

PLAIN TALK TO CATHOLICS.

Rev. Hugh Blunt in an article to the current number of "Donahoe's" magazine, entitled "A House Divided," refers to some of the weaknesses of our race in a manner which urges us to repeat an old saying: "He is 'Blunt' by name and 'blunt' by nature." Nevertheless, Father Blunt's contribution is practical and very necessary in our day. It will touch the hearts of all, including the man or woman who hug the delusion that they are not guilty of the weaknesses with which the article deals. Father Blunt says:—

They were having a religious discussion brought on by the election of the new Pope. Argument had followed argument with the usual failure to convince either combatant. The stock was soon exhausted, and thereupon ensued the ordinary mutual recriminations.

"Well, you're bigoted, anyway," said the Catholic.

"Maybe I am," retorted the Protestant, "but there's just as much bigotry on your side. Anyway," with increased emphasis, "I'm not bigoted against my own, as most of you Catholics are. We help one another. So do the Jews, the Germans, and the French, but you Irish do not because you are bigoted and jealous of one another. Why, there's your own cousin, Peter Smith! The minute he began to get along in his new store and gave his wife a silk dress and sent her to the beach for the summer, you took offense at her "airs," as you called her desire to be somebody, and went to trade with the Jews across the street. That's what I call bigotry!"

I often revert to this little scene. It is not a fiction. It is a reality. It happens day after day; it happened many a time in old Ireland, and would happen again to-morrow if she were restored to her old glory, bringing forward as many aspirants to the throne as there are villages in the land.

But horrors! We are on a quicksand. We must not whisper a word against our glorious Irish nation. We are entirely above suspicion. Let us recognize our own short comings, our family jars, but sh! not a word of them to the world. The world, of course, does not know our peculiarities. Mean world, indeed, to laugh at our follies when it does discover them. Horrible theatre that permits the Irish to be caricatured! Unregenerate actors that do not confine themselves to making sport of the Yankee, the Jew, the Frenchman, instead of using our brogue! Why are these caricatures patronized so extensively by the Irish and their descendants, you say? Well, of course, we go to gratify our deepest indignation, by laughing heartily at the vulgarity, and especially by giving our good money for the support of what we verbally condemn. For, of course, all our Irish and their descendants speak in the approved fashion and to the tune of blank verse. We descendants of a noble race have so much to look back upon! Ah yes! and so on ad infinitum. I got my Latin mixed up and was going to say ad nauseum.

To hear all this grand talk, to listen to patriotic speeches one would imagine that the Irish and the Irish-Americans are the most united body of individuals on the face of the earth. As regards the doctrines of the Church to which we give allegiance, we are, of course, but we speak here of social union. Observation for the briefest while, however, brings home to us the truth that we are undoubtedly a narrow-minded people in our dealings with our own. In regard to the charge of bigotry toward others none of our faith we know that very little can be laid at our door. Our sufferings for the faith, our being despised by our opponents, being discriminated against and, as it were, made to feel that we are of inferior clay, even now—all this will perhaps avail to excuse us if we do not throw our cloaks under the royal feet of Elizabeth's followers in religion. But, still, without being extraordinarily proud of it, I think we are as meek as the proverbial Moses could be under the circumstances.

"The ideal!" I hear some liberal-minded Catholic exclaim. "Why speak of these things that savor of the

dark ages, in this bigoted-minded country? Thank Heaven, I went to a school where I got liberal ideas. Why all my friends are Protestants, and I'm sure they treat me just as if I were one of them."

"Ah, yes! sweet girl graduate! liberal-minded I grant you to be. If I examined your conscience with a microscope (perhaps no strong lens would be needed) I would find it quite stretched, undoubtedly, and incapable of withstanding much pressure from these same patronizing friends of yours. It is because you, and so many of your kind, have "liberal ideas" that I speak; because I recall to mind that some years ago many of your liberal Catholic friends at a certain institution did not grow in faith. They had nice girl friends who were not just plain Catholics. When vacation came they were invited by the non-Catholic friends to their homes, where all was "so cultured" and everybody so nice. There these Catholic girl graduates met these liberal young men, and of course they themselves had to be liberal, which resulted finally in their walking up the nave of the First Congregational or Baptist Church. Also, because I recall two weddings of a short time ago where two young men were married to Protestant women in a Protestant church while the Catholic father and mother looked on in glee, delighted because they had lived to see the day whereon their children married into society that was not Irish, and yet the proud papa was a prominent member of a great Catholic organization. He boasted, too, that he wished his sons to choose their own wives and their own religion. Yes, dear, that is some of your liberalism which makes our nice young Catholics ashamed to lift their hat to the Divine Guest as they pass the Church, and, if they are walking with their non-Catholic friends, makes them look elsewhere, conveniently, when the noble woman who taught them to go by in the garb which stamps them as Catholic. It is your same liberalism that is always fearing that the Catholic Church is going to make a mistake, and that gratifies you beyond measure when the Reverend Mr. So-and-So says that he knows some nice Catholics. How kind of him! Yes, my dear, you are not narrow. Would to God you were somewhat narrow. But I have wandered. I started out to say that toward others we are not narrow and I ended by saying that oftentimes we are not narrow enough. Let the two statements stand, however. They are equally true.

But let me make my original statement again. Toward our co-religionists we are bigoted. It is not a new discovery, but, like many another discovery such as undesirable family connections, we are rather ashamed of it, and when some one else charges us with it we are inclined to be cross with him.

But now, to be honest with yourself, you that are crying out for the vanished regal splendor of the Irish race, who are interested in every grand movement for that country's cause—do you show a practical zeal in this affair? After all, the practical is the only test of sincerity. It does not mean, necessarily, giving money. Oftentimes, throwing money at a cause is a sort of handicap to the efficiency of the work. The best means undoubtedly is the daily effort to assist in the betterment of our own people, to give them a helping hand, even though by so doing we may enable them to advance more rapidly than we have advanced. The Irish race is proud of its green. Is this the reason why so many Irishmen love to look at one another with green eyes?

How much good do you accomplish for your country or the country of your fathers by rebelling against little things which all said are no disgrace to anyone? The New Englander sometimes has a twang. Is he insulted because you recognize it? The Irishman sometimes has a brogue, and do not imagine that you are doing such a tremendous service to anyone because you come out with a tirade against the man who says that he has. How touchy we are! How do we strain at the gnat!

All this is misdirected energy. It avails little. The great work on which we could be employed to more advantage is aiding our co-religionists to advance, standing up for our parish schools, influencing public opinion as to the justice of state support for our Catholic schools, keeping our eyes open for the welfare of our institutions, being ready always to detect certain sly movements which some people imagine to have vanished with the Know-Nothings; and, finally, in federating, welding ourselves into a body united in spirit as in name.

It is precisely in not doing this that we show our narrowness, a narrowness at times synonymous with jealousy, oftentimes with sycophancy. Who is not familiar with the incident alluded to in the beginning of this sketch? Wherever an Irishman or an Irish-American starts in business there are hundreds of his co-religionists ready to show their patriotic feelings by passing him by. The idea of Tom McGinnis' son starting up a store! Tom never had two shirts to his back, and never would have a cent to his name if the railroad had not bought his old house. Trade with his son and have his grandchildren putting on airs over our grandchild? Never! And so Isaac Goldstein or Elijah Green, across the way, even though the latter was convicted of being an A. P. A., gets our trade and our money, and poor Tom's son goes to the wall. Not that we must always trade with our own. That, after all, is generally a matter of business, but the least we can do is to give our own a fair chance and not ignore them simply because they are our own. With what sympathy did we attend the pro-Boer meetings? What we want are a few pro-Boer meetings trying to make the Irish be more for themselves, and deal more generously, one with another.

True, we cannot expect that a man because he is Irish is to be of the same mind as his compatriot, but the least to be expected is that when one side is victorious the other will not disgrace the race by violent manifestations of jealousy. A short while since, we were treated to a disgraceful scene in political circles incited by the innate dislike of the Irishman to be beaten by one of his own kind. We can take defeat coolly at the hands of a Jew or a Protestant, oftentimes more so the pity, but we will not brook it from our co-religionists. How edifying then it is to read in the account of some Irish meeting that "the rival factions came to blows."

Our narrowness here, at least at the present day, is largely due to our subservience to Protestant opinion. We are so inclined to make excuses for our faith, to grasp at the chance to show that, after all, the Catholic Church is not so bad, so unrefined, so poor! And so when some millionaire, who has little faith, or none at all, and with no claim to prominence but his ability to sign a big check, condescends to marry a Catholic girl with another big bank account, how delighted we are to say to our friends as we read of the beautiful trousseau, "you know she's a Catholic." If one of our poor Catholic friends marries a poor Protestant it is awful! And it really is. Why does our attitude change because the parties are millionaires? It is the same old narrowness, the subservience to what we think honors us in the eyes of the non-Catholic world. It reminds us of the woman who always boasted that her father was a Protestant. "You know I ought to be a Protestant just as much as to be a Catholic. My father was a Protestant." Or else it is an aunt or somebody else that isn't a Catholic. "You'd never guess by my name that I am a Catholic. Lots of people think we're Protestants. Johnny isn't a bit Irish-looking. You'd think by his manner that he was a Protestant." Poor Johnny!

This prejudice is manifest in a great degree in the literary life of our people. Our daily reading matter must come to us with the approval of the non-Catholic world, otherwise we look at it suspiciously. It is as Dr. Egan says: "If a Catholic author makes a 'hit' with a non-Catholic public he is always sure of success with the Catholic reading public." This may be truthfully said of all Catholic literature. "I never waste my time on Catholic papers," says the critical Catholic, "they are so unliterary," and then the very literary one buries himself for a whole day in a novel which abounds with slurs upon things Catholic, but which must be great literature since it is so popular. The critic of course never asks himself how is Catholic literature to advance if the Catholic will not have sufficient family pride, and zeal for the advancement of religion, to give it financial support.

While we should ever follow the advice given us a short time ago on the occasion of our great centennial, never to forget a kindness we have also to remember that gratitude should not degenerate into sycophancy, into that human respect which blinds us to the worth of our own. A broad spirit of toleration, the absence of that animus which was so often directed against ourselves, should characterize the Catholic especially. Credit where credit is due, the pure charity of Christ that the "one fold" may all the sooner be realized. But here it ends. Charity begins at home. Ignoring one's own, just because they are our own, catering for the careers of a hand that has

not yet forgotten to strike a blow, seeking to be so liberal as to disdain Catholic association—all may contribute to the material welfare of the outsiders who are amused by our narrowness to our own, but argue little for our ability to appreciate things at their true value. The more united we are, the more we love the society of those who have the same faith as we, ceasing to aspire to associations in which we are not entirely welcome, the more will we be doing to win respect for our race and our religion, the more will we prepare the way for the union of all hearts.

Many instances besides those given might be adduced to show the evident trend of things in our social scale. Straws, indeed, you may call them, but you know the old law about these same straws. But they are not straws. They are faithful reflections of a spirit that does not decrease and serve only to testify to the sublime dictum about the house divided against itself.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES.—At a recent conference of the representatives of Catholic colleges, held in Philadelphia, over which Bishop Conaty presided, many able addresses were delivered. One prominent member of the conference, Rev. Hugh Henry, rector of the Catholic High School of that city, remarked that there was an appropriateness in the selection of the High School as the place of meeting, the High School being a "sort of bridge between the parochial school and the college."

Some of our readers are not evidently able to appreciate the importance of High Schools in Irish Catholic ranks in Montreal, despite the fact that there are evidences galore before their eyes in this city under French-Canadian and non-Catholic supervision that they are considered indispensable.

Rev. Father Tierney, in discussing the problem "Shall the College Course be Shortened," made the following observations:—

"To educate is to develop the whole man. All admit the necessity of doing the work thoroughly. Many aim higher than ever before. Harvard for the three to three and a half year's course demands a 'quality' higher than now for four years. The new plan calls for 'somewhat better work than the old.' To keep up the level and even improve the quality of work while clipping off months and even years of study necessary to attain proficiency may seem to most people absolutely impossible. The 'Get-educated quick' plan is hardly advisable or consistent with professions of thoroughness. No wonder many thoughtful men condemn short cuts—the present craze of educational hurry—substitutes for the rugged old brain-making processes vindicated by the world's mightiest thinking." We admire German thoroughness, but shrink from German stick-to-itiveness.

CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW.—In an interesting and timely address to the Mother's Club of Providence, R. I., Rev. Dr. Stang discussed the question of the "Parochial School," its purpose and work. From the address we take this extract:—

"Children are not trained as parrots are taught to speak. The sing-song 'now be good, be truthful, be honest' does not further the practice of virtue.

"They must understand the reason why they should be good; they must realize that they are constantly under the all-seeing eye of a Supreme Ruler.

"They must be taught that our first and sovereign duty is religion, the service of God, that our first concern on earth is to believe and hope in Him, to love and serve Him.

"They must know that the virtuous will live forever with God and his angels and saints in the beauty and bliss of heaven, and that the wicked shall burn in the eternal flames of hell, and out of which there is no redemption, and that we are sure of all this because God's Eternal Son makes it known to us by His Church.

"They must see God in all things and ever strive to do his blessed Will.

"They must realize that life without Christ would not be worth living. In short, religion must enter their daily life and be the motive of all their thoughts and aspirations."

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RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

BAD HUSBANDS.—Another class that bring shame on the home and sorrow to the hearts of wife and children in the neighboring Republic, is the "Wife Deserter." That there are numerous cases is evident when the question is claiming attention of public organizations.

At the conference of charities recently, a proposition of law was introduced to make wife desertion a felony.

At present the offence is classed as a misdemeanor, and as a result a husband who deserts his wife can go to another State and remain there unmolested.

This state of things urged one of the Boston daily newspapers to say: Wife desertion ought to be a felony in every State in the Union. There should be no spot where a runaway husband can be safe from the hand of the law.

A VICTIM TO FASHION.—An exchange remarks:—

And now the high collar has become deadly. A New York woman met her death through one last week. Her mother found her crumpled up in a heap on the floor in her kitchen, dead. The medical examiner gave it as his opinion that the woman had fainted, and fallen in such a position that her high collar cut off the supply of air to her lungs and that she was thus strangled.

FRAUDULENT SUBSTITUTION.—This is the heading which the "Lancet," a well known English medical journal, uses in describing some of the dishonest methods in vogue in trade to-day. It says:—

Much of that which we eat, drink, or even wear is not what it professes to be, and it seems to us that the public are for all practical purposes unprotected. Need further examples be quoted than the following, which we have often quoted before? A mixture of linen and cotton is sold as pure linen, a mixture of wool and cotton is sold as all wool, a mixture of silk and cotton is sold as pure silk, goods bought as pure silk are heavily loaded with mineral matter to give a spurious impression of heaviness, grain spirit is sold as grape spirit or genuine brandy, the same spirit is sold as malt spirit or whiskey. Indian tea is passed off as China tea, "plantation" coffee is sold as real Mocha, and cottonseed oil is palmed off as genuine olive oil. Again, in jam and marmalade glucose is substituted for cane sugar, and glucose is also used in place of malt for making beer.

In addition to this infamous list is the use of cardboard wickedly sandwiched between the leather of the soles of boots offered for sale and guaranteed as "solid." A "solid" boot in the trade means an all leather boot. The very necessity of the term implies fraud, as does all malt in the whiskey trade. And there are those in the boot and shoe trade, judging from the proceedings in a recent case, who would hold that boots with "insoles" of cardboard and brown paper might correctly be described as "solid" boots.

PREJUDICE DIES HARD.—Under this heading the Providence "Visitor" remarks:—

"From time to time the evidence is presented that the old New England prejudice against Catholics is by no means obliterated. In Swampscott, Mass., a case has arisen to prove that the old cankered antipathy is by no means dead, for an injunction has been secured to prevent the building of a Catholic Church on land that has been secured for that purpose, and the matter is now in the hands of a justice of the state Supreme Court for decision. Happily such cases are less common than at an earlier time for a more generous sentiment is being inculcated, and it is something of a surprise that there should be any survival of the old rancorous and illiberal spirit."

Prejudice may not be so manifest in matters such as our contemporary notes. But we doubt very much that generous sentiment has had much to do with stilling the voice which speaks out the prejudice that is hidden in the minds and hearts of many non-Catholics on this and other continents. In our humble opinion it

is more through fear of loss worldly goods and their attendant pleasures and joys that the change has taken place. Prejudice would be still less apparent if the Catholic laity performed their whole duty as citizens and exercised their rights as such in every department of public affairs.

FOOL'S ADVICE.—It is not very pleasant to call a man a fool, nor is it a term that can be considered quite parliamentary. But there are so many of them in the world to-day, and they are of so many different kinds that the use of the word, under strong provocation, may be excused. In New York they say that protest has been made against the doctrine that persons suffering from an incurable malady should be allowed to end their existence. At the annual dinner of the New York State Medical Association Rev. Mr. Wright declared himself in favor of "Euthanasia," which is a plan to relieve the world of physical suffering. When the matter was mentioned to various physicians not one of them agreed that the days of those who are so-called incurables should be lessened.

One doctor said that modern science tends in the very opposite direction, that is to render all maladies curable. There is no right for any man to decide that a special case is incurable. On thousands of occasions such medical decisions have been upset by the very fact of cures taking place. Dr. Spitzka claims that such a theory would open the door to a criminal condition that no law could overcome. People could be done away with for ulterior motives, and the excuse of an incurable malady be given.

All these are good reasons for treating Rev. Mr. Wright's theories as dangerous. But there are still higher motives to be considered. It seems almost inconceivable that a minister of the Gospel and one pretending to preach the Word of God, could propound such a theory, unless he do him the justice and have the charity to set him down as a fool. Decidedly a visionary, and certainly a man incompetent to deal with any question—be it religious, social, medical, or other. It is a pity that there could not be a refuge established for the safekeeping of such cranks; they are a real menace to society.

TYPES OF SWINDLERS.—From New York comes a story, the synopsis of which is contained in this paragraph:—

"Members of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, in West Fifty-Sixth street, do not know whether to resent or smile at the manner in which they have been hoodwinked by a clever swindler, who is known to them as Frank Hall. Hall conceived an elaborate plan, and visited all the prominent members of the church. By mentioning the names of other members he won confidences. The swindler told varied hard-luck stories, and his harvest is probably several hundred dollars, in addition to enough free clothing to tide him over a hard winter. In his methods Hall was ingenious, and one woman said she thought 'he deserved all he got, he was so artistic about it.' The sharper visited women of the Ladies Aid Society, and into their sympathetic ears he poured a heart-breaking tale about a dead mother, a shattered home, and, for a climax, suggested that he himself was in the last stages of consumption. In the wake of the pathetic story, money, clothing, and sympathy fairly deluged him."

There is no necessity of reproducing all the details of how this man performed his feats of swindling. He was an expert, and it can be well imagined how he contrived to invent his stories. We simply reproduce this much of the article as a warning to our readers to be careful of how they lend an ear to the beggar of this class. If you have the means and the inclination to be charitable you have many ways of performing the good works without risking the encouragement of vice and badness. You have in every parish associations and societies of a charitable character—like the St. Vincent de Paul Society—and others, to which you may give with the assurance that what you bestow will be properly employed and will be furnished to the needy and deserving. Now that the winter is coming on there will be a host of those swindlers going around and making victims of all good-hearted and charitable people. If there be no special society in your parish, there is always the parish priest. He knows the needy and he has a good idea of who are the deserving. Go to him with your donations; but be very chary of giving out to every individual who comes with a long story to your front door.

AN EXAMPLE.—This common sense, but so plain one will say: "We know but the saying of it is meritorious; just as the saying and Cheryl word only do good will—no effort is recited, however, lack ofness causes people to ne opportunities of saying cheerful things. This p home to me the other speaking to an old a whom I had not met for Away back in the early this young man, was full and courage, but he was ally full of something else contracted the drink had some ten years he had monthly and even daily felt that his constitution ing powers grew weaker verse ratio of the streng the liquor habit. He h sire to change, but had strength. It was his mos aim falling to pieces, an by this very same cause. In 1885, he had been ind extreme extent, and by a heroic he had succeed ering up. I was travellin on a train from Toront real, when another of h came on. This gentleman since dead. He was wit time, and when I had got a few moments he gave ex his delight at seeing his y so well over the trouble in. Just as I returned I say, in a most cheery "John, my boy, I always in you, and I know that fine future ahead, I'd sta on you"—He said no mor I came along at that mon went past, and I lost sig my companions of that j 1899 I read of the death kindly old gentleman, but ly the week before last th met the other. I was asto see what a fine, solid, p looking man he had become me that he was now t lawyer in an American cit United States Senator. Ar course of our chat he reci trip from Toronto, and he have dated my success day. So cheering were the tleman's words, and so mu trust with all the evil th constantly predicted, that ment he said that he woul life on me; I made up my he would never lose his st since that day till this I taken a glass of liquor, r has in rapid succession, s so grateful to his memory one word of encouragement

Our Curbs Ob

ON CHEERING

FROM time to time brief articles, or entire series of various newspapers respond so express own impressions and complete expression to the personal observations them out for future u ago one of these small my way and I noted ever since I have had occasion to find app The following is the p "Few people realize th piness may be promo words of cheer spoken despondency, by words ment in seasons of d words of commendatio cles have been overco and perseverance. Wor en often sink so deep i and heart of the perso they are addressed tha a fixed, precious an memory—a continuous lighting up years, per lips that have utter ed in death. A whole changed, exalted, expan mined by a single exproval falling timely u tive and ambitious nat cheer cost nothing to On the contrary, they well as to the bearer, great happiness to be mere effort of uttering habit of speaking suc propiate times is easi while at the same time importance and should cultivated by all."

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Our Curbstone Observer

ON CHEERING WORDS

FROM time to time I meet with brief passages in articles, or entire paragraphs, in various newspapers, that correspond so exactly with my own impressions and give such complete expression to the results of my personal observations, that I clip them out for future use. Some time ago one of these small articles came my way and I noted it down, and ever since I have had almost daily occasion to find application for it. The following is the passage:—

AN EXAMPLE.—This may seem all common sense, but so plain that each one will say: "We know all that."

SWINDLERS.—From times a story, the synopsis contained in this part of the Church of the District, in West Fifty-Sixth

of the Church of the District, in West Fifty-Sixth Street, in New York City, in the month of August, 1899, a young man, who was full of talent, and courage, but he was also generally full of something else. He had contracted the drink habit, and for some ten years he had been getting monthly and even daily worse. He felt that his constitution and resisting powers grew weaker in the inverse ratio of the strengthening of the liquor habit. He had every desire to change, but had not the strength. It was his most cruel punishment to find all his ambitious aims falling to pieces, and shattered by this very same cause. One time, in 1885, he had been indulging to an extreme extent, and by an effort that was heroic he had succeeded in sobering up. I was travelling with him on a train from Toronto to Montreal, when another of his friends came on. This gentleman is long since dead. He was with us for a time, and when I had gone away for a few moments he gave expression to his delight at seeing his young friend so well over the trouble he had been in. Just as I returned I heard him say, in a most cheery manner, "John, my boy, I always had faith in you, and I know that you have a fine future ahead. I'd stake my life on you!"—He said no more, because I came along at that moment. Years went past, and I lost sight of both my companions of that journey. In 1899 I read of the death of the kindly old gentleman, but it was only the week before last that I again met the other. I was astonished to see what a fine, solid, prosperous-looking man he had become. He told me that he was now the leading lawyer in an American city, also a United States Senator. And, in the course of our chat he recalled that trip from Toronto, and he said:—"I have dated my success from that day. So cheering were the old gentleman's words, and so much in contrast with all the evil that others constantly predicted, that the moment he said that he would stake his life on me; I made up my mind that he would never lose his stake—and since that day till this I have never taken a glass of liquor, my success came in rapid succession, and I am so grateful to his memory for that one word of encouragement and of

cheer." The old gentleman may not have realized all that he had done that day, he may never have dreamed of the importance of his cheery words; for he was accustomed to speak encouragement, and I believe he could not have spoken otherwise had he tried. No matter, the good was done. The word was spoken at the right time and the results have outlined the one who spoke that word. This is an example that came to my mind to-night as I reflected on a subject for this week's column. And I think there is no more delightful sensation than that which comes to the one who feels that he has done a kindly deed and, by the simple means of a cheery word, has brought light where there was gloom, has strewn flowers where all was barren, has won gratitude at the smallest imaginable cost to himself. And the cheering word is never forgotten. It may not be constantly present to the memory; but it is buried away down in the heart, and the slightest circumstance will call it up and cause it to twinkle like a brilliant star upon the horizon of a person's life. It is, therefore, a good resolution to take to be always ready with the kind word, for none can tell what mighty effects it may have.

THE IRISH MELODIES.

(From New York Freeman's Journal.)

True poetry has been likened to a paintings which shows the harmonious blendings of light, shade and color, the accuracy of perspective, without any mathematical harshness, and an entire freedom from redundancy. The simile is apt. In poetry we have the blendings of light, shade and color of the poet's imagination, the same freedom from rigidity, and, above all, a truthfulness to nature. In either, a touch or word more or less may mar the picture, and the higher and finer the subject, the more easy will it be to make its reproduction imperfect.

WAY OF THE DRUNKARD BEREFT WITH TRIALS

YOUNG MEN.—The time is coming very fast—indeed, it has already arrived in our commercial life—when a young man who has habits of intemperance is narrowing very rapidly the possible range of openings in which he may make a living. Fifteen years ago, says a writer in an exchange, as the train-master on a division of one of our large railroads in America told me, he sat in his office one day and saw a freight train stand for two hours waiting for a member of the train crew to recover from intoxication. When the men were able to handle the train, it started out of the yard. Now, the train-master said, if the breakman or any of the train crew were found to be under the slightest influence of liquor, or if they were seen even to enter a saloon, they were instantly discharged. The idea of keeping a whole train waiting for a man to recover from drunkenness would seem perfectly absurd to the railroad corporation now. The time will come when such an idea will seem equally absurd in other spheres. A young man who lost his position in an office of this same company came to me last year and begged that I would use my influence to have him taken back by the superintendent of the division. He frankly confessed that he had been drunk and was unable to report for duty one day, but the next morning he was at his desk. When he appeared, he received his dismissal. He acknowledged his fault and promised the superintendent it would never occur again, offering to let the road take his wages and pay them to his aged father and mother. He pleaded that it was his first offence. I went with an influential citizen to the head of the department where the young man had been employed for a second trial; but the superintendent simply said: "The railroad is not in the business of reforming drunkards or reclaiming young men. Past experience has taught us that it is useless for us to take young men back in this way."

THE OCEAN CUPBOARD.

THE OCEAN CUPBOARD.—On one of her recent trips to Edinburgh, a certain steamer carried a deck passenger who retired at nightfall, having imbibed more strong beverage than suited his constitution. His mental confusion on rising next morning was sadly intensified when he made the unpleasant discovery that all his personal clothing was missing. The steward and his staff were promptly summoned to his cabin, and were followed in due course by the captain himself. The mystery seemed to defy all conjecture until the captain asked the sufferer if he had any remembrance of how he had disposed of his clothes over night. A sudden gleam of intelligence lighted the passenger's eye, and the mischievous was made apparent to all the onlookers, when he answered: "Why, of course! I remember now. Before turning in I put them all into that little cupboard yonder."

"Why, man!" roared the captain, "that little cupboard, as you call it, is the port-hole!"

Only one person on board failed to thoroughly appreciate the humor of the situation, and he it was who borrowed an outfit from the steward, and abstained from drinking whiskey and like beverages during the remainder of the voyage.—Temperance Cause.

THE IRISH MELODIES.

(From New York Freeman's Journal.)

And to the latter sentiment he gives expression in those well known lines: "As slow our ship her foamy track Against the wind was cleaving. Her trembling pennant still looked back To that dear Isle 'twas leaving. So loth we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us, So turn our hearts, wherever we rove, To those we leave behind us!"

And so, to all those wild and melancholy strains which were "at once the offspring and solace of grief," the poet has wedded words which intensify their expression and harmonize with their weird beauty.

The patriotic melodies, or those referring to Ireland, while not so intense, perhaps, as those of Davis, are none the less fervent, tender and sincere. Moore has been accused of lukewarmness in his love for his country, but who can doubt the sincerity of the man who wrote of Ireland thus:

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers, Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours, Wert thou all that I wished thee, great, glorious and free— First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea— I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow, But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?"

Such a combination are the "Irish Melodies." They were worded by a genius to suit the music of a music-loving nation. Their music is pure, natural and free—

"Like the gale that sighs along Beds of Oriental flowers,"

Sometimes soft and sweet, like the gentle sighing of evening zephyrs; anon, moaning plaintively, like a mountain breeze; and again thrilling in joyous melody, like the happy carol of the skylark. To attempt to embellish it would be like attempting to train the nightingale to sing according to rigid scientific rules, or to control the musical rhythm of the babbling brook. The result in either case would be fatal.

Moore knew this, and, with all the mighty genius of his poetic and refined nature, he set to work to wed words to this music, in keeping with its spirit, in harmony with its freedom, and in adaptability to the nation which produced it. How far he succeeded the world knows. Never, before nor since, did lyric poet arouse such universal admirations, and never did the nation for which he wrote those melodies feel prouder than when he 'unbound his own Island Harp and—

"Gave all its chords to light, freedom and song!"

Moore's Melodies are in keeping with the characteristics of the Irish people; they abound in warmth and expressiveness of feeling, true sentiment, elegant refinement and purity of patriotism. Among them we find the soft and tender love song—pure as a dew-drop, or a tear on the lash of a sleeping child; the deep, passionate strains of patriotic feeling, the sparkling and spontaneous wit, or the sighing strains of deep pathos and sorrow. In all of them true poetic imagery is predominant; every thing tending to coarseness is eliminated and, as Moore himself so beautifully expresses it in "Dear Harp of My Country," even in those songs that arouse mirth and joyfulness there is an undercurrent of sadness stealing through them that will make itself felt.

"The plaintive melodies of Carolan," writes Moore, "take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine expectations of the honors that await him abroad. How true this is! and how fittingly Moore links the words to the music expressing both of those sentiments. The following lines from "The Coulin" are adapted to the foregoing part of the above quotation:

"To the gloom of some desert or cold rock shore, Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more, I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less rude than the foes we have frowning behind."

"No'er tell me of glories serenely adorning, The close of our day, the bright eve of our night— Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning, Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light."

To read those words makes one reflect, but when sung they have—

The power that, acting on man's heart, Strengthens the nobler, kills the baser part.

But, alas! my humble pen is far from having the power to write as I would wish on this theme. Weak indeed are my efforts to portray the beauties of those melodies, but none the less sincere is my desire to promulgate them. The study of everything beautiful in Ireland's history, the singing of them and the propagation of their singing would be the means of keeping our Irishness intact, our patriotism warm and our religion sincere.

Deep in the hearts of the Irish people there is an innate love for the beautiful, the fanciful, the ideal and if that love is stifled, from whatever cause, the Irishman is no longer Irish and all his claims to the land of his birth are null and void. And what more potent means have we to keep that love alive than the reading and singing of words and music that breathe it in every strain and that make us feel proud for being sons and daughters of the nation which engendered it.

The "Irish Melodies" are the links that sweetly bind us, exiles, to that dear old land which they so nobly excel. They are—

The voice of Hope and Love and Truth; They keep evergreen the spiritual youth; And, like soft zephyrs musically sighing, They soothe the latest agonies of the dying.

Read them, peruse them, sing them, oh Irishmen and Irishwomen! Teach them to your children and instill into their youthful minds their meaning and their beauties! Let them be the power that will act as a bulwark against the sneers and scoffs of our enemies! Let them be the means of exhorting our patriotism to action for the freedom of our beloved land, and, above all, make of them the power that will keep pure our religious zeal, which is the foundation of every noble action and the source of every true sentiment!

And when the golden dawn of freedom shall brighten and gladden the hearts of the Irish people; when the harp shall resound in strains of victorious melody, and when Ireland, "long a province," shall be—

"A Nation once again"— the brightest gems adorning her crown of liberty shall be Moore's "Irish Melodies."

E. F. M'KENNA, Kansas City, Kan.

HISTORY REPEATED.—The "New World," a Catholic weekly newspaper of Chicago, says:—

An earthquake during the week shook up portions of Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and other states, and more seismic disturbances are being looked for.

To add to the phenomena wonderful spots have appeared on the sun. And it is little wonder. When we recall the astounding graft and boodle revelations of the last few weeks it is small marvel that the earth shakes and the sun tries to hide his face. Even nature is doing a little shaking up in the Middle West.

DANCE HALLS AND SALOONS.—From the same source we learn: The fight against the saloon side-door and back-room labeled "Ladies' Entrance," yet goes on. Nearly all the Christian organizations in the city are joining in the struggle and so is the city press, especially the "Chronicle." Among prominent Catholic influences at work are Judge Walter Gibbons and the Catholic Total Abstinence League, and Hon. William J. Onahan, whose name will prove a tower of strength to the movement. Surely the cause is one which ought to appeal to every Catholic in the city. The infamous dance-halls and side-doors ought to be driven out. They ought not to be allowed to exist among a Christian people. We are surprised that all of the city's Protestant religious journals are silent with regard to the movement.

Language Of Worship.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The Catholic Church is the only one on earth that possess one, universal and unchangeable language. Other churches make use of the languages belonging to the various countries in which they are established, and they cannot use other than "living" and changeable tongues. The Latin, used by the Church is a "dead" language, and therefore it is not susceptible of any variations. It remains as it was spoken and written when it was the one, universal language of the world, in the days of the Roman Empire. Times out of mind has this been explained, and it is a rare thing to find a non-Catholic who can understand the significance of a single language for a Church. The most educated and the most illiterate of Catholics may go together to St. Peter's in Rome, and then proceed to visit churches in every quarter of the globe, and no matter where they go they will find the same Mass said in the exact same words, and they feel at once as if at home in the Church. It matters not whether it be a gorgeous basilica, or a humble chapel in the back-woods, the same service, the same prayers, the same hymns, the same ritual do they meet and hear. This is another evidence of the universality of the Church and of her adaptability to all conditions, all ages, and all nations. As we have said, it is seldom that any one outside the fold can understand this.

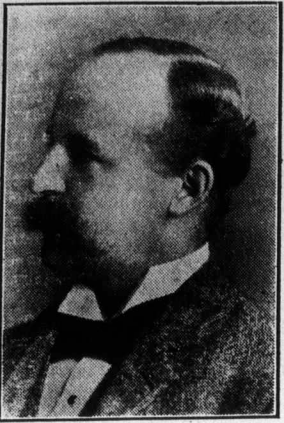
However, there are exceptions to every rule, and one of those exceptions is Mr. Lloyd George, M.P. in the British Parliament. Recently this gentleman was called upon to speak at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, or chapel, and he took occasion to say that sometimes they criticized the Catholic Church very severely, but there was no church that had made a surer and deeper search into human nature. "That Church," he said, "the greatest religious organization in the whole world, conducts its worship in a common tongue. The Catholics conduct their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilizes every means for taking people away from everyday interests, and seeks to induce them to forget what is outside. The language of commerce and of everyday occupations is thus left outside, and the people are taught the language of worship. This shows a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind. The Welsh have preserved their language for the hearth and for worship. English will become the language of commerce, the language of professions, the language of the street, even for Welshmen, but the Welsh language, when it dies, will die at the steps of the altar."

This is certainly a new way to look at the matter, and it is decidedly a very good argument. But the principal force of the assertions of Mr. George, is that they come from one who is so very far removed from Catholicity, yet whose education and position in life combine to make his words bear a special significance. He has observed and he has drawn conclusions from his observations. None more just than this one in favor of the universal language used by the Catholic Church. It is clear to even the least reflecting that a Church which draws its people away from all worldly considerations and causes them to turn absolutely to God and to the association of the thoughts that mount up to Him, in their hours of worship, must have a Divine inspiration behind its great machinery and consequently an evidence of Divine Truth in the religion it teaches. Never do we hear the Mass or the Vespers sung that it does not come home to us, how different from the cold formality of a language that is used in barter and in profane occupations. The fact that the Catholic Church possesses and uses the "language of worship" is another evidence of her Catholicity and truth.

The measure of capacity is the measure of sphere to either man or woman. Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



MR. FRANK A. ANGLIN, K.C.

The gentleman we present this week to the readers of the "True Witness" is no stranger to Montreal; part of that education which fitted him to take the prominent place he now holds in the Catholic and professional life of Toronto was obtained in the beautiful city guarded and sheltered by Mount Royal.

The name Anglin, as one familiar in the political life of the country, did not begin with that of Mr. Frank A. Anglin; his father, Mr. Timothy Warren Anglin, was for many years well known in Canadian politics, and as Speaker in the Dominion House he is still fresh in the memory of the present generation.

Mr. Frank A. Anglin, K.C., was born in St. John's, New Brunswick; he is of Irish and Scotch descent, the maiden name of his mother being McTavish. He is one of a family of ten children, another of whom is Margaret Anglin, the young Canadian actress who so quickly won for herself a name well up on the ladder of histrionic fame.

After receiving his early training in his native city Mr. Anglin was sent to St. Mary's Jesuit College in Montreal, where he took a course in classics and philosophy; coming to Toronto in 1885 he began the study of law, and in February, 1888, was called to the Bar. For four years he was in the office of the late D. A. O'Sullivan, after which a partnership was formed, and the firm of Anglin and Minty resulted. This only lasted a year, when a change was made, and for nine years the firm of Anglin and Mallon was before the Toronto public.

Since the appointment of Mr. Mallon to Osgood Hall some months ago, Mr. Anglin has done business under his own name only. In 1892 he was added to the number of King's Counsel by the Ontario Government.

Amongst those who evince their faith in the legal knowledge and judgment of Mr. Anglin are the Archbishops of Kingston and Ottawa who retain him as their solicitor; the Catholic institutions of those dioceses pay him a similar mark of their confidence. It will be sufficient to mention one or two cases on which Mr. Anglin has worked in order to show his standing in his chosen profession; an important instance was that of "Purcell v. Bergin," rising out of the will of the late B. P. Purcell, a large railway contractor and ex-M.P. of Glengarry. This litigation involved \$600,000, and went to the Privy Council, but was eventually settled. A later instance was that of the "White Murder" case in Brantford in 1901; the trial lasted five days, and was tried before Sir W. Meredith with Mr. Anglin representing the Crown. In the interests of his profession Mr. Anglin has not confined himself to ordinary technical work, but has also found opportunity to write a book on "Canadian Law Terms." On several occasions Mr. Anglin has acted as judge on the Northern Circuit of Ontario and his judgments in every case have been highly commended by the Daniels of the profession. "Coming events cast their shadows before," the ermine and gown are assuming tangible shape and it is confidently expected that Mr. Frank A. Anglin, K.C., will soon possess the deserved honor of a seat on the Bench.

In politics Mr. Anglin is a pronounced Liberal, and has done considerable work for his party both in the Provincial and in the Dominion House. In this connection the words of the "Globe" on May 29th of last

year may be quoted; speaking editorially of the late campaign, it said: "No one has done better work for the Liberal party in this campaign than Mr. Frank A. Anglin. He has addressed no fewer than 22 meetings and all reports agree that the speeches have been argumentative, forcible, free from bitterness, and have always shown a thorough mastery of the questions at issue."

Outside of politics Mr. Anglin is known as an intelligent and interesting speaker on Irish National subjects, and Ottawa, Oshawa and Toronto are amongst the places where he has lectured.

Being of Irish and Scotch descent it is not altogether surprising that Mr. Anglin possesses the artistic temperament of the Celt in a marked degree, and has given us some fine musical productions; two of these a "Salve Regina" and an "Ave Verum" have been published, and the writer of this article had the pleasure of hearing the "Salve Regina" sung by its composer with fine effect at St. Michael's Cathedral.

In musical circles perhaps no Catholic in Toronto has done better service than Mr. Anglin; possessing a fine baritone voice—in some degree inherited from his mother who often gave pleasure by her beautiful singing—and well versed in all that pertains to the ritual of church music, he has been for some years a most useful member of our city choirs; his services have been always freely and heartily given; as a concert singer, too, he has often lent aid to charitable or patriotic movements by permitting his name to appear on their programmes.

Mr. Anglin is married to Miss Fraser, of Glengarry, niece of Hon. R. W. Scott, and also niece by marriage of Hon. D. A. Macdonald, late Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; they have four children, and reside at 28 Sussex Avenue.

A MEMORIAL MASS.—At the Cathedral on Thursday morning last, a solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the deceased bishops of the diocese. The Church was appropriately draped for the occasion. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and the celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Rholoder, with deacon and sub-deacon. Other priests present were Rev. Fathers Canning, L. Minnehan, J. Walsh, O'Donnell, J. M. Cruise, J. P. Treacy, D.D., and Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B. In addition to the adult congregation a number of the children of the parish assisted at the Mass.

HIGH SCHOOL.—A room at the De La Salle Institute has been fitted up for use in the teaching of chemistry and physics to the boys and girls of the fifth classes of the schools. One hundred dollars has been allotted by the Board; this is not a great deal, but it is a beginning, and as necessity arises, more funds will in all probability be forthcoming.

PROMOTION.—Since writing last week, Mr. P. C. Cronin, the Catholic policeman, whose brave and clever capture elicited so much comment and commendation, has been promoted by the Police Commissioners as reward for his work.

CATHOLIC CLUB UNION.—In view of the fact that many of Toronto's Catholic young men are readers of the "True Witness" the results of the election of the above society may be of interest. When the election took place a few days ago the following societies were represented: The Catholic Students' Union, St. Mary's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association, St. Clement's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association, and St. Basil's Union. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows:—Hon. President, Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan; president, Mr. John L. Costello, of St. Clement's C. L. and A. A.; first vice-president, Mr. Charles J. Read, St. Mary's C. L. and A. A.; second vice-president, Mr. J. M. Ferguson, Catholic Students' Union; secretary-treasurer, A. Day, St. Basil's C. U. Executive Committee—Messrs. J. D. O'Donoghue, B.C. L. and L.L.B.; St. Mary's C. L. and A. A.; C. J. Costello, St. Basil's C. U.; W. H. McGuire and F. D. Meader, Catholic Students' Union, and J. S. Hartnett, St. Clement's C. L. and A. A.

The first session takes place on Nov. 12th, when the subject "Resolved that the system of the United States Government is better than the English," will be debated by the St. Mary's C.L. and A.A. and the Catholic Students' Union.

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE LAMB.—On Friday of last week, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Jas. McLaughlin, occurred the death of Mrs. George Lamb. The deceased lady, who was in her 79th year, came to this country when a girl from the County of Monaghan, Ireland, and settled in York Township. Some years later she was married to Mr. Geo. Lamb, a native of Hawick Roxburghshire, Scotland, who arrived in Canada in the year preceding the Rebellion, and on account of his sympathy with the movement he was arrested and kept in confinement for some months. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb settled in Brampton, where they became widely known and respected. On the death of Mr. Lamb, which took place about twenty years ago, and who had the happiness of being received into the Church some time previously, his widow moved to Toronto, where she since resided with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. McLaughlin. Mrs. Lamb, who was much loved on account of her refined and gentle disposition, died fortified by all the rites of the Church, of which she was a loving and faithful member. The funeral took place on Monday from the Church of the Holy Family, where High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. J. Walsh, thence to Brampton for interment. Two daughters, Mrs. James McLaughlin and Mrs. McGuire and two grand children Mr. Walter H. McGuire, and Miss Jennie McLaughlin, are left to mourn her loss. To these, many friends extend sincere sympathy. May she rest in peace.

tion which had been organized. They were not content in quietly declining the invitation. Like all bigots they made free use of pen and ink and informed the Mayor that they were American citizens, and that the Catholic Church is "opposed to the fundamental principles of their country" and "condemns government by the people as boundless license."

A GOOD MAN GONE.—In connection with the subject of the Catholic press we regret to note the demise, in the prime of life, of the proprietor and editor of the "Catholic Journal" of Memphis, Tenn. From the columns of that journal we take the following extracts from an article in which the sad announcement is made:—"Since the last issue of the 'Journal' a messenger of Death visited this office and touched with icy fingers Hon. William Fitzgerald, who for many years has been the editor and proprietor of this paper. His life and love and labor are interwoven in the warp and woof of the 'Journal,' and it is and has been an expression of his personality and a visible or objective manifestation of his genius and talents. Through all the vicissitudes which a newspaper man must pass between infancy and lusty manhood, he labored on, never faltering, never fearing, never for a moment doubting, that honest, sincere and intelligent effort would ultimately be rewarded."

CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES.—Last week the members of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association held their annual election with the following results:— Mrs. Kavanagh—who has been president during almost the entire existence of the Society—was re-elected president by acclamation; vice-president, Miss Mollie O'Donoghue, re-elected; corresponding secretary, Miss Aymot, re-elected; recording secretary, Miss K. O'Donoghue; treasurer, Miss Goedyke, re-elected; delegates to the Council of Women, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Fulton, Miss Ferguson, Miss Kelly and Miss Hart. The literary work of the evening consisted of a paper by Miss Rose Ferguson on the First and Second Restoration in French History, and the initial "talk" on Frontenac by Miss Hart. A piano solo by Miss M. O'Donoghue, and the serving of coffee brought a pleasant evening to a close. The meeting took place at the home of Miss Aymot, 81 Gould St.

CHANGES IN CLERGY.—Amongst the recent changes in the diocese are the addition of Rev. Father Ryan, late from Ireland, to the Cathedral staff, and the removal of Rev. Father Bergin from Adjala to Dixie in place of Rev. Father Coyle appointed to the Holy Family Church in the city.

CATHOLIC CANADIAN CLUB.—Cards are out for the first meeting of the season of the Catholic Canadian Club. It is to be held on Monday, Nov. 9th, at the King Edward Hotel, and the session is to consist of a dinner with speeches, and a paper by Mr. Kernahan, of St. Basil's on "Kindness in Business." Amongst the speakers expected is Mr. Bourassa, who is lecturing in the city on that evening.

LESSONS OF THE NEWS.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.—The distinguished chief pastor of the archdiocese of Quebec, Mgr. Begin, recently celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his consecration as a Bishop. His Grace has won all hearts in the immense territory covered by his archdiocese for his great learning, zeal and high order of his administrative ability.

CATHOLIC PRESS.—The Catholic Press Society of Bavaria has had a profitable year. During the time its membership has increased to 5,400. Owing to the activity of the clergy, the laity and solicitors a Catholic paper now goes practically into every home.

LESSON OF A CELEBRATION.—The venerable prelate of Detroit recently celebrated his 70th birthday, and citizens generally joined in honoring him on the happy occasion. There was one discordant note, and it was furnished by the refusal of twenty ministers of the Lutheran sect who refused to attend a civic recep-

tion which had been organized. They were not content in quietly declining the invitation. Like all bigots they made free use of pen and ink and informed the Mayor that they were American citizens, and that the Catholic Church is "opposed to the fundamental principles of their country" and "condemns government by the people as boundless license."

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AT THE VATICAN.—The Holy Father has almost daily received pil-

grimages since he gave audience to the first English pilgrim more than a week ago. Nearly all these deputations are Italian, and some of them consist of more than a thousand persons.

THE LAND WAR AGAIN.—Under this heading the "Catholic Times" Irish correspondent says:—

Owing to the attitude of the landlords the agrarian question is likely to assume an acute phase once again. Not satisfied with the market value of their estates plus the substantial State bonus and many other advantages, they are asking fancy prices from the tenants, who in a few cases at least have yielded to their exorbitant demands. The "Freesman's Journal" in a series of able articles has dwelt upon the evil consequences that will result from such hasty and ill-considered purchases. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. Michael Davitt, and others have also advised the tenants to pause before they embark on a course that is calculated to land them in misery and poverty in the near future. The Land Act was intended to benefit the farmers, and landlords alike. Instead of a blessing it is to be hoped it will not prove a curse to the former.

A NEW DIOCESE.—The metropolitan province of New England is to have a new diocese, and the city of Fall River is to be the seat of the new Episcopal See. Both of these matters were settled finally recently at a special meeting of the Catholic bishops of New England, which was held in Boston at the archiepiscopal residence of Archbishop Williams, the head of the metropolitan province, and called to consider the new diocese.

A FRANCISCAN JUBILEE.—Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, assisted on Nov. 1st, in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church and monastery of St. Bonaventure, Paterson, belonging to the Franciscan monks. He was the celebrant of the solemn Pontifical Mass.

BOOMING A MOVEMENT.—A political movement inaugurated by Mr. Bourassa, M.P., in Canada, the "Canadian National League," is an interesting subject for Montreal's corps of correspondents to the American press. This is an extract from one of the letters to that press:—"The French-Canadian wants a Canada which shall be self-centred, which shall not be trammelled by relations with Great Britain or any 'foreign' country like Australia or South Africa. He is willing to remain in partnership with the English provinces of the Dominion so long as Quebec remains the pivotal province, and so long as the French-Canadians retain the balance of poli-

tical power at Ottawa, as is provided in the British North America act. But he is determined to prevent, so far as possible, any movement to transfer the political control of the Dominion either to the great West, which is now filling up so rapidly, or to Downing street, which latter contingency he deems as a consequence of any movement toward closer relations with the empire."

TO DEFEND THEIR RIGHTS.—That the Catholics of Brittany, a French province, intend to vigorously defend their Church and its auxiliaries may be inferred from the following:—

"They have determined," says the Paris correspondent of the Dublin "Freesman," "to defend their altars and their homes, and as they find that they cannot do so with folded hands, they have resolved to found a Federation of Modern Chouans for the purpose of opposing the Bleus de Bretagne or Brittany Blueboys who support the bloc and who have threatened to blow up the Calvaries and sacred shrines erected throughout their country by the pious people of old Armorica and La Vendee."

VATICAN FIRE.—Inquiry into the cause of the fire at the Vatican shows that it was accidental, due either to carelessness in leaving a fire lighted or to the combustion of acids which M. Marie kept for use in his work of making reproductions of ancient manuscripts and illuminated books for exhibition at St. Louis. The rumors of incendiarism are proved to be altogether unfounded.

The damage caused by the fire has not yet been precisely estimated, but it is supposed that it will not exceed \$50,000. The Pope has ordered an increase in the force of firemen at the Vatican, in order to be able to face any situation of the kind in the future and to protect the Vatican treasures.

WORK AND GLORY ENOUGH FOR ALL

May the old and the new, this day wedded here, prosper in the harmony of the House of God, in which there is plenty of room for all—and in the unity of Kingdom of God on earth, in which there is work enough and glory enough for all. Extract from Sermon of Bishop O'Connell of Portland, Me., on the occasion of the blessing of the corner-stone of the New House of Studies of the Dominicans, Washington.

SITUATION VACANT.

General servant for small family; no washing. References required. Apply morning or evening to 901 St. Denis street.

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If you want to send a barrel or two of Selected No. 1 Apples

to friends at Home for the Christmas Holidays place your orders with us without delay.

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Table with columns: TO LIVEERPOOL, Name of steamer, Date of Sailing. Includes lines like Allan line, C. P. R., Thomson Line, Allan Line, C. P. R., Thomson Line, Donaldson Line, Allan Line.

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The Week's Anniversaries

(By An Occasional Contributor)

While the anniversaries are many and important, only a few are able to mention a few. Commencing with last Sunday, the 8th November, Pope Pius II died. On the same day Cortes entered Mexico, the effacement of the great line of the Montezumaz upon the ruins of a civilization, the structure of it. On the 8th November, poet Milton died. Of him our critic has said: "I above all English poets, grandiose. He arrived at knowledge of his powers a cripple, in one of his prose inform his readers that he to write a poem. In his 'Paradise Lost,' there is a mass of thought, a sublimity, a pomp of sound—ing organs and outbursting dral choirs—which can be where else." But before a judge of Milton—the master-works—we would advise the perusal of Macaulay's essay on." On the 8th November, Warsaw, in Poland, was taken—Sarmatia fell, without a crime." Another nearer to our own time, the 8th November, is the 8th of Sillid and Mason, in 1861 fore the full outbreak of the civil war.

On the 9th November, 17 United Irish Society was founded the same date, in 1813, great victory at Talladega. In 1872 the terrible fire destroyed half of Boston but on the 9th November. And 9th November, 1876, the tidal wave that swept India over two hundred and fifty sand, nine hundred and ninety people. The most fearful that country ever experienced.

On the 10th November, 57 met was born. On the same 1483, Luther came into the In 1549, on the same date, Paul III. died. And in 172 Goldsmith was born on the 10th November, 1878, the British ed Cherry Valley, in the New York on the 10th November 1798, on the 10th November the famous trial of Wolfe-Tor one year later, in 1799, on date, the Council of Five was deposed, and Bonaparte elared first Consul of France last event to commemorate closing of the Centennial Exhibition on November 10th, 1876.

The 11th November, 1035, death of Canute, the Dane, England. On the same day, Gerald, the great Earl of De died; he was the first and of the long line of the Gerald the 11th November, 1855, Japan, was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake. And it years later, on the 11th November, 1865, that the famous James and his Fenian comrades were captured.

On the 12th November, 160 Boniface III. died. On the same day, the great Earl of Knockanoss, in Ireland. In on the 12th November, the Club in Paris was closed. In on the same date, Charles died. In 1857 that day marked the beginning of the great panic in England. And in the 12th November, Father Burke, O.P., made his famous Froude, in the New York Academy of Music.

The 13th November, 354, birthday of the great St. Augustine. On the 13th November, 1645 Pope's Legate, Rinnuccini, was received by the Irish confederate the same date, 1775, the Montreal surrendered to Montgomery (a sketch of which we gave a few weeks ago). In on the 13th November, England possession of New Zealand. A 1868, on the 13th November,

The Week's Anniversaries.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

While the anniversaries of this week are many and important we will be only able to mention a few of them. Commencing with last Sunday, the 8th November, we find that on that day, in the year 532, Pope Boniface II. died. On the same date, in 1579, Cortez entered Mexico, and began the effacement of the great and ancient line of the Montezumas, building upon the ruins of a barbaric civilization, the structure of Christianity. On the 8th November, 1674, the poet Milton died. Of him an eminent critic has said: "Milton was above all English poets, stately and grandiose. He arrived early at the knowledge of his powers and did not scruple, in one of his prose tracts, to inform his readers that he purposed to write a poem. In his great epic, 'Paradise Lost,' there is a massiveness of thought, a sublimity of imagery, a pomp of sound—as of rolling organs and outbursting of cathedral choirs—which can be found nowhere else." But before attempting to judge of Milton—the man and his works—we would advise the careful perusal of Macaulay's essay on "Milton." On the 8th November, 1794, Warsaw, in Poland, was taken, and then—"Sarmatia fell, unstained, without a crime." Another event, nearer to our own time, recalled by the 8th November, is the capture of Suddell and Mason, in 1861, just before the full outbreak of the American civil war.

On the 9th November, 1791, the United Irish Society was formed. On the same date, in 1813, Jackson's great victory at Talladega was won. In 1872 the terrible fire that nearly destroyed half of Boston broke out on the 9th November. And on the 9th November, 1876, the cyclone and tidal wave that swept India, engulfed over two hundred and fifteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine people. The most fearful calamity that country ever experienced.

On the 10th November, 570, Mahomet was born. On the same date, 1483, Luther came into the world. In 1549, on the same date, Pope Paul III. died. And in 1728 Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th November. In 1778 the British destroyed Cherry Valley, in the State of New York on the 10th November. In 1798, on the 10th November, began the famous trial of Wolfe-Tone. And one year later, in 1799, on the same date, the Council of Five Hundred was deposed, and Bonaparte was declared first Consul of France. The last event to commemorate was the closing of the Centennial Exposition on November 10th, 1876.

The 11th November, 1035, saw the death of Canute, the Dane, King of England. On the same day, in 1883, Gerald, the great Earl of Desmond, died; he was the first and greatest of the long line of the Geraldines. On the 11th November, 1855, Jeddah, in Japan, was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake. And it was ten years later, on the 11th November, 1865, that the famous James Stephens and his Fenian companions were captured.

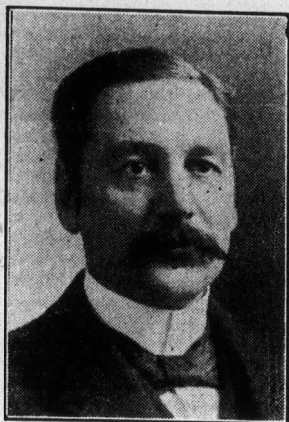
On the 12th November, 1606, Pope Boniface VIII. died. On the same date in 1647, was fought the great battle of Knockanoss, in Ireland. In 1794, on the 12th November, the Jacobin Club in Paris was closed. In 1854, on the same date, Charles Kemble died. In 1857 that day marked the beginning of the great commercial panic in England. And in 1872, on the 12th November, Father Tom Burke, O.P., made his famous reply to Froude, in the New York city Academy of Music.

The 13th November, 354, was the birthday of the great St. Augustine. On the 13th November, 1645, the Pope's Legate, Rinnuceni, was received by the Irish confederates. On the same date, 1775, the city of Montreal surrendered to General Montgomery (a sketch of whose life we gave a few weeks ago). In 1814, on the 13th November, England took possession of New Zealand. And in 1868, on the 13th November, the

world lost by death the great musical composer, Rossini.

On the 14th November, 1180, St. Lawrence O'Toole, died. And on the same date, in 1716, Leibnitz, the famous mathematician and philosopher, died. On the 14th November, 1827, Thomas Addis Emmet died. And on the 14th November, 1871, New York city was swept by the terrible storm, the memory of which will only die out with the last of our generation.

Catholic Sailors' Club,



SENATOR CASGRAIN.

The attendance at the concert, this week, of above Club was another striking evidence of its increasing popularity with citizens and seamen.

Senator J. P. B. Casgrain occupied the chair, and delivered an opening address, which awakened much enthusiasm. He eulogized President F. B. McNamee and Mrs. McNamee for their untiring devotion to the Club from the day of its humble beginning, and congratulated the members of the executive generally for the splendid progress which had been made during recent years. He referred to the days of his boyhood in the Ancient Capital when sailing vessels lined the wharfs by the hundred; then said the eloquent young Senator, seamen could only visit cities like Quebec and Montreal about once, or at most twice in a season. Now, however, in this 20th century when fast steamship service was the demand of the hour, seamen were of ten frequent visitors to our cities, and the necessity of such a noble organization as the Club which had honored him by tendering him an invitation to preside at their weekly concert, was all-important. He closed by a spirited appeal to the audience for earnest and enthusiastic support for the Catholic Sailors' Club.

The musical features were many and were highly appreciated by the large audience, and reflected great credit on Miss Bertha Ferguson, who arranged them. Among the contributors were:—Miss Pansy Driscoll, Mrs. Bertha Ferguson, Miss Walker, Master A. McGovern, Master J. Mills, Messrs. F. Hickey, Robert and Harry Diplock; seamen Wm. McDonald, Mr. Harper, Henry Lewis, Manchester Importer; Rice, Tunisian; Archer Woods, SS. Lord Lansdowne; Geo. Chrimes, SS. Corinthian, was the star of the evening, and had to respond to several encores. Miss Myers and Miss Orton, were the accompanists.

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the direction of Madame and Miss Tootsie Durand.

Wore the A. O. H. Button

The great necessity of wearing the emblem of the Ancient Order of Hibernians has again been demonstrated by the sudden death of one Michael Callahan, who went to Cone, La., to carve his fortune, and before getting acquainted with any friends he suddenly dropped dead, and all that was known of him was that he came from Chicago, and for a time the only expectations were that a pauper's grave awaited him, until a keen old gentleman recognized the A.O.H. button, and notification was sent to the headquarters in Chicago, where the name of the deceased was found on the roll, in good standing not only in the fraternal, but also carrying a large insurance in that department of the A. O. H. The remains were promptly forwarded to Chicago, where he was interred with full Hibernian honors. Consequently the little button saved him from being laid away in an unknown grave.—Catholic Tribune.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

There is absolutely nothing in the political world, at the Capital, to tell about. All the storm-centres have drifted West or East, and in Montreal you have more than we have here of political news and activity.

In the social sphere there is nothing to interest your readers; it is all a whirl, and the same "vanity of vanities" that exist in all other small social spheres.

In the religious domain the most important event has been that of a special ordination. The first, it seems, that ever took place in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa.

On Sunday last Rev. Francis Geo. Gray, son of Mr. Joseph Gray, of Prescott, was the one to be ordained in St. Patrick's Church. The officiating prelate was Mgr. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston. The young priest is to be attached to that diocese. His Grace was assisted by Rev. Father Mea, who came from Kingston, with the Archbishop, for the occasion. Rev. Father Archambault, of the Archbishop's palace, Ottawa, also assisted. Rev. Father Whelan, the pastor of St. Patrick's, accompanied the young priest. After the ordination Mass, Father Gray gave his first blessing to the congregation. The first persons to receive the new priest's special blessing were his mother, his sister, and his brother. He was the recipient of a number of beautiful gifts, amongst them, a gold chalice, ornamented with precious stones that Rev. Father Whelan gave. Almost all his life has been spent in Ottawa. He attended St. Patrick's School here, and then the Ottawa University, and when his classical course was completed, he went like thousands of others, to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to study theology. On Sunday evening Father Gray officiated at Vespers and at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And on Monday morning, assisted by his dear friend, Father Whelan, he said his first Mass. On the same day he left, with the Archbishop and Father Mea, for Kingston, where he will begin his ministry by occupying a position at the Cathedral in that city. All wish him long life and health in his grand mission of the future.

The Faculty of Ottawa University has granted the request of the debating club to enter the Intercollegiate Debating Union with Queen's of Kingston, Varsity of Toronto, and McGill of Montreal. Mr. Grey, director of the University Club, and Rev. Fathers James Fallon and J. H. Sherry, will appoint representatives to compete in the first debate, which will be held on the 5th December, in the Windsor Hall, Montreal, between McGill and Ottawa. The likely candidates for the honor are Messrs. H. J. McDonald and J. J. O'Gorman. Three subjects have been submitted by McGill, one of which is "The Hon. Joseph Cumberlain's Fiscal Policy." The others are not so difficult, and should either be chosen, the date will be advanced one week. It must be remembered that in this competition of debating clubs there is more at stake than when contests of an athletic character take place between the students of different universities. And in this instance, the Ottawa University students are the only representatives of a Catholic institution in this great intercollegiate concourse.

The Gaelic class at the Ottawa University met last week. Rev. Dr. O'Boyle presided. Several matters of moment to the class were discussed, and it was decided to send for some copies of the late Rev. Eugene O'Growney's revised simple lessons in Irish. The officers for the coming year were elected, and they are: President, Rev. Dr. O'Boyle; vice-president, Mr. E. P. Stanton; and secretary, Mr. J. J. O'Gorman. Mr. O'Gorman had an opportunity of studying the Irish language movement this summer, when he paid a visit to the Old Land. The membership of this class is now about fifteen. It is expected that the number will be increased this winter. Two

much praise cannot be given to the Faculty of the Ottawa University for having established and encouraged this class of Gaelic, and if the opportunity be properly seized upon, and advantage taken of the class, the end will soon be the establishment of a chair of Irish literature at the University.

Sidelights on Men and Affairs

POOR CHILDREN.—Sensational journalism exposes a sad state of affairs in many cities across the line. Perhaps they are, in some respects, pen pictures, overdrawn, to feed the minds of a class—a large class unfortunately, who without one pang of regret can read of the misery and suffering of unfortunate children whose lot it is to pass their infancy and early years of boyhood or girlhood under such distressing circumstances.

Read this item and note its style. It is taken from a Chicago daily newspaper:—

Is your child a nuisance? Are you work-weary and tired caring for the baby? If you are there is somebody in Chicago who will take your baby and care for it all day for 5 cents, care for it and teach it and let you go about your work without worry.

On the wall of a building on Morgan street is this sign: "Children cared for all day for 5 cents."

And inside the building every day in the year is a romping, laughing, crying, fretting, bothersome crowd of youngsters and a half dozen Lusy nurses. And the toll on each baby is just 5 cents.

Among these laughing, crying, fretting babies are none of the children of the well-to-do. They are the babies of the tenements. Many of them are orphans. Many of them have come into want and the life that is of the tenements, which are set on dirty streets near noisy factories and noisy railroad yards. Many of them were never introduced to cleanliness and decent care and tenderness until they became nursery babies at 5 cents a day.

YOUNG MEN AND ARMY.—Here is another picture of the cruelties, self-inflicted, which a section of humanity submit themselves at a later period in life and in a country where despotic rule is supreme. The London "Universe" thus describes the case, and comments upon it:—

The dread of military service which prevails in the more powerful countries of Europe, where that service is compulsory, is witnessed by the trial and conviction at Odessa of a gang of mutilators whose employment has been for years the rendering young men unfit for enrolment in the Russian army. All sorts of instruments and drugs were used to cause bodily deformity or chronic infirmity. Permanent deafness, anaemia, bronchitis, a special form of leprosy, and other terrible afflictions were brought

on the shunners of service. That the heaviest punishment given to any of the deformed was two years' penal servitude may appear strange, but the accompaniment of lifelong loss of state and personal rights is heavier still, for the sentence means virtually lifelong restraint in Siberia. That those rendered infirm should have assented to the treatment of their own will, however, proves the curse which highly-organized compulsory military service has become. That that compulsion does not exist in the United Kingdom or America is no doubt one of the reasons which makes those territories the ideal of freedom to the continental.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FAD.—It would be interesting to follow closely the career of one or other of the men who amass immense fortunes, and become familiar with their methods from day to day. One of them recently paid the debt in which millions counted for little. His remains were consigned to a tomb which he had erected previous to his death at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. What happiness this millionaire might have afforded the little children, referred to above in this column, had he spent a portion of his millions in their behalf. But millionaires and men who are not millionaires but of fairly strong financial position have made their money by means which exclude all ideas of Christian charity. Of course there are a few exceptions.



The Very Source of Fur.

This little picture represents a source, a market, of the great fur stores.

To understand it properly one must comprehend the idea of the artist and that of the advertiser. The great wild beast represents the great fur market. The name is placed there to show that our establishment is the greatest on the Continent. The "source" indicates that we go to the very source of fur, and that a purchaser, on coming to us, buys directly from the very source of winter elegance.

We have already stated that nothing is hidden from us in the great fur markets. We visit them personally every year. The almighty dollar has long since enabled us to get down to bed rock and has enabled us to profit by the considerable discounts which hard cash always commands.

This is one of the cases where it may be said that even if arrangements are made with the gods, cash down will still have the advantage. All our skins are directly imported; all our silks, our satins, our cloth, in short all that goes to make up a rich overcoat, a rich mantle, or a pretty little fur for the youngster, are directly imported.

The success of any great business is a matter of calculation: it is a question of discount which enables the merchant to sell to advantage

Being well acquainted with the needs of our population, owing to our experience of a quarter of a century, we know exactly what pleases them in furs.

Our well trained staff have instructions to keep us informed of what they are asked for, and we have always pleasure in meeting our customers' wants.

It is absolutely contrary to our methods to force on customers articles which they do not care for. This is why we have such an immense variety, in beauty and elegance, in our patterns.

Our local prices are well known. Our charges are so moderate as to have a continental reputation.

Many American buyers come to us. Local people come to us more than ever. The customer of yesterday recommends to-morrow's. It is a case of satisfaction all round.

Our motto: *An Article worth 25 p.c. to 40 p.c. more for the same price as elsewhere will never cease to be realized in the offerings at our counters.*

We repeat, go elsewhere, compare, judge the article and the price, then come and see us. In this way you will buy judiciously and advantageously.

Chas. Desjardins & Co.,

1533-1541 St. Catherine street, MONTREAL.

Religious Events And Comments.

A NOBLE ORGANIZATION.—The annual memorial service of the "Union of Prayer" for the repose of the souls of its departed members was held in Notre Dame Church on Saturday last, and was attended by at least 10,000 people, who came from all parts of this city and district.

This organization is the largest in the archdiocese, and has been in existence for many generations. All classes and all nationalities belong to it, and in the early days, when our people had but two parishes, St. Patrick's and St. Ann's, they enrolled their names on its books by hundreds.

To-day the "Union of Prayer" has a membership of 100,000, amongst which are many Irish Catholic names. Its annual fees are 50 cents, and for this small sum the members at death are entitled to a Requiem Mass, hearse and coffin and burial in a lot exclusively reserved for the association in the cemetery.

In the "Union of Prayer" French-Canadians of all parishes are united. From north and south, east and west, in this city, and even from congregations outside of the boundaries of Montreal the faithful of that nationality assist at its spiritual exercises. There is a lesson for Irish Catholics in this organized inter-parish relationship which is well worthy of serious consideration of those upon whom the responsibility rests.

MISSION IN SLUMS.—A four weeks' mission has been begun by the Paulist Fathers for the women and girls of the slums and tenements in the lower part of the East side, says the New York correspondent of the "Catholic Union and Times," where the congestion of population is greater than in any other part of the city. The services are being held nightly in St. James' Church in James street, and during the days four of the fathers are making a house to house visitation. Only those familiar with the degree of religious fervor awakened by the eloquence and zeal of the Paulists can appreciate the benefits which may be expected from the mission in a locality, which embracing, as it does, many good people, is regarded as one of the most vicious in the metropolis. Not far away is Cherry Hill, notorious in police annals for generations for crimes of violence and bloodshed and for all kinds of wickedness. While it cannot be expected that the character of this part of the city will be entirely changed in a month, yet it is believed that the call of the Paulists will bring many into God's fold and will start a movement important in a social as well as religious sense.

RECEIVED BY THE POPE.—His Lordship, the Bishop of Chicoutimi, this province, was received in private audience by His Holiness the Pope on Saturday last.

AGAINST CHURCH EUCHRES.—Last we noted some remarks by Bishop Ludden against public appeals by societies, and now we note by our Catholic American exchanges that Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, Mo., has taken a decided stand against church euchre parties. He has notified the clergymen of his diocese that Catholics are expected to support their churches without resorting to means for obtaining money which have the disapprobation of the lawmakers of the Church. All of those amusements prohibited by the statute of the Council of Baltimore will be frowned upon by the new Archbishop.

Euchre parties and festivals are especially condemned by Archbishop Glennon, who believes that they breed dissension and dishonesty.

A NEW COLLEGE.—A new agricultural college was recently founded by Archbishop Riordan at Rutherford, a suburb of San Francisco. The location is a beautiful one, comprising a thousand acres of fertile land. Every acre of this is in a high state of cultivation, and there is no doubt that the institution will prove a most popular and beneficial one throughout California.

A JUBILEE YEAR.—Pope Pius

X. has expressed his intention of proclaiming a jubilee year on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation by Pius IX., on December 8, 1854, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

FRANCISCAN PRELATES.—The Friars Minor now have 32 bishops, three archbishops—Aloysius at Parma, Diomedo Falconio, at present Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and Simon Milinovic, primate of Serbia; two patriarchs, Lodovico Piavi, of Jerusalem, and Joseph Sebastian Netto, of the West Indies, who as Archbishop of Lisbon, was created Cardinal March 24, 1884.

CRIPPLED BOY CURED AT THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE

(From Annals of Ste. Anne.)

DANIEL HOEY, who for the greater part of his nine years of life has been unable to hold his head erect without an iron brace to support it, has returned to his home, in Conshohocken, virtually a well boy. As he jumped from the train recently he could barely be recognized, as the little cripple of a few years ago, who, eminent specialists had declared, would live but a short time.

The change, which is regarded as little short of a miracle, is attributed to the curative powers to be found at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauspre, in the basilica near Quebec. With his mother and little sister, May, he had been on a pilgrimage there, where they engaged in a nine days' devotion. It was his second visit, the former one having been made last September.

MOTHER DESCRIBES CURE.—Mrs. Hoey, whose husband is the proprietor of the Forrest Hotel, at Conshohocken, gives most enthusiastic praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful cure. In describing the history of the case, Mrs. Hoey said: "As an infant Daniel was as perfect a child as I ever saw, but when about eighteen months old he began to show the first symptoms of a diseased spine. We saw several of the most eminent specialists in Philadelphia. They had only words of despair for us. They said that he must wear a brace to hold up his head, but that it would be a temporary expedient, as he could not live more than a few years. He became worse until after he was 3 years old. From that time until nearly a year ago the brace was removed only when he lay down.

"We had often heard of the wonderful cures of such cases at the basilica near Quebec, and last September we made the first pilgrimage there. Daniel was carried all of the way, as he was virtually helpless. At the end of the nine days' devotion before the shrine the brace was removed, and he was able to go about by himself, something he had never been able to do. The change was wonderful, but the priests recommended that we keep the brace and put it on if he should ever need it.

"He came home, and gained strength so rapidly that in a short time he was playing with the other boys. This spring he played ball, and at times has even gone in swimming. It has been almost impossible to keep him in check.

BOY VIRTUALLY CURED.—Two weeks ago to-day we left home for the second visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne. With impressive ceremony the brace, which he has not worn since it was taken from him nearly a year ago, was laid upon the altar and discarded forever. His improvement during the last two weeks has been no less wonderful than that of last year. For all practical purposes his affliction has disappeared, and we are confident that within a year all evidence of the curvature of the spine will have departed."—Conshohocken, Pa., Friday, July, 1903.

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is dead.

It is usually not so much the greatness of our trouble as the littleness of our spirit which makes us complain.

South American Christianity.

It is refreshing and highly satisfactory to find some unbiased and experienced person coming forward to cast light upon the subject of Christianity and of morals in the countries of South America. For long decades it has been the one grand string upon which the ultra-Protestant element harped, and without any positive knowledge these people have persisted in attempting to prove that the Catholic Church and her teachings had reduced the populations of these countries to a state of absolute ignorance and of repulsive immorality. The Christian Endeavorers of Pittsburg, Pa., recently discussed the subject "A Mission Study of South America." So severe was their attack upon the Catholic Church, especially in those countries, that a reply was called forth from Major Joseph Orton Kerbey, former United States Consul to Para, Peru, and a traveller of wide experience. Mr. Kerbey has been a Protestant from the cradle. He is the author of a book that had, at one time, a wide circulation and a great reputation—"The Boy Spy"—He is now publishing an account of his explorations, twice across equatorial America, and five times over the Andes. He is, therefore, a person qualified to speak on the subject. The following is his reply to the Christian Endeavor Society, and it merits being published in full. This letter appeared in the "Leader" of Pittsburg. The keynote of the Endeavorers' contention was, "The Bible is an unknown book in South America, and the religion is the lowest form of Catholicism and heathenism."

Mark well the reply:—

"It is evident that the ideas of 'Christianity' of those who prepared this Christian Endeavor topic means Protestantism, and that their missionary effort relates wholly to proselytizing from Catholicism to this so-called Christianity. Permit me to regard a Protestant in this atmosphere of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism of Pittsburg, and who never could subscribe to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, to offer to the 'Leader' a little bit of actual experience I had when serving as United States Consul and as an extensive traveller all over South America, reaching interiors where no American missionary has cared to venture. 'Primarily, South America is not a neglected continent, and the Bible is not an unknown book to its people. I am free to say instead of the most degrading vices holding sway, that relatively there is more sin, misery, degradation and crime in the city of Pittsburg than in any city of South America of twice the population. It is one of our mistakes to assume that our civilization is better than any other. As they look at their civilization is superior to that of the United States, and in many respects this is true, as can be demonstrated. The writer of the Christian Endeavor contribution says: 'The religion of that country is the lowest form of Catholicism and heathenism.' What a comparison to be published in an American city at a time when the world is mourning the death of the Pope, who is a worthy representative of Catholicism. I would like the Christian Endeavor or instructor to apply to some Sunday school boy or girl for correct data regarding the early Christian history of this and other lands.

"It was a Las Casas, a Catholic missionary, who accompanied Cortez to Mexico and heroically restrained the Spanish conquerors. I recall the fact that the Bible was published in the city of Mexico a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was declared in Philadelphia. 'It was the Spanish Jesuit missionaries who accompanied Pizarro and prevented the freebooter from greater excesses during his conquest. Whatever is good in South America to-day comes from those early Jesuit missionaries, who were picked men and heroes of the age in which they lived, who in their religious zeal planted the cross where it had never been before, and to-day the result is civilization, perhaps not yet fully developed, in place of the savages they found there. These early Jesuits have not had their names and deeds emblazoned in secular history. Theirs was a labor of love and devotion for which they neither claimed nor expected reward. It was their lot to go amongst and live with Indians, enduring all the dreadful misery and discomfort of a life in tropical forests among a race that was

scarcely human in its instincts. The Catholic missionaries of that age and of the present time do not depend on home and foreign missionary aid societies for their support. They go into the very heart of the continent, cutting down the bridge behind them and devote their lives to the work. These men then should not all be branded as degraded and addicted to drunkenness and gambling and all other vices.

"In those lands padre or priest is the father of the flock, whose counsel and advice is listened to by all. He is also the physician and proprietor, or don of the tambos, from whose casa or house hospitality is freely and generously dealt to all visitors. There are no hotels in that land, but the latch-string is always out—at the padre's home.

"When carried once between two bad smelling, but kindly, half-naked Indians into a village so sick that I could not hold my head up, it was to the padre's house I was taken, presumably to die. But under his care and kindly nursing, while delirious, I thought it was in reality my own father always near me. When I recovered sufficiently to continue my journey, it was the good padre who accompanied me beyond and gave me his blessing. When one experiences these kindnesses in a foreign land, far from home and kindred, he can scarcely stand by and hear the entire class libeled in his own home without an effort to resent the injustice.

"I may be permitted to quote from an interview with a padre with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance in an out-of-the-way town, just midway between the upper Amazon and the Pacific, through which I journeyed on mules.

"A town will be found on the map of Peru called Chachapoyas. It is an adobe city, near the top of the Andes, some 9,000 feet above the sea. It is rather a cold place for the tropics, but on account of the altitude it is more desirable than the valleys surrounding it, which are tropical. At this the headquarters of the government of that department of Peru, I was entertained by the Rev. John Visorlot, as his name would be written in English. He was born in the island of Guadalupe, of French and Spanish stock, of good family, and early educated for the Church. As I was the only American ever seen there, and a traveler from the outside world was always welcome because he brought the past seven years' news, it afforded this kindly gentleman considerable satisfaction to interview me. I was much impressed by his desire to hear about the Catholic churches in our land, and he showed his pleasure and gratification when I told that as a rule the churches were attended by the best class of people. I told him I had even seen a President of the United States and all his Cabinet in a Catholic Church at Washington, along with diplomats and distinguished people who were attending the funeral services of the king of Spain. We naturally drifted to the missionary question.

"Perhaps there was a time in my life when I entertained extreme views, privately, similar to those expressed by the Christian Endeavor exhorter, and maybe talked something in this line, as I make it a rule of travel to stand up for my country—right or wrong—when I am in another country. To an observation as to our relative civilization, he remarked quietly, 'Oh, isn't that largely a matter of education? Our people are contented, happy in their civilization, and desire no change; and don't you think we enjoy life quite as much as anyone?'

"I had to agree with the padre, and I have confirmed the view by living among those people, finding, as a rule, that they get more out of life than we do.

"He asked pointed questions; for instance:

"'You have prisons in your land; are there many bad people confined?'

"'I evaded the question by saying: 'Only those that deserve it.'

"'But he said: 'Have you seen any prisons in this land?'

"'I had to admit that there were very few, and not many prisoners. 'He rapped it home by saying: 'I've heard of the poor suffering in your land, and even of people starving to death and freezing for want of clothing and attention.'

"That was admitted.

"'Yet you never heard of anyone, however poor, starving to death here, and you must admit that no one need go hungry, not only because of an abundance, but every one helps the other—especially one in trouble.'

"'Relatively there is as much virtue in the better class of Spanish-American homes as with us, and perhaps, as a rule, there is no more vice. The trouble is, that in those countries it is open, no attempt being made to conceal certain vices that are prevalent here, but to which we add the sin of hypocrisy. These may not be gallant things for an American to respect.

say, but they are true, and as previously said, when I am in a foreign land I always stand up for America (and may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country first all the time); it is not fair to sit down and see a neighbor misrepresented and slandered without uttering a protest, which is all I have attempted.

"When I asked the kindly old man at parting, 'I do not understand Father, how it is that a man of your intelligence can be induced to live this horrible life among the Indians,' his benevolent face beamed as he raised the cross attached to a cord hanging by his side, and said: 'My son, if I can but hold this crucifix before the eyes of a single dying Indian, it repays me for my life's work.'

CHURCH AND BIBLE.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It seems almost a pity to refer to the old worn-out accusation, regarding the Bible, that Protestantism persistently launches against the Catholic Church. When all other arguments are exhausted and no other accusation—imaginary or otherwise—present themselves, the opponents of Catholicity fall back upon the Bible. They accuse the Church of being the enemy of the Holy Scriptures and of seeking to destroy Bibles, to keep them from the faithful, to have the people remain in complete ignorance of the word of Holy Writ. And thus do they run up and down the entire gamut—sometimes believing what they say, for they were never taught anything else, sometimes making these assertions in the teeth of innumerable refutations. But facts speak louder and more eloquently than the tongues of scandal or emity. We need not go back over the history of the long centuries during which the Church alone was the custodian of the Bible. We need not recall the untold labors of the monks, who burned the midnight oil over the labors of copying by hand (before the days of printing) the texts of the Bible. We need not point out how the Scriptures have been conserved in the services of the Church, and in the very Mass that has been said and sung since the days of the catacombs. But do we not find the late illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., taking the trouble to dedicate an entire encyclical letter to the study of the Bible? Nor was his action a departure or an exception; he merely recalled the ancient teachings of the Church and put into practice the precepts that are as old as Christianity itself.

Turning to the present Holy Father, we are told that while he was Patriarch of Venice he was most zealous for the diffusion of the New Testament, and he said, at that time, that he would not be satisfied until every home in Venice had a copy of the Gospels. According to the Roman correspondent of the London "Tablet," one of the first acts of his Pontificate has been to encourage and promote the Society of St. Jerome, founded for the special purpose of circulating the Gospels among the people. In the last twelve months this Society has introduced no fewer than two hundred thousand copies of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles into Italian homes.

This alone is a work that surpasses that done, in the same direction, in any one country by any Bible Society outside the church. The great difference between the Protestant conception of the Bible and its uses, and that of the Catholic, does not lie in the use, but in the misuse of the Scriptures. The Protestant takes the Bible as his sole authority, and takes it without either explanation or comment—thus trusting entirely to his fallible and human light to understand it. On the other hand, the Catholic takes the Bible as it is interpreted by the infallible authority of the Church, delegated in a special and express manner to perform that function. Besides while accepting the Holy Scriptures, he does not ignore the spoken Word of God, the verbal message given to the representatives of Christ, and the sacred traditions that link the present with the past. Such being the difference, and so much being established; there remains not a single atom of ground work for the false accusation that the Catholic Church forbids the faithful to "search the Scriptures."

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One day in the early 1894, he was absorbed at when a knock on the roused him. Turning, a middle-aged man of pre...

"Have I the pleasure Alexander Kingsley?" "stranger."

"That is my name," artist.

"I am Charles Brown ington, D.C. I came to reference to a painting...

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THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

By a Graduate of St. Patrick's School, Alexander St., Montreal.

In the city of Geneva, Switzerland, facing the river Rhone, stood a quaint, granite building—at one time, the residence of a Swiss nobleman. The interior had long since been remodelled and converted into suites of rooms, rented principally to professional men, not a few of whom were artists.

Among the latter class, was one, Alexander Kingsley, a genial old man of apparently sixty-five years or thereabouts. His advanced age proved no barrier to his success, for he was still able to paint those masterpieces which had won for him a continental reputation.

One day in the early spring of 1894, he was absorbed in a work of art when a knock on the studio door roused him. Turning, he beheld a middle-aged man of prepossessing appearance gazing at him inquiringly.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Alexander Kingsley?" asked the stranger.

"That is my name," responded the artist.

"I am Charles Browning of Washington, D.C. I came to see you in reference to a painting which, I understand, is the fruit of your labor. I've been travelling for the past two months through England and France in the interests of a law firm with which I am connected. During a short sojourn in Paris, I happened one day into an art gallery where many choice, magnificent paintings were exhibited. One, particularly, seemed to possess for me a strong fascination. It represented a beautiful child, aged perhaps four or five years. He was barefooted, clad in a beggar's garb, in the act of asking alms. That picture, I was determined to have at any cost.

Upon making inquiries, however, I was informed that it had been sold that day at a very high price. My disappointment was keen; still, I did not abandon all hope of securing my heart's desire. I sought information concerning the artist by whom the work had been executed; and was fortunate enough to discover not only his name, but also his location—Alexander Kingsley, Geneva, Switzerland. Now, you may possibly form an idea of the object of my visit."

"Yes, I presume you wish me to furnish you with the original," responded Kingsley. So saying, he conducted his visitor into one of the inner rooms where, in a prominent place, hung the subject of the discussion. "There it is," he said. "It is a production of fifteen years ago: No amount of persuasion will ever induce me to part with it as there is a history connected with it."

The expression of Browning's face changed. For a moment, he was silent, then asked in a pleading manner:

"Since I cannot obtain possession of the picture, will you, at least, favor me with a recital of the story?"

"That I will gladly do," answered the artist.

"I was but a boy of sixteen when I became a student in one of the large art schools in New York. When I had completed a four year's course, I was afforded an opportunity of going to Paris to complete my studies. I made my home in that city for thirty years. One day, about fifteen years ago, I was returning from a sketching tour. I had occasion to pass through one of the busy thoroughfares where I saw that child just as he stands in the picture. His uncommon beauty, and innocence of expression attracted me. I approached him, and asked his name:

"Papa calls me Victor," he answered politely.

"After a short conversation, I won his confidence, and he told me that his father and he lived in rue C., whither I begged him to conduct me. He led the way through a most undesirable section of the city, into a narrow street, and up a rickety staircase. Before a door leading to the left, he paused and knocked timidly.

"Come in," called out a gruff voice.

"I entered with Victor by the hand, and found myself in a dingy room, in the presence of a man bearing no resemblance whatever to the handsome boy beside me. His face was indicative rather of the villain. I stated my business briefly. I asked his permission to take his little son to my studio for two hours daily for the purpose of painting his picture. It was no easy matter to procure his consent to this proposition. The promise of a liberal reward for the boy's service was the strongest inducement I could offer. It produced

the desired result. Before leaving, I asked his name.

"Oh!" he replied, "they call me 'Gabrie' round this district. It makes very little difference about my surname. My wife died two years ago, and left me alone with this child, my only means of support."

"Victor came regularly to my studio. By the time the picture was completed, I had become so deeply attached to the boy that I was loath to part with him. I conceived a plan which I determined to execute. I called on Gabriel and offered to educate his son if he would allow him to live with me altogether. This suggestion did not meet with his approval. I gave him a week in which to reconsider the matter. When I returned, he had decided in my favor, provided I would place at his disposal an exorbitant sum of money, and allow Victor to visit him once a week. There was no alternative. I agreed. Victor never failed to put in an appearance on Sunday afternoon, the day set aside for his weekly visit. Less than two months after he had taken up his abode with me, he went as usual to pay his respects to Gabriel, whom he found in a dying condition. The result of a quarrel with one of his associates. Calling the boy to his side, he told him between smothered gasps that he was not his father. "You are," he said, "the son of a wealthy American who, not long since, was summering in Luzerne. One day, I was passing the hotel where your father stopped, and saw you on the veranda. I watched my opportunity, stole you away, and left immediately for Paris where, so far, I have managed to escape justice." At this point, he expired. Victor, to this day, is in ignorance of his own name or that of his supposed father."

"Why, what is wrong?" asked the artist, on perceiving that his friend betrayed emotion.

"Nothing," said Browning quickly. "Your story recalls one I heard some years back. Proceed, however, I shall hear you to the end."

"For six months, Victor attended day school. During that time my health began to fail perceptibly. My physician advised me to quit Paris without delay, and seek some quiet spot where the absence of rush and bustle would restore my worn-out frame to its normal condition. To part with Victor was indeed a sacrifice; such sacrifices must, however, be made in the interest of a good cause. I placed him in a first-class boarding school, and retired to Geneva, where I have since made my home. He wrote me regularly during his college career; and in the summer, spent his vacation here."

"How long since you have seen him?"

"It is now nearly two years. I expect that he will take a trip this way during the coming season. When he completed his course, he entered a law establishment to take up that profession. I understand he is making rapid progress."

"By what name is he known?"

"In deference to my wishes, he assumed my name. He is called Victor Kingsley."

Charles Browning thanked the artist most cordially for his interesting story, then added:

"Now, I have a surprise in store for you. I am—Victor's—father."

An embarrassing silence followed this announcement.

"I was the man," continued Mr. Browning, "who was summering in Luzerne with Mrs. B. and our only child, Victor. One day he disappeared. All efforts to find him proved fruitless. As a result, his mother pined away, and died in less than two years, leaving me to endure my two-fold grief."

Tears streamed down the old artist's face. "I will accompany you to Paris," said he, "to be present at the reunion."

Next day, they started on their journey. It is needless to describe the scene that followed the meeting of father and son. Suffice it to say that Victor, at his father's request, severed his connections with the Paris law firm, and decided to return with him to his home in Washington. They persuaded Victor's benefactor to accompany them.

All three went to Geneva, where Alexander Kingsley settled up his business, and in the course of a week was on his way to America with his two friends who realized they had unconsciously contracted with him a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid.

Victor is now his father's junior partner. His old friend has since

passed away, having lived but three years after leaving Europe. Many of his artistic productions adorn the walls of Mr. Browning's palatial residence. Hung in the main hallway, is one which appeals to all lovers of art, and elicits universal admiration, the picture of 'The Beautiful Beggar Boy.'

Our Boys And Girls

A MUSICAL ALPHABET.

- A for Andante, which means rather slow,
- B is for Bar, we must count as we go,
- C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees,
- D for Da Capo, repeat if you please,
- E for the Exercise, played day by day,
- F stands for Forte, as loud as you may,
- G for Graziose, in soft singing style,
- H for two hands which we use all the while,
- I is the Instrument, skillfully made,
- J for our Joy when we hear it well played,
- K is for Keys, black and white, as you know,
- L is for Largo, most solemn and slow,
- M for a Minim, just two in a bar,
- N for the Notes; what a number there are!
- O stands for Opera, a musical play!
- P for the Pedal, use cautiously, pray!
- Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight,
- R is a rest, count one while you wait,
- S is a Semibreve, to it count four,
- T is a Trio, or three voices, no more,
- U Una Corda, or played all in one,
- V for Vivance, a time full of fun,
- W for Weber, whose music is fine,
- X for Xcel, which just means to out-shine,
- Y is a Youth who can play some nice things,
- Z is a Zither, with many sweet strings.

GROWING GIRLS.—How ambitious girls are in the matter of growing! How proud they are of an extra inch or five pounds' gain in weight! How they look forward to the time when they can turn up their hair and let down their skirts and be called "Miss So-and-So!" But there is another sort of growth, Home Fairies, far more important than this. A few inches more or less, a few pounds lighter or heavier, are matters of small consequence. But it does make a difference if you do not reach your full stature in unselfishness and kindness and self-control. There are some women who have lived in the world many years, and yet their natures are as undeveloped along these lines as when they were little children. Home is the very best gymnasium for encouraging this sort of growth. There is no better place for growing patient and gentle and generous. In fact, the girl who is dwarfed in these things when she leaves home, is likely to remain a dwarf to the end of her days. How is it with you? Are you making any gain over a year ago, or are you satisfied to stand still? To be tall and strong and beautiful in body, and small and weak and unattractive in soul, is a poor ambition for any girl. Don't stop short of full-grown womanhood.

ONE THING that keeps young men down is their fear of work, says an exchange. They aim to find genteel occupations, so they can dress well and not soil their clothes and handle things with the tips of their fingers. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel and they prefer to give orders to others or figure as masters and let some one else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success.

When we see a boy who has just secured a position, take hold of everything with both hands and "jump right into his work," as if he meant to succeed, we have confidence that he will prosper. But, if he stands around and asks questions when told to do anything; if he tells you that this or that belongs to some other boy to do, for it is not his work; if

he does not try to carry out his orders in the correct way; if he wants a thousand explanations when asked to run an errand and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself—one feels like discharging such a boy on the spot, for he is convinced that he was not cut out for success. That boy will be a failure. There is no place in this century for the lazy man. He will be pushed to the wall.

THE CIGARETTE BOY.—Strange as it may appear, there are scores of boys—Catholic boys attending schools—who smoke cigarettes on least frequented streets and in out-of-the-way places after school hours. Every penny they receive at home is used in buying cigarettes. For the benefit of those who read this column we reproduce the following little story to illustrate how business men ignore the cigarette smoker. The story is as follows:—

The boy in search of a job turned up at supper time at his sister's house, looking rather disconsolate.

"I didn't get nothing to do," he said, shortly.

"I don't wonder if you used that kind of grammar," said his sister.

"That wasn't it; I had my company grammar on all right; 'twas something else and I'll tell Jim about it after supper. You'd spring the 'I told you so' game and make me tired."

Jim was the brother-in-law, and had been a job-hunting boy himself not many years before. He was beckoned into the sitting-room immediately after rising from the table, and once there the door was shut by his wife's youthful brother, who turned and said "I went to fourteen places to-day, Jim, and was turned down at every shot. I've read about such things in the Sunday School books and in the funny papers, but I thought it was all gab. The people I applied to didn't ask me if I lived with my mother; they didn't ask if I wrote a good hand; they didn't ask if I knew the city, and they didn't ask nothing at all that I expected them to ask me. The first thing four of them says was 'Hold up your hands,' while the others says 'Please let us look at your hands.' There was one look, and four of them says 'Go,' and the rest says, polite like, 'We don't think we require your services.'"

"What was the matter?" asked the sister's husband.

The boy held up the forefinger of his left hand, the inner side of which a yellow stain showed as far as the second knuckle. "That," he said simply.

"H'm," said the brother-in-law, "the boss in our shop won't allow cigarette smoking either, but I didn't know things had gone as far as this. Why don't you quit?"

"I have; I quit last night. One of the people that said 'Go' called me back just as I got to the elevator and says, 'What makes you smoke cigarettes?' 'I don't,' I says.

"There's some things worse than cigarette smokin,' he says.

"I quit last night," I told him. Then he grinned a little, and said that I might not be such a liar as he thought after all, but it was a fact that Chicago men had quit hiring cigarette kids, and that this was doing more to stop the habit than all the anti-cigarette leagues in the city. Then he says, "You're sure you quit last night, are you? Well, you come back again in a week and show me your hands."

"The stain'll wear off by that time, Jim, and I kinder think that feller'll give me a job."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I regard woman's rights women and the leaders in the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex. They teach that which robs woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive, and which gives her nothing in return but masculine boldness and brazen effrontery. They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, but have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp a position for which neither God nor Nature ever intended her.—Cardinal Gibbons.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

In the "Fortnightly Review," Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, a well known English advocate of workingmen's rights, has a very noteworthy article under the heading: "Did Things Go Better Before Our Time?" Being a working man, and one who climbed up the ladder from its bottom rung, there is no doubt that this writer can speak well from experience. We are accustomed to hearing about "the good, old times," and to read of endless lamentations over past conditions. Yet, with his seventy-seven years of life, Mr. Holyoake answers his own question in the affirmative, and claims that things go much better now than in olden times—or rather than in the middle of the last century.

He takes, for example, the ordinary making of a light. He calculates that the average consumption of matches is eight for each person. To produce eight lights by a tinder box would occupy fifteen minutes. With matches you can produce eight lights in two minutes. This is a saving of about eight hours in a year, or eight working days for a working man. In developing this theory he says that "more dissensions arose over village pumps in a day than a dozen preachers could reconcile in a week; now the poorest house has a water tap which might be called moral, seeing the ill-feeling it prevents."

He tells how the first emigrants to America were six months on the passage, while now they can do it in two weeks, and the mechanic can now travel farther than could a king a century ago.

It is interesting to note the various signs of improvement that he detects. A few of them will be interesting. He says:—

"The meanest hospital gives the poorest patient who enters it a better chance of life than the wealthy could once command. Pestilence is restrained, diseases are checked at will, and sanitation is a public care. Many mills and factories are palaces compared with what they were. Twelve or more hours a day was the ordinary working period, and wages, piece work and day work, were cut down at will. Education now can be had for working men's children for a small sum.

"In the old times the working people got their news in a second hand way from sixpenny newspapers a month old, now they can read the news every morning in a halfpenny paper before their employers are out of bed. Workmen at election times are no longer referred to as the 'swinish multitude.' Now a poor man can buy a better library for a few shillings than the middle class man possessed fifty years ago. Food is purer, health is surer, life is safer and lasts longer. Towns are brighter, means of recreation are multiplied, parks are increased and given to the people.

"House owning has become possible to those whose fathers never thought it possible. Political and civil freedom has come in a measure to those who dwell in cottages and lodgings. Comfort has crept into a million houses where it never found its way before. The manners of the rich are better. Their sympathy with the people has increased. Their power of doing ill is no longer absolute."

The writer of the foregoing was born in 1817, and is now in his eighty-sixth year. He calculates his life of observation about seventy-six or seven years—since he was ten. This old gentleman's life, which has been specially dedicated to the cause of the laboring classes, is fast drawing to a close, and he was anxious to embody all his experiences in one important article, before withdrawing forever from the arena in which he had struggled beyond the allotted span. In closing his paper he recalls a sentence that appeared in President Roosevelt's speech, delivered at Syracuse: "If working people adhere to the policy of advancing their own honest interests without destroying others as rightfully engaged in seeking theirs, there is no degree of prosperity and of happiness to which they may not attain."

After all, we find that this is the great Cardinal principle, to advance their own interests while refraining from any encroachment upon the rights of others. And this is the principle that the late Pontiff Leo XIII. enunciated in his famous encyclical upon Capital and Labor. So, in the end, do we find ever the consensus of opinion harmonizing with the doctrines of the Church.

Be courageous. Be independent. Only remember where the true courage and independence come from.

NEW TREATMENT OF CANCER.

A new treatment of cancer, which is believed at least to mark an important advance even if it does not prove to be a cure, was explained recently, before a meeting of the Abernethian Society of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, Eng., by Dr. Josse Johnson, a London physician who has been examining the methods employed by Dr. Otto Schmidt, of Cologne.

A few months ago the wife of a well known millionaire learned that she was suffering from cancer. An eminent London surgeon refused to operate, owing to the hopelessness of her case. She thereupon became a patient of Dr. Otto Schmidt, and derived so much benefit from his treatment that she was able to return to her home. Dr. Schmidt's methods. The result of his observations was given recently.

"Dr. Schmidt's opinion," he said, "is that cancer is conditional on the presence in the patient of a cancer parasite which produces a structural change in the cells of the part affected. There has been no difficulty in finding parasites associated with cancer. Geyford in America, Plimmer in this country, and Schuler have all discovered and very fully described a comparatively large number of these parasites."

"The difficulty has been to decide which, if any, of them is the cause of cancer. Dr. Schmidt believes he has isolated the specific parasite. His explanation of the number of parasites associated with cancer is that they are one and the same, varying in shape and appearance under different conditions. By altering the conditions Dr. Schmidt says his parasite assumes all the different appearances which other searchers as several parasites.

"With this parasite Dr. Schmidt has done two things—he seems to have sterilized it with liquid air and he has also injected it into animals and developed a serum which has the power of destroying cancer cells. Sterilized parasites he used for one treatment which he calls actoi. Animal serum he used for his second treatment, which he calls octroi. An has been carried out with the first method."

"He found on injecting the first preparation that in eight or ten hours the patient became feverish and cancerous, and the growth became painful and inflamed. Both preparations were tried on healthy persons, including Dr. Johnson, and produced no results. This is the strongest form. The serum is a more attenuated form, suitable for cases where the patient is much weakened."

According to Dr. Johnson, Dr. Schmidt has dealt with twenty-nine cases. In one of these the patient was proved, by not responding to the injection, not to be suffering from cancer. An operation proved that the growths from which she suffered were not malignant.

Dr. Johnson described in detail the effects of these injections upon various patients. One was a woman who had undergone no fewer than six operations for removal of cancer of the breast. She had also a malignant growth on her forehead, which it was considered quite hopeless to attempt to remove. As a result of Dr. Schmidt's treatment by injections, there was a great gain in the patient's general health and the growth on the forehead shrank to a mere scar.

For the cure of cancer Dr. Schmidt requires three things:—Arrest of the process, removal of the growth and the fact that no vital organ has been seriously injured.

Dr. Johnson's conclusions as to the advantages of the treatment were thus summed up:— "From the case quoted it would appear that the treatment reduces malignant tumors to the level of an innocent growth, and therefore limits their spreading powers and renders their removal effective."

Dr. Johnson put forward this treatment with the greatest reserve. He objected to its being at present called a cure. There is much to be done before that can be claimed, but Dr. Johnson is going to give the method a trial in England, and in the discussion which followed his report, in which many eminent medical men took part, the general feeling was that while a cautious reserve was necessary in the face of so many previous disappointments in the field of cancer research, on the whole a case had been made out for a trial to be given to Dr. Schmidt's method.

The University Question.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The London "Times," always so anti-Irish and anti-Catholic, has been warning Balfour and Wyndham against the introduction of an Irish University Education Bill.

The most serious aspect of the matter in the present uncertainty of party politics is the influence any scheme of the kind will probably exercise over elections in Ulster, in Scotland, in Lancashire, and in other parts of the United Kingdom.

But this is a double-edged sword that cuts both ways. What are the Catholics of England and Ireland going to be doing all this time? ... If they band together and declare that they will not vote for any candidate except the one who agrees to support this long-retarded measure, how will it be? This is something that the "Times" does not appear to take into its calculations.

Now as to the question of immediate elections after the next session, it is not quite so sure. The Chief Ministerial Whip has been indulging the hope that the general election may be deferred till 1905 or 1906.

While this postponement would demand a great deal of skillful management on the part of Balfour, still it would make it quite safe for the Government to venture its Irish University Bill, the promise of which Mr. Balfour has actually made.

tem, should be enjoyed by the different colleges."

The question now is, how far would such a scheme go to meet the views of the Protestant and Catholic elements in Ireland? Trinity College has suggested a counter scheme, whereby the Catholics would have to remain for all time in a position of inferiority in matters of education.

"The scheme is one which will, we are sure, receive the support of all who are desirous of seeing the Irish University problem satisfactorily solved. It goes without saying that many objections will be raised. Nothing is easier than to make objections. The business of the practical statesman is not to avoid them, but to meet the wishes of the people in a way which will secure the good of the greatest number.

At all events we have full confidence that the men who carried through the Irish Land Bill are able, no matter how political parties may have fluctuated since, on other issues, to bring to a successful termination, and to a generally satisfactory one, this second great question.

Young Men in Business

"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice." This thought, in an editorial of "The Saturday Evening Post" of February 28, is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice.

When a young man of average ability decides on a line of action and follows it out persistently, perseveringly and consistently, doggedly it may be—when he sticks to it through thick and thin, against opposition and against adverse criticism—when he calls to his assistance the experience and knowledge of trained minds and backs them up with the force, vigor and enthusiasm of his youth, he is sure to win—he must win.

While Louis G. Booth was struggling along on a salary of \$8 a week in a wholesale jewelry-house as an ordinary stock clerk (whose main duty was to know where to find cuff-buttons, watch chains, silver trinkets and various other items of merchandise kept in stock by the firm), he resolved to rise above the level of a mere wage-earner and to take his place as a business man among business men.

He admired his employer. He believed in his firm. He was confident that his best opportunity for advancement was in connection with their business. He studied one department after another. Everywhere he found other young men like himself (and older ones, too) going through a certain routine of work that had been mapped out for them by an expert—the head of that department.

He discovered that these men were heads of departments instead of clerks because they could plan and execute their work better than any one else in the department. It was clear that in order to rise above the level of clerkship he must be a better clerk than the rest. But it was equally clear that at the head of every department was a man of proved ability who was likely to hold his position for life if he kept ahead of his fellows.

With this idea constantly before him he thought out a plan which created a new and successful department.

OUR IRISH GRAVES.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This year as in former years, various clubs of the city, numbers of his former friends, political associates, and hundreds of sympathizers amongst the general citizens, proceeded in procession to the tomb of the late Honore Mercier, there sang a "Libera," prayed for the repose of the soul of the departed statesman, and retired with the intention of going again another year. There is something admirable and touching in this devotion to the memory of a man, and it is inspiring as well as consoling. To all these pilgrimages have lessons that should be carefully read and taken to heart. Whenever such an occasion arises we feel that a cloud of gloom hangs over our own head. It is not envy, certainly; but a sentiment arises that makes us wish that our own could be as true to and mindful of their great dead as are the French-Canadians in this particular instance. For we have many eminent men whose ashes slumber, very much undisturbed, in the graves, tombs, and vaults of Cote des Neiges. But to none of them do we go on any special occasion. While awaiting the ceremonies of Sunday, the first of November, at the cemetery we rambled off in the direction of Mercier's tomb, and there noted the crowns, crosses, and anchors of flowers that were placed as tokens of a great remembrance. In going there we passed by that series of vaults leading towards his last resting place. Over one of them we read one simple word, carved on a white marble slab, "McGee." As we paused before that tomb, and breathed a humble "Ave," we could not help contrasting the silence and neglect before us, with the hum of approaching hundreds that were coming to the third vault up the hill.

Leaving the spot we turned along the pathway and counted many a grave and monument that told of great Irish Catholic benefactors of the institutions of our city, whose memory is only conserved in dusty account books, and we felt how sad it was that they should remain unnamed and unvisited—even by those whom they had most benefited during their lives.

It seems to us that what can be done by one section of the people can equally be done by another one, and that nothing is needed but to have the suggestion made, to have an annual pilgrimage to the graves of a few, at least, of our most representative dead. They are to be counted by the score; men who once represented us in public life and in the great marts of commerce; men who climbed the ladder of prosperity and with every upward move brought our people higher and higher; men who gave thousands of dollars to educate a whole generation, to build our churches, erect our schools, aid our homes of benevolence and give an impetus to all our religious and national undertakings. It is surely not too much to ask, that they should be remembered in a more tangible, a more practical manner than has heretofore been the case. In giving this hint and making this suggestion we do so as an effect of the feelings experienced on the occasion to which we refer. We have many patriotic societies and amongst them surely there can be found one to give such a movement an impetus. All that would be required, we are sure, would be to have the wheel started, and the accomplishment of such a grateful and patriotic work would be merely a matter of short time.

HEROISM OF A PRIEST

In the worst accident that has occurred in the building of the rapid transit tunnel ten men were killed last Saturday night by a cave-in following a blast. Many thousand tons

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of rock fell in a length of thirty feet, about two blocks below where the tunnel comes out on the surface level at the junction of Nagle, Eleventh and Speedway avenues, just north of Fort George. In the foreground of the picture of the disaster, never to be forgotten by those who saw it, was a priest, a heroic figure in the red, smoky light of the tunnel lamps. He was the Rev. Thomas F. Lynch, of St. Elizabeth's Church, which stands within half a mile of the scene of the disaster. News of the accident was quick to reach Father Lynch, and he was among the first to arrive at the mouth of the tunnel. Through the semi-darkness of the tunnel, ankle deep in mud, he hurried ahead. The cries of tortured men pinned down by the jagged rocks guided him. Fearlessly pushing on, stumbling over boulders and scattered timbers, Father Lynch safely reached the fearful tangle of rocks and men.

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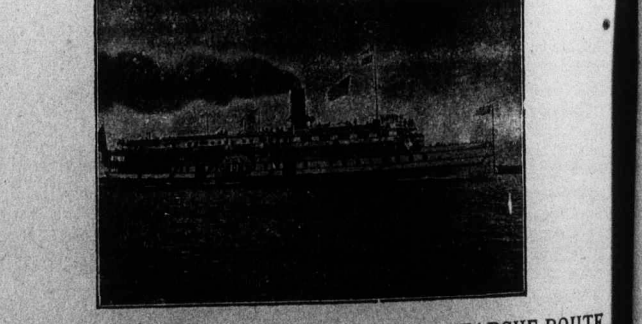
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A GREAT ARCHITECT.

By "ORUX."

FROM time to time, since I have commenced to scribble for the "True Witness," I have sought to bring before the readers some choice expressions, from eloquent pens, on the great subject of art, and especially of Catholic art. Of course, when I speak of art in general I include all its forms, all its various modes of expression—drawing, painting, etching, sculpture, moulding, architecture and design—and in each of these do I find that the Catholic Church has produced the greatest masters, while she was ever the fostering mother of art and letters, of music and of philosophy.

From the close of the fourteenth to almost the middle of the fifteenth centuries there lived a man in Italy whose genius had revived the ancient art of the Greeks and Romans, in the domain of architecture, and whose monument—even as St. Peter's of Rome is that of Angelo—is the dome of the Cathedral of Florence. The name of this man was Filippo Brunelleschi. He was born in Florence in the year 1377, and died in the same city, in the year 1446. During the almost seventy years of his life he performed wonders as far as the revolutionizing of architecture is concerned. A few words of a biographical character may not be out of place, before we turn to a brief account of the mighty changes brought about by the chisel and pencil of this Florentine.

Brunelleschi was the son of a notary, and his father intended that he should follow the same profession. But he gave evidence of so much mechanical instinct and ingenuity that he was apprenticed to a goldsmith. In those days the trade of a goldsmith demanded a thorough acquaintance with the arts. The boy became a very good tradesman. In order to perfect himself in his trade he made special studies in sculpture, perspective and geometry. He went to Rome in his younger days, when he familiarized himself with the works of ancient architecture, and took the secret resolution to revive the older classical style which had died out in Italy. Competing for the work of completing the Cathedral of Florence, when he had returned from his sojourn of study in Rome, his plan was approved, and though he did not live to see the completion of his great work, still he earned for himself imperishable fame. The cupola, which is one of the triumphs of architecture, is larger than that of St. Peter's in Rome, and was then the largest in the whole world. Another of the imperishable monuments to his genius is the Pitti palace at Florence. And over Italy are to be found a number of churches, designed and executed by this great Catholic architect—and all of them are models that have inspired thousands since his time. So much for the personal career of Brunelleschi; we will now take a glimpse at the change in the style of architecture that he effected.

The Roman Empire reached the zenith of its glory in the Augustan age, when peace reigned supreme and the arts flourished in all their perfection. From the Mantuan grove sang Virgil, and Horace turned his magic lyre and sang the immortal odes that go travelling down the ages. The magic of Cicero's eloquence had awakened the echoes of the Forum; the painters, sculptors and architects vied with each other in glorifying Caesar and the Gods. But the decline came; the tyrannic careers of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, and that long series of degenerated and degenerating Caesars. There was nothing in paganism to meet and turn back the tide of luxury that was sapping the foundations of the mightiest fabric that the administrative genius of man had ever constructed. With the decline of Rome, architecture, like all other arts, began to decay and the splendor of the Roman idea sensibly diminished. Through successive periods the Roman school sank lower and lower, and while the architecture of the Middle Ages was taken from old Greek and Roman models, the strong principles which had been the basis and glory of the Grecian and Roman periods was either entirely lost or else was misunderstood by the secondary minds that arose.

There were various styles, all of a more or less transitional character. They were called by names, but only by such were they designated and are they remembered. The Latin, the Byzantine, the Lombard, the Saxon, the Norman, the Romanesque, were all known as the old or the round-arched Gothic. During these different stages of decline barbaric hordes from the North invaded the Roman Empire; Hun, Vandal, Goth, and Visigoth poured in upon the most beautiful provinces of the Empire, and before their invading forces the legions were crushed, and the torch of the Vandal was lit to destroy the greatest works of art that a prior civilization had created. But when Constantine transferred the seat of Empire to Byzantium, and called the city by the Bosphorus Constantinople, the architectural treasures left by the ancients were freely used by the Greeks, who again turned successfully to the cultivation of the arts. Then came the Byzantine school, with its crowning glory—the dome.

In Italy, after the sixth century, the old Gothic, or painted style, was introduced, the essential element of which was the painted arch. With the so-called reformation came the gradual abandonment of the painted arches. It was only when the fifteenth century dawned upon Italy that we find the old classic style, with all its perfections, combined with the Byzantine dome, to constitute the very perfection of architectural design; and this was the work of the subject of this brief sketch—to Brunelleschi belongs the glory of the initiative taken, the results of which have been so wonderful.

There were various styles, all of a more or less transitional character. They were called by names, but only by such were they designated and are they remembered. The Latin, the Byzantine, the Lombard, the Saxon, the Norman, the Romanesque, were all known as the old or the round-arched Gothic. During these different stages of decline barbaric hordes from the North invaded the Roman Empire; Hun, Vandal, Goth, and Visigoth poured in upon the most beautiful provinces of the Empire, and before their invading forces the legions were crushed, and the torch of the Vandal was lit to destroy the greatest works of art that a prior civilization had created. But when Constantine transferred the seat of Empire to Byzantium, and called the city by the Bosphorus Constantinople, the architectural treasures left by the ancients were freely used by the Greeks, who again turned successfully to the cultivation of the arts. Then came the Byzantine school, with its crowning glory—the dome.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

It is not my purpose, says Rev. John F. Noll, to scold those Catholics who have already cast their lot with a Protestant or an infidel, for except in very few instances, they secretly concede that it was the mistake of their lives. Many Catholics, who before marriage could see no wrong in the step in their case, have told me that they would never do it over.

And as to the unmarried, I shall not write them a sermon, for they have a real horror for sermons on mixed marriages, and on account of this horror, they seldom give an attentive ear to the reasons for the Church's strict position regarding such marriages. My purpose, then, will be merely to enumerate some of these reasons in a manner plain and convincing to everyone who will use his "thinking powers" a little.

1. First of all let me say that it is God Himself who will not tolerate mixed marriages and the Church merely explains and enforces His will. Even in the Old Testament, mention of God's prohibition of mixed marriages is so frequent that it would occupy too much space to quote all passages. I shall mention only a few:

"Thou shalt not take of their daughters (unbelievers) a wife for thy son."—Exod. 34:16.

"If you will embrace the errors of those nations and make marriages with them, know you for a certainty, that they shall be a pit and a snare in thy way."—Joshua 23:12.

"You have transgressed (done something forbidden), taking strange wives to add to the sin of Israel."—I Esdras 10:10.

"We have sinned against our God and have taken strange wives."—I Esdras 10:1. Read the whole chapter 10, of the First Book of Esdras to see how mixed marriages were viewed by faithful Jews.

2. If God Himself forbade such mixed alliances in the Old Law, when marriage was only a natural contract, how much more reason is there for such prohibition now, that Christ has raised this contract to the rank of things most holy? For Christians marriage is now a sacrament, representing and effecting a holy union and intended to sanctify those who enter it. It can only be such a holy union where faith marries faith, where both parties are under the dominion of God's Church.

3. No law is more reasonable and charitable than the law forbidding mixed marriages. We are on earth to work for Heaven; that is sure. And most people must do that work as husbands and wives, as fathers and mothers, in other words, in the marriage state. Wherefore their marriage should put no obstacle in the way; it should rather help them. But when a Catholic marries a Protestant, he does put an obstacle in the way. If I want God's blessing on my married life, I must not break His law whilst entering it; I should rather endeavor to have God present at the marriage ceremony. He is not present at a mixed marriage, for He forbids such. God cannot be inconsistent.

4. In marriage, husband and wife become one moral person. They must endeavor to sanctify each other. This cannot be done in a mixed marriage, for how can there be harmonious co-operation toward salvation? They cannot even speak and think alike about their duties to God. A mixed marriage makes a "house divided, against itself." In marriage man must have a "helpmate like unto himself" especially in religion, since thereby he strives to bring about the "one thing necessary."

5. When a man and woman enter marriage, they must be ready to become father and mother. Then on the Catholic devotes the very strict duty of bringing up the children faithful members of the Catholic Church. Need I tell you that this is rarely accomplished where one party is a Protestant? I say rarely, for I admit that some few instances might be referred to.

Statistics will show better than any argument what poor Catholics the offspring of mixed marriages become. The Literary Digest of a year ago quoted statistics gleaned from a house to house canvass, as follows:—Where both father and mother were Catholics, 92 per cent of the grown-up children are Catholics, but in mixed marriages only 34 per cent of the children go to church at all. That means that two-thirds of the children of mixed marriages are lost to God's Church, and I might say, lost to Heaven.

Can you believe that God will bless such unions when they tend to pull

OUR REVIEWER ON BOOKS.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Our readers may remember the sensational stories that filled the press of last year in regard to Giuseppe Musolino the Calabrian bandit, whose wonderful exploits ended in his famous trial at Lucca. It may be remembered that he was only twenty-six years of age, and that he had during the last four or five years of his wild career defied the law and held all the authorities at bay, piling up the record of his murders to a fearful height. A volume has just been published in Italian entitled "Biografia d'un Bandito," written by two very serious university professors, one of Rome and the other of Genoa, and which deals with the life of this notorious bandit. However, it is a book that would be a surprise to almost all who read it. It is dedicated to Professor Cesare Lombroso, of the University of Turin. The very first question one is prompted to ask is "why should such serious men dabble in dime-novel style of sensationalism?" The title of the work and the well known character and deeds of the hero thereof, would lead a reader to suppose that there would be some blood-curdling accounts of the deceptions of the bandit and stories of his sensational and hair-breadth escapes in the mountains of Calabria. But, if such be the anticipations, certainly the disappointment must be great.

For the general reader there are some chapters of interest that treat of the social, economic and moral conditions of Calabria. But the main aim of the work is of a totally different character. To give an idea of its purport, we may quote the words of an eminent American reviewer as to the means taken by the two professors to secure material for their volume. This writer says:—"During the time of Musolino's detention at Lucca, pending his trial, the authors of this study were given free access to the delinquent, and he appears to have found diversion in their visits and in the minute examinations to which they subjected him. With the help of tabular statements and of diagrams they chronicle the details of Musolino's physical and mental organism, and precise measurements of his person, record of pulse, and temperature, photographic reproduction of finger-prints, of the character of his reflex muscular actions and the classification of the subject matter of his dreams through a long series of consecutive nights. The layman, after a careful reading, will be likely to consider that all this mass of painfully gathered data goes to show that Musolino exhibited no abnormal traits, and was far from appearing a monster of wickedness to an ordinary acquaintance. He seems like a perfectly normal human being, with no lust of blood—only he has the undeveloped moral sense that is characteristic, for example, of the Indian in his savage state; and Calabria is well known to have lagged behind the rest of the world in moral as in material development. If, indeed, it has not retrograded. But the lack in Musolino appears to be entirely moral, and to be a defect in education alone. The bandit had occasional attacks of epilepsy, and, besides the careful investigation of the facts in his individual case, the authors have inquired into the prevalence of epilepsy in Calabria, both absolutely and in comparison with other parts of Italy. The results are brought to bear on the fact that Calabria exceeds all other parts of the Italian realm in crimes of violence, and in actual homicide is exceeded only by Sicily."

The practical results of this peculiar work are few, but of them there is one that stands out in great prominence; it is the conclusion that education, has more to do with the formation of the man than either physical or mental defects. Of course, by education is meant not only school instruction, but also family environment, the atmosphere of home influence, and the religious inculcation that is a predominant feature in all true education. Physical deficiencies are not necessarily of the greatest importance; and mental lackings may be overcome by proper education, unless they be of a character to place the individual in the category of the demented or idiotic. But the question is not in regard to these exceptions, but rather the ordinary human being, that sets out in life, with an average amount of

strength of faculties. The home education is the first great influence in the moulding of that person's future; then come in succession all the subsequent steps on the pathway of ordinary education. If then the predominating force of religious influence be not felt, there is but a poor chance that the individual can develop into a good and useful citizen. The moral faculties are in the balance and from the outset either the good or the evil weights will load the scales with preponderance on one or the other side. If the evil outweighs the good from the very start the effort to regain the equilibrium and to make the scales swing in the other direction is necessarily great, and often futile, because too late.

Here again we find ourselves face to face with the most serious question of the hour—that of education, and its influence upon the coming generation. We also find ourselves brought in touch with the unceasing preachings of the Church, which insist upon religious and secular education being combined and made to go hand in hand. They are both of an absolute necessity; and whosoever seeks to divorce them, be it in the name of the State, or of society, or of anything else, merely works for the destruction of the rising generation, and for the creation of a citizenship of the Musolino character rather than one of the higher, more stable and more perfect class. If this work of the Roman and Genoese professors had no other result than to prove in a scientific manner, based upon experiments in an individual instance, the grave need of religious and true education for the rising generation, it would not be a vain or fruitless work. The subject is unique, but the treatment thereof is still more unique. It was, as the professors thought, an admirable opportunity to force the world to conclusions similar to those that the Church has been, for all time, and under all circumstances, preaching, and they have certainly succeeded to a goodly extent—the work will probably be translated into English and French.

SUCCESS OF LIFE

We all seek success; and are all ambitious to triumph in life's affairs. Yet we fail, or we succeed, and often we cannot tell exactly why such has been the result of all our desires, ambitious and endeavors. Last week, this subject was admirably treated by a Catholic contemporary, and the article, though brief, appears to cover most of the ground. What we like most in this brief article is the fact that the writer of it does not depend, or rather make success depend, upon circumstances only. They who blame, or who give credit to circumstances, are more or less fatalists. They look to chance, to luck, to fortune, more than to the Providence that is unquestionably and with whom man must count in the affairs of life. Here are the comments to which we refer:—

"Success in the affairs of this world depends upon certain virtues and qualifications as well as favorable circumstances and a kind Providence. The success referred to is that associated with an upright, honorable life, not marred by conduct or action unbecoming a gentleman and Christian.

"Men who have attained distinction in their respective vocations, or accumulated wealth, or placed themselves by their own honest efforts in a state of independence, or who are influential in the commercial or political field, or who earn an income in proportion to their necessary expenses, are considered successful men.

"But the biographer or student of philosophy is oftentimes puzzled to understand how one man prospered whilst his confere with equal abilities and similar circumstances was unsuccessful. Why some became opulent, whilst others with like opportunities were wretched.

"Men may be as Shakespeare wrote: 'Masters of their fate,' but the fault is 'not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings.' Success in some instances may not be due to superior knowledge and ability, but to tact, energy and enterprise. Misfortune may be caused by the habit of procrastination, which restrains ability.

"There is a time, yea, a moment, when success was a sure prospect, but let that moment be lost and the opportunity is gone." This comment is beautifully expressed in these lines of Shakespeare: 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken in the flood leads to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.'

"In some cases success in business was promoted by a courteous, prepossessing demeanor. A generous nature and politeness have a magnetic or hypnotic effect upon our fellow-creatures, whereas apathy and rudeness may repel them. Thus it is that some men often hide their talents and mar their usefulness by uncouth manners or rough exterior."

This last remark is one that is based on daily examples. We hear so often that a man has a good heart, but a rough appearance, or manner. That may be true—but it would pay him better to mask the roughness, and to "wear his good heart on his sleeve."

NEW PATENT LAW.

The new law, assented to August 13, 1903, empowers the Commissioner of patents to place certain patents under the Compulsory License System in lieu of the actual manufacture of the patented article, provided application is made before February 13th, 1904, in cases of patents granted before August 13th last.

The patents which are likely to be placed under the Compulsory License System are for: an art or process; improvements on a patented invention, when both patents are not held by the same persons; appliances or apparatus used in connection with railways, telegraph, telephone, and lighting systems and other works under the control of the public or large corporations, which are manufactured or constructed only to order, and are not according to custom carried in stock.

The cost of preparing and filling a petition for the Commissioner's order is ten dollars (\$10.00) in all ordinary cases.

(Information furnished by Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D. C.)

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble necessary. In small and large bottles from all grocers.

GUARANTEED PURE.

THE MONTH OF THE DEAD.

(By "Una," Mary A. Ford.)

Oh, pray, pray for the dead!
 Kneel in thought where the withered grasses
 Rustling sway o'er a once bright head;
 Summer dies, and the dying flowers
 Sigh, "Remember your loved and dead."

Fading, fluttering, whirling, failing,
 Leaves come down with a sob of pain—
 Come to cover the dear ones lying
 Under the cold November rain—
 Cold as clay when the soul has fled,
 Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

Oh, pray, pray for the dead!
 Every second Death is calling,
 Dear ones fall like the autumn leaves;
 Where's the grove that has lost no garland?
 Where's the home where no mourner grieves?
 Barred from glory, are doomed to roam,
 Voiceless, helpless. Oh, you loved them!

Beg our Father to call them home—
 Home from suffering, darkness, dread;
 Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

Oh, pray, pray for the dead!
 Pray for those whom the yawning billows
 Swallowed down in their fearful wrath,
 Those who, scorched by the breath of fever,
 Fell like grass in the mower's path,
 Those who dropped by the way unnoticed,
 Those who died in the battle's din,
 All are loved by our Lord, and holy,
 All must suffer who stoop to sin;
 Plead for rest for each weary head,
 Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

Oh, pray, pray for the dead!
 Buried friends, can we e'er forget you—
 You who felt for our weal or woe?
 God be with you, our silent sleepers,
 Lying under the turf so low,
 Useless, vain is our weak bewailing—
 Vain are murmur and sob and tear;
 What, oh, what can our grief avail you,
 Lifeless dust that was once so dear?
 Hark! a sigh from each lowly bed;
 Oh, pray, pray for the dead!

A good character is the best tombstone. Those who loved you, and were helped by you, will remember you when forget-me-nots are withered. Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION JUBILEE.

As our readers are already aware, Pope Leo XIII. had at heart the celebration, in a worthy manner, of the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It was on the 8th December, 1854, that Pius IX., of glorious memory, defined that consoling and beautiful dogma. Next year the celebration will take place the 8th December. In connection therewith Rome has issued some official documents, consisting of Pope Leo XIII. letter of last May, to the Cardinals, and of the general programme, as approved by the Commission of Cardinals appointed to study the matter. The following are the documents:—

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

To Our Beloved Sons, Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli, Mariano Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro, Domenico Cardinal Ferrata, Giuseppe Calasanzio Cardinal Vives:

Lord Cardinals—From many sides evidence has been manifested to Us of an earnest desire on the part of the faithful to celebrate with extraordinary solemnity the fiftieth anniversary of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. How dear to Our Heart this desire has been may well be imagined. Devotion to the Mother of God not only has been from Our tender years among Our most cherished affections, but it is for Us one of the most potent means of defence granted by Providence to the Catholic Church. At all times and in all trials and persecutions the Church has had recourse to Mary and in her has ever found solace and protection. And now that the days in which we live are so stormy and so full of menace for the Church herself, we are rejoiced and stimulated to hope when we see the faithful, seizing the auspicious opportunity presented by this fiftieth anniversary with an unanimous impulse of love and confidence to Her who is invoked as the Help of Christians. This longed-for fiftieth anniversary is rendered all the dearer to Us, too, by the fact that we are the only survivor of all the Cardinals and Bishops who gathered around Our predecessor at the promulgation of the dogmatic decree. But, as it is Our wish that the anniversary celebrations shall have the stamp of greatness befitting this Rome of Ours, and be of such a kind as to serve as a stimulus and guide for the devotion of the Catholics of the whole world, we have determined to form a Commission of Cardinals whose care it will be to regulate and direct them. You, Lord Cardinals, we appoint as members of this Commission. And in the certainty that through your wise care, Our own earnest desires and those of the people will be fully realized, we impart to you the Apostolic Blessing as a pledge of heavenly favors.

From the Vatican, May 26, 1103.

LEO XIII., POPE.

GENERAL PROGRAMME APPROVED BY THE COMMISSION OF CARDINALS.

The principal celebrations which it is intended to promote on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception of Mary Most Holy, are the following:

- 1. Special solemn functions in the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, where the proclamation of the Dogma was made, and in the Basilica of St. Mary Major. Representatives from all the countries in the world will be invited to assist at these functions.
2. A universal Marian Congress to be held in Rome on the occasion of the festivities on lines to be laid down in a special regulation.
3. The formation of a Marian Library, composed of publications treating of the Blessed Virgin. These publications will be offered to the Supreme Pontiff as a tribute of Christian intelligence and devotion to the Mother of God, and they will constitute a perennial monument in Rome to Mary Most Holy.
4. Sacred Missions during the year 1904 as a worthy and devout preparation for the celebrations in honor of the Immaculate Virgin.
5. First Communions celebrated with more elaborate preparation and

greater solemnity during the course of the year 1904.

6. Spiritual Exercises arranged especially for the benefit of the members of Catholic associations in preparation for the feasts of 1904.

7. Numerous devout pilgrimages to the most privileged shrines of Mary Most Holy in the different countries during the year 1904.

8. Religious services on the 8th of every month, beginning with December 8th, 1903, with the view of better preparing the souls of the faithful by prayer and the frequenting of the sacraments for the great solemnity. In Rome these functions will take place principally in the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Mary Major; elsewhere in such churches as shall be designated for the purpose by the local ecclesiastical authorities.

9. Special prayers will be offered up to the Blessed Virgin for the happy preservation of the glorious Pontiff Leo XIII., Sole Survivor of the Cardinals and Bishops present at the solemn Definition.

10. Some special charitable work will be proposed for different places according to the respective needs of each, and solemn suffrages will be offered for the Holy Souls in Purgatory, especially for such as were in life most devout to Mary Most Holy.

11. A solemn funeral office will be celebrated at St. Lorenzo Outside the Walls for the repose of the soul of Pius IX., who defined the Dogma.

12. Arrangements will be made with the "Collegium Cultorum Martyrum" for rendering special tributes to the earliest representations of Mary Most Holy venerated in the Roman Catacombs.

13. An appeal will be made to the different Orders, Confraternities and Pious Institutions, of both sexes, to perform among themselves special acts of devotion in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, and to lend their aid in promoting the general and local celebrations and works in commemoration of the happy event.

In addition to the foregoing programme we have the following appeal, made to all Catholics in the world, by the Cardinal Secretary of the Commission:—

"All loving children of the Blessed Virgin and of the Catholic Church will certainly read with deep joy the Pontifical Letter printed above, in which the August Vicar of Jesus Christ, accepting with paternal affection the earnest desire of the faithful, so tenderly invites the Catholic world to celebrate with extraordinary ceremonies the fiftieth anniversary of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

"The Supreme Pontiff, who has already done so much to spread devotion to Mary among the faithful, does not content Himself in this venerated letter with evoking the memory of the cherished affections of His tender years, among which fervent and constant devotion to Mary held a prominent place; nor with that most timely reminder, during the difficulties of the present moment, of the truth of that devotion to the great Mother of God has been at all times and always is one of the most potent means of defence granted by Providence to the Catholic Church; nor, yet, with that loving and, as it were, grateful mention of the comfort and hope with which, in the midst of all His trials, His children cheer His heart, by the unanimous impulse of confidence and love with which they turn to Her who is with reason invoked as the Help of Christians, and who has so often already liberated the persecuted Spouse of Jesus Christ from the direst straits.

"The great Pontiff does more—after reminding us that He is the only survivor of all the Cardinals and Bishops who had a more intimate share in the joys and triumphs of the proclamation of the Dogma—a fact that renders all the dearer to Him this fiftieth anniversary to which we all look forward, He declares that, now that He sits on the Chair of St. Peter, it is His will that the coming celebrations be so extraordinary and so solemn, especially in Rome, as to bear the imprint of the greatness of this fostering city, and at the same time serve as a stimulus and guide to the Catholics of the whole world in honoring the great Mother of God on this happy and auspicious occasion.

"Thus the Pontiff of the Rosary, lifting His eyes in confidence to Mary, after He Himself has been lovingly feted in three most happy jubilees by His children, now invites them all

to solemnize, paying a timely tribute to her powerful intercession for the great favors lavished on the Roman Pontificate even during the present most sorrowful times, sending up to her from the Catholic world an unanimous hymn of glory and gratitude, and invoking her salutary aid in the coming trials and dangers.

"To secure the efficacious realization of His lofty purpose, His Holiness has been pleased to constitute a special Commission of Cardinals, composed of Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro, Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, and Cardinal Giuseppe Calasanzio Vives, to which is entrusted the noble task of regulating and directing worthily the solemn celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary.

"To correspond worthily, therefore, with this august invitation, and at the same time to satisfy the ardent desire of their hearts, Catholics in every country in the world should unite harmoniously in preparation for the great celebrations, and with assiduous and constant zeal and energy turn their attention to the best means of carrying out the following programme of celebrations proposed by the special Commission of Cardinals, in the hope that the Blessed Virgin, henceforth more highly honored and more fervently invoked, may at length obtain from God for our souls, for the Church, and for society, happy days of prosperity and peace.

"14. Other suggestions, both as regards the whole world and more especially Rome, may be added to these already set forth in this general programme. But if any suggestions of a universal character, or which cannot be carried out within the limits of the diocese in which they are proposed, be made, they must, before being made public, have received the approval of the Commission of Cardinals.

GIACOMO RADINI-TEDESCHI,

Secretary of the Cardinalitial Commission.

"Rome, Feast of the Pentecost, 31st May, 1903."

Catholic Practises In Vienna.

A dispatch dated Vienna, Nov. 1, says: To-day being the Feast of All Saints thousands of Viennese made the customary pilgrimage to the graves of relatives and friends. By far the greater number of the pilgrims went to the Friedhof cemetery, where more than 700,000 persons are buried. From early morning till almost dusk the roads leading to the various cemeteries were thronged with vehicles and pedestrians, the former almost entirely hidden under the masses of flowers and wreaths, and the latter carrying lighted candles, which were placed on the graves and which, when darkness came on, lent a weird aspect to the burial grounds. The monuments to Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Gluck, and the common grave of the 600 victims of the Ring Theatre fire attracted many visitors. The pilgrimages will continue to-morrow, All Souls' Day. Many wreaths are being sent by members of the Imperial family and a number have been placed on the tombs of Empress Elizabeth and Crown Prince Rudolph in the Hapsburg burial place under the Capuchin Church.

TESTIMONY OF A PROTESTANT BISHOP ON EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

At a recent meeting of the synod of the Protestant Church of Ireland the Bishop of Killaloe, Ireland, speaking on the subject of secondary education, paid a most warm tribute to the system carried on by the Christian Brothers. All the remunerative positions in the commercial establishments of Cork were, according to the Bishop, occupied by former pupils of the Christian Brothers. It will be of interest to Catholics who have the cause of education at heart to read the comments of this Protestant Bishop. Thus did he express himself:—

"This admirable organization—the Christian Brothers—had, he said, spread itself into every center of Ireland where there was a sufficient number of Catholic children, and following the Christian Brothers they had, the Protestant Brothers, another excellent organization, giving

very good education, indeed, and then there was a large number of other religious orders that were being educated and trained in education—in thorough, sound education.

"And how did these organizations acquire this great scholastic learning? They acquired it because the heads of these organizations had the power and wisdom and discretion of choosing only those who had the vocation—that is, those who had the faculty of teaching. These were trained with training and discipline both as regards heart and head and manner and tone, such as they in the Church of Ireland could not aspire to, because they had not the same power as the Roman Catholic organizations had. And these monastic institutions were going on training and educating the people.

"They had gained their tremendous power in education because the experience of the Roman Catholic laity had taught them that the instruction given them in these scholastic institutions was far better than any education imparted elsewhere. The result was that Protestant parents were sending their children to these monastic schools and colleges to be educated.

"In this connection he should say this—that he had never known of a single accredited instance where the Roman Catholic teacher could be accused of seeking to proselytize the Protestant children, but he did know this, that in these monastic institutions every hour of the day was devoted more or less to religious exercises. He knew that the atmosphere was laden with Roman Catholic piety, he knew that in these institutions everything around was an evidence of the religious belief of the teachers; and he knew that the teachers by their manner and kindness and treatment of their pupils had a fatherly influence over them. That was what was going on at present, and its effect was bound to be felt later on, just as the rock that has been set rolling went faster and faster as it rolled down the hill.

"It had come to this, that the members of the Church of Ireland who wished to give their children better education had to depend on the monastic institutions. They all saw where, some time ago, the directors of the Great Southern & Western Railway Company were attacked for appointing Protestants to positions in preference to Catholics.

"The directors, the majority of whom were Protestants, naturally nominated Protestants to positions in their giving, but after the agitation of the Roman Catholic shareholders the directors came to the conclusion—and in his opinion it was a very wise conclusion—to open up the positions to competition. This would mean that positions could only be got in future by competitive examination. This entirely satisfied the Roman Catholic shareholders, because they always had plenty of well-educated applicants, thoroughly trained to the requirements of these very positions. The result would be that the Roman Catholics will have the whole thing in their own hands when the system of examination came into operation."

In the annals of educational discussion nothing has ever been clearer or more to the point than this address of the Protestant Bishop of Killaloe. There is no flattery in it. He is simply seeking honestly to improve their system of education, and in so doing he looks around for the best model, and he finds it in the Christian Brothers and in their methods of primary education.

Friendship requires that rare mean between likeness and unlikeness, that equates each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party.

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Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Still under the old heading I have sometimes that which is new to dot down. It is now some time since I have been able to secure any more of my old letters for publication. I think that about sixty have already appeared; but I have still another, and possibly more important, bundle from which I shall have the pleasure of extracting a few originals. But I have had neither the time nor the opportunity to go over them and make my selections. In the meantime, I purpose doing as I have done for some weeks back,—that is to say, give letters of more general character, of public notoriety, and of recent dates. There is one before me at this moment that has been published in the French press and which is, in itself, a perfect resume of the character of the one who wrote it, and of the character of the laws under which it has been written. It comes from Mr. Combes, written by his secretary, at his dictation, and addressed to the Superioresses of Authorized Congregations of nuns, whose branch institutions, not already authorized comprise educational as well as charitable establishments. It is a genuine specimen of tyranny reduced to an art. Thomas De Quincey, the "Opium-Eater," wrote about "Murder as a Fine Art," and his delightfully horrible composition would seem like the production of some creature in the last stages of the "horrors;" but, in real life, these executioners—for we cannot term them otherwise—have reduced religious persecution to a science—a veritable fine art. Here is the letter:—

"Paris, Sept. 15, 1903.

"Madam,— In compliance with the provisions of the law of July 1st, 1901, you have addressed to the Government a request for the authorization of your establishment, situated at X—. This establishment is of the 'mixed order, being at the same time educational and charitable. I am instructed by the President of the Council (Combes) to inform you that he has decided to refuse all demands of authorization concerning 'mixed' establishments of the educational section is maintained, i.e., if the teaching is not limited exclusively to the inmates of the charitable section, but is extended to pupils from outside. I have therefore to request you to close the school attached to your establishment and to address to the President of the Council a new demand of authorization concerning the charitable section of your establishment, together with one undertaking to give up the educational section."

This is a letter that surely needs no comment. It is one of the most barefaced attempts to circumvent the very law itself. Here and there were a few corners left, for appearance's sake, in the Law of Associations, and this is the method used to wear them off. The law ordains the closing of all establishments under religious orders, and the disbanding of the communities—except in cases where they have asked for State authorization and have received the same. The lady Superioress who receives such a letter as the foregoing, has complied with the law, in all its forms, has asked for authorization, has received it, and is in hopes of being allowed to continue her good work in peace. But just when that fabled security comes to encourage her, she is awakened from her dream by this kind of a missive. In other words, it tells her that all her compliance with the law is not going to benefit her, and that she must break up her establishment in any case. One would be almost led to suppose that these new-style administrators of the country's affairs were demented. Combes is not; he is sane—but beyond redemption as a fanatic. But there are others of them who really appear to be carried away into the realm of insanity in pursuit of their mad socialistic ideal.

That which took place at Lyons, the other day, would certainly leave us under this impression. It is childish in a way; yet it is serious. It is childish play for an infant to have a loaded gun or a stick of dynamite to

amuse himself; but it is too dangerous an amusement for others. Here is what happened in the case to which I refer:—

"A few days ago the inhabitants of Lyons were rather astonished to see two great boats coming up the Rhone loaded each with fourteen coffins of the same model, seven aside. People were beginning to fear that some great catastrophe had happened in the outskirts of the city, and that the victims were being brought back in this way for interment in town. Great crowds gathered on the quay near the City Hall, where the boats stopped, and anxious inquiries were made, which soon elicited the fact that the coffins were empty. The Socialist majority of the Municipal Council had decided to establish a monopoly of interments and to place it in the hands of the corporation. But it was decided at the same time that Socialist principles required that all interments should be alike and all coffins alike. So a contract was entered into with a firm in Avignon to supply coffins to the Lyons Corporation, and it was the first shipment of these coffins that created the sensation alluded to above. There is in future to be only one hearse for rich and poor alike, and all plumes and trappings are done away with. The people don't like it, and an appeal has been sent to the Council of State requesting it to declare the decision of the Corporation to be an abuse of power."

That may be all very funny, but it is not at all amusing for the people of Lyons. The Law of Associations may create a degree of amusement and occupation for Combes and his minions, but it by no means appeals in the same way to honest, zealous, conscientious and worthy citizens, nor to those whose heads are destined to fall beneath its guillotine-like blows. But this is a carnival of sin and legalized crime that cannot last; and once the hurricane has exhausted its fury, the sky will again become serene.

The War Against Ritualism.

In one of our English exchanges we find a story that would be amusing, if it were not that there is a really serious side to it. It concerns the result of prolonged legal proceedings that amounted to certain ornaments in the Church of the Annunciation at Brighton, England, being pronounced illegal. The story is funny when read from the Catholic standpoint. We are incapable, for want of any experience in such matters, of fully appreciating the situation. But it must be very hard upon the ritualistic members of that church. Here is what we are told:—

"Besides a tabernacle for the reserved sacrament, there was a statue of the Virgin, another representing the Sacred Heart, Stations of the Cross, confessional boxes, some holy water stoups, sacramental lamps and crucifixes. These the vicar and wardens were instructed by the court to remove, and, on their failure to do so, the petitioner, Mr. Davey, was authorized to remove them. In the case of the tabernacle, the vicar, for reasons that will be readily understood, complied. The other ornaments were removed by local workmen in decent, workmanlike fashion, though without special regard to the sacred uses of the objects. They also removed two crucifixes, not mentioned in Chancellor Tristram's decree, but put up since its issue, and in direct defiance of it. According to "The London Standard," half a dozen women protested against the removal of the Madonna, and one of them struck a workman with her fist. The "Times" adds the detail that in the evening, amid the wreckage, there was held a solemn service of reparation, reinforced by similar services at other Brighton churches the next day. All that day the clergy of the Church of the Annunciation heard confessions openly where the boxes had been. The church wardens reclaimed the offending ornaments, as they had a legal right to do, and carried them back to the church in triumph and with banner, escorted by a large crowd of sympathizers. It does not appear that they were restored to their former positions, however."

What a queer time they must have had removing, seizing, and then carrying back, but without replacing those ornaments. And it must have felt like eviction to be obliged to go to confession openly on the site of the former confessions. Why do we not appreciate this difficulty to its proper extent, is because we have no knowledge of any such doings in all our experience. In the Catholic Church everything is fixed, and not removable; not fixed with nails, but fixed by an immutable law of the Church, and that cannot change.

Grand

CHAPTER IV.—Con

Nearly an hour passed, Nellie had retired immediately could not sleep, and was awake when her sister came throwing herself on the bed, broke into bitter sobs. "What is it, Margaret?" "I thought you were as this. Why did you leave with him as you did?" "Because I thought it better to know he wished it." "I did not, if he did, but you must for keeping him return. You should have told him to call again row evening. What must he think?" "If I were you I would much what Mr. Shirley told us Jack's feelings you should. But as for keeping him, I have been greatly relieved could I have spared him the meeting that man but I could tell him to go." "It is all over with sighed Margaret. "What do you mean? You have not broken your engagement with Jack." "I have, and I do not regret." "Oh Margaret, how could you be so heartless a thing who has been working so hard to home for you." "It did seem hard-hearted when I saw how he took it; will get over it as most men marry someone else who suited to be a farmer's wife myself."

"Don't be too sure of that said sadly, "for Jack's heart true to be easily healed of you have given him and you to regret your folly." "Never; if there is any could ever regret it would be of going back to the lonely city when I can be so happy the city. Sooner would I spend the remainder of my life in here in the mill than go back to Jack, in the meantime, I have away with a heavy heart, wandering through the streets know not where to go, and not been for the cold he could been content to remain out at last he met a man in a uniform who looked closely at him he stopped and asked him where he could find him the night. The policeman, for it was, looked into his home and conducted him to a cheap respectable hotel near-by. At first he had thought of staying the next day, but he lay awake thinking of Margaret decided to wait. He could not back at once and face the enquiries of the dear ones at home; he knew that he must betray himself, and cause others to suffer, so he decided to wait for a few days and try to see her again, perhaps if she refused to see him, he might see Nellie and try to have her influence in persuading sister to go home. Even if he that his own hopes were crushed, it would be a great blessing to have her removed from the midst of the man of whom he had enough to feel that he was company for her. There was one at home to whom he would confide who he had learned was the old parish priest, and when he wrote telling him all asking what it was best to do "Poor girl," he wrote in conclusion she was not too blame and very sorry for her. I could see that it was on account of pretty face and if you could know you would agree with me she much paler and thinner than she left home; but if she was called pretty then, she is the city people call beautiful, and she knows it too well. Besides she was dressed when I was as if she were the daughter of some rich man, and I am afraid her poor old grandfather could not have thought he had a son to fear for her." "Poor girl," the priest read from the letter, "her grandfather was right in not wishing his daughter home, but I fear it is too late now and we can only pray for her and try to bring her home." It was on Friday, the twentieth of March, when the letter arrived and that evening when

GRANDFATHER'S PROPHECY.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

(Continued from page Eleven.)

"Jack, dear Jack," she said in an agonizing tone which proved that he was still all the world to her, "please do not ask me such a question. I cannot bear to hear it. I still love and respect you as one of the truest friends God has given me; but if you must know the truth, I will tell you that I love you too much to have you take upon yourself the burden of a blind wife."

"Is that it, Margaret?" and could she have seen the bright smile which came over his face she would have found it hard to keep her resolution; "then I will volunteer to take what you call a burden upon myself and we shall yet be happy together."

"Jack, I would never have told you so much had you not forced it from me, but my decision has been made so please do not urge the matter further."

"Think well of what you are saying. I have prepared a home for you and I could not give it to another."

After some hesitation she said, "It is not for me to say whom you shall marry, for you have a right to choose for yourself, but"—she paused again—"I have often thought that my darling sister Nellie would make as good and true a wife as you could find. I dreaded to have her go back to the mill alone when it was built, and they sent for her, for you know that she would in spite of all we could say because she said her money was needed at home. Not only that, but she has declared that she would work until she had returned every cent you spent for me at the hospital."

"Nellie is wrong, for, the little I spent for you was a free gift which almost any of your friends here could not have denied under the circumstances, so she need not think of paying it."

Scarcely heeding his words she added, "Jack, you said you wished me to enjoy the home you have bought for me; if you marry Nellie, perhaps, when father and mother are old and I will be too much of a burden on them you may permit your wife to give a home with yourselves to her poor blind sister."

"Jack saw that Margaret was firm in her purpose and her words reminded him that there had been a time when it would have been hard to have told which of the sisters he preferred. He almost believed now that he had chosen the elder because she was nearer his own age, while Nellie had seemed like a mere child. But Nellie was a woman now as old and far more experienced in the ways of the world than her sister had been when he first asked her to be his wife. It was a long time, however, before he could bring himself to fully break his part of the engagement with Margaret; but having learned at last that Nellie could fill her place in his heart he went to the city to ask her consent.

Nellie could scarcely believe she understood aright, and she at first refused the place which should have been her sister's, but when she learned that it was Margaret's earnest wish, she gave him some hope but told him that he must wait until some of the younger children were able to take her place in helping support the family.

CHAPTER VII.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.—It was on another bright May morning five years after the girls had come home that Nellie and Jack were married with a nuptial Mass in the little church at home. The altar was decorated with pink and white apple blossoms, because Margaret had insisted upon it on account of the fragrance, which was the only beauty she could enjoy from them.

"None of the guests appeared happier than she, when she sat beside the fair bride at the table, but in the afternoon she disappeared, and the aged grandfather, who was the first to miss her, hobbled out to find her alone in the orchard, tears falling from her sightless eyes.

"Poor child," whispered the old man putting his arms around her, "I am very sorry for you."

"I know you are, grandpa, but God is just. I suppose that I should not complain because he has punished me for my pride."

"Yes, child, God is just, but it is hard to see your sweet young life being worn away like this. I can sympathize more truly with you now, for I fear that I too am growing blind."

"Poor grandpa, I hope that will never be."

"God's will be done," fervently replied the old man. "It will not be



long ere we shall both have our sight in Heaven."

"I hope so, grandpa, but while we remain here we shall never be separated, and can make each other's path brighter."

"God bless you, dear child, for you indeed make my days very bright."

Both Jack and Nellie tried to prevail upon Margaret to come and live with them at once, but she refused, saying that she would never leave her grandfather, but a stronger motive, of which they remained ignorant, was that she could not visit the home her folly had caused her to lose.

During the summer Margaret's health failed rapidly, and on the approach of autumn she was confined to her bed. One morning in October, after receiving Holy Communion, which was brought to her once a week, she spoke for the first time of dying.

"Nellie," she said to her sister who sat beside her, "I fear that the end has almost come, and I want you to be very kind to grandpa when I am gone. It will not be long, for I can see that he is failing fast and he will soon follow me."

"Do not talk that way, Margaret, for I cannot bear to hear it. I know grandpa is failing, and I fear we shall soon lose him; but you, dear sister, you are young and will soon grow strong again, and after grandpa is gone you will come to live with us."

"No, Nellie, I will not, for something tells me that I must go ahead to greet dear grandpa when his time comes."

"You are too gloomy, and should not harbor such thoughts."

"I cannot help it, but it does make me a little sad to think that I must die when there are so few flowers. I must die when only live until the apple trees blossom again, but I shall never see them. You will pick the first apple blossoms next spring and put them on my grave, will you not, dear sister?"

At that moment their youngest brother rushed into the room all excitement, exclaiming:

"Oh, Margaret! guess what I have found."

"I could not guess, please tell me dear. Something wonderful, I know."

"You bet it is for this time of year, and I think God made the blossom just to please you because you are so kind to everybody."

Nellie looked in silent amazement on what her brother held in his hand and Margaret's face brightening, she said:

"I imagine that I smell apple blossoms, but it cannot be, for this is October and the trees bear only ripe fruit now."

"You are right," exclaimed the boy; "one of the greening trees in the north orchard has a whole limb all in blossom and here are two bunches for you."

She pressed the fragrant flowers to her lips thanking God for sending them to her, then handed back one bunch saying:

"There, Willie, please give them to grandpa, and tell him I send them."

The old man's sight had not entirely faded through it was very dim and he could just see the delicate flowers. He was too feeble to arise from his chair to go to thank her, for her gift, but he sent his thanks by the boy after having learned when they came from.

"It's a sure sign of death," said the old man to himself when alone, "but Margaret and I are ready so I do not care."

Before noon, with her fragrant treasure still held firmly in her hand, Margaret passed peacefully away. It was with difficulty that the stem was removed from her grasp when the undertaker came.

As she had foretold, the girl had gone before the old man, but she had been right in saying that he would not linger long behind her. They did not dare tell him at once that she was gone, when the priest came in the afternoon he was given

"The author recalls an occasion when an apple tree at her own home and two in other parts of the village blossomed in October.

the task of imparting the news as gently as possible. He did not show the expected signs of grief, but his face brightened as he said:

"It seemed too bad to have her young life darkened as it has been, and she was too young to die, but the ways of God are just. She has been the sunshine of my last days and now, I am not sorry she has gone before me."

Before dawn the old man had gone to join his darling in the bright home where they could both see for all eternity.

The double funeral, which took place two days later, was attended by a large crowd, and the little church could not hold them all. Few strangers there were who came, because they had never known two corpses to be in that church at once; but the most of them were true friends who had known and loved the old man for years, and had fairly idolized Margaret, who had borne her affliction with such angelic sweetness as to endear herself to all. What surprised everyone was that both coffins were covered with apple blossoms for every flower had been picked for that purpose.

After it was all over Nellie in speaking to the physicians said: "Can you tell me doctor the real cause of my sister's death?"

The reply was, "Her lungs have always been weak since she was overcome by the smoke in the fire, and I knew from the first that her life at most could be prolonged but a few years."

His keen eyes had discovered more, but he never told it, for he would run no risk of marring the perfect happiness of Nellie's married life by letting her know that her sister might have lived for many years had she not pined away with a broken heart on knowing that another filled the place which but for her folly might have been hers.

THE END.

Household Notes

GETTING OUT OF BED. — Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly.

Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up.

WHAT TO EAT gives some useful food tests, among them the following: When purchasing coffee gather a little in the palm of the hand and press firmly. If it sticks together in a ball, or cakes in lumps, it contains some adulterating substance. Pure coffee falls apart when the hand is opened. Butter, when heated, bubbles up and burns; oleomargarine boils cheerfully and has a distinct odor. Tiny booklets containing red and blue litmus paper are to be had at the druggists. The blue strips will readily determine whether milk has begun to sour, and will be likely to curdle if used in custards. The red strips are useful when soda is in the recipe. If too much is added the red paper turns blue. This is better than guesswork.

DRESSING. —When bread crumbs

dressing is made to accompany roasted fowl, it is well to use a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix it thoroughly through the dry crumbs before adding the other ingredients. A light and fluffy dressing is the result.

RAISIN JAM is a dainty with which few housekeepers seem to be acquainted, but one worth knowing about in a city, where little preserving is done. Wash and drain seedless raisins and to each pound allow a cupful of cold water. Cook gently for an hour, and put in a cupful of sugar to each pound of fruit. A sliced lemon with the seeds removed may also be added. Cook for one hour longer, and put away in glasses. This jam keeps well, and is liked by children.

Consider from time to time what passions are most predominant in your soul, and having discovered them, adopt such a method of thinking, speaking and acting as may counteract them.

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Society Directory.

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ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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

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

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C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



It affords the "True Witness" pleasure to reproduce a mass of the zealous and good of St. Gabriel's parish, who presided at an enthusiastic and banquet, ten parishioners to the Shamrock Team, champions on Wednesday evening in the parish. The ladies of the parish and carried out all the undertaking are deserving praise for the successful achieved. After full justice done to the report, Father proposed the first toast being "The King." Then the Chairman welcome the "The Only Team," in which no room for doubt as admiration for and loyalty "Boys that Wear Green" was a source of the greatest pleasure to realize that his parish but in no small measure of the team by giving members to its ranks.

NOTES

CONVERSIONS.—That regular and increasing flow higher and more learned both in England and America towards Rome. There is no current, and the days each bringing some fresh until now surprise is not but rather "matter of course" the conversion of the Rev. son, son of the late Archbishop, in England, and Mr. De Costa, the eminent lian clergyman of New York seems to have grown more and more sweeping. It has become a problem for the discoverer of this wonderful marked change. Of course, Catholic standpoint there is a real and fundamental existence which may be summed up in words:—"The designs of Providence." But apart from this we, others, seek for the second or rather those that are of character. Several may be seen; but there is one above

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