was busy at his books and did not observe the little party as it passed through the shop on the other side of the broom-bins and out at the big door.

Two minutes later 2034 happened to look out through the window across his bench, and he saw the warden with his friends crossing the prison yard to the foundry. A guard just then sauntered into the room and stopped at the first of the bins. He idly picked up one of the finished brooms and examined it. His attention was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patting the little fellow's head, later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

the foreman to the warden. "What shall I do with them?"

"Get 'em out as soon as you can! This won't last long, the front of the building is cut off. It'll all be over in ten minutes."

The foreman gave an order. At that instant a woman came running down the prison yard. Reaching the warden's side, she fell against him heavily.

"Why, Harriet," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," she gasped, "Tommy! Tommy! Where is Tommy?"

A guard at the end of the engine rail turned ash white. He raised a hand to his head, and with the other grasped the wheel to keep the train from falling. Then he cried, "Mr. Jeddies, I—I believe Tommy is up there in the stock-room. He went to look—"

The warden clutched the man's arm. "Up there? Up there?" he cried.

The sudden approach of the woman and the words that followed had wrought so much confusion that the men had paid no attention to the foreman's command, and he had even failed to observe their lack of attention, in the excitement of that moment.

"Great God!" cried the warden. "What can I do—what can I do? No one can live up there!"

"There was a crash. One of the windows fell out. 'Get a ladder!' some one cried. A guard ran back toward the prison house. Then, in the midst of the hubbub, a man in a dingy gray suit, stepped out a yard from the line of convicts. His prison number was 2034. He touched his little square cap.

"If you'll give me permission, I think I can get up there," was all he said.

"You! you!" exclaimed the warden. "No, no, I shall tell no man to do it!"

There was a second crash. Another window had fallen out now, and the tongues of flame were lapping the other walls above.

The convict made no reply. With a bound he was at the end of the line and dashing up the outer stairway.

The warden's wife was on her knees, clinging to the hand of her husband. In his eyes was a dead, cold look. A few of the men bit their lips, and a faint shadow of a smile played about the mouths of others.

All eyes waited. A convict had broken on a regulation—had run from the line! He would be punished! Even as he had clambered up the stairs a guard had cried, "Shall I shoot?"

The silence was broken by a shriek from the woman kneeling at the warden's feet. "Look!" she cried, and pointed toward the last of the upstairs windows.

There, surrounded by a halo of smoke, and hemmed in on all sides by flames, stood a man in a dingy gray suit. One sleeve was on fire, but he beat out the flames with his left hand. Those below heard him cry, "I've got him!"

Then the figure disappeared. Instantly it reappeared, bearing something in its arms. It was the limp form of a child.

All saw the man wrap smoking straw round the little body and tie round that two strands of heavy twine. Then that precious burden was lowered out of the window. The father rushed forward and help up his arms to receive it.

Another foot—he hugged the limp body of his boy to his breast! On the ground a little way back lay a woman, as if dead.

"Here's the ladder!" cried the foreman, and at that moment the eyes that were still turned upon the window above, where stood a man in a dingy gray suit, witnessed a spectacle that will reappear before them again and again in visions of the night.

The coat the man wore was ablaze. Flames shot out on either side of him and above him. Just as the ladder was placed against the wall, a crackling was heard—not the crackling of fire. Then, like a thunder-bolt, a crash occurred that caused the men to start in their cells to start.

The roof caved in.

In the prison yard that line of convicts saw 2034 reel and fall backward, and heard as he fell, his last cry, "I'm a comin' warden!"

He was a convicted criminal, and in prison gear. But it would seem not wonderful to the warden if, when that man's soul took flight, the Recording Angel did write his name in the eternal Book of Record, with the strange, cabalistic sign: a ring around a cross—that stands for "good behavior."—Kenneth Herford, in the Catholic Columbian.

Working man sitting on the steps of a big house in, say, Russell Square, smoking pipe, and to pass by with plumbing tools, etc. Man with tools: Hullo, Jim. Wot are yer

Maritime records since the introduction of the ironclad would seem to fully justify the condemnation of the new naval yards, built by the Admiralty for the use of the British sovereign, but found to be unwieldy, if not actually dangerous, to those on board of her. More than one terrible naval catastrophe has resulted from faulty construction, the modern iron or steel battleship, being far more dangerous than the old wooden warship.

Such a vessel is likely to "turn turtle" and go to the bottom within a few minutes, whereas the wooden warship, though full of water, would float. The fire engines in the modern warship add, moreover, to the dangers of the craft in case of accident.

The first accident which called attention to the terrible dangers of ironclads was the loss of H. M. S. Captain in 1871. She was a sea going, masted, turret ship, of 6,900 tons, and was regarded as the finest fighting vessel in the British navy. She was 320 feet long, with a beam of 63 feet, a draught of 25 feet 9 1/2 inches, with a freeboard of only 6 feet 8 inches. The turret armor was 13 to 18 inches thick, and that on the water line 6 to 8 inches. She had

an immense sail spread on her three masts, and carried five hundred officers and men.

On September 6, 1871, she was manoeuvring in the Bay of Biscay with the British Channel squadron, near Cape Finisterre. Under full sail, but with steam up, she was rolling at angles of from 12 1/2 to 14 degrees in heavy squalls of wind. The last seen of her was at a quarter past one a. m. When dawn broke she had vanished, and a few hours later parts of her wreckage were found.

Some of the survivors struggled to Cape Finisterre. They reported that the Captain, with steam up but screw not working, and under three double reefer topsails, began to roll heavily and then to lurch from side to side at increasing angles of from 18 to 28 degrees. She finally rolled to her beam ends and lay down on her side, her masts in the water. The

British Channel squadron left Kingstown for Queenstown on September 1, 1875, when the Iron Duke, steaming at seven knots, struck the Vanguard four feet above her armor on the port quarter at about the engine room, making a rent twenty-five feet square, the opening being into the two largest compartments in the ship. One hour after the collision the Vanguard, which was heavily down by the stern, whirled around two or three times and then sank, after a crew and officers had been taken off.

Three years later a similar disaster occurred to the German fleet when the Koenig Wilhelm collided with the Grosser Kurfurst off Folkestone. The ram ploughed up the armor as if it had been orange peel. The water poured through the great breach into the stokehold, flooding the furnaces, and a heavy list to port laid the vessel on her beam ends and prevented her from getting out to sea. The captain tried to run her into shallow water, but she sank within five minutes of the time of being rammed. Of a crew of 497, 216 were saved. The Grosser Kurfurst was a turret ship of 6,600 tons.

But the most tragic of all these misadventures was the loss of the Victoria, flagship of the British Mediterranean squadron, which occurred June 22, 1893. The fleet was manoeuvring off Tripoli in two columns, one led by the Victoria, the other by the Camperdown. Admiral Tryon, on board the Victoria, ordered the two columns to turn inward at an angle which would inevitably bring the leading vessels into collision.

As the Victoria and Camperdown approached each other it became evident that one would strike the other. The screws were reversed when it was too late. Four minutes after the signal the Camperdown struck the Victoria, almost at right angles, near the forward turret.

The ram ploughed its way in about nine feet, and the deck and iron work buckled up before it. When the Camperdown pulled away it was seen that the breach measured about 125 square feet, into which the water poured. The watertight doors inside both vessels were open at the time. On the Victoria there was not time to close them, and the men with the collision mat could do nothing.

As the bow of the Victoria sank her stern and from the other ships her screws could be seen whirling. Admiral Tryon, on the deck house of the Victoria, said "it is all my fault," but declined to accept assistance, being convinced she would float. As the tilt of the ship grew greater, the crew were drawn up in line on deck excepting engineers and stokers, and finally the order was given to "jump." The crew leaped into the water.

Suddenly there was a tremendous roll to starboard, and the Victoria dived, bow first. The last seen of Admiral Tryon was on top of the chart house. The number of officers and men lost was 321.

Still unexplained is the loss of the Spanish cruiser Reina Regente, in March, 1895, while conveying members of the Moorish mission from Spain to Tangier. She disappeared in a violent storm, and no trace of her was ever discovered. She was heavily armed for her size, and carried a crew of four hundred officers and men. Catastrophes of less importance were the loss of the Japanese cruiser Unbe in some unexplained way at sea, the foundering of the French floating battery Arrogante and Serpent.

do's 'ere? Cretakin? Man on steps: No, I'm the hower, 'ere. Man with tools: Ows that? Man on steps: Why, I did a bit o' plumbing in the 'ouse, an' I took the place in part payment for the job.

SNEEZE AND BLOW. That is what you must do when you have catarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, rebuilds the delicate tissues and permanently cures catarrh by expelling from the blood the scrofulous taints upon which it depends. Be sure to get Hood's.

The non-irritating cathartic—Hood's Pills.

NEW INVENTIONS. List of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government:—69,564.—Ben. Broughton, Hamilton, Ont., bicycle tire. 69,679.—Chas. Albert Barclay, Brougham, Ont., attachment for the cure of balking and kicking horses. 69,768.—Messrs. Casley & Logan, Eganville, Ont., combination tool. 69,802.—Arthur Atkinson, Winnipeg, Man., apparatus for handling grain. 69,944.—Thos. H. Arnold, Acton, Ont., fasteners for mittens and gloves. 69,984.—W. Birkett, Brantford, Ont., starting mechanism for sewing machines. 70,127.—John David Archer, Toronto, Ont., self-igniting gas medium.

Truth which is not charitable springs from a charity which is not true.

Household

CONFIDING FRIEND. sad fact that it is an exception to general we find, especially a friend to whom we absolute frankness of what we say will not of some frightened by the pressure of night the hearer's so wrought upon he the recipient of this she is in her own husband she says "I and that you will in this, and I want you a terrible trial our has to bear. Of our speak of it to any. There is not even this tenderly so is a violation of a giving the sufferer of faithful friend to shun. A curious impostor in women's minds hands, of a husband's rule of hand over whatever entrusted to her w. Edward and she are ly would the wound pled might have com- sincere, and who feel- we surmised that a would weigh the evi- sustained! How long before before another man- a husband's rule of dissipation of a you. The error frequen- out troubling the co- men otherwise notal- sincere, and who feel- in their power to be long as the secret in- out intent to injure a large majority of ca- ed lovingly in sorrow for grief and trouble- impossible for the men to recognize a confidence as a bea-

PET ANIMALS. seem to realize that of almost every hou- to many diseases, a capable of transmit- sometimes affected- sis, mange, eczema, quently the objects of family, and particu- dren. The animals a jump upon the kn- hands, face, and ev- their little masters- responsible for seriou- ings to be held a te- cat may also trans- eases, nor are pe- many persons possi- of diphtheria in chi- traced to the occupa- teage. Tubercular in- cage, and birds should among those contag- small animals, comm- kind, and which, in public safety, call f- of the animals.

WON'T MARRY S. —In a leading Ame- young women are al- for a war on the se- "Sun." They will Kansas methods, fo- desire to achieve n- have a better schem- are going to put t- on the young men t- be good. Two Sundays henc- ings to be held a te- of young women is members will solemn- selves not only to- strong drink them- have no social relat- man who uses intox- who even leagu- it is sold. They are all other social evil- ly they promise not- young men.

INDIGESTION. weakness of the st- by Hood's Sarsaparil- ash tonic and cure it

WHAT A BO

A boy can make pure By kindly word As hearts call fo So blossoms love

A boy can make pure. By lips kept ever Silence can influence As speech—of mo

A boy can make true. By an exalted aim Let one a given ent Others will seek

Full simple things, three Thus stated in m Yet what, dear lad, What grander, mo

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

Household

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It's the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It's the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It's the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It's the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It's the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It's the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

HOW TO GAIN FLESH. Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens. Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking Scott's Emulsion. You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm. If you have not tried it, send for free sample. Its agreeable taste will surprise you. J. C. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Canada. 50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.

HOW TO GAIN FLESH. Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens. Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not

WHAT A BOY CAN DO
A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES
CONFIDING FRIENDS. — It is a sad fact that it is a most delightful exception to general experience when we find, especially among women, a friend to whom we can speak with absolute frankness and be sure that what we say will never be repeated.

LAZY JACK.
Once there was a widowed woman, and she had one son, called Jack, a very, very lazy fellow and good for nothing.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.
PURE MILK. — In recent years much attention has been given by the medical profession of this city to the question of the milk supply.

DOCTORS BAFLED
A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO TREATMENT.
The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Relief — Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF PITTY.
Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only 25 cents year. The spiritual benefits are very great.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. — Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month.

CHURCH BELLS.
CHIMES AND PEALS.
MENEELY BELL COMPANY
TROY, N.Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
Manufacture Superior Church Bells

BUSINESS CARDS.
M. SHARKEY,
Fire Insurance Agent.
Valuations made. Personal supervision given to all business. 1346 and 1723 Notre Dame street. Telephone Main 771.

LAWRENCE RILEY,
PLASTERER.
Successor to John Riley. Established 1860. Plaster and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimated free. Postal orders attended to. 15 Park Street, Point St. Charles.

T. F. TRIHEY,
REAL ESTATE.
Money to Lend on City Property and Improved Farms. VALUATIONS.
Room 33, Imperial Building, 107 ST. JAMES STREET.

JOHN P. O'LEARY,
Contractor and Builder.
RESIDENCE: 3 Prince Arthur St., MONTREAL.
Estimates given and Valuations Made

J. P. CONROY
(Late with Paddis & Nicholas)
228 Centre Street,
Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,
ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS to... Telephone, Main, 312.....

C. O'BRIEN
House, Sign and Decorative Painter.
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGING.
Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
Residence 645, Office 647, Dorchester street, east of Bleury street, Montreal.
Bell Telephone, Main, 1405.

CARROLL BROS.,
Registered Practical Sanitarians,
PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS.
785 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine
Drainage and Ventilation a specialty.
Charge moderate Telephone, no 1084

THOMAS O'CONNELL
Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils.
137 MCGOORD STREET, Cor. D ST.
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER,
RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE, CHEAP.
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. — A trial solicited.

DANIEL FURLONG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, PORK.
54 Prince Arthur Street.
Special Rates to Charitable Institutions.
Telephone, West 47

J. A. KARCH,
Architect.
MEMBER P.Q.A.A
No. 3, Place d'Armes Hill

FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.A.,
ADVOCATE,
SAVINGS BANK CHAIRMAN,
180 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

C. A. McDONNELL,
Accountant and Liquidator
180 ST. JAMES STREET, T.
Montreal.

SAVE YOUR EMPTY BAGS.
Use of BRODIE'S "XXX" Self-Restoring Flax who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the beautiful colored picture in splendid gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 good bags, a large picture in the gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BRODIE'S XXX SELF-RESTORING FLAX. Montreal.

WE can be merry as well as religious. One is as much a privilege of serving of attention and cultivation, but they are not separable. They are so bound up in each other they never thrive apart.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Estates and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.
TELEPHONE 1182

This is a world made happy in its surroundings by the sweet blessings of little things done well.

MINING DISASTER.

The reports of the terrible mining disaster by which so many lives were lost at Cumberland, B.C., last week say—

The dead in the mine itself are now authentically known to be sixty-four, of whom twenty were whites, nine Japs and thirty-five Chinese. One Chinaman was standing at the shaft head when the explosion came, was stunned by the concussion, and, tumbling headlong into the pit, made up the total fatality as first announced, three score and five.

Of the white men dead in the mine, twelve leave widows in sore distress, with twenty-six boys and girls made fatherless. The family of the overman, Walker, is bereft of all its bread-winners, and equally distressing are the circumstances represented in other cases. William Sheddin, whose name appears among the dead, had started work in the mine with the others, when a message was hurriedly brought to him that his baby had just died at his home in Nanaimo. He was merely going down to get his tools before hastening to the side of his sorrowing wife when death came also to him. Joseph Alison had only that morning secured employment at the mine. His first and last shifts were but one. James Hurliday was wrestling with unusual joviality as he took his place in the cage, and went into the depths of the earth, never to come back alive, for he had only a week before returned to Nova Scotia for his wife and baby to join him, and had that morning received a message that they had taken the train for the west. Geo. Turnbull, who had come unscathed through the previous mining horrors, leaves a widow, who was but at Christmas time a bride. It was a touch of grip that kept Harry Wilson at home and saved his life, while young Geo. Walker went willingly in his place to death, and the temporary engagement of the pit boss, Ken D. Roy, from going down to get his tools, as he otherwise would have done, and shared the general fate.

There is small hope that any of the dead will be recognizable when found, for when the fire has been drowned and the mine pumped clear, again in the lower workings, where the majority were, it is presumed they will be found smashed out of all resemblance to old conditions, and the bodies burned and crushed and mutilated beyond description.

While in all the history of mining disasters there have been few so lacking in tragic, emotional display as this, the men of Cumberland, in their heroic endeavors to rescue the imprisoned fellow-workers, have shown themselves worthy of every tradition of their calling—beyond which higher praise cannot be spoken. As soon as the explosions in series shook the earth—the third one unrolled and apparently at great distance from the shaft-head—and the cloud of smoke was seen rolling up from the air-shaft, the miners instinctively knew all the ominous truth, that the mine was on fire and its workmen burned and they forthwith commenced their preparations. The men of Lake Slope hastened to No. 6; those of No. 5 concentrated their first endeavors to forcing entrance through the subterranean connection door. At No. 5 the hoisting mechanism was repaired with workmanlike celerity, while six lines of hose poured water into the flames below. In less than one hour the first rescue party attempted to descend. It included John Mathews, the mine manager; Johnson, the boss; Dick McGregor and Charles Webber, two miners chosen from dozens of volunteers. As they in the cage went down the shaft, still full of deadlier gases, a stream of ice-cold water showered on them constantly from above. Exposed to all manner of perils, they worked their way down until they found that the midwall of the shaft had been battered by the explosion and that without this vent air circulation by the fan was made impossible. To repair this midwall they worked two terrible hours. Then Johnson, kneeling at the bottom of the cage, was overcome by damp, and signalled just in time to be withdrawn alive. McGregor and Webber were unconscious from cold and gas inhaled, and so remained an hour. Others sprang forward to their places, and, little by little, the repair to the midwall crept downwards until a point a hundred feet from the bottom was reached, at which further progress was blocked by fiercely raging fire.

In shaft No. 5 it was Pit Boss Walker with Miners Keeley, Strange, McArthur and Coon who formed the pioneer company of heroes. They started to fight their way to the connecting door between the working of shaft 5 and 6, and had crept fully five hundred feet along the tunnel before the awful afterdamp interdicted all further progress. Twice again two other parties of volunteers assayed this passage, but in each case to be expelled by damp and reach the surface with the strongest carrying their insensible companions, and all becoming unconscious when the strain was ended. It was on the failure of these endeavors that all direct methods of rescue were reluctantly abandoned as futile and impracticable, and the flooding of the mine was decided upon as a last resource.

THE ROAD TO RICHES.

On the street railway, last Sunday, I happened to be in company with two gentlemen of middle age, both Irish born. One said: "Fourteen years ago I worked in a foundry for \$4 a week, which barely paid my board and washing. I had never been to a day school in my life, and after hard labor during the day, for five years, I attended a night school and got an education. For two years I did not buy a suit of clothes. When I had \$18 saved I gave it to a business college to be instructed in book-keeping and commercial methods. I

eventually got possession of an iron foundry which had been run at a loss. I now have three establishments, and the man who once employed me I now employ. I began with six men, I now have 160—perhaps 200—under me. Last year I sold my products, chiefly in the West, to the amount of nearly \$500,000. All this I have done in fourteen years." The other gentleman said: "In eighteen years, from relatively nothing, I have built up a business of more than \$1,000,000 annually." Here were two Irish born gentlemen, who, starting at the very bottom of the business ladder, by talent, energy, thrift and perseverance, are rich, in a brief period, and on the road to great opulence. Both are Catholics, one I know to be practical, and the other I presume to be so. They were and are temperate men, and it is said that temperate Irishmen and Scotchmen either grow wealthy or have the "glorious privilege of being independent," something that Robert Burns, who wrote what I have quoted, never was, largely because of dram-drinking.—Correspondence Catholic Columbian.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

We have had many graphic descriptions of the famous monastery of "The Grande Chartreuse," but, like other important institutions in the world, each one who visits there seems to see things in a special light, the consequence is that all the accounts written should be combined in one volume if we wished to have a full idea of the establishment. Mr. Thomas A. Dwyer, of the Rosary Magazine, giving an account of a visit to "The Grande Chartreuse," tells his story, in part, in these words—

"It was one clear day in the very dead of winter when I arrived at the station of Grenoble on my way to the Grande Chartreuse. Even then the snow-covered mountains, among which the monastery lies embedded, looked beautiful. A chaste fortification for the home of the white-robed sons of St. Bruno.

"There were three French priests from Lyons making their way up the steep ascent with me. The guide, who to the good monks send out to conduct their guests from the station to the monastery, was wrapped from head to foot in a great fur coat, the high collar of which enveloped his whole head. All that we could see of his face was his nose and eyes.

"He led us on through the vale of Chamouni, over a precipitous winding defile; the narrow road over which we were walking, he told us, had been hewn out of the rocks. Over our heads we could see stupendous crags towering into the clear blue heavens, below us a great gapping chasm from the bed of which ascended the muffled roar of an Alpine torrent. It was indeed a great mountain pass. But as we ascended higher and higher, delightful glimpses broke upon our view at each successive turn, until at last the white-crested summit of the Grand Som became discernible—a great mountain of rock, its summit made white by the clouds of a heavy mantle of snow. To me it seemed like a great apostle of nature, garbed in a chaste robe of glittering brightness, its sermons the avalanches that roar as they roll down its side, truly its voice like that of one crying in the wilderness.

"Ascending a little higher we looked down into the valley which is

called the "desert," and there like a great cloud burst, we beheld the snow-covered roof and spires of the monastery of the Grand Chartreuse. At the sight I recalled that sublime passage of the Apocalypse: "I saw a great white throne and Him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away and found no place." Among the many wanderings in the Catholic countries of Europe, none can be compared in point of situation with the Grande Chartreuse. It realizes more than any earthly thing my eyes have looked upon, the idea of the sublime. I hardly think there exists a more glorious shrine of nature's mackling. The monastery itself, though deficient in beauty, owing both to its heavy style and total absence of proportion, is nevertheless, taken as a whole, peculiarly impressive. The stillness of death seems to pervade the long corridors and cloisters. Now and then a white-robed recluse will pass you by, smiling graciously but silent—silent as the tomb itself. He is a son of St. Bruno, and though separated from the world by insubstantial veils, and passing in penitential loneliness the span of life allotted to him here below, his face presents you a picture of a peace and happiness truly enviable.

"The one great scene that imprinted itself most vividly upon my mind was chanting of the Midnight Office. A few moments before the hour of midnight I was awakened by heavy tones of the great monastery bell tolling slowly and solemnly through the rocky wilderness, to arouse the monks from their early slumber. And as the echoes at last die away, the great choir begins to fill with white clad Carthusians, who with cowl drawn over the eyes and in his hand, enter their respective stalls there awaiting in silence the commencement of divine service. And now is heard "The organ's soft celestial swell," beguiling one's senses by the heavenly influence of the majestic tones of the plain chant, and revealing the hidden soul of harmony.

In closing, Mr. Dwyer says:—"It is with gratitude and pleasure I now look back to the happy days I spent in the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. Memory pictures of the once and for all little cell I occupied, and the sacred influence of the spot steals over me, and I can understand why Dr. Johnson should write such words as these:—"I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I see him, never of a stranger, but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement."

PROSELYTIZING METHODS IN LIMBRICK.

Continued from Page One.

As I have spoken about the medical profession, I take this opportunity of saying a word about nurses. There is no reason why our Catholic hospitals should have Protestant nurses. The city is well supplied with Catholic nurses, even nuns, who are there to attend the poor and nurse them in their own homes. When a poor person is sick he needs only send for one of the nuns, and she shall be attended by the nurse with all care. And we object to any one, doctor or other, recommending a Protestant nurse to attend any of our Catholic poor. It seems that the cost of a monastery, where the sick should have Protestant nurses with him, and sends them round nursing patients. Keep them at a distance and all other Protest-

no other reason this alone is sufficient why you should not admit a Protestant nurse into your homes in Limbrick—viz.,—no public protest has been made which could show us that proselytism is condemned by the Protestant body here. Don't you have Protestant nurses? They may say nothing at present about religion, but remember that was the way the medical stranger began. At first he spoke only of sickness and medicine curing the body, but when he got an innings and felt more sure of his ground he did not stop at that, and we must suspect all this new-fangled Protestant interest in nursing Catholic sick poor in their own homes. You have your own Catholic nurses and they will attend to you. In conclusion, I will remind you of the contrast between the Catholic majority of the South of Ireland and the Protestant majority of the North. What support would a Catholic get, say, in Belfast for a Corporation? How differently the Catholic majority treats Protestants here. And the Catholic majority are as tolerant in commercial relations as they are in municipal matters. And I ask, is this the return Protestants will give us, that they look on without protest at the conduct that has been disgracing our city and the methods that have been tried to degrade our own people for the last few years.

There is energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

You find people ready enough to act the part of the Good Samaritan without the wine and the two-pence.

According to a recent report in the "St. James Gazette," Pere Hyacinthe has again changed his faith. He has now joined the Greek Orthodox Church, the oecumenical patriarch in person receiving at Athens the profession of faith of the ex-Catholic friar. Poor man!

You Don't Have to Go Far

To find the reason why the TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE has for so many years received recognition from advertisers as a Newspaper entitled to a foremost place among Canadian We Klies.

It is well established; it circulates among the prosperous homes of Montreal and the various Provinces in Canada; is a clean, reliable, family paper and occupies a field not reached by any other journal.

It cannot well be ignored in any effective advertising intended to influence the family trade throughout Canada.

We will be pleased to submit estimates on any proposed line of advertising.

TRUE WITNESS Ptg. & Pub. Co. Ltd., Montreal

Piano and Organ Bargains! \$3 TO \$6 MONTHLY.

We have too many second-hand Pianos and Organs occupying our second floor. To clear them out we have marked down the prices to one-quarter and one-third original cost and now offer them on the above easy terms with agreement to exchange and allow full amount paid at any time within two years.

- \$100—For Rosewood Goldsmith Square, Excellent tone and case. \$50—For Good Toned Square, Just right for young beginners. \$125—For a Genuine Heintzman & Co. Square. Mellow tone, good touch. \$135—For Another Heintzman & Co. Square Piano. Almost like new. \$125—For a Hal. Square of New York. A piano that will last a life time. \$135—For a Sweet Toned McCammon Square, made in Albany, and known as a good piano. \$150—For a Superb Square, by Pease & Son, of New York. \$150—For a Genuine Henry F. Miller Square. One of the sweetest toned pianos in Montreal. \$175—For a Double Round Rich toned Steinway Square. One of the finest pianos ever imported in Montreal.

- \$115—For Full Square, by Stanley & Son, of New York. \$125—For Genuine New York Fischer A piano of splendid tone and good appearance. \$195—For a Rosewood Chickering Upright. Cost former owner \$600. \$200—For a Walnut Heintzman & Co. Upright. Splendid toned, case but little marked. \$235—For an Almost New Howard Piano, 3 pedals, all improvements. \$250—For a likely New Upright Mahogany Norheimer Piano. A high class bargain for appreciative people. \$35—For a Neat Walnut Doherty Organ. Cost \$90.00, and is now like new. \$40—For a Very Good Toned and neat looking \$100 Cornwall Organ. \$50—For a Pizco Cased Karn Organ, 6 octaves. Excellent tone.

Also a full stock of Nordheimer, Hazleton, Heintzman, Howard and other standard pianos. Terms made to suit all people. Value guaranteed—best in Canada. Personal visit and correspondence solicited.

LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER CO., 2366 St. Catherine Street

OTTAWA BRANCH, 108 Bank St. EAST END BR. NO. 1, 1632 St. Catherine St.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, February 23

The ARRIVAL OF SPRING GOODS

Everything about the Big Store tells plainly of approaching Spring. There's a general clearing away of Winter goods to give greater opportunities for Spring displays. There are strong indications that the beginning of the flood-tides in Spring goods is close at hand, and for months we've been planning, thinking and getting ready for those Spring beauties. This vast organization is an aggregation of efforts in the art of getting together Spring things for Spring sunshine. The following contribute:

- New Spring Wash Fabrics New Spring Silks New Spring Laces New Spring Muslins New Spring Dress Goods New Spring Gloves New Spring Ginghames New Spring Linens New Spring Hostery

DAINTY NEW WASH FABRICS.

- SPRING GOODS. New Foulard Dress Satens, 30 inches wide, fast dyed, new heliotrope, new rose, new Italian pink, new designs. Special Price 28c. New Dress Prints, 30 inches wide, fast dyed, Llama finish, in cream, pale blue, heliotrope, navy, lemon, old rose, new pink grounds, with detached figures, floral designs. Special Price 134c. New Fancy Broken Check Dress Prints, with light and dark grounds, with all the most desirable shades of cross bars. Special Price 124c. LADIES' HANDKERCHIEF SPECIAL—Just put on sale, 225 dozen Ladies' Swiss Embroidered White Lawn Handkerchiefs. This is one lot of a manufacturer's stock that the Handkerchief Chief was lucky enough to secure. They are all perfect goods, pretty embroidered in 12 styles—The regular value of this lot ranges from 25c to 50c each; they will all be sold at one-price, 18c each.

SPRING LINENS. First shipment of spring Linens will have prominent showing on Monday. They are the pick of the best makes in Europe. New Irish Linen Table Cloths. These splendid Table Cloths will have a short stay here: Size 2 by 2 yards, \$1.50 each. Size 2 by 2 1/2 yards, \$2.00 each. Size 2 by 3 yards, \$2.48 each. New Memphis Table Covers in a selection of pretty designs. Size 14 by 14 yards, \$1.50 each. Size 2 by 2 yards, \$2.00 each. Size 2 by 2 1/2 yards, \$2.50 each. Size 2 by 3 yards, \$3.25 each.

SPRING VIOLETS. With the advent of spring comes the wearing of violets. Thousands of bunches of these pretty flowers go on sale Monday. 500 Bunches Pretty Violets, 12 full flowers in the bunch. Special 2c. 1,000 Bunches Dainty Violets, with foliage, 2 dozen flowers to the bunch. Special 10c bunch. Butterick's Paper Patterns delivered Postage pre-paid to any part of the Dominion. MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

NEW EMBROIDERY. New White Cambric Embroidery Edging, fine open work patterns, neat designs, special value at 74c yard. The Big Store's price, 54c. New White Cambric Embroidery, Trimming, handsome patterns, suitable for white undershirts, special value at 10c to 12c. The Big Store's price, 74c. New White Muslin Embroidery, exquisite open patterns, imported special for trimming whitewear. Regular value 20c. Special price, 13c. Pretty Embroideries from 1c yard. SILK PRICES. New Stripe Pure Silk in 36 different styles and all good. The regular value, 36c. To-morrow, 40c. 50 pieces of Stripe Silk with a very dainty floral combination, suitable for blouses. Regular 60c. To-morrow, 45c. 20 pieces Checked Glace Silk, small, medium, large and broken checks. Usual 75c. To-morrow 61c.

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

Market Report.

LIVE STOCK—There were about 350 head of butchers' cattle, a doz. calves and a score of sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir a few days ago. The most cattle at present in considerable numbers, but trade was rather slow, as the cattle were being held at higher prices all round. The best cattle on the market sold at about 44c per lb., with pretty good stock at from 74c to 44c, and the common cattle at from 24c to 3c per lb. The calves were all small, and sold at from \$3 to \$5, each. Sheep sold at from 3c to 3 1/2c, and the lambs at from 4c to 4 1/2c per lb., but really good lambs would bring 5c per lb. Fat hogs sold at from 6 1/2c to 6 1/4c per lb., in straight lots, weighed off the cars.

PROVISIONS—The market for most lines remains of a purely jobbing character, and prices are stationary. Dressed Hogs are quoted at \$7.75 to \$8.50, according to weight and size of order; bacon, 13c to 14c; hams, 12c to 14c; heavy Canadian short cut mess pork, at \$20 per barrel; pure Canadian lard, 10 1/2c to 11 1/2c per lb.; compound refined, 7 1/2c to 8c per lb.

DRESSED MEATS—There is rather more sale for dressed meats, especially for lambs and choice beef. We quote: Hindquarters beef, 5c to 8c; forequarters, 3c to 5c; lambs, 6 1/2c to 7c; mutton, 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c; veal, 4c to 8c per lb.

POULTRY—The demand for chickens is still the chief feature of the market and the prices are firm. Other lines are quiet. We quote as follows: Turkeys, 7c to 9c; chickens, 8c to 9c; fowls, 5c to 7c; geese, 5c to 7c; ducks, 8c to 9c per lb.

EGGS—Many dealers expected that prices would go up, but reports show that trade is about the same as usual. We quote: Fall laid fresh stock, 20c to 22c, according to size of order; Montreal limed, 15 1/2c to 16c; western limed, 14c to 15c; cold storage, 13c to 15c.

BUTTER—The situation in butter is practically unchanged. Only jobbing business is being done, and prices are steady at former quotations. We quote: Choice creamery, 22c to 23c; rolled dairy, 18 1/2c to 19c.

CHEESE—There is practically no actual change in the situation, but there is an opinion in some quarters that a change will soon come. While holders are firm at prices from 10 1/2c to 11c, buyers do not consider themselves justified in paying more

than 10c at the most, and 9 1/2c and even 9c is spoken of.

HONEY—Business is very slow, only the best grades find a ready sale. We quote the following prices today:—White clover, comb, 13 1/2c to 14 1/2c, and white extracted, 8 1/2c to 10c; buckwheat, in comb, 10c to 12c, and extracted, 7c to 8c.

MAPLE PRODUCTS—There is very little doing, and prices are almost nominal. We quote the following prices: Syrup, at 70c to 75c in large tins, and 50c to 60c per small tin, and 6 1/2c to 7c per lb., in wood; sugar, 7c to 8c.

POTATOES—The trade in potatoes is fairly active, especially for the latter grades, and prices are firm. Prices are firm at 45c to 47c per bag in quantities.

GRAIN—The firm feeling in oats and peas continues, due to a good export demand. The supplies however, are small, and the market consequently dull. Other lines are quiet but steady. We quote as follows:—Oats, ex-store at 32 1/2c; west freights, 28c; peas, west freights, at 62 1/2c; barley, No. 2, east freights, 48c; rye, 49c, east freights; buckwheat, east freight, 51c; wheat, red and white, 65c; spring wheat, 68 1/2c.

FLOUR—There is a fair jobbing demand for flour and the prices are steady. We quote as follows: Manitoba patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4.05 to \$4.20; and straight rollers, \$3.80 to \$3.45; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.70; winter patents, \$3.75 to \$4.25.

ROLLED OATS—The market is rather dull, due to the fact that the demand is good, supplies are short. Prices rule firm. We quote as follows: \$3.35 to \$3.40 per barrel and \$1.65 to \$1.67 1/2 in bags. FEED—The small amount of feed on the market to meet the demand leads to there being but little business doing. Prices are consequently firm. We quote as follows: Manitoba bran, \$17, in bags; shorts, \$18; Ontario bran, \$16.50 to \$17 in bulk; shorts, \$17.50 to \$18 per ton.

HAY—The firm feeling in hay continues and prices are steady to higher. We quote as follows: No. 1, \$10.50 to \$11; No. 2, \$9.50 to \$10; clover, \$3 to \$5.25 per ton in car lots on track.

BEANS—A good jobbing trade is being done in beans and prices are firm. We quote \$1.55 to \$1.65.