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# The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. Witness

Vol. LII, No. 8 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., Limited.

2300 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance. All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### SWEDENS' METHOD.—Mr. W. E. Curtis, writing to the Chicago "Record-Herald," states that in Sweden the saloons are closed on Saturday, which is the universal pay day, while the savings banks remain open until midnight on Saturday. Decidedly the plan is not a bad one, and it speaks volumes for the wisdom of the legislators in the municipal circles of that country. It is exactly on Saturday that the most crime is committed and the most injurious effects from the saloon are felt. All week men are at work and have neither the time nor the money to frequent the saloons; but on Saturday they are comparatively free and they have in hand the money that they have earned and that they should carry home to provide for their families. The temptation is on the road and they unfortunately lose in a few hours the fruits of six days of hard work, while their wives and children are liable to go hungry and naked for a week or more to come. Here our system is the reverse of Sweden; our savings banks are closed at a very early hour on Saturday, and our saloons are kept open until midnight. Would not the Swedish method be worth trying in some of our Canadian centres? If such could be done we have not the least doubt as to the beneficial results that would ensue.

TEMPERANCE ADVANCING.—A New York journal says that twenty years ago twenty per cent. of the employees of the New York Central Railroad were dismissed yearly for drinking, and adds that:—"Now only about one per cent. yearly are so dismissed. This registers a decided advance in public opinion on the temperance question, at least where it comes to the employment of men in responsible engineering or commercial positions."

A MEMORIAL CHURCH.—We learn that the new St. Francis Xavier's Church, now nearly completed at Sixth Avenue and Carroll street, Brooklyn, at a cost of \$250,000, is to have eighty-nine American-made memorial windows of stained glass, to cost nearly \$20,000. Each window will be a memorial to some one of the Rev. Father Hickey's flock.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.—From Notre Dame, Ind., we learn that the mother house of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, was the scene of a double ceremonial on August 15, the feast of the Assumption. On that day seventeen young ladies renounced the world for the religious life and received the white veil of the novitiate, and twenty-four pronounced their final vows and received the insignia of profession as Sisters of the Holy Cross.

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.—In the "Revista Popular," of Spain, a writ-

er has recently given expression to opinions, concerning the future religious outlook, that are far from being reassuring. He draws attention to the world-wide persecution of the Church and asserts that, "in view of the evident reawakening of paganism, nothing else can be expected. Thousands of martyrs are necessary in many lands, he says, to bring the age back to Christ. It is useless to expect peace, he claims; the shedding of blood alone will suffice. As proof he cites the several attempted pagan revivals and quotes the opinion of a number of ecclesiastical writers."

CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.—Passing events, even when of comparative insignificance, not unfrequently give the key to the situation in a country—be it political, religious, or otherwise. Taking the following two paragraphs from a contemporary's correspondence, we can form an idea of gradual change, favorable to Catholicity and to Catholic institutions, that is becoming apparent in England.

"The Catholic convent does not appear a failure over in England, so far as thoroughness of teaching goes. A few days ago the success of Sister Mary Campion in winning highest honors at Oxford was announced. To this may now be added that as a result of recent Cambridge University entrance examinations, one young woman won first class, and four others second class honors. Six more passed. All were graduates of Catholic convent academies."

"According to a foreign correspondent of 'The Living Church,' (Protestant Episcopal organ) the exiled Benedictines from Solesmes, France, already have won warm friends in their new home at practically Protestant Apuldurcomes, England. One of the villagers stated that the people regard the monks as their best friends, alleging that they help everyone and employ all the labor of the countryside."

MORE SIGNS OF HOPEFULNESS.—From Philadelphia comes an account of a recent ceremony which tells, in a most emphatic manner, the progress of religious institutions in the United States. We merely reproduce the simple statement of the facts, leaving to our readers the pleasant task of drawing general conclusions. The report says:—"In the beautiful chapel of the Convent of Our Lady of Angels, Glen Riddle, the mother house and novitiate of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, were witnessed on Thursday of this week the impressive ceremonies of reception and profession. These solemn acts are always of a deeply touching and impressive character, but Thursday's ceremonies were unusually so on account of the exceptionally large number of postulants and novices. Twenty-two young women received the habit and white veil and entered upon their novitiate; fifty-two others received the black veil and made their profession for three years. His Grace Archbishop Ryan was to have officiated, but on learning that a number of the aspirants were from Wilmington he invited the Bishop of that diocese, Right Rev. John J. Monaghan, to take his place."

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.—The "Catholic Standard and Times" of Philadelphia claims to be in possession of the name and address, as well as of positive testimony as to the facts, in the matter of a young man whose story of a special preservation through the protection of the Blessed Virgin is graphically related. It is a splendid illustration of the power of Our Lady and of the safety that is ensured to the one who is sincerely and openly devoted to her. We give the story exactly as we have read it; it runs thus:—"On Monday afternoon of this week a young man entered the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Thirteenth street, above Chestnut, to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Having several business engagements to keep within a short space of time, he remained but a few minutes and was hurriedly leaving the church when the thought came to him to not depart without some act of devotion to the Mother of God. The young man obeyed the impulse, and after a short prayer to Our Lady he again turned to leave the church, when he noticed a sign over one of the contribution boxes stating that offerings would be received for the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in the basement of the church. Immediately recalling the fact that his life has been miraculously saved by the use of the water of Lourdes some years before when he was bleeding to death after the complete failure of the remedies prescribed by the physician in charge, he made a contribution to the shrine as a renewal of his gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes and departed. After completing his business he started for home on the Tenth and Eleventh street car which was wrecked about twenty minutes later at Fifth and Oxford streets by coming in collision with a Frankford car. Although seated on the side of the car that was crushed and at the point where the two cars first hit each other—a position more dangerous than any other on the car—the young man escaped with a slight blow on the arm and a small scratch while several other passengers on the same side of the car were seriously injured, two being in a critical condition. Broken glass from the vestibule of the Frankford car was showered all around him, the sharp edge of one piece falling directly over one of the large veins of his hand without cutting it. Equally strange was his escape from nervous shock or fright of any kind, something to which he is peculiarly susceptible, owing to heart trouble of long standing. Under the circumstances he attributes his extraordinary escape to the protection of Our Lady in return for his acts of devotion to her within the hour previous to the accident."

POSSESSING A PEW.—How often have we not dwelt upon the advisability of each parishioner having a pew in the parish Church? Sometimes, in touching upon such subjects, we come upon expressions that convey a vast amount of information, of reasoning, and of common sense. The other day we met with a brief article in a Catholic contemporary, that seems to us to condense into a few lines the whole essence of the question. It is so full of sound argument and so applicable to almost all our readers that we do not hesitate to say that its reproduction will benefit many. Consequently we call special attention to the following:—"Modern life with its intense activity, its disregard of the individual, its separation of the various members of the family, its demand of unlimited time and ceaseless labor all have a tendency to break up the distinctive characteristics of the home, and home-like relations. But there are a few portions of life where the spirit of business should not dominate, and among them is the keeping of the family pew in church. Every family, every unmarried young man and woman should own a pew or at least a seat in the parish church. Certainly if we would stop for a moment and reflect on the subject such a statement is not excessive. The Church is the house of God, it is the place after all that should be home for all of us, and therefore within that home there should be a place that we ourselves can call our own. As a way for the father and mother to teach their children reverence for all that is holy the family

pew is greatest. To it Sunday after Sunday the children may be brought; they will be taught to look on it as their own proper place in God's temple, and around it will grow traditions that will be the best preservative of faith in after life. And for the unmarried young man and woman a seat in their parish church will be the same. They too will feel that they are also owner of the great edifices consecrated to God their personal interest in the affairs of their parish will be increased, and with the increase of personal interest will be increased also their determination to live as worthy participants in the ownership of a house of God. Every man and woman to day wishes to become an owner of a home, stability in life is thus arrived at, and assuredly every father and mother of a family, every young man and woman should own a pew in the parish church, and secure in that way stability of place of worship."

A COSTLY MAUSOLEUM.—A New York paper says:—"The recently completed mausoleum at Paterson, N.J., containing the remains of the late Vice-President Garret A. Hobart is the finest of its kind in the country. It is a Doric temple, free from all ornamentation, and was built at a cost of \$80,000. Double bronze doors form the entrance. The only light is from a window in the rear portico, through a heavy iron and bronze grill. The walls are two feet five inches thick, and the entire structure is lined with marble, with floor and ceiling of the same material."

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—Here is a queer yet remarkably true observation:—"I have stood by the bedside of hundreds of dying people," said an old physician, "and I have yet to see a dying person shed a tear. No matter what the grief of the bystanders may be, the stricken person will show no signs of overpowering emotion. I have seen a circle of agonized children around a dying mother—a mother who in health would have been touched to the quick by signs of grief in a child—yet she showed as calm and unemotional as though she had been made of stone. There is some strange and inexplicable psychological change which accompanies the act of dissolution. It is well known to all physicians that pain disappears as the end approaches. And nature seems to have arranged it so that mental peace shall also attend our last lingering moments."

Although we did not remark this peculiarity in the dying, until we read the foregoing, still we cannot fail to notice that it is based on facts. To our mind this absence of weeping on the part of a person about to go forth into eternity is due, not only to the lack of vitality—the sustaining power of which must necessarily be diminishing as the end nears—but also to a concentration of all the faculties upon the one supreme act which is superior to every emotion.

DECAY OF MODERN SOCIETY.—Elsewhere in this issue we publish an admirable address, delivered in London, England, by the Rev. Father Clemente, on the subject of the "Decay of Modern Society." As the entire address is too lengthy for our limited space, we have given the first portion of it this week, and will follow that up with the second part in our next issue. In our humble opinion it would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass the clear and exhaustive manner in which Father Clemente treats this burning subject. Naturally the second section of the address suggests the remedies for all the existing evils that are pointed

out in the first part. Again, we must remark that the speaker, in this case, has England, or the British Isles, before him, and that many of his statements have an application in that section of the world which they could not have in Canada. But, on the whole, we may take every line of that magnificent address as if it were intended for each of us.

It will be seen, on perusal of the address, that Father Clemente points out the prevalence of the old heathen superstitious, luxuries, and immoralities which have been the ruin of many great empires, and which are bound to bring about the downfall of every nation which becomes a prey to them. After dealing with the heartless selfishness of the age, the immorality springing from divorce, the suicides that are constantly increasing—all due to a lack of true religious training—the speaker asks if the civilized nations are doomed. And he answers his own question, as a priest, in the negative. He relies for the assurance that he gives upon the Catholic Church and the ultimate triumph of her teachings. It is in the second part of the address that he points out how the world's salvation depends upon the success of the Church of Christ, even as the redemption of mankind depended upon Christ Himself. Next week, all who shall have attentively read the masterly exposition of the subject in this week's issue will be delighted and encouraged with the hopefulness of that logical conclusion.

THE HOLY FATHER.—So accustomed have we now become to look upon the preservation and the activity of Leo XIII, as almost miraculous, that we are surprised at nothing we read concerning the fatigues and labors of the aged Pontiff. A correspondent of last week, to one of the leading Catholic organs of England, says: "During the past week the Holy Father has given fewer audiences than during the previous few weeks. Almost every morning His Holiness has enjoyed a drive in the extensive gardens of the Vatican." Considering the Pope's age, and the multitude and variety of his duties, one would conclude from the foregoing that he had been somewhat secluded during the week in question. Yet here is some of ordeal undergone during that week of comparative retirement:—"On Monday His Excellency Don Michele Martius, Honorary Minister and Secretary of State, Ambassador of Portugal to the Holy See, arrived at his departure for the summer, was received by the Holy Father in private audience. On Tuesday His Holiness received in private and separate audience the Rev. Luigi Ferrari, General of the Barnabite Congregation of St. Paul; Mgr. Cornagioni d'Orelli, Chaplain of the Pontifical Swiss Guards, who had the honor of presenting to the Holy Father several addresses from Catholic Swiss ladies and from the associations of the Catholic teachers of Switzerland. The Holy Father received Their Eminences Cardinal Casali Del Drago and Cardinal Vives y Tuto, each in private and separate audience, on Wednesday. On Thursday morning, on returning from his drive in the Vatican gardens, the Holy Father received in special audience His Eminence Cardinal Tripepi, and, later, receiving several American families."

If this is the way in which the Holy Father retires and takes rest, we may reasonably ask ourselves "what must not be his activity and labor when he is not on a holiday?" And we can well follow this with a question still more important: "What limit is there to the vitality and endurance of the great Pontiff?"

ROYAL MARRIAGES.—We have read in several places a report that the Pope has notified the various Catholic crowned heads of Europe, that in future he will find it impossible to grant dispensations for marriage between parties closely related by blood. On reproducing this statement the London "Universal" says:—"His Holiness is further represented as advising that Princes of the blood royal who are Catholics should choose their wives from outside the royal families in order that the degeneration and mental inferiority caused by repeated consanguineous unions in the past may be remedied. If this report is true—and we trust sincerely that it is—a long stride

shall have been taken in the direction of saving many a throne from the harmful influence of an imbecile, or a lunatic, or a debauchee of notorious evil-doing."

It might be of exceeding great benefit to the Royal families of Europe, that do not belong to the Catholic communion, if they were able to see matters as Leo XIII sees them, and be guided at least in this connection by the principles of Catholicity.

A NEW BRANCH.—Elsewhere in this issue of the "True Witness" will be found an advertisement for the Montreal City and District Savings Bank announcing the opening of a new branch, to which reference was made in these columns some time ago. This is a gratifying proof of the solid progress which the bank has been making since its establishment, and bears abundant witness to its prudent and efficient management. The City and District Savings Bank is a tower of financial strength; and this fact has made it exceedingly popular with the masses in city and district.

## THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Mr. Patrick Ford, the veteran and vigorous editor of the "Irish World," accompanied by his daughters, Miss Mary Ellen and Miss Adele S. Ford, and by Miss Mary Farrell, were amongst those who attended the concert given by the members of St. Ann's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, at the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening. There were also present the Rev. Father Gagnier, S.J., Rev. D. Veilleux, S.J., and Rev. D. Holland, C.S.S.R.



MR. W. D. GUILFOYLE.

Mr. W. D. Guilfoyle, the Chief Ranger, who presided, made a practical speech, in which he tendered on behalf of St. Ann's Court, his sincere thanks to the large audience for their presence on that occasion. The members of St. Ann's Court, he said, was very glad to lend a helping hand to the Catholic Sailors' Club, which was doing a useful and noble work amongst the Catholic seamen coming to this port. The services of the members of the Court would always be willingly placed at the disposal of the Club in providing entertainment for these sailors. The programme was well selected, and every item was keenly appreciated, as was evidenced by the applause which was freely accorded. The following took part: Miss Mary Wilkinson, Miss Vera Gallagher, Miss B. Baker, Miss M. Kennedy, Messrs. Jos. Donnelly and M. Greenwood. Seamen taking part were: T. Griffith, Wm. Musker, Thos. Roach, F. Tully, Ed. Greenwood, A. Hawker, Jenkin Jones, Corinthian; Weldon Collins, Innishowen Head; P. Leason, Lake Simcoe; W. G. Hearley, Monterey; Robert Appleton, John White, Tritonia.

An enjoyable concert was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland." The concert that will be given next Wednesday evening will be under the auspices of Sarsfield Court, Catholic Order of Foresters.

Continued.

CASHEL OF THE KINGS

By CRUX.

LAST week we stopped our record of the Archbishop of Cashel at Donat O'Lonargan...

Donald O'Hullivan, retaining the See from 1158 to 1182. His is a remarkable reign...

Here the two Roberts, of Langres and Chalons Both Bishops, and Peter of Portua...

There was still another Archbishop of the same name—Donat O'Lonargan III...

This brings us down one hundred years in the history of the Archbishops of Cashel...

The next Archbishop was Matthew O'Heaney from 1191 to 1206.

Archbishop of Cashel, Legate of all Ireland, the wisest and most religious man of all that country...

From matins to midnight the people were praying: From matins to midnight the censors were awaying...

The next Archbishop was Donat O'Lonargan II—who, according to the Annals of Ulster...

Here Donat of Cashel, that worshipful prelate, A monk of our Order, is placed close by."

From 1224 to 1245 Marian O'Brien was Archbishop of Cashel. He had been translated from the See of Cork...

This brings us down one hundred years in the history of the Archbishops of Cashel. As the next prelate...

The next Archbishop was Matthew O'Heaney from 1191 to 1206.

way upon the dark blue Theatre was that of the Earl Marshal himself—His Grace the Duke of Norfolk...

Soon after ten o'clock the distant voices could be heard in Henry the Seventh's Chapel singing the Litany. Then the sounds grew louder...

At length the first Royal procession appeared while everybody rose; the central figures in this, Princess Henry of Prussia, looked a perfect picture...

After a long interval, and amid intense excitement, the Queen's long procession began, while the organ and orchestra thundered forth...

Then, after another long and anxious pause, the King's gorgeous procession commenced—a superb array; but this ended with the regalia...

Meanwhile the great moment was at hand, the cynosure of half the world was before one's eyes...

the electric lights were all switched on, the trumpets blared, the organ pealed forth, together with the repeated acclamations of thousands...

Outside could be heard the distant booming of the Tower guns, the merry pealing of joy bells, and best music of all—the cheers of the people.

As bidden by St. Peter, patron of this very church, to "Honor the King," the interesting homage now commenced; the aged Archbishop of Canterbury nearly collapsed then...

I could not see the Queen's Coronation, but soon the Peeresses opposite assumed their coronets, and presently Her Majesty could be seen approaching her Throne...

There England's King and Queen sat in full State on their Thrones, positively blazing with jewels, and surrounded by coped bishops...

A Carmelite College.

Last week amid all the pomp and ritual of the Ancient Order of Carmel the new college of St. Cyril, Chicago, was dedicated by Bishop Muldoon.

Then, after another long and anxious pause, the King's gorgeous procession commenced—a superb array; but this ended with the regalia...

Meanwhile the great moment was at hand, the cynosure of half the world was before one's eyes...

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

No experience will ever reveal to us what changes are yet to come to us, or what new growth or pruning we shall have.

DIED IN A THEATRE.

In the Academy of Music, New York, recently, but a few minutes of the first scene of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" had been played when William King, Jr., a wealthy man...

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Society Directory.

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ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1893—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn...

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863...

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street...

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month...

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month...

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26—(Organized, 18th November, 1878)...

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The Coronation as Seen Through Catholic Eyes.

Mr. Dudley Baxter, B.A., Oxon, writes as follows to the Liverpool "Catholic Times":—

Marshal I was enabled to be present at this historic solemnity in Westminster Abbey as an informal representative of the Catholic press...

meanwhile the great moment was at hand, the cynosure of half the world was before one's eyes...

meanwhile the great moment was at hand, the cynosure of half the world was before one's eyes...

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

WHEN one reads accounts of the which luxur may be Last Days of Pompei...

COOLING A HOUSE

Many people have weather that there exists a trivance which would ed air of our houses...

NO POSITIVE OBJE

do not wish to be that I am a crank, or any real objection to pe use of every means at r for the purpose of render agreeable and comfortab would naturally conclude ing such a statement as ing, that the human min come affected with a ma venting devices whereby be contracted in every are satisfied with nothing it is too cold; in summe in spring too damp; in a chilly; rain is a pest; sun nuisance; in a word, we fault to find with every and we squander all our trying to make the worl suit our own conveni when we have succeede as far from actual conte were our fathers. Now find fault if the electric is irregular at times, forg fact that very few years nothing better than horse only a few years earlier had to make use of their move around. We are ve do not get the right nu telephone and are obligd two or three minutes aw answer from the other en city. It was only the o seems, that we had no su as the telephone. Then have been obliged to walk the distance, and instea three minutes we would h spend an hour or more i

Directory.

...N NO. 8, meets on ... Wednesday of ... 1863 Notre Dame ...

... & B. SOCIETY, ... 83, Rev. Director, ...

... AUXILIARY, ... 18 St. Augustin ...

... SOCIETY.—Estab- ... 1856, incorpor- ...

... COOLING A HOUSE.—Take this ... as a sample—

... MEN'S SOCIE- ... 385.—Meets in its ...

... COURT, C. O. F. ... 2nd and 4th ...

... T. A. & B. SO- ... on the second Sun- ...

... ANADA, BRANCH ... 18th November, ...

... CURRAN, ... 180 St. James ...

... DONNELL, ... and Liquidator ...

... EMPTY BAGS, ... BRODIE'S XXX ...

... Catholic Text Books, ... That there is a need of Catholic ...

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. ON EXCESSES OF LUXURY.

WHEN one reads such accounts of the excesses to which luxury was carried by the ancient Romans, as may be found in "The Last Days of Pompeii," or in "Quo Vadis," a person is really inclined to set them down as exaggerations. It is hard to conceive the mad extravagances of the people in the days of Nero. Yet when I look around me I find that our present-day citizens are quite successfully competing with those pagans in the art of rendering life most sensual and luxurious. I had a number of paragraphs some days ago upon subjects affecting the modes of living at present, and I was astonished when I found, from actual observation, that they were not in the least overdrawn. I will not intrude either upon the paper or the readers with all these clippings, but I will take a couple of extracts from them, in order to substantiate my own conclusions.

COOLING A HOUSE.—Take this as a sample— "Many people have wished in hot weather that there existed some contrivance which would cool the heated air of our houses as readily as they can be warmed in the winter. Our present arrangements for that purpose leave much to be desired. The practice of setting all the doors and windows open has many inconveniences, such as creating dangerous draughts and admitting a superabundance of dust. In exceptional cases, such as large social gatherings, blocks of ice have been introduced into crowded rooms with advantage; and at least they make them look cool. But what is obviously wanted is some means by which cold air can be turned on as easily as a gas jet or the electric light. The desideratum, we are told, is now supplied. Mr. Moore, of the American Weather Bureau, has invented what may be called a refrigerating stove. No full account of its mode of action seems yet to have been published, but it is explained that fresh air is drawn in from outside by a sort of chimney, and forced down into what may be called the grate, where a gas has been provided which cools it effectively without imparting any objectionable quality, and it is then discharged into the room. The New York papers treat the invention seriously, and prophesy that it will have a great success. It is, at any rate, a merit if, as is asserted, the apparatus works most efficiently, when the weather is hottest, and there is the greatest need for it."

NO POSITIVE OBJECTION. — I do not wish it to be understood that I am a crank, or that I have any real objection to people making use of every means at their disposal for the purpose of rendering life more agreeable and comfortable. But one would naturally conclude, on reading such a statement as the foregoing, that the human mind had become affected with a mania for inventing devices whereby nature may be contracted in every way. We are satisfied with nothing. In winter it is too cold; in summer too hot; in spring too damp; in autumn too chilly; rain is a pest; sunshine is a nuisance; in a word, we have some fault to find with every condition, and we squander all our resources in trying to make the world over to suit our own conveniences. And when we have succeeded we are just as far from actual contentment as were our fathers. Now-a-days we find fault if the electric car service is irregular at times, forgetful of the fact that very few years ago we had nothing better than horse cars. And only a few years earlier the people had to make use of their limbs to move around. We are vexed if we do not get the right number at the telephone and are obliged to stand two or three minutes awaiting an answer from the other end of the city. It was only the other day, it seems, that we had no such a thing as the telephone. Then we would have been obliged to walk or drive the distance, and instead of losing three minutes we would have had to spend an hour or more in securing

the same interview. Still we want other and more wonderful inventions, that we may have greater ease.

ABOUT BATH ROOMS.—Here is a brief extract from a very lengthy article:—

"A fine house put up now-a-days would not be likely to contain less than three bathrooms, and it might have half a dozen. Houses with ten or a dozen bathrooms are in no wise remarkable; in some houses there are fifteen or twenty bathrooms. In beauty of construction and equipment and adornment great advances have been made in bathrooms in very recent years. People spend five times as much money on bathrooms now as they did even so recently as a dozen years ago. One would have to be pretty rich to possess some of the bathrooms built now-a-days. There is one now in course of construction in this city the tiling along of which will cost \$20,000 or more, the work upon it occupying two years' time. Of course not all bathrooms run up in cost like that; but there are plenty of them that run up into the thousands and that are most luxurious and artistic and beautiful."

"It might seem that now, indeed, as to beauty and utility, the limit had been reached in the development of the bathroom, but a man familiar with this branch of house equipment said that while it might not be easy at the moment to say in just what manner further progress in this matter could be made, yet he had no doubt that we should continue to advance in the construction and the beautifying of our bathrooms in the future, just as we have done in the past."

COMMENT UNNECESSARY. — Purposely I have omitted all the details of fixtures, of electric light arrangements, of shades, of stained-glass decorations, of invisible lights radiating from the sides, or roof, or corners, and affecting the gold-framed mirrors and all the devices calculated to increase the luxury and self-gratification of that special department in the domestic domain. When I read this account of the extremes to which the perfecting of the bathroom is carried, I could not help recalling the story of Marat, the monster of inhumanity who exercised his perverted gifts during the "Reign of Terror." His sensuality was such that he revelled in his luxurious bath, for hours at a time. He had a slab fixed across the bath-tub, upon which he wrote his most furious and blood-thirsty articles, while enjoying the varieties of sensations produced by the alternating elevation and reduction of temperature. Yet what was his fate? In his bath, in the midst of his sensual dreams, he perished miserably, under the dagger of Charlotte Corday—whom he allowed to enter his bathroom in the hope of having additional delirium of the kind that his low nature appreciated. I do not pretend that such might or should be the fate of others, but while there is no adventures, of the murdering spirit hovering around, there is constantly present the grim phantom Death, whose hand may clutch us at any moment—even in our keenest enjoyment. Cleanliness is next to godliness; 't is true, and the bath, and its proper use are evidences of civilization. But there are excesses in this as in all things, howsoever good they may be; and excesses in aught that fringes upon luxury are sure to be ultimately fatal. When I stand on the curbstone of a great city and I note the mass of misery, of honest poverty, of actual suffering that ebbs and flows around me, and I vainly look in the faces of men for any expression of that sympathy for human sufferings which awakens charity in the heart, and then I am told of \$20,000 being expended on a bathroom, I cannot but ask myself "when and how is all this going to end? And as I ask the question a solemn procession moves along towards a cemetery, and the hearse-plumes wave an answer.

ars and authors to hearken or respond to this need.

Nearly every Catholic college, academy and school in the country will tell you that it is sorely in need of good Catholic text books on English literature, American literature, Mediaeval history, English history and American history, not to speak of psychology and pedagogy. Either the text books on these subjects now in use in our Catholic educational institutions are too elementary and flimsy or they are the work of non-Catholic authors who poison truth in the giving out.

In this condition of things what are we to do? It seems to me our course—our duty—is plain. We must utilize, encourage—that it will pay a Catholic author to produce a good Catholic text book. It should pay more than the publisher to bring out a good Catholic text book; it should likewise pay the author, and pay him well. If Catholic colleges and schools of the Catholic reading public were to do their duty when a Catholic author publishes a good work its sale would not be confined to the hundreds, nor would the author find that his chief introduction to the Catholic public was through the medium of complimentary copies.

We have within the body of the Catholic people of the United States and Canada the means of building up and fostering a Catholic literature, and the place to begin this work is in our schools. The Catholic population of the United States and Canada must be in the neighborhood of 15,000,000 or 20,000,000. Catholic colleges and convents are now at almost whispering distances from each other, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have in our larger cities well-equipped Catholic high schools. In addition to this we have as Catholic intellectual forces three Catholic summer schools and a Catholic winter school, with syllabuses of lectures extending from three to eight weeks, not to speak of the hundreds of reading circles, whose members are devoted to the special study and discussion of Catholic literature.

In the face of all this, what Catholic works have we to learn on; what text books of accepted scholarship have we in history, literature, science and philosophy? Just a few scholarly works are appearing, and these chiefly as translations from the erudite pens of Old-World authors. Is it any wonder that at the Conference of Catholic colleges held recently at Chicago the question of Catholic books, especially in history, should have occupied the attention of the delegates?

Who will be our American pastor, our American Janssen, our American Dom Sasquet? You will find the works of such profound scholars as pastor, Janssen and Sasquet in the historical libraries of Wisconsin and Columbia Universities. I once heard Prof. Morse Stephens of Cornell say in his lectures on English history that the great Benedictine, Dom Sasquet, was the leading authority of our day on the confiscation of the English monasteries and the age preceding the English reformation. Prof. Robinson of Columbia frequently brings the work of Pastor or Janssen into his lecture room, and as a professor of mediaeval history I have found him very judicious. Scholarly Protestants, such as Professor Morse Stephens of Cornell, Prof. Haskins of Wisconsin, and Prof. Robinson of Columbia, are too honest and judicial to wittingly pervert history. It is true that they may fail to interpret correctly the spirit and work of the Catholic Church as revealed in the phenomena of history, but as students of historical truth they are bound to come closer to the correct and just interpretation of the Catholic Church—its spirit and work—as they approach and acquire a knowledge of the true facts of history. Now these facts of history must be supplied—furnished by the Catholic author.

Let me explain here what I mean. Janssen in his great and monumental work, "The History of the German People," has changed the mind and attitude of all honest non-Catholic professors of history towards the Lutheran Revolt of the 16th century. He has forever silenced those who have held that the Germany of Luther's time as well as the Germany of the preceding period was marked by dense ignorance and vice and a complete cataclysm in things religious. Even the meaning of an indulgence is now being correctly explained to students by non-Catholic professors of history. Certainly an indulgence could not be more clearly explained in its poena and culpa relations than it was last spring to the students of mediaeval history by Prof. Robinson of Columbia.

When you hear a professor, as did Prof. Haskins of Wisconsin University last summer, tell his class that if they desired to get at the soul and spirit of the Middle Ages as well as the first centuries of Christianity, they would do well to study the

lives of the saints of the Catholic Church: or when you hear a professor tell his class, as did Prof. Robinson of Columbia, that he would advise them to substitute revolt for reformation when speaking of the Lutheran upheaval, history as taught by non-Catholics is assuredly setting its face towards the goal of the truth.

But there is yet much to be done and it must be done by earnest and profound Catholic scholars. We Catholics who possess the faith once debarred to the saints are sometimes troubled with what Browning calls the "torpidity of assurance," and while we are never in doubt as to the unerring character of the Church as our spiritual guide and spouse of Christ, we owe it to our own intelligence as Catholics and to our Church, which is the depository of truth, that we study her history in every detail as the supreme fact of the world's civilization.

Let us flash, therefore, in the face of every foul calumny, every misrepresentation, the light of Catholic truth. If it be our lot to attend non-Catholic institutions of learning we should feel that we carry with us the responsibility and trust of our gift of faith and be ever ready not only to defend it, but ever prepared and equipped to set before non-Catholics the truth of its life and labors during nineteen hundred years. This is why I plead for Catholic text-books in history, Catholic textbooks in literature, Catholic textbooks in philosophy and the history of education. Our good priests are doing a great work in their missions to non-Catholics. Have we Catholic laymen not a great apostleship to carry out, especially in the sphere of education. Believe me, we Catholics need less fireworks and more solid work in the field of education. While we are illuminating the heavens with brilliancy and meteoric flashes at our Catholic summer schools our Catholic students at Catholic and non-Catholic institutions are crying out for scholarly Catholic works upon which they may lean and from which they may draw, and we are unworthy as Catholic scholars if in response we reach them but a stone.—Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., in the New World.

Protestant Church Attendance Decreasing

We shall not quote even one Catholic authority on this subject, and we beg to assure the "Independent" and our many Protestant readers and friends that we take up this matter against our will and with regret. We can find no pleasure in chronicling the decadence of Protestantism when this decadence means the swelling of the ranks of deists, materialists, or agnostics. We believe that many very estimable and worthy Protestants, whose reason and common sense have led them to sever all formal connection with Protestant churches, remain Christian at heart, and will continue to be influenced in their views and conduct by certain Christian principles and traditions even though they may never find their way into the Church. We write, therefore, under a keen sense of what is due to our estimable Protestant friends, and because the "Independent's" error compels us to speak in the interest of truth. What are the facts? What are Protestants saying regarding the decadence of Protestantism? It is not easy to select from the wealth of material at hand. "The Failure of Protestantism" is the title of a book written a few years ago down there in the "Independent's" own bailiwick by Rev. Thomas Dixon, pastor of the People's Church, New York city. The author's method of proving his thesis will be seen from the following quotation regarding the Baptist denomination. He says:—"The Baptists increased 975 during the seven years, 1885 to 1892. The normal birthrate of the membership, 13,669, should have given an increase by birth of more than 3,500 during that period; their accessions from other Protestant churches more than balancing the death rate. The Baptists, therefore, managed to hold about one-fourth of the children born into their homes. Is this holding our own?"

He subjects the Methodist, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches to a like examination and finds the results but little more encouraging. But worse than this he tells us that the system of enrollment now in vogue amongst the churches gives no indication of the actual membership, because, he tells us, "some of the churches keep even the dead on their rolls."

"One of these mushroom records," says Mr. Dixon, "collapsed the other day by a fire, and out of a roll of

over 4,000 there could not be found 200 members."

We beg to direct the attention of the "Independent" to these figures and ask it to observe how the rolls of membership are made up from the dead. These peculiar methods of collecting statistics must convince the "Independent" how unreliable are the figures which it quoted for the benefit of Bishop McFaul. It has been said that one could prove any proposition, no matter how absurd, by statistics. But a safe guide in the matter of Protestant church attendance is furnished by the daily press, the religious denominational papers, the sermons, the books written by Protestants, and every day's observation and experience. "Why Protestants don't go to church" is a subject written about and preached about every day.

One more quotation from Rev. Mr. Dixon:—"The plain fact is Protestantism has little hold on the manhood of New York. The men have deserted the churches and built clubs and secret societies in their stead. The attendance on the average at the smaller churches that can not command preachers of great personal powers is simply beneath contempt." President Eliot said recently in Chicago:—"I know of no denomination which has not experienced a great change in attendance. I have felt the same thing in the chapel at Cambridge. I have learned since coming here it is also true of the churches in this city."

The "Watchman," Boston, a Baptist paper, says:—"Any one who takes the pains to compare the accounts of the religious condition of different parts of our country which appear from time to time in the daily and weekly press and the magazines, will be impressed with the circumstance that the church attendance of children and young people appears to be steadily declining. Pastors, . . . universally deplore it; . . . and those who are most concerned in counteracting this tendency frankly admit that they don't know what to do."

As the "Independent" refers to the Congregational churches of the north, let us quote for it from the Boston "Transcript" a brief account of a meeting held in Tremont Temple, Boston, less than two years ago by the Congregational ministers and prominent members of that church of Boston and vicinity. Rev. R. A. Beard, D.D., was the first speaker, and among other things he said:—"No Congregationalist can study the last 'Year-Book' without a heavy heart. There is not a cheerful page in it. In it we learn that through the efforts of 630,000 members of Congregational churches with a cash outlay of \$7,000,000, for 'home expenses,' there were received during twelve months a net addition of 1,640 to the Congregational churches of the United States.

"In other words, 384 persons in a period of twelve months, and at a cost of \$4,300, were able to secure one addition to our body of church members. In Massachusetts, notwithstanding the efforts of 113,000 Congregational church members during a period of twelve months, and a cash outlay for 'home expenses' of \$1,650,000, our church membership suffered a net loss of 588, and our Sunday schools suffered a net loss in membership of 5,370.

"No wonder that some are enquiring, 'What is the matter with Congregationalism?' Something is the matter. The proportionate strength of the Congregational denomination in New England as compared with that of other denominations has been steadily decreasing for the last fifty years."

We have another report of statistics for the Presbyterian Church published in the Boston "Transcript" within a year or two. We simply give the headings as follows:—"Presbyterianism's Losses."

"Official Reports Showing a Steady Decline."

In one of the New England Sabbath Protective League's annual reports we read:—"From 50 to 90 per cent. of the population of New England are non-church-goers, and many of them open Sabbath desecrators and scoffers. Over 1,000 churches have been closed on the Lord's day in New England, and the rural population is, in many instances, almost without a Sabbath."

The Rev. George Willis Cooke, a Protestant minister, during the last several years has been visiting the churches of New England and reporting the results of his visits and observation in articles which appeared in the Boston "Transcript." We could not quote, of course, from all this mass of evidence. One of the titles of these papers will sufficiently indicate their general character as follows:—"A Further Study into the Apparent Causes of the Decline of Church Attendance."

Rollin Lynde Hartt has been writing in the "Atlantic Monthly" and Boston "Evening Transcript" on the decadence of religion and morality in our New England towns. Among other things he says:—"A distinguished scientist and author once told me his explanation of the social stagnation that prevails in decadent villages. They are priest-ridden," said he, "the clergy have forbidden card playing, dancing and amateur theatricals till the only possible things that can bring people together socially has been wiped out of existence."

"You will soon enough perceive the close relationship between the pleasurelessness of the country and the wickedness of the country. Vice, malice, and the incentive to crime find easy entrance into lives that are deprived of normal recreation. I have sometimes declared—and pray pardon the hyperbole—that a weekly bull-fight would be a moral and spiritual benefit to a dead village. It would at least suggest something to think about beside family feuds, personal slights, devilish menaces and the inner ravaging of evil passions. But in default of a bull fight, wouldn't cards and dancing serve as a very wholesome substitute for the sins that now serve as recreations."

To crown and confirm all this evidence on the decline of religion in New England we have the famous Fast Day proclamation of Governor Rollins of New Hampshire.

"The decline of the Christian religion," said this proclamation, "particularly in our rural communities is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it. There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January; there are villages where the children grow to manhood unchristened; there are communities where the dead are laid away without the benison of the name of Christ, and where marriages are solemnized by justices of the peace."

This proclamation, of course, called forth criticism and discussion. The ministers of New Hampshire in the Universalist Church, Episcopal Church, Methodist Church and other churches individually and collectively declared that the Governor in his proclamation did not overstate the facts.

The "Zion's Herald" of Boston, commenting on the Governor's proclamation, said:—"He tells the truth about the religious condition of the rural towns and summons the churches of all denominations to a genuine effort to improve the conditions. There is no reason, however, for selecting New Hampshire as a signal illustration of religious decadence; it is equally and painfully true of the other New England states. The writer has served as pastor in three of them, has critically studied the situation for twenty years, and writes therefore from personal and practical knowledge of the facts and conditions. The rural sections of New England are fast becoming missionary ground."

We fear our readers may object to our giving so much space to proving a condition of things that no one thinks of denying, but they will pardon us, we are sure, when they remember that the "Independent" has seriously attempted to prove against Bishop McFaul by its statistics that the membership of Protestant churches, north and south, and all over the country, is steadily increasing. Every Protestant outside of the office of the "Independent" will agree with us in saying that it is steadily declining. Bishop McFaul unintentionally, we are sure, appears to give the impression that our public school system is the great cause of this decadence, and it is for assigning this cause that the "Independent" takes him so severely to task. As we ourselves believe that the great cause of the decadence of Protestant churches is inherent in the very nature of these churches, we are unwilling to try to determine what influence our public schools may have on the decline of Protestantism. The "Independent," however, should remember that it was the unwarrantable claim of the War Department that gave occasion for Bishop McFaul's remark, and, in addition to this, it should remember that very many good Protestant authorities do assign the lack of religious instruction in the public schools as one of the potent causes of irreligion and immorality among our people.—Sacred Heart Review.

HARVEST IN THE WEST.

Mr. Hugh McKellar, chief clerk of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and Immigration, asks for 18,000 extra men for his own province, and estimates that 2,000 more will be required for the territories to harvest the crops.

Catholic Text Books, That there is a need of Catholic text books in our Catholic colleges,

academies and schools is a fact evident to every one who is either engaged or interested in Catholic education. The wonder is that with this need importuning and knocking at our door for some time so little has been done by our Catholic school

the True Witness."

# ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.



SANCTUARY OF FIRST CHAPEL OF ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH, ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL.

- |                        |                     |                  |                    |                       |                        |
|------------------------|---------------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. REV. J. P. KIERNAN. | 3. DAN. CALLAGHAN.  | 7. JOHN FRAWLEY. | 10. MICH. GRIFFIN. | 13. FRANCIS KEEGAN.   | 16. BERNARD HALPIN.    |
| 2. REV. P. MCGINNIS.   | 5. JOHN GALLAGHER.  | 8. WM. BURNS.    | 11. JOHN HALPIN.   | 14. SYLVESTER BURNS.  |                        |
| 3. WM. MEAGHER.        | 6. THOS. CALLAGHAN. | 9. JOHN MCGEE.   | 12. LEO HORAN.     | 15. ALFRED CALLAGHAN. | 17. JOHN THOS. CAHILL. |

The congregation of the new parish of St. Michael's was considerably augmented on Sunday by a large number of visitors belonging to other parishes, not only in the vicinity of the present temporary church, but throughout the city. The occasion was the twenty-fourth anniversary of the ordination of the zealous and energetic pastor, the Rev. Father Kiernan. The presence of the large number of visitors was due to the fact that his devoted assistant, the Rev. Father McGinnis, had sent out invitations, in order to give the event a distinctive character.

High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Kiernan, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon; and an eloquent discourse was delivered by the Rev. Fa-

ther Kearns, of Spokane, Washington. His sermon was based on the Gospel of the day. The service of Mammon, he said, is irreconcilable with the service of God. One had to choose between these two Masters. If Mammon was chosen, we became like unto the false deity spoken of in the book of Daniel which, after eating poisoned food, died and became corrupt. If Mammon was chosen, we became other Judases and betrayed our Creator and benefactor with the kiss of deceit; if Mammon was chosen, Barabbas was preferred and the cross was laid on Christ's shoulders, and He was led away to be sacrificed on the altar of self-indulgence and wickedness. With the

service of God, on the contrary, we lived on to perfect day; growing holier and holier, juster and juster, we resembled more and more St. John, in his steadfast love and courageous attachment to Jesus. We embraced persecution and affliction rather than submit to the inclinations of bigotry and irreligion. Which should we choose? If true to our convictions, God would be our Master; if true to our mother country, God would be our Guardian; the word of our Church would become law, the direction of our pastor would be the fulcrum of our confidence and of our prosperity. The Rev. Father concluded by congratulating Father Kiernan upon the twenty-fourth anniversary of his ordination and by

uniting with the congregation in praying that he would celebrate his silver jubilee next year in a church of their own, raised to the glory of God, and to the benefit and amelioration of Father Kiernan's fellow-countrymen of the North End of Montreal.

**ST. MICHAEL'S STATUE.** — In the evening, Father Brady, pastor of St. Mary's, solemnly blessed the richly decorated and truly artistic statue of St. Michael, which has been presented by the Very Rev. Canon Archambault, of the Archbishop's Palace. Rev. Father McDonald, of St. Gabriel's preached a

sermon in keeping with the ceremony. His audience was both instructed and charmed with his discourse. There was substance to analyze and bring home to meditate upon; there were clearness of expression and force of delivery that held attention throughout. His theme was the angels. He spoke of the essence of the characteristics of their nature; of the services rendered by them to man as God's delegates and instruments, and of their fidelity to God under the standard and guidance of St. Michael the Archangel. In this new parish dedicated to St. Michael, he said, we would be taught of his championing the cause of God in heaven to the destruction of Lucifer and his followers; and of our se-

curity from evil and our perseverance in good while under his influence and protection. St. Michael's statue would be a continuous reminder of his power over Satan, with his works, and pomps; and of the rightful place God claims and requires from us in our thoughts and actions.

The happy anniversary closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, sung by Rev. Father Kiernan, assisted by Rev. Fathers Brady, Kearns, McDonald, Callahan and McGinnis.

Rev. Father McGinnis is to be congratulated upon the successful celebration of the feast, he so cordially organized and so indefatigably carried into effect.

## THE HUMBUG CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "DAILY WITNESS" FROM CAUGHNAWAGA.

On Monday last the "Daily Witness," under a sensational heading which ran thus: "Trouble Brewing; Indians at Caughnawaga Object to Nuns Taking Charge of Their Schools," published the following: "A report from Caughnawaga says that the newly-appointed parish priest is desirous of establishing a convent there, but that the Indian community, being satisfied with lay lady teachers in the schools, are opposed to the introduction of nuns. The trouble is said to be causing a good deal of excitement, and threatens to be serious."

A representative of the "True Witness" went to Caughnawaga to ascertain whether there was any foundation for this report. The result of his investigation may be surmised. He found that the statement made by the "Daily Witness" was a fabrication. The newly-appointed parish priest, the Rev. Father Granger, S. J., has not yet taken up his residence in Caughnawaga, as he has not yet entered upon his duties as administrator of the reservation. Father Forbes is still the parish priest—a post which he has filled with zeal and energy for the past ten years. Father Forbes, in conversation

with the representative of the "True Witness," said:—

"There is not the slightest foundation for that statement. It is really hardly worth while to deny it, considering the character of the newspaper in which the false report appeared. There is no new parish priest here. I am here still. My ten years' work amongst these Indians has naturally made me familiar with their sentiments. They would be dejected, and so would I too, if convent schools were established here. Devout and practical Catholics as they are, they desire to give their children a religious education. The Indian Department would not oppose the establishment of such schools. But since we cannot at present have convent schools, owing to a lack of funds, we are satisfied with the schools furnished by the Indian Department. Under this system the Catholic priest is accorded due recognition. He visits the schools whenever he likes; and he imparts religious instruction to the Catholic pupils."

The "Daily Witness" further stated that "a rumor is abroad also to the effect that there is trouble brewing on the reserve between the Indians and the French-Canadians residing in the vicinity. It is said that the Indians claim that the French have no right to own land on the reserve. The trouble has not yet reached a violent stage, nor has knowledge of such a condition of affairs become generally known to the public."

The "True Witness" is in a position to give this statement an emphatic denial. There is no "trouble brewing" on the reserve between the Indians and the French-Canadians residing in the vicinity. For years some half-breed families have been claiming land to which they are not entitled; but the claims have always been put forward in legal form.

As to the assertion that "the Indians claim that the French have no

right to own land on the reserve," it is both misleading and inexact. As the law stands, no white man can own property in the reservation. It is not a matter of "Indians claiming" at all. The Indians are conversant with the law, which is more than can be said of the "Daily Witness."

Some of the well-to-do Indian farmers hire out portions of their lands to white people; but the contract under which the lands are hired has to be approved both by the Caughnawaga Council and the Indian Department at Ottawa.

Signs of progress are visible in the reservation at Caughnawaga. The native population is increasing every year. The Indians are assiduous in the performance of their religious duties. They have a large choir, with some fine voices in it, and the hymns they sing are in their own Iroquois tongue. The sermons they hear, the prayers they say, are also in their own language. They will shortly be supplied with a prayer-book in the same language. Father Forbes has just finished the compilation and translation of it into Iroquois.

Last week there has been a pilgrimage to Oka. About seven hundred Indians took part in it. What struck those who saw it was the devotional demeanor and the orderly behavior of the pilgrims. Mr. Thomas Callaghan, a brother of the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, P.P., of St. Patrick's, Montreal, took part in it, accompanied by his wife.

There are two thousand Catholics, and thirty-five Protestants in the reservation, the latter being whites or half-breeds.

A soul can do nothing more pleasing to God than receive him frequently in the sacrament of the altar.—St. Liguori.

## The Grotto of Agony.

The Grotto of Agony, a representation of the famous scene in our Saviour's life, which was enacted in the garden of Gethsemani, erected near the Stations of the Cross in the grounds adjoining the Chapel of the Reparation, Pointe aux Trembles, was solemnly blessed on Wednesday afternoon in the presence of about two thousand people. Short sermons in English and French were preached by Rev. Father John and by Rev. Father Leblanc.

The Grotto of Agony is a locality of which the very air seems to be suffused with a religious element. It is a well-wooded park, secluded from the busy haunts of men. The Way of the Cross is represented by fourteen gigantic stations, realistically executed by a true artist. The Calvary at the last station is a fine piece of religious work. Further on is an exact representation of Our Lord's tomb at Jerusalem, with a large number of lamps constantly lighted around it. A little further on is more statuary—this time representing the Mother of Sorrows receiving in her arms the inanimate body of her Divine Son, and exhorting, by her grief-stricken appearance and attitude, the beholder to pity and repentance. Our Lady of Lourdes is represented close by, with the devout peasant girl, Bernadette, kneeling before it.

All the physical sufferings of our Divine Redeemer were depicted—all the stages of His passion and death for the salvation of mankind were represented. But there was something lacking. The Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani, that scene of tears and blood, where the soul of Our Lord felt all the bitterness of sorrow, of abandonment, of the sight of man's innumerable transgressions

—was missing. The Rev. Father John, of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, which has charge of the grotto and chapel, when he noticed this, set himself to work without delay to complete the artistic presentation of the Passion. It is now completed. The statue of the Saviour is a splendid example of the sculptor's handicraft, and so, too, is that of the angel who comes to Him with the Chalice.

There was solemn High Mass at nine o'clock in the morning. At eleven o'clock there was an hour's adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which was exposed for this purpose. At three in the afternoon the blessing of the Grotto took place, followed by the chanting of hymns and by two sermons, one in French and one in English. Afterwards the devotion of the Way of the Cross took place.

### OBITUARY.

We recently announced the serious illness of Mr. John P. Curran, son of the Honorable Mr. Justice Curran; and to-day we are pained to learn that death has been the result. This sad news came to us while our issue was on the press, but we could not allow the "True Witness" of this week to go forth to our readers without an expression, be it never so brief, of the sincere sorrow that this sad event has created and without paying a passing tribute to one of the most popular, enthusiastic, devoted, and model young men of this city. We will reserve for our next number an account of the short but active and exemplary life of the deceased; in conjunction with the solemn obsequies we hope to set before our readers the striking traits of character and disposition of the late Mr. Curran. He died young, and his early departure from this life was "as the stars, whose death is day." To the

bereaved relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and over the scarcely chilled remains of the good young man, whom God has summoned to Himself, we offer a prayer for the repose of his immortal soul.

Rev. Bro. Pavinus, otherwise Edw. H. Logan, died at the mother house of the Christian Brothers, on Sunday last, after a very short illness. This zealous and successful young religious teacher began his professional labor in St. Patrick's School, Montreal, whence he was sent to Toronto, and later to St. Patrick's School, Quebec. He was born in St. Ann's parish, this city, and was 23 years old when he died.—R.I.P.

### CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 10, C.M.B.A., held on the 20th inst., resolutions of sympathy were adopted to the family of the late Henry McGee, who was a kind father, a loving husband, a true friend and an esteemed and honored member of the C.M.B.A. May He that doeth all things wisely send them consolation in the great affection that has come upon them, and may the soul of the departed one rest in everlasting peace.

J. McIVER,  
Sec.-Secty.

Perfection consists in uniting oneself to God; and the surest means of being united to God is by His communion.—St. Liguori.

By the Eucharist Jesus Christ becomes incarnate in our hearts. His flesh becomes our flesh, his blood is mingled with ours in order to cure our corruptions.—Mgr. de la Saussure hac Belescel.



PROMINENT JOHN M'CARROLL (Past Provincial T

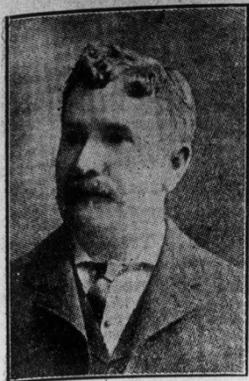
## THE ON

At High Mass on Sunday at St. Patrick's Church, St. John's, by Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, P.P., a powerful sermon upon the feast of St. Patrick, its beautiful and educational character, its charitable and educational institutions, with special reference to the Catholic High School. The following is a condensed account of what he said:—

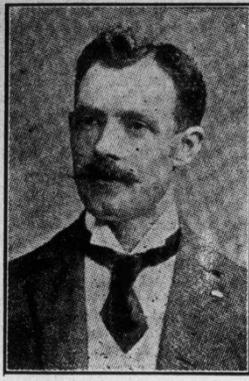
Of all the Irish parishes in the Island of Montreal, St. Patrick's is the oldest, and the oldest it has all the youth. From this parish the other Irish parishes in the city have their origin. They glory in being the parish of St. Patrick, of all the Irish parishes in the Dominion of Canada. The largest in population and the most influential in the scope of its work, it was founded by St. Patrick, as soon as they were able; and it is the only parish in which they are charged.

It may boast of the impress of whose and zeal will be produced many a generation. The names stand for all the most loyal to the cause of patriotism, religion, and of country which, though long to the wealth or rank, looked upon as superior as they belong to aristocracy of principle and virtue.

The sacred edifice in which we are gathered is dedicated to the Apostle. From the art and devotion it has universal admiration. There are many institutions doing remarkably well to mention St. Bridget's, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, St. Vincent's educational establishment, the magnificent footing, which by the Sons of St. Joseph, St. Joseph de la Salle, or by the Venerable Magarino, or controlled by the Provincial Commissioners. Should you might wonder what I could have to say on this subject. Without being exaggeration I might say that this school is really one of our greatest blessings. It reflects much credit upon its founders. You should hear the prosperity of it. It is loved by the parents, and it is already done good, and means on a small scale, it has done is a mere drop in the bucket of its future usefulness.



JOHN M'CARTHEY, (Past Provincial Treasurer.)



M. J. LYNCH, (Past Provincial President.)



M. J. O'FARRELL, (Provincial President.)

PROMINENT OFFICERS OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN ONTARIO.

Random Notes And Remarks.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

FRANCE'S NERO—Referring to the extraordinary and outrageous conduct of Premier Combes, an English Catholic organ says:—

The French Premier is having recourse to all the methods of coercion with which the people of Ireland have long been so familiar in his endeavor to crush out the teaching nuns of France. So little is the right of public speech understood over the water that, for the crime of criticizing the action of the Government in applying the Law of Associations so vigorously, as many as 130 French mayors have been dismissed during the last fortnight. In fact, even as we write, the Minister of the Interior is busy signing orders for the dismissal of public officials. Meantime, the godless Premier has issued instructions that on no account are any of the dissolved congregations to be permitted to reopen their establishments, and this even though they are prepared to form themselves into lay congregations and to dress themselves in ordinary attire.

We know of no character in history—except Nero—to whom we could compare the actual Premier of France. According to the last despatches President Loubet is alarmed at the unexpected ferocity displayed by Combes. It was never anticipated that the Law of Associations should be applied, or enforced, as it is being done by this strange personage. What is still more astounding is the fact that Premier Combes has signified his intention of resigning, and advising the President to call upon Waldeck-Rousseau to return to the Premiership, just as soon as he can complete the ignoble and barbaric task which he has set for himself. If this be the case, then the situation becomes still more repulsive. Either Combes dreads the consequences of his unbridled brutality, and is therefore a coward at heart—as all tyrants generally are—or else he merely wanted the Premiership for the special purpose of displaying his animus and of glutting his hatred of the Church and her institutions, and is content to retire when his work is done. In the latter case he must be animated with the spirit of the one who applies to a sheriff to be engaged as a substitute hangman, on a special occasion. Nero was a superior character; for, in his blind passion for power, and in his pagan ignorance, Nero thought that persecution was the safest and quickest means of obtaining and retaining Imperial authority. But Combes, having no such ambition, merely persecutes for the sake of persecuting. He is not to be compared to the Roman tyrant; it would be unjust to the memory of Nero to institute any such comparison.

DOOMED VENICE. — The proud "Queen of the Adriatic," seems to be finally doomed to destruction. When a poet sang of the antiquity of a race, he could find no stronger proof than to trace its story back to the time: "Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enroll'd the name of her Dodge, in her proud Book of Gold."

With all its antiquity, its sacred memories, its pristine glories, its pomp, its splendor, its magnificence, Venice seems to be tottering upon the brink of ruin—even as the faith of the people has been shaken by the gigantic arms of an infidel organization. A Catholic contemporary referring to the recent falling of the great Campanile, within sight of the "Bridge of Sighs," says:—

"The Campanile of San Stefano at Venice has been condemned by the Italian Government Commission, and is ordered to be taken down. The municipality of Venice are objecting and threaten to prevent the work of, to them, unnecessary destruction. How rich Venice has been in these striking towers is shown by the statement of an aged architect of the city, who himself remembers the removal of forty-nine of them in his time. San Stefano will be the fiftieth. Verily, the glory of Venice is slowly but surely departing with the sway of the Savoyards, whose lack of reverence for the Church and its head on earth—the Holy Father—is counterbalanced with the lack of care for the more material constructions of brick and stone, reared in the ages of faith and serving to remind the people of the ultimate purpose of their lives."

DR. SPROULE ON CATARRH. The Gateway of Consumption.



DR. SPROULE, B.A., English Specialist in Catarrh and Chronic Diseases.

lible. It not only relieves, but it cures catarrh at any stage speedily and surely.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.

The most prevalent form of catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1. Do you spit up slime?
2. Are your eyes watery?
3. Does your nose feel full?
4. Does your nose discharge?
5. Do you sneeze a good deal?
6. Do crusts form in the nose?
7. Do you have pain across the eyes?

- 8. Does your breath smell offensive?
9. Is your hearing beginning to fail?
10. Are you losing your sense of smell?
11. Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
12. Are there buzzing noises in your ears?

- 13. Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
14. Do you feel drooping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is catarrh of the head and throat.

DISEASES OF BRONCHIAL TUBES.

When catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes, and in time attacks the lungs and develops into catarrhal consumption.

- 1. Do you take cold easily?
2. Is your breathing too quick?
3. Do you raise frothy material?
4. Is your voice hoarse and husky?

- 5. Have you a dry, hacking cough?
6. Do you feel worn out on rising?
7. Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
8. Are you gradually losing strength?

- 9. Have you a disgust for fatty food?
10. Have you a sense of weight on chest?
11. Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
12. Do you cough worse night and morning?

- 13. Do you get short of breath when walking?

If you have some of these symptoms you have catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Twenty years ago Catarrh was comparatively unknown. Now no age, sex or condition is exempt from it, and no climate or locality is a cure for it. Catarrh is to be more dreaded than all the yellow fever, cholera, smallpox, diphtheria, and all other epidemic diseases—as it is more fatal. It is in the large majority of cases the forerunner of consumption, and vital statistics show that deaths from consumption in this country have increased more than 200 per cent. in the last five years, nearly all of these cases having been traced back to catarrh as their starting point, and many physicians now contend that catarrh is only incipient consumption. I make the treatment of catarrh a specialty. I do cure catarrh. Catarrh has never been cured by nasal douches, washes or snuffs. Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by medicines peculiarly adapted to each particular case. Medicine that will cure one will not cure another.

It has been determined by microscopists that catarrh has as distinct a germ as any of the noted epidemic diseases, and again and again has it been shown that a patient had been treated for some other disease when catarrhal germs have been present.

A remedy for catarrh must be used constitutionally, and it must possess a direct affinity for the mucous membrane, and of being absorbed by the purulent mucous wherever located. It must be homogeneous and each individual case requires treatment adapted to its conditions. My treatment is based upon these plain theories, and has proved to be infal-

If you have catarrh, answer the above questions, cut them out of the paper and send them to me with any other information you may think would help me in forming a diagnosis, and I will answer your letter carefully, explaining your case thoroughly, and tell you what is necessary to do in order to get well.

DR. SPROULE, B.A., (formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service English Catarrh Specialist, 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston.)

THE PASTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S SPIRITED REMARKS ON THE OPENING OF SCHOOLS.

At High Mass on Sunday last in St. Patrick's Church, the Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., preached a powerful sermon upon the parish of St. Patrick, its beautiful Church, and its charitable and educational institutions, with special reference to the Catholic High School. Coming as it does on the eve of the re-opening of the schools after the holidays, the discourse was eminently opportune. The following is a condensed report of what he said:—

Of all the Irish parishes upon the Island of Montreal, St. Patrick's parish is the oldest, and though it is the oldest it has all the freshness of youth. From this parish have all the other Irish parishes taken their origin. They glory in acknowledging it. The parish of St. Patrick is, of all the Irish parishes throughout the Dominion of Canada, the largest in population and the broadest in the scope of its influence. This parish was founded by the Sulpicians as soon as they felt its advisability; and it is the only Irish parish with which they are just now charged.

It may boast of priests, the impress of whose piety, and zeal will be preserved by many a generation. It may boast of laymen whose names stand for all that is most loyal to the twofold cause of patriotism and religion, and of countless families which, though not belonging to the aristocracy of wealth or rank, should be looked upon as vastly superior as they belong to the aristocracy of principle and virtue.

The sacred edifice in which you are gathered is dedicated to our national Apostle. From the standpoint of art and devotion it lays claim to universal admiration. In our midst there are many institutions which are doing remarkably well. Suffice it to mention St. Bridget's Refuge and St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. Our educational establishments are on a magnificent footing, whether conducted by the Sons of St. John the Baptist de la Salle, or by the daughters of the Venerable Magaret Bourgeoys, or controlled by the Public Board of Commissioners. Should I be silent concerning the Catholic High School? Not You might wonderfully inquire what I could have to say on that subject. Without being guilty of any exaggeration I might assert that this school is really a blessing, and one of our greatest blessings. It reflects much credit upon our nationality and creed. You should have at heart the prosperity of this school. It is loved by the pupils, and their parents laud it to the skies. It has already done good, and not by any means on a small scale. The good it has done is a mere foreshadow of its future usefulness.

I am pledged to maintain this school upon the lines it has followed. It is linked with the honor of our parish and with the name of its late pastor. The reputation of St. Patrick's parish is in a measure at stake. I must jealously guard it. Never will I suffer it to be compromised. The memory of Father Quinlivan you hold in esteem and is in embalmment in your affections. Never will a shadow darken his memory so long as I can prevent it. I am chiefly responsible for this parish, and I am convinced that its welfare is closely connected with the Catholic High School. Why then should I not do my best, so that instead of being a failure it should prove the most brilliant success.

All the hopes of a parish are centered in the children, especially in those who are thoroughly imbued with the parochial spirit. It cannot but be noticed that this spirit is lacking lamentably in some children who are either indifferent or hostile to whatever concerns their parish. The pupils of the Catholic High School are promising to be the best of parishioners. There are fond and proud of St. Patrick's parish. They are delighted to do what they can do to further its interests. They are in frequent contact with its priests. They come to Catechism, to Mass, Confession and Communion in St. Patrick's Church. In nothing whatever should we be inferior to our Protestant fellow-citizens. They have a High School. Why should we not have a school such as they have—a school where our children will be taught all that they are taught, and taught it with equal proficiency? We inhabit a city which is continually spreading and rapidly growing in commercial and political importance. It is a striking illustration of the exhaustless vitality and untiring energy of the Catholic Church.

What future is in store for our children! Could anything grander be imagined. There is no vacancy which they may not fill, no profession which they may not embrace, no dignity to which they may not aspire. Actuated by ambition and filled with enthusiasm they

DASH UPWARD AND ONWARD They do not lack brain or nerve.

Why should they not learn their

mother tongue in all its perfections, be made acquainted with the classic languages of Greece and Rome, and be given the opportunity of applying themselves to all the branches of knowledge which it is proper they should master? There is no educational advantage from which they should be debarred. There is no difficulty in finding the kind of teachers they should have, and in selecting them from the laity we are entitled to the gratitude of the public. We need not be ashamed of the Catholic High School. It has begun to realize the purposes for which it was established. It could be expected to have yet reached all its developments. It has only seen a few years of existence. The programme of studies is all that can be desired. The professors are provided with all the necessary certificates. The boys are giving the greatest satisfaction. They are duly preparing themselves for whatever they may be destined by Divine Providence. The Board of Governors is deserving of special praise. It is composed of gentlemen who are not blind to the excellence of the Catholic High School, and who are most desirous to ply all their resources towards the ensuring of its permanency.

I have never refused to do my duty and in doing it I have not hesitated to face the difficulties which came across my path. I am obliged to patronize the Catholic High School. Never will I recoil from this, my obligation. I am confident that I will not be left severely alone, left unaided, unseconded, or unencouraged. I rely upon your co-operation. I am positive it will be cordial and substantial. In patronizing this school there is nothing further from my mind than the wish to inflict directly or indirectly the slightest injury upon any other schools. At all times and in all things I trust I shall be what is gentlemanly, Christian and priestly. It cannot be denied that the Catholic High School is, at least, apparently, in financial danger. Though this danger were a reality, still it cannot be averted without appealing to the resources of the rich, which in a multitude of cases will have no value whatsoever in eternity. It is the will of God that this school should flourish. He will inspire the wisest things to do, and He will abundantly reward all our exertions and sacrifices.

The tuition fees cannot be any objection. They have been considerably reduced. Should it happen that you have not sent your children to any school, or for conscientious motives you have decided upon removing them from the school which they have attended, do not set aside the Catholic High School in your calculations. Give it a trial. You will not regret it. This School should be filled to overflowing. It might without paralyzing in any way whatever the action of any school. Henry the Second was travelling through Germany. He was met by courtiers who brought him their treasures. Count Abensberg presented him with his children, and they were not few in number. He thought he could not offer his sovereign anything more valuable. If you wished to make me a present you could not do anything I would like better than to send to the Catholic High School all the children you may be at liberty to place there.

HALPIN.

CAHILL.

evil and our persever while under his influence. St. Michael's be a continuous reminder over Satan, with pomp; and of the God claims and reus in our thoughts and anniversary closed with fiction of the Blessed sung by Rev. Father listed by Rev. Fathers ns, McDonald, Callahan McGinnis is to be con- upon the successful cele- feast, he so cordially do indefatigably car-

atives we extend our emathy, and over the ed remains of the good whom God has summon- f, we offer a prayer for his immortal soul.

Pavinus, otherwise Edw. ted at the mother house ian Brothers, on Sun- er a very short illness, and successful young cher began his profes- in St. Patrick's School. nence he was sent to later to St. Patrick's ec. He was born in St. this city, and was 23 en he died.—R.I.P.

ONDOLENCE.

r meeting of Branch No. A., held on the 20th ions of sympathy were the family of the late e, who was a kind fa- g husband, a true friend med and honored mem- M.B.A. May He that ings wisely send them in the great affection e upon them, and may e departed one rest in eace.

J. McIVER, Rec.-Secty.

consists in uniting one and the surest means of to God is by His com- Liguori.

harist Jesus Christ be- ate in our hearts, his our flesh, his blood is ours in order to cure ions.—Mgr. de la Saun-

PERSONAL. THE NEW BRANCH. His numerous friends will be glad to know that Brother James, the able and energetic Director of St. Patrick's School, has returned to Montreal, to resume his educational work, after having spent his vacation in Ireland, where he visited his parents. Brother James has derived considerable physical benefit from his trip.

Rubber! Rubber!! Rubber Production Shares will pay YOU 100 Per Centum Annually FOR A LIFETIME Absolutely Safe Investment. (NO RISK.) Write me immediately. WILLIAM F. SMARWOOD, Mexican Plantation Agent, 180 ST. JAMES STREET MONTREAL

# The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.

Dublin, Aug. 16th, 1902.

**CASTLE AND COURT HOUSES.**—The quarterly meeting of the Westport Rural District Council was summoned to be held in the courthouse here on Aug 9. The councillors proceeded to the courthouse. Mr. P. J. Kelly, J.P., Chairman of the District Council, presided, and there was a large attendance of councillors.

Mr. John M'Govern (Newport) said before they proceeded to do any business in the courthouse he wished to draw their attention to the insult given to one of Ireland's most illustrious sons, Mr. William O'Brien, at Castlebar on Saturday last. As they were all aware, the County Council and the eight Rural District Councils of the county had arranged to present addresses to Mr. O'Brien in the Council Chamber of the County Council in the courthouse at Castlebar. When the representatives of the people assembled there they were met by a gentleman named Bingham and five hundred policemen to prevent the addresses being presented. As Nationalist bodies, it was the duty of the Rural District Councils to resent that insult, and not meet in future in any of the county courthouses, because, though the ratepayers built and maintained these buildings, according to the latest ukase of the retiring Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, they had neither control over them nor voice in their management.

The Chairman said, having advertised the meeting for the courthouse, the question was, could they legally adjourn to another place.

Mr. M'Govern said they should not meet in the courthouse in future as a protest against the action of the Government.

Mr. John MacHale, M.C.C., said he concurred fully with the remarks of Mr. M'Govern. The High Sheriff had acted on the orders of Dublin Castle. As the solicitor to the Council was present, he could tell them would it be legal to adjourn the meeting to the workhouse.

Mr. Barry, solicitor, said there would be nothing illegal in adjourning the meeting to the workhouse. It was in the power of the Council to cause such an adjournment if they thought fit.

Mr. M'Govern said it appeared to be the unanimous wish of the Council that the meeting be adjourned to the workhouse, but before doing so he wished to propose the following resolution for adoption:—"Resolved—That we, the members of the Westport Rural District Council, approve of the course adopted by the Mayo County Council relative to the action of High Sheriff Bingham, who, as the instrument of Dublin Castle, endeavored to terrorise the elected representatives of the people of this county on Saturday last by importing into Castlebar Council Chamber an army of armed bludgeermen, representing the now well known policy of Whelehan, Sheridan, and Co. and we think it right to decline using the courthouse in future, and leave the High Sheriff and his minions to maintain same."

Mr. John MacHale seconded, and the resolution was adopted amidst loud applause.

The councillors then left the courthouse and proceeded to the workhouse, where the ordinary business of the quarterly meeting was disposed of.

**THE CONFEE CELEBRATION.**—The procession on Sunday, August 10th, organized by that true and tried body so well known not only in Dublin, but also throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, as the Old Guard Union, to do honor to the memory of Nicholas Dempsey, who once befriended Lord Edward Fitzgerald, proved a magnificent success in every sense of the word. Dempsey, it will be remembered by readers of Irish history, was a yeoman, and when Lord Edward Fitzgerald came to the bridge at Leixlip he not only warned him of his danger, but allowed him to pass, though at this time there was a large price on the head of the most distinguished member of the Geraldine family.

All the cars of the Lucan electric system were busily engaged during the afternoon in conveying people to Lucan.

About five o'clock a start was made for Confeigh Churchyard, in which lie the remains of Dempsey. The procession was headed by St. Kevin's (Protestant row) band, and

was followed by a large gathering of the Old Guard, with their banners.

On arrival at Confeigh Churchyard Mr. Lennon moved that Mr. Michael Dunne, R.D.C., should take the chair.

The Chairman in a few words explained the object of the meeting, and called upon Mr. J. P. O'Brien to address the meeting.

Mr. O'Brien, in the course of his speech, said that the fact of a man taking the oath of allegiance in the House of Commons or joining the British army did not make him a bad Irishman, and as an instance of this he quoted the names of John Boyle O'Reilly, etc., and referred to the work that such men had done for Ireland.

**MORE EVICTIONS.**—Castlereagh, August 13th.—The scene or rather series of scenes that took place during the evictions on Lord De Freyne's Frenchpark estate to-day were reminiscent of what one was accustomed to in the stormy days of the Land League and the Plan of Campaign. The precautions taken were greater than on any former occasion. A large body of constabulary were sent overnight from Roscommon and other stations, and when to those were added the local men, about a hundred police of all grades, including about a dozen on bicycles, left Frenchpark shortly after nine o'clock recently. They were accompanied by Wolfe Flanagan, Lord De Freyne's agent; Cooney, the sheriff's bailiff, and about a dozen emergency men. The morning was very wet, and the downpour continued nearly the entire day, adding greatly to the discomfort of those evicted.

The first place visited was the cabin of Widow Morrisroe, of Cortown, a short distance from Castlereagh. The widow, who is over 70 years of age, owns three and a half acres of reclaimed bog, for which she pays a rent of £4 a year; there were two years' rent due last May, and the costs which she was called upon to pay were £36 10s 8d. The tenant has three girls in America, whose contributions pay the rent. The house is a very small one. The windows are without glass, and are filled up with straw and rags. There are no doors to the dwelling, which altogether presented a wretched appearance. On a demand for possession being made on behalf of the landlord, the tenant said she was unable to pay the costs. This offer being refused by the agent, the bailiffs proceeded to clear the house. While they were doing so the tenant made an attempt to re-enter the house, from which she had to be forcibly taken by the police. By this time a crowd of about a couple of hundred had collected who abused the agent, the bailiff, and the emergency men roundly. Eventually the house was cleared, and an emergency man and a number of armed policemen were placed in possession.

A move was then made for the next on the list, John MacDermotree, of Cloonmanahane, about a couple of miles further on. The crowd who were present at the first eviction took a short cut across the fields, and were there awaiting the arrival of the evicting party. MacDermotree pays £5 10s a year for 5½ acres of land. He owed four years' rent up to last November, and the costs were £38 10s. The tenant is a middle-aged man, with three girls in America, three in England, and three at home, the youngest of whom is 11 years. A formal demand for possession was made, when the tenant offered to pay all the rent due at November next, but declined to pay a shilling of the costs. This offer having been declined, a number of men began to clear out the few things left in the house by the tenant, who, in anticipation of the action of the agent, had removed the most of his furniture. While they were doing so a scene of greater turbulence than has occurred yet at any of these evictions took place. The tenant made repeated efforts to get into his house, and had to be pushed out several times by the police, and forcibly restrained. The tenant's wife and daughters created a scene, abusing and cursing the agent and his men. They were warmly assisted by the great crowd of females present. The police were hustled about; District Inspector Hetreed was almost knocked off his feet by a girl who pushed him violently from behind; and Mr. Flanagan was struck on the face with mud thrown by one of the crowd, and so threatening did their

attitude become that the police had to close in and protect him. In the meantime, the tenant and his wife were forcibly evicted from their dwelling. The latter was almost out of her mind with grief, and, seeing that all her attempts to recover possession were futile, she knelt down at the door steps, and surrounded by about 40 young girls, set up a cacophony for the loss of her home. The scene was pathetic in the extreme, and while it lasted the hands of the authorities seemed to be instinctively stayed.

During this eviction Mr. John Fitzgibbon, Co. C., arrived, and received a warm reception. The house having been cleared, a number of emergency men arrived, and they were greeted with groans. Their way to the house had to be kept clear by police, who had to forcibly restrain the people, who seemed to lose all control of themselves. Eventually they were put in possession.

The third case was that of Catherine Drury, of Portra. The extent of her farm is fifteen acres, and the rent £13 9s 6d. There was only one year's rent due up to last May, and the costs were £38 10s. The house is a long, low house, with no windows in the front. On arriving at the place the Sheriff's party found the crowd there before them. As Mr. Flanagan was coming out of the house after demanding possession some woman in the crowd struck him in the face with manure, almost blinding him. Mr. John Fitzgibbon, who was close by, narrowly escaped intercepting it, portion of it actually landing on his hat. Mr. Flanagan made no comment, and a constable having brought up a bucket of water he partially cleaned himself, and the eviction was proceeded with, all the people being forcibly driven back by the police, of whom a cordon was drawn up around the dwelling, inside of which none but the officers of the law were allowed. The few traps of furniture were soon thrown out. While this was being done the poor woman, whose lips trembled with the grief she tried to suppress, told those present that she had always paid her rent promptly, although since she came to the farm she had lost eleven head of cattle. She only owed one year's rent, and the fact that she was proceeded against and put to such costs as to make a settlement prohibitive, she attributed to personal vindictiveness on the part of the agent. Her remarks, which were delivered with an air of sincerity, created a deep impression. Mr. Fitzgibbon, who had observed that the representative of the "Irish Times" had closed his note-book, said he was careful not to record this as it would not suit the landlord's book. The only live stock on the farm was two goats and one ass, which were driven off amidst groans and other shouts of derision.

The eviction having been carried out, a move was made to the house of Mary Hanley, of Rathkeary. In this case the dwelling was a comfortable two-story house, in one portion of which some business was formerly carried on. There are 1½ acres of land attached to the place, for which the yearly rent is £15 10s. The land, which is reclaimed bog, is in excellent condition, as might be expected from its close proximity to Lough Garra, into which it is drained. Fortunately, in this case a settlement was effected. The one and a half year's rent due was paid. The costs amounted to £41 3s, of which half was paid down and a note taken for the balance. While the usual formalities were being gone through, the crowd present groaned the agent, the emergency men, and the police. At times their demeanor was so hostile that they had to be forcibly driven back and pressed up in a corner by a strong line of armed constables. Owing to the conduct of the crowd, very considerable delay was occasioned in driving off the stock, as whenever the bailiff's assistants succeeded in getting the length of the gate the shouts of the people forced them back again, and before the stock could be finally removed from the field it was found necessary to dislodge the crowd and drive them some distance back from the place. No actual breach of the peace, however, occurred, and the formal proceedings of giving over the possession again to the agent ended. This closed the evictions for to-day.

Glasgow has made a profit of \$2,170 on the year's working of its municipal telephone system.

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**GOFFEE ESSENCE**  
makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from 1s 6d to 10s 6d.  
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# Old Time Reminiscences.

By a Special Correspondent.

Like in the case of Danny Shields there may be exceedingly few who have ever heard of John Dunning, or "Jack the Preacher." However, he was a very familiar figure, in the years gone by, throughout the country districts and small villages all along the north shore and even in parts of Eastern Ontario. As far as the cities are concerned Jack the Preacher made it his business to avoid them most religiously. But even to-day, he will be well remembered in Lachute, Grenville, Montebello, Papineauville, Buckingham, Thurso, L'Ange Gardien, Gatineau Pointe, Hull, Chelsea, Aylmer, Eardley, and along the south shore of the Ottawa through the counties of Carleton, Russell, Prescott and Glengarry. His occupation was a rousing one; yet he could not be called a tramp, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It is true he lived by securing food and lodging at the different farm houses along his route, stopping wherever night found him, and making it a point to reach some village, where there was a Catholic Church, on Saturday night so that he could attend the parochial Mass on the next day. He attended no other Mass; but he never missed that one, as it was part of his programme. He made it a point to hear the sermon; and whether long or short, he was sure to retain it by heart, and to repeat it to every person he met during the following six days. When the next Sunday came, he seemed to completely efface from his memory the sermon of the Sunday before, and to make use of the new one, heard that day, during the succeeding week days. Hence his peculiar name—Jack the Preacher.

I said he was not a tramp, because he worked for whatever was given to him. In summer time he raked hay, or bound grain, or did any other kind of manual labor for the farmers who gave him food and bits of clothing. He would sleep any place, in the shed, the hay-stack, the field, it was all the same to him. But his favorite job was sawing cord wood. He was very powerful, and his outdoor life had made him vigorous, and he loved to saw wood and to preach to himself when he could get no other audience. While evidently deranged, he had the good reputation of being harmless. As a rule, he was not an unwelcome guest any place. It is true that he sometimes wearied the people with his reiterated sermons—for once he commenced one he would not let you go away until you had heard every word of it, from text to finish. Many a country pastor has preached to a congregation of three or four hundred people on Sunday, and had his sermon reach the ears of three or four hundred others, before the week was over. It is quite possible that Jack did some good in his own peculiar way; at all events he did not fail to carry abroad "the latest edition of the Word of God" as he called the last sermon that he had heard. The wonder is that he could retain them so perfectly in mind.

But if this strange character had a mania for repeating sermons he was equally possessed of a determination to hear them and not to allow one word of them to escape him. This self-imposed obligation frequently proved a source of great annoyance and of considerable fatigue to himself. He could not always make his peripatetic correspond with the day of the week and the place he desired to reach. As a result he often was known to work all day Saturday at a farm house, and start off after he had his supper, and walk all night in order to reach a parochial church in time for High Mass the next day. But there were slight and insignificant sacrifices in his estimation, especially compared to the great object that he felt bound to attain. In the autumn, and during the winter, he very frequently created sensational scenes in the country churches. At such seasons people are very liable to be affected with colds that cause them to cough, to sneeze, to blow their noses, and to make other like disturbing noises in church. Woe betide the unfortunate person whose coughing should prevent Jack from hearing the sermon, or cause him to miss some important expression.

In 1873, the parish priest of Buckingham had gone on a trip to Europe, and he was replaced by a stranger from Montreal. I think it was a Jesuit Father that came there during the absence of the pastor. It

happened, in any case, to be the time of Jack's periodical visit to that section of the country. On the Sunday in question, the stranger priest was preaching upon the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Jack had secured himself a place within view of the pulpit but a little distance away. He was following the sermon with his usual attention, when a prominent citizen began to cough in a most tantalizing manner. Jack stood it for a while; at last he moved up to the pew behind the gentleman in question, touched him on the shoulder and requested him to either stop that noise, or get out. The priest, oblivious of what was taking place proceeded calmly with the story of the raising of Lazarus. At last the gentleman began again to cough, and louder than ever. The priest was just saying that for a third time Our Lord, in thundering voice, commanded Lazarus to come forth, when he was interrupted by Jack crying out: "Hold on there, your reverence, till I get this here Lazarus into the open air"—and suiting the action to the word, he jerked the offender clean out of the pew, and as he shoved him along down the aisle, he turned to again address the astonished priest, "I'll be back in a second, your reverence; don't have him raised for a minute, I want to get the rest of the story." You can scarcely imagine the scene that followed. Luckily the gentleman, who was thus unceremoniously ushered out, had the good sense to grasp the situation, (possibly he knew Jack of old), and to allow himself to be expelled without protest. But once he was gone, and Jack had returned to his post under the pulpit, and made a sign to the priest to go ahead with the sermon, the latter was absolutely unable to say another word. That ended the raising of Lazarus, at least as far as the Buckingham people were concerned.

Carry the beloved in your breast, and let him always be within you.—Fenelon.

If the communion is real, true, complete, the life of Jesus is in me, as the life of the Father is in him; and the unity is accomplished in the heart, for communion is the union of hearts; union is the interior of our life.—Msgr. Baudry.

Let us not forget it, if Jesus Christ comes into our hearts, it is not only to hide and annihilate himself there; it is, above all, to live there with a new life in us; it is to manifest himself in our exterior and in the whole of our conduct; it is to continue in our actions the perpetual manifestation of his works.—Mgr. de la Bouillerie.

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Several Cases of the newest in Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks, just put to stock, amongst them  
Some Very Stylish Golf Coats.

The latest Paris Novelty, "Ask to see them."  
Also, LADIES' HEPTONETTE GARMENTS, all guaranteed "rain proof." Prices guaranteed from \$7.50 to \$22.00.

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LADIES' FINE MUSLIN AND LAWN BLOUSES to clear 50c and 60c. COME EARLY.  
20 only WHITE PIQUE SKIRTS, trimmed with Embroidery, worth \$2. While they last, 95c.  
All our MUSLIN DRESSES at HALF PRICE. \$3.20 for \$1.60, \$3.00 for \$1.75, \$4.50 for \$2.25, etc.

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We wish to call attention to a large line of Gentlemen's Rainproof Overcoats, "NO RUBBER," good to wear rain or shine, and as they are all well tailored, this is a chance. All to be sold at and below half price.  
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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.



# THE Catholic High School

Will re-open its Classes on WEDNESDAY, September 3.

For terms and particulars apply to the Principal, A. J. HALES-SANDERS.

**MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE.**  
444 Sherbrooke St. MONTREAL.

The course of studies pursued in the Institute is intended to give young men a complete commercial and scientific education. It covers the ground usually gone over in the best Business Colleges and prepares the student for matriculation in science. The English and French classics are read with the attention bestowed on the Latin or Greek authors in a classical course. The curriculum embraces three departments: the Preparatory, the Business and the Scientific.

Boarders should enter on September 2nd; day scholars, on September 3rd, at 9 a.m.

# COMMISSION OF MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

THE RE-OPENING OF THE Catholic Commercial Academy  
And that of the other schools under the control of the Commission, will take place MONDAY, 1st SEPTEMBER.

For fuller information, apply to the HEADMASTER or to the DIRECTOR of the school.

# Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME.  
Concert Every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay a visit. MANS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.  
Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE, 1100 MOUNT ST. LOUIS, MONTREAL.

PARISH SOCIETY

FIRST SUNDAY OF Holy Scapular Society, and investment in scapular after Vespers in the General Communion Host League at 8 o'clock.

SECOND SUNDAY.—Temperance Society, instruction of temperance pledges in Church. General Communion. Name Society at 8 o'clock. Distribution of office of Holy 7.30 p.m.

THIRD SUNDAY.—Holy Society after Vespers, instruction in large sacristy. General Communion. Name Society at 8 o'clock. Patrick's (girls') school at 8 p.m.

Promoters of Sacred Heart Society held meeting in large sacristy at 2.45 p.m., distribution of...

A SAD LESSON OF MIXED MARRIAGE.

Priests who hold forth on the subject of mixed marriages are frequently subjected to the severest criticism. The "Catholic Standard" writes: "Warnings which are too well borne out by everyday happenings in the domestic life of city and town are denounced as tinseltown and far-fetched, and the utter them are accused of immorality and bigotry of a most offensive and aggressive type. Strongly any pulpits pronounced on the subject is the lesson contained in the story of a dreadful home tragedy. New York on Saturday last. On the afternoon of the 24th, Charles C. Rubsam, a well-known merchant at 480 Willis Avenue, and killed his wife Emma. He fired a single shot from a revolver into his own head, and himself instantly. Rubsam's 10-year-old daughter, Elsie, saw her mother and father killed. Rubsam was a Lutheran, whose wife was a Catholic. Religious differences and the question of which faith their three children should be brought up in caused the tragedy. The suicide left a widow with three children. It is declared that "priests are traitors in families." He also wrote to Bishop Farley, which was not opened by the Cardinal. For several weeks past Mrs. Rubsam had been telling her neighbors that her husband had been strangely. She felt afraid, she when they were left alone. Mrs. Rubsam appeared Saturday with a presentation of an impudent tragedy. She cried as she dried dinner dishes and told a neighbor that she felt queerly when her husband went snoring around. She was going away for a visit to relatives at Branchville, Conn., on the 2 o'clock train, she said, and would feel better when she got away. Rubsam found his wife in the kitchen, dressing for her trip. Whether they had any words one knows. He had been there a moment when he began firing. She put up her right hand to protect her face and a bullet struck her in the forehead. The terrified man, begging her husband not to shoot again, ran through the door to the parlor, Rubsam still firing as she ran.

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Y, September 3.

particulars apply to the MALES-SANDERS.

ST. LOUIS

STITUTE. erbrooke St.

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ould enter on Septem- cholars, on September

MISSION OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

OPENING OF THE Commercial Academy

other schools under the mission, will take place 1st SEPTEMBER.

ormation, apply to the o the Director of the

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DRS WELCOME.

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alent invited; the ty pay us a visit. 30 a.m. on Sunday. concert on Sunday

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# OUR WEEKLY PARISH CALENDAR.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS MUST REACH US BEFORE 6 O'CLOCK P. M., ON TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

AN ACCURATE CHRONICLE - BRIGHT NEWS NOTES.

OPEN TO ALL OUR PARISHES

## ST. PATRICK'S.

### PARISH SOCIETIES.

**FIRST SUNDAY OF MONTH.**—Holy Scapular Society, instruction and investment in scapular, immediately after Vespers in the Church. General Communion of Sacred Heart League at 8 o'clock Mass.

**SECOND SUNDAY.**—Meeting of Temperance Society, instruction and giving of temperance pledge, after Vespers in Church. General Communion of Holy Name Society at 8 o'clock Mass, re-creation of office of Holy Name at 7:30 p.m.

**THIRD SUNDAY.**—Holy Rosary Society after Vespers, instruction in Church, after which society business attended to in large sacristy.

**FOURTH SUNDAY.**—Children of Mary, general Communion at 7 o'clock Mass, meeting in hall of St. Patrick's (girls') school after Vespers.

Promoters of Sacred Heart League hold meeting in large sacristy at 2:45 p.m., distribution of leaflets.

etc., in library, 92 Alexander street, on 4th Sunday, 3 to 6 p.m., and after evening service, and on 1st Friday, after evening service.

**FIRST FRIDAY DEVOTIONS.**—The Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed all day in St. Patrick's on every first Friday, solemn Benediction and Act of Reparation at 7:30 p.m., followed by short instruction.

**LADIES OF CHARITY** meet every Tuesday at 2 p.m., again at 8 p.m., to make garments for the poor. There are some sixty members, many of whom attend regularly every week to join in this highly charitable and meritorious work.

### PARISH REGULATIONS.

**BAPTISMS** are attended to each Sunday and week day (except Saturdays) from 2 to 5 p.m. in the sacristy. Baptisms should not be brought on Saturday afternoons, on account of confessional work, except in case of urgent necessity.

**MARRIAGES.**—Parties intending a certificate of confession, which they have to present to the priest who marries them.

Your marriage may not be the only one to be arranged for. Many matters in connection with a marriage are likely to be known only by the priest, and it is your interest as well as your convenience to allow him reasonable time to attend to them.

Banns are received any day from 4 to 5:30 p.m., except on Saturdays, Sundays and eves of holydays. Outside of these hours they are received only by appointment arranged beforehand.

Each contracting party should bring a reliable witness, and when available, parents are preferred. According to the civil law, the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of minors or those under 21 years of age.

Those who are to be married should go to confession some days at least beforehand, and tell their confessor of their intended marriage, so that he may give them advice and direction suitable to the occasion. They should also ask him for

**CONFESSIONS** are heard on Saturdays and eves of feasts, from 3:30 to 6 p.m., and from 7:30 to 10 p.m. On ordinary days, except Tuesday afternoons in summer, and Thursday afternoons in winter, confessions are heard from 4:30 to 6 p.m.

During the last two weeks of Lent, especially, and at other times when confessions are numerous, persons having leisure to come in the afternoon should do so, in order to leave the evening for those who are working during the day and can come only after nightfall.

**FUNERAL SERVICES.**—It is the universal practice of the Church, and the expressed wish of the Archbishop that those who can afford it should have a burial Mass chanted over the remains of their deceased relatives. The Archbishop has pronounced against afternoon funerals, in which for the sake of a numerously attended funeral the deceased are deprived of the benefit of a Mass sung over their remains.

**CATECHISM CLASSES** are held at St. Patrick's every Sunday, from September till the summer holidays. They begin at 2 p.m. sharp, and are

conducted by two of the Fathers, assisted by the school teachers, and a staff of some 65 catechism teachers.

**Order of Exercises**—2 o'clock, opening prayer, recitation; 2:20, disciplinary remarks or short exhortation on the feast of the day, hymn; 2:30, instruction followed by Hymn; 3:00, dismissal.

**N.B.**—The success of the catechism depends in a large measure upon the fidelity of the parents in sending their children regularly and on time.

**BOUNDARIES OF PARISH.**—St. Patrick's parish extends from Amherst and Grant streets on the east to Mountain and McCord streets on the west. Above Sherbrooke street, it runs from Amherst street to city limits west beyond the Grand Seminary; on the south, it runs from the corner of McCord along William street to McGill, down McGill to river and along water front east as far as Grant; the northern limit is the old city boundary, now the dividing line between St. Louis and St. John the Baptist wards, and running from the corner of Amherst and Duluth Avenue, along a line about midway between Duluth and Napoleon streets. All St. Louis Ward lies in St. Patrick's parish.

**WHO ARE PARISHIONERS.**—All Catholics residing in this territory, and whose language is English, belong to St. Patrick's. Those of all other languages belong to one or other of the French parishes, either Notre Dame, St. James' or St. Louis, according to location. In families where French and English are equally spoken, the nationality of the head of the family decides to what parish the family belongs, thus when the mother tongue of the head of the family is French the whole family belongs to the French parish, and to St. Patrick's when the mother tongue of the head of the family is English. In cases of doubt, especially on occasion of marriage, parties should consult one or other of the pastors of the territory on which they live.

### HOURS OF SERVICE.

#### ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

Low Masses, at 6, 7 and 8 o'clock; High Mass, at 10 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, at 3:30 p.m.; evening service, (except during July, August and September) consisting of rosary, congregational singing in English, sermon and solemn Benediction at 7:30 p.m.

**ON WEEK DAYS.**—In summer, Masses at 5:30, 6 and 7 o'clock; in winter, Masses at 6, 7 and 7:30 o'clock.

A  
SAD  
LESSON  
OF  
A  
MIXED  
MARRIAGE.

In one corner of the parlor Mrs. Rubsam had built a little shrine. She knelt before it as her husband continued to fire at her. Before he ceased firing Rubsam had emptied two .32-calibre revolvers, one a six-chamber weapon and the other a five. One of the cartridges failed to explode; two of the bullets went wide and the other eight struck Mrs. Rubsam. A few minutes later the man placed the muzzle of a third revolver against his own temple and fired. He was instantly killed.

Mrs. Rubsam was an active member of the Women's Catholic Benevolent Association. The children of the Rubsams have all been brought up in the Catholic faith. One girl was in a convent school, while Carl was still in the parochial school.

"So far as I can learn," said Coroner Berry, "Rubsam was half crazed by the religious differences between himself and his wife. He objected to his children being educated, declaring that they should be able to make their own living without an education, as he had."

A  
NUN  
HONORED.

The "Mafeking Mail" of Saturday, June 28, says: To-day a number of ladies and gentlemen went to the convent to witness the presentation of the Royal Red Cross to the Rev. Mother Superior by Lieut.-Colonel Vyvyan. The large steeple, which was prettily decorated, was filled with ladies. A number of children were accommodated with seats at the end of the broad path in front of the steeple, while a knot of gentlemen, amongst whom were the Civil Commissioner, Mr. E. Graram Green, His Worship the Mayor, Major Hepworth, Mr. J. R. More, and others, stood on the other side of the path opposite the centre entrance. Into this space Colonel Vyvyan stepped and Mother Teresa coming forward, he said: "It is my pleasant task this afternoon to carry out the instructions of General Maxwell, my superior officer commanding the district and to convey to you, Mother Teresa, this Royal Red Cross as a mark of favor from her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. The order of the Royal Red Cross is one given to ladies who have done good service in nursing and caring for the wounded soldiers in the field. You, Mother Teresa, were the head of the little band of ladies, who did such noble work during the siege. Her late Majesty presented this decoration to three of those ladies—Miss Crawford, who received hers at Pretoria, at the hands of Lord Kitchener; and Miss

Hill (now Mrs. Whimble), who was presented with hers by Colonel Garstin last week; and it is a great pleasure to me to present this to one of my personal friends. I am sure all will rejoice, as I do, that the good work done by the ladies of the convent has been appreciated. The motto on this cross is "Faith, Hope, Charity"—three words forming the motto under which the ladies of this convent work and act. I will now, in the name of the late Queen, on behalf of General Maxwell, the officer commanding this district, pin this Order of the Royal Red Cross on you, Mother Teresa, a reward you so well deserve; and now allow me to congratulate you upon receiving it."

Dr. T. P. Hayes, on behalf of the Reverend Mother, thanked Colonel Vyvyan for coming and making the presentation. He paid eloquent testimony to the work done by the ladies of the convent, and wound up by saying all would appreciate this recognition of their goodness and usefulness.

An estimate is made that the railroads of the country this year will expend \$400,000,000 in betterments, cutoffs, rolling stocks, etc.

**BABY'S OWN TABLETS**  
Are Nature's Cure for Children's Ailments.

Medicines containing opiates should never be given to children—little or big. When you see Baby's Own Tablets for your little ones you have a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. They are good for all children from the smallest, weakest infant to the well grown child. These Tablets quickly relieve and positively cure all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers, troubles while teething, etc. They always do good, and can never do the slightest harm. For very small infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. P. J. Latham, Chatham, Ont., says:—"My baby took very sick. His tongue was coated, his breath offensive and he could not retain food on his stomach. He also had diarrhoea for four or five days and grew very thin and pale. We gave him medicine but nothing helped him until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. After giving him the first dose he began to improve and in three days he was quite well. He began to gain flesh and is now a fat, healthy boy. I am more than pleased with the Tablets as I think they saved my baby's life."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

## Champlain Summer School.

Cliff Haven, Aug. 23, 1902.

With the end of this week came the close of the six weeks' courses in the various branches of learning, taken up both for professional and purely cultural purpose. The classes in Principles and Methods of Teaching, Applied Psychology, Metaphysics, Literature, French, Spanish, music, Sloyd, painting and sketching have all been so well attended that the administration is planning still better things for the session of 1903.

During the closing week of his course, Dr. Taylor applied to the various subjects of the curriculum, the principles of education which he had previously discussed in full. He showed that there is really only one method of teaching and that is what is known as the "Complete Method," a combination of induction and deduction, of analysis and synthesis. The Socratic Method, the Heuristic Method, the "Method of the Recitation" of the Herbartians, are not applications of the Complete Method. A host of so-called "Methods," like the "Speer," the "Grube," the "Ward" and so forth are but parts of the Complete Method or distorted forms of it. He who is in possession of the fundamental method and the principles on which it is based, can always apply it to any particular subject.

The general topics for the week in Prof. O'Callaghan's course in Educational Psychology were memory, emotions and feelings.

The relation of memory to the processes of retention, representation and recollection previously discussed was carefully gone over. The proper method of cultivating memory, the laws of memory and their application in teaching were carefully treated. After summing up intellectual development, the growth and development of the emotional phase of mentality was taken up. Then feelings in general and the classes of feelings and their importance to mental progress were discussed.

The students to whom certificates will be awarded in these two courses handed in their theses to their instructors this week. The success in this work attained by each student and the promise from interested friends of a new study hall for these classes insure the permanency of these ten courses.

The Alumnae Course in eighteenth century literature given by Rev. Hugh T. Henry was also brought to a close on Friday, with a critical discussion of the prose and poetry of

this period. During the greater part of the week, however, the work of Samuel Johnson has been the subject of study. His power as a satirist was tested by a thorough analysis of his "Vanity of Human Wishes." His work and his influence as a writer of essays was particularly dwelt upon as being the most important part of his literary achievements. The lives of Dryden and Pope, and the unique "Rasselas" were also studied in order that his skill as a moralist and biographer might be appreciated.

During the past week, the instructor in the class in Metaphysics, Rev. F. P. Seigried, has largely devoted his time to a discussion of various theories of the constitution of bodies. The Atomic, the Dynamic, the Scholastic and the Aristotelian theories were critically examined and their validity tested by the laws of logic. Nature's laws, and their relative necessity were the last two topics under consideration.

During the last six weeks, the morning period devoted to the general lecture courses has been given up to six series of lectures on the Medieval Age. The pleasure and profit derived from this course under the tutelage of the six brilliant men who have conducted it have been sufficient proof of its timely and far-reaching influence.

The last series which was given this week concerned the Social Life of that time. The lecturer, Charles P. Neill, Ph. D., was by reason of his position as professor of Political Economy in the Catholic University, particularly well fitted to speak on this topic. The great social and political institution of that time, Feudalism, and its accompaniment, Chivalry, were discussed as natural outgrowths of the developing civilization of that time. Their defects were judged relatively, not absolutely, and therefore impartially. The industrial organization of the medieval age, the rise of cities, and the marked class distinction were all subjects of detailed study.

In the evening Miss Anna Caulfield, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a well known lecturer on Art, gave a series of beautifully illustrated lectures on Paris, Literary and Artistic. Miss Caulfield was for some time a student in Paris, and later was a member of Exposition, so she had exceptional opportunities for coming in contact with the artistic life, spirit and achievement of the day. Her thesis was that Paris is to our age what Rome Florence and Venice were to the age of the Renaissance, and by means of speech and exceedingly beautiful views, she thoroughly impressed this idea upon her auditors.

A successful conference on Catholic Charities, under the direction of Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D. of New York, was held on Friday evening. Dr. McMahon is the leader among the Catholic clergy of the Metropolis in organized charity work and he was

one of their representatives at the recent national conference held in Detroit.

On Sunday evening, in the Auditorium, a concert was given under the direction of Madame Julia Rudge. Besides the usual musical numbers addresses were delivered by two distinguished men then visiting Cliff Haven. The first was Dr. G. B. De Costa, of New York, a recent convert and a very able man. He spoke on his impressions of the Summer School. Cliff Haven, he said, satisfies three ideas, those of natural beauty, healthfulness and social life. Beyond and above these are its influences, intellectually and religiously, in the making of a better nation and a stronger people.

The other speaker, Eugene W. Lytle of Albany, a representative of the Board of Regents spoke in particular of the high grade of work done in the special classes. He commended the School highly, particularly the Pedagogical, and Literature courses, better than which, he said, he had never visited.

Although not marked by any so brilliant an affair as the Schley reception, this week has not been inactive socially. Two hops, both at that popular social centre, the Champlain Club; a euchre at the hospitable New York; a musical at the luxurious Marquette; a thoroughly enjoyable camp-fire up on the pine bluffs near the college camp, and a cleverly carried out minstrel performance at the Auditorium were events that satisfied every taste of the pleasure seeker.

The beautiful weather has given an impetus to yachting and coaching parties, several of which leave Cliff Haven each day.

Conferences on charities and Sunday Schools, a course of lectures on The World and the Individual, by Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L., and another on Twentieth Century Sciences by James M. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., are the features of next week's programme.

California is producing daisies a foot in circumference.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and on account of the perspiration cooling the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

A census of Chicago just completed, shows that it has 951 churches. The Catholics stand first in the list with 126 churches. The Methodist Episcopal is second with 82 churches. The Congregational third with 79 and the Baptist fourth with 69.

# HAPPENINGS IN SCOTLAND.

**THE NEW ARCHBISHOP.**—Glasgow's new Archbishop, in the person of the Most Rev. J. A. Maguire, says a correspondent of the "Catholic Times," Liverpool, is a fitting successor to the illustrious dead. During the Archdiocese of Dr. Eyre the diocese, as is well known, flourished exceedingly; and within the last decade of years a great share in this work has been taken by Dr. Maguire as Bishop-Auxiliary of Glasgow. Now that he has been appointed Archbishop of the See, we may confidently look forward to Glasgow and its spiritual dependencies flourishing still more. The Most Rev. John Aloysius Maguire is now in his fifty-first year, having been born at Glasgow on the 4th of September, 1851, of Irish parents. His early education was attended to first by the Marist Brothers of Townhead, and then by the Jesuit Fathers, both at Glasgow and Stonyhurst. After returning to Glasgow from Stonyhurst he conceived the idea of becoming a lawyer, entered an office and began his studies at the Glasgow University for this purpose. In 1870, however, he abandoned the law in favor of the priesthood, proceeding in 1871 to Rome, where, at the College of the Propaganda, he entered on a course of ecclesiastical studies which lasted four years. He was ordained priest on Holy Saturday, 1875, in the Church of St. John Lateran by His Eminence Cardinal Patrizi. His first appointment was as curate at St. Andrew's, Great Clyde street. In 1879 Archbishop Eyre selected him as his secretary. In this capacity for four years he proved himself of invaluable assistance to His Grace, who afterwards promoted him to the pastorate of St. Peter's, Partick, in 1883, and two years later called him to the Vicar-Generalship of the archdiocese, prior to which promotion he had been created a Canon. On the death of Monsignor Munro he was elected Provost of the Western Chapter, and in 1894 was chosen as Bishop-Auxiliary to His Grace, his consecration taking place in St. Andrew's Cathedral, on the 11th June. Since his elevation to the episcopate Dr. Maguire has shown himself to be an excellent organizer, as well as a hard worker.

**TEMPERANCE.**—Catholic total abstinence in Dumbarton is in a very flourishing condition. The local League of the Cross has an accredited membership of nearly five hundred.

**TRIBUTE TO PASTOR.**—The Catholics of Rothsay and district are organizing a presentation to the Rev. Father McElmail, who so long and zealously attended to their spiritual interests in the Island of Bute. Father McElmail was recently removed from Rothsay to Dunoon.

**SON'S RETURN.**—Captain Scott, the son of the Hon. Maxwell Scott, has just returned from the front after distinguished service. To mark the happy home-coming his father last week treated the Catholic school children of Galashiels to a picnic at his summer estate, Huntlyburn. The children were driven in lorries and were joined at their destination by the Catholic children from Selkirk and Melrose, and a very pleasant day was spent.

**SCHOOL EXTENSION.**—The Edinburgh Dean of Guild having passed the plans submitted by Father Forsyth for the alteration and extension of the above schools, owing to the increased attendance of scholars, building operations were commenced some time ago, and are being pushed forward in a manner so expeditious that it is expected the new classrooms will be ready for occupancy by the time the present school holidays are over.

**IRISH FORESTERS.**—The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Irish National Foresters took place in Glasgow recently. The visiting delegates and friends, to the number of about 300, were entertained to a grand cruise on the Clyde round the Kyles of Bate on the splendid steamer, the Duchess of York. Next day the convention opened in the Waterloo rooms, with Brother James Mayne, Cookstown, the Grand Chief Ranger, in the chair. The secretary's report was submitted, and showed an

burgh, to Kelso's new mission; Father Meade, Dunfermline, to St. Patrick's, Edinburgh; Father Conway, increase of members since the last returns of 3,027, and an increase of cash amounting to £6,508. The total membership was 22,508, and the accumulated funds of the society reached £54,831 17s. During the last year the sums paid in benefits amounted to £25,586 3s, while the total income reached £50,664 15s. A resolution was passed placing on record the society's sincere and heartfelt regret at the death of its illustrious member, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke.

**CLERICAL CHANGES.**—The following further clerical changes have been made by Archbishop Smith in the diocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. The Rev. Joseph McGrail, of Falkirk, to the pastorate of Dunbar; Father O'Brien, Scots College, Valladolid, to Falkirk; Rev. Father Edward Miley, St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the charge of the Linlithgow mission; Rev. Father Long, to St. Mary's, Edinburgh; Rev. Father McOscar, of Slamannan, to Jedburgh; Rev. Father Robertson, of Jedburgh, to Cowdenbeath, and the Rev. Father Holland as assistant to Father Mullan at Dunfermline. A number of Irish priests are expected to arrive in Edinburgh to fill up four or five vacant curacies which the opening up of new missions have occasioned.

## Our Boys And Girls.

**WHAT AILED TOMMY.**—Nobody knew. Grandma looked at mother, and mother looked at grandma; and Bridget said, "What can be wrong with the child, mum?" Tommy was always so full of life, so happy; the great fact about Tommy had always been that he did not seem able to keep still, even for a minute. But now Tommy had been sitting in a chair, and had not spoken for at least ten minutes. Ten minutes of quiet, unless he was asleep, was a long time in Tommy's life.

Grandpa was reading his paper, and he put it down and looked at Tommy. "Are you keeping still on a wagger?" he asked. He thought perhaps Uncle John, who was a nervous man, had offered Tommy some money if he would sit down and not speak a word for a certain length of time.

"Tommy said, 'No, sir!'"

"What ails you, then?"

"Nothing."

Grandpa put his glasses on again, and went on reading his paper. There was something about the revival of trade that interested him; he didn't seem to be worried about Tommy as the rest of the family did.

Soon grandma put down her knitting work and went over where Tommy was, and she asked: "Dear little Tommy, do you feel ill?"

"I was afraid, when I saw you eating three pieces of that rich cake, that you'd be sick."

"Did he eat three pieces of that rich cake?" exclaimed mamma. "Of course, that is what is the trouble with him. I'll run upstairs and get some medicine for your stomach, Tommy, this very minute."

"No, mamma, I don't want any medicine."

"But you must be a good boy and swallow it right down, and go to bed as quickly as you can."

"There isn't anything the matter with my stomach, mamma; the matter of me isn't in my body anywhere."

"Oh, the child! Shure, now an' it must be that somebody's been hurting his feeling. Be after telling Kate all about it, and she'll make you as fine a little pie to-morrow as we ever baked in the stove oven."

But Tommy only looked at Katie with an appealing glance, and put both his hands in his pockets.

Then his little sister Grace came across the room, and put their arms around his neck, and kissed him, and whispered in his ear, "I'm so sorry you feel bad, Tommy." This was too much for Tommy; and he burst out crying and ran upstairs. His mother ran up after him, and when she went into his room, she saw him lying on the floor, crying out loud.

Finally, after she had quieted him somewhat, he said: "I'm not sick one bit, mamma, anywhere but in my heart; my heart is just as if it was all up and going to burst."

Then Tommy told his mother all about it, and what do you think it

was? Tommy's little sister, Grace, had a small playhouse, which grandpa had built for her right under the large sweet apple tree in the corner near the house. She had been cleaning it up that day, had hung new pictures on the wall, and grandma had made a pretty rug for her to spread on the floor.

She had washed the dishes belonging to her little tea-set, and put them in order on the shelves. Rosabel and Clarabel, her twin dolls, were dressed in their best and sitting in their respective chairs. The next morning Grace's little cousins were coming to spend the day with her, and were going to bring their dolls.

Tommy had struck up quite an intimacy with Sam White, who lived on the adjoining farm. Sam was three years older than Tommy. There were some of Sam's ways that grandpa didn't like. He told grandpa that he wished Tommy had not taken such a liking to that Sam White, not that he knew anything especially bad of Sam, only he didn't seem to have any manners, and acted as if "what he didn't know isn't worth knowing." If his elders were talking on any subject, Sam would give his opinion on the subject of the discussion in pert, decisive tones that would indicate that he thought his opinion was a setter of the argument. You know such boys are not very apt to win the respect of their elders.

Sam and Tommy had been together all day, building a dam in the brook within sight of Grace's playhouse.

"Your sister is having a real cleaning-up time," said Sam.

"Yes," said Tommy; "her cousins are coming over from Maplewood to play with her to-morrow."

"How silly girls are," said Sam. "Playing with dolls and such things! Wouldn't it be fun to play a trick on them? When it begins to be dark, let's go and hide the dolls and the dishes, and tumble things all about at sixes and sevens."

Tommy didn't quite approve of such things, and he didn't understand how to fix things at sixes and sevens; but Sam was such a persuasive boy, and older and bigger than Tommy, that he soon got the little fellow to help him in the scheme.

It was all very well while Sam was with him, helping the trick, but after it was done, and Sam had gone home, and the darkness had come, Tommy, who loved his little sister Grace so dearly, began to realize what he had done, and that was with the matter with Tommy.

"Oh, dear," said Tommy, "if it only wasn't dark, and I could fix it all up again before Grace sees it! I am so awfully sorry!"

Mamma and Tommy slipped down the back stairs. You know mothers always seem to find a way to fix up things that have gone wrong, and make them right again. She lighted grandpa's lantern; and, after a short time, the little playhouse was put in perfect order. Rosabel and Clarabel had never been separated so long and so far in their lives. Clarabel was hidden in the hay-mow in the barn, and Rosabel in the carriage-house under the green lap-blanket in the surrey. The dishes were under the little foot-bridge that crossed the brook.

Then mamma and Tommy went up the back stairs again; and Tommy bathed his face and hands and brushed his hair, and he looked like an entirely different boy. He went down the front stairs with a bound just as he had always done before, and played with the dog; and every few minutes he stopped to give Grace a kiss. Grandpa looked up over his paper, and grandma smiled at mamma; and Katie looked in through the door and said: "God bless the boy. Shure, he's himself again!" And the chore-boy whistled in the kitchen, and threw an armful of wood in the wood-box, and said: "What's the matter with Tommy?"

"Oh, he's all right!"

Yes, Tommy was all right; and he says he'll never play tricks on anybody again, if Sam White does ask him to.—Exchange.

How unhappy are those who abandon the Holy Eucharist. They begin here below the fast of hell, because hell is the fast of the Eucharist unveiled.—Mgr. Berteaud.

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Good going August 29th, 30th and 31st.

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August 29th, 30th and 31st.

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THE MAKING OF A SAINT.

O the Sacred Cardinals has refused the last news. What, then, is it? Established by Rome for In other words, how made?

You will remember the first Popes after St. Peter. St. Pius I., or St. Clement, the names of the val of the early faith and described on Dptychs, so Canon to be read at e of the Christians. The fee of the Mass, too, w the spot where the mart if the sanctified body to another resting-place was erected over these lies, consecrated by the blood in defence of faith ty" means simply "Such public homage, alv to the approval of the B the first and simplest fo mization, yet contained gentials of the present n honors. It was, howe and each church, or, as diocese, following Rome, by example, was expecte and honor its own privi Naturally some of those roes of God were more than others, the Apost holding the first rank. it was social condition, tin; in another it was y gave distinction, as for able Polycarp of Smyr dignity of a bishop alwa spect, and many bishops tyrs; at times a more st fession of faith merited ca as in St. Ignatius of Ar these and similar cases th were not local only, but deeds and virtues of the transmitted from one chu other by the Bishop. Th little, was established th of honor, and when the Cl ed forth from the catac secret places at the end o of struggle, the gloriou her heroes and heroines v to an admiring, if conque world; and were handed d illustrious "canonized never to be forgotten, and success, however, alv trouble, and the ambitio these almost divine honor to stir some unruly souls. to receive them? By wh would claims to allowed what limits must the ho maintained?

Heretics likewise rose up age of triumph and claime martyrs in defence of the how was a just discrimina made so as not to give fa or honors to false witness over, cities and nations, e show forth their faith and ance, were anxious to clai dinary suffering and endu their fallen defenders of t There were times, too, wh Lord had predicted, men their own conceits broke t of the Church. Ought the sious witnesses on both s sharers in these ecclesiast and homage? Rulers, often themselves up against the of Rome, and one, to curry Lope of powerful support, canonize the Emperor Cha There was need, then, for tions. In the first pla acles must be shown as a power with God. Miracles fore, became, by custom o ten law, necessary to disti genuine martyrs of God f false claimants; hence mirac be proven before the Chur bestow the crown. Given ce, a martyr death was no pensable to sainthood. Th mother, though she did r down her life in sacrifice of was nevertheless gloriously and canonized queen of mar queen of all saints. Holine veneration, the persevering pr virtue in an heroic degree, a ing, a wearing out of one's m faculties of mind, heart i in the love of God and one tor—not only drew applau the world but challenged the ation and sanction of the Indeed, so true was this t great Bishop, doctor and a Spain, St. Isadore of Seville

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THE MAKING OF A SAINT.

O the Sacred College of Cardinals has refused to canonize Joan of Arc. This is the last news from Rome. What, then, is the process established by Rome for canonization? In other words, how are saints made?

You will remember that one of the first Popes after St. Peter, either St. Pius I., or St. Clement, collected the names of the valiant martyrs of the early faith and had them inscribed on Diptychs, so-called, or a Canon to be read at each assembly of the Christians. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, too, was offered on the spot where the martyr fell, or, if the sanctified body was brought to another resting-place the altar was erected over these precious relics, consecrated by the shedding of blood in defence of faith, for "martyr" means simply "a witness."

Such public homage, always subject to the approval of the Bishop, was the first and simplest form of canonization, yet contained all the essentials of the present most exalted honors. It was, however, local, and each church, or, as we now say, diocese, following Rome, by law or by example, was expected to defend and honor its own privileged ones. Naturally some of those valiant heroes of God were more illustrious than others, the Apostles always holding the first rank. In one case it was social condition, as St. Justin: in another it was youth age gave distinction, as for the venerable Polycarp of Smyrna; special dignity of a bishop always won respect, and many bishops were martyrs; at times a more striking profession of faith merited canonization, as in St. Ignatius of Antioch. In these and similar cases the honors were not local only, but the name, deeds and virtues of the saint were transmitted from one church to another by the Bishop. Thus, little by little, was established the long roll of honor, and when the Church walked forth from the catacombs and secret places at the end of 300 years of struggle, the glorious record of her heroes and heroines were shown to an admiring, if conquered, Pagan world; and were handed down as the illustrious "canonized faithful," never to be forgotten. Prosperity and success, however, always bring trouble, and the ambition to secure these almost divine honors was sure to stir some unruly souls. Who was to receive them? By what tests would claims be allowed? Within what limits must the homage be maintained?

Heretics likewise rose up in that age of triumph and claimed saintly martyrs in defence of their tenets; how was a just discrimination to be made so as not to give false honors or honors to false witnesses! Moreover, cities and nations, eager to show forth their faith and perseverance, were anxious to claim extraordinary suffering and endurance in their fallen defenders of the faith. There were times, too, when, as our Lord had predicted, men proud in their own conceits broke the unity of the Church. Ought the unconscious witnesses on both sides to be sharers in these ecclesiastical titles and homage? Rulers, oftentimes, set themselves up against the very Pope of Rome, and one, to curry favor in the hope of powerful support, dared to canonize the Emperor Charlemagne.

There was need, then, for set distinctions. In the first place miracles must be shown as a proof of power with God. Miracles, therefore, became, by custom or unwritten law, necessary to distinguish the genuine martyrs of God from the false claimants; hence miracles must be proven before the Church would bestow the crown. Given a miracle, a martyr death was not indispensable to sainthood. The virgin mother, though she did not lay down her life in sacrifice of blood, was nevertheless gloriously crowned and canonized queen of martyrs and queen of all saints. Holiness, consecration, the persevering practice of virtue in an heroic degree, a consuming, a wearing out of one's God-given faculties of mind, heart and body in the love of God and one's neighbor—not only drew applause from the world but challenged the admiration and sanction of the Church. Indeed, so true was this that the great Bishop, doctor and apostle of Spain, St. Isidore of Seville, openly proclaimed such souls "martyrs" because their breath and pulse-beat was a new act of faith in God, an outpouring of the love of God, the burning in their hearts of a new manifestation of the grace of God.

Thus, then, St. Chrysostom of Antioch and Constantinople, who defied be a bishop on the apostolic model, even if he lost his see thereby, was declared the "light of faith," the "herald" of the gospel, a "saint" and "confessor" to be honored in the calendar of the Church and at her altars. Quite similar, too, was the case of St. Jerome, who exhausted his body with penance, while creating homes and nurseries of young ascetics at Bethlehem and Rome. There came forward also a species of martyrdom hitherto unknown. That was the sacrifice of paternity—and, in woman, maternity—that the mind and heart and body might be consumed wholly in bringing forth spiritual fruits in children unnumbered. These were the "army of virgins."

Quietly, then, and beautifully did the Church crown her virgin queen, apostles, martyrs, bishops, confessors, doctors and holy women, taking them from every rank in life; from the Pontiff's chair, the priest's sanctuary, the monk's solitude, the virgin's cell, from the humble cottage and the public forum; from tribunals of justice, from queen's canopy and emperor's throne.

The popular voice, then, controlled or approved by the Bishop of the diocese or bishops of a province was the determining authority; martyrdom, faith, sanctity, proven by deed and attested by miracles, were the only means by which the crown could be won. The distinction of titles was unknown and all were saints, the degree of homage to be paid unfixed, though nearly alike for all; the exact laws of judging each one's cause unwritten, often not even settled, except by that unerring intuition believed to come from the divine guidance to authorities. But highest privileges of the Church may be abused, and so it happened in this power and process of crowning the saints. In the twelfth century the honors of a saint were decreed to a false claimant, and Pope Alexander III., in 1170, issued a decree that "no public homage to any person, as a saint, was to be given without the previous authority of the Roman Church." This was the beginning of that strict, judicial process of canonization which was gradually perfected during nearly five hundred years, and has now for one hundred and fifty years remained the most exact and severe, judicial test in the whole world.

orning the life of the candidate, not however, all in an equal or heroic manner, for that would be impossible. Time again is allowed for mature judgments. The miracles (at least two) wrought by the "servant's" intercession during his life or after his death, must now be proved, and the special witnesses, according to the nature of the alleged miracles, are subject to tests of every kind. If that ordeal be passed successfully, then the cause is presented to the Holy Father. Prayer, often long continued and shared by all the friends of the holy servant, is the last act in the trial, and the Pope, if all seems favorable at last signs the decree, changing the title "venerable" into "blessed" servant of God. This is called "beatification," and permits public homage, beautiful, though restricted, to the newly "beatified." A festival day in the yearly calendar is fixed for the "blessed." Indulgences are granted in his honor. His pictures, not with the "crown of glory," but only divided rays of light upon his head, are unveiled for the veneration and prayers of the faithful. An office in the breviary and a Mass are frequently permitted. All these honors are, however, restricted to a locality, one city, diocese, perhaps one nation, or to one religious community, which has espoused the cause or had the "blessed servant" among its members.

For a long time the decree of "beatification" was not attended with any solemn ceremony at Rome, and the first solemnity, model of all future ones, was paid to St. Francis of Sales, when he was proclaimed "blessed" in the Vatican basilica on Jan. 8, 1662. This high privilege had been paid to many and now is given to all the "blessed" servants, the Holy Father thus inaugurating the devotion to the newly crowned, and then permitting a solemn triduum in all the special places where the honors are to be allowed or may be mandatory. Sometimes this title and homage is final; in most instances it is only the preparatory act to the solemn and definitive, sublimed coronation, called the Canonization of a Saint. Years must again roll onward. The trial is continued. There must not be, necessarily, any new tests for doctrine or virtues; but new miracles, at least two, must be proven, wrought by the blessed one since this title and public homage were granted. Prayer and public testimony of the people's reverence must be assured; then the Pope, placing himself under the guidance of all the saints in heaven, is ready to decree, to define, to command the highest possible homage and praise by giving the title of "saint" during his life on earth, and is now a "saint" gloriously reigning in heaven. The honors then conferred in the Vatican basilica are superb. The rays of light about the head of the "blessed" give way to a "diadem of glory;" the special devotion formerly permitted, is now obligatory, and all restrictions of place or time removed, while the name, statue, relics and praise of the new saint have a right in every Catholic Church and every Catholic home.

One example will perhaps best illustrate the whole process—St. John Baptist de la Salle, who was canonized only two years ago, died on April 7, 1719. His institute and rule was approved in 1725. One hundred years and more of toil and trials on the part of his disciples elapsed, when, in 1835, the process of canonizing the holy founder was opened, and five years later, in 1840, he was proclaimed venerable. His doctrines were examined during twelve years and pronounced sound and Catholic on Jan. 10, 1852. Twenty years more of careful inspection of his life, and his virtues were declared "heroic" in 1873. Another long discussion of the miracles wrought through his intercession, and fourteen years later, those signs of holiness and power with God were bestowed upon him in 1888; hence the title "blessed" was bestowed in 1888. Twelve years more passed away in prayer and discussion of new miracles, and only in 1900, after a judicial process covering sixty-five years, during the reign of three Popes and just one hundred and eighty-one years after his death, fearless champion of Catholic education for boys, St. John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Church herself, in her briefs of canonization, tells us the whole story when she declares canonization to be "for the honor of the Most Holy Trinity, the exaltation of Catholic faith, and increase of Christian religion." It is also clear, says the Catholic Church, that such honors, rightly viewed, must bring an increase of faith in the Christian religion. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," cried an early apologist. Canonization, then, is not only to make us admire the

greatness of the saints, but is also a part of the Church's moral system, in placing models before our minds to inspire imitation of their works. Not indeed the singular and marvelous gifts of the saint—raptures, visions, power over demons, power of prophecy, and bodily translation, but preferably the beautiful, quiet acts of Christian virtue that stand forth, often in an heroic degree, at every stage of the saint's life. It is to give sermons, not in stones, but in flesh and blood, heart and mind like unto our own.—Arthur W. Brayley, in Boston Transcript.

THE death of the well known author of "Irish Pedigrees" and other works—Mr. John O'Hart—is announced. It occurred on the 7th inst. at his residence, Vernon Avenue, Clontarf. Mr. O'Hart was a native of Mayo, and was originally intended for the Church, but the death of an elder brother, a priest of his native diocese, and other circumstances altered his career, and he became a National Teacher. Deceased who was advanced in years, was an Associate in Arts of the Queen's University, a Fellow of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland, and a member of the Harleian Society of London.

In 1875 he published his "Irish Pedigrees," a work which is well known. For its compilation he must have read extensively, and he himself acknowledges over a dozen authorities to whom he was indebted. It reached a fifth edition in 1892, and had had obtained a very extensive circulation in the United States.

"A Priest is not an angel," said a priest, at the close of a sermon to a large congregation recently. He is only a man; he is human. He has the faults of human nature, but his life is given to you. His hand is the anointed hand which gives you the sacraments. Respect your priest. Be proud of them. If they have faults, leave their faults to God." "That," says an amicable and thoughtful correspondent, "is just what so many Catholic people do not do. Some people are so constituted, that, as George Eliot has said, they constantly fix their eyes upon the spots upon the sun and not upon its glorious radiance. We are all apt to take the self-sacrifice and willing service of the priest in much the same unthinking, ungrateful, gratuitous way as that in which we accept light and air. Possibly it is in consequence of this airy appropriation, as a natural heritage, of the services of the priest, that we are so free with our criticism and so stingy with our gratitude. It should be vice versa. When sickness assails us and death faces us, the priest is the only one upon whom we can call, knowing that the call will be obeyed. Other friends may fail us; the priest never fails us. His telephone is never spiked. No matter how cold the night or late the hour at which the urgent ring came, it is answered. Truly, indeed, we ought to respect our priests. The Order of Melchisedech, with the wonderful power which it confers, carries with it the blue ribbon of all earthly dignities, but it carries with it also a great dower of human loneliness. When he dons the garb of his supernatural might, the priest is shut out by a wall of separateness from the fair garden of human love. He must go alone and lonely, and practically homeless through the world. The life of the priest affords the highest ideal that the world holds to-day of the Christian charity embodied in the primary commandment of the Postivist school: "Love for others." Altruism can go no further. In common gratitude the least that Catholics can give to their priest is profound respect and wide indulgence, instead of cold, non-appreciation and flippant criticism."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A magistrate of New York city—C. W. Mead—is reported to have stated in a recent interview:—"I am not a 'temperance crank,' but after my many years' experience as magistrate in the New York police courts, I give it as my opinion that liquor is the greatest curse of mankind. "There are seven police courts in the borough of Manhattan. "Take rum away, and I am certain that two courts will be sufficient to do all the work. "With no liquor there would be no wife-beating, and no cruelty to little children. "Get to the bottom of these fiendish offenses, and you will find the black bottle almost every time. Every, ill-used wife who comes before me—almost without exception—tells me that her husband is all right, that he is kind to his children, that he brings his money home until he begins to drink. Then everything is changed. "This statement may startle you—"I have passed judgment upon thousands of wife-beaters. "This is equivalent to saying that I have passed judgment upon thousands of whiskey bottles, for from my knowledge of human nature I know that it is liquor that is the wife-beater, and not the man. It would amaze you to know the number of men whom I commit to Blackwell's Island eight times a year. "The purpose of this article is to make you moderate drinkers think. Do not be offended when I intimate that you, as a moderate drinker, would ever think of beating your wife, or kicking your little baby across the room. You are horrified at this thought, of course. "But every wife-beater who ever came before me was at one time a 'moderate drinker.' "Think this over. It may prevent you from becoming a drunkard. "It is these wife-beating cases that bring home to me every day this awful curse of liquor. The history of one case is the history of all. The wife is usually the complainant. Her brute of a husband is sent to jail. But if he is a brute, he is also the bread-winner for his wife and children, and the pity of it is there are usually many of the latter. So in nine cases out of ten she is back in court within a week to withdraw the complaint, or with the necessary bail. And it often happens that the bondsmen she brings with her is the saloonkeeper who sold her husband the liquor that made him beat his wife. "There is a lesson in all this to the man who is the moderate drinker now."

APPECIATE YOUR PRIESTS.

Catholic Indians and The Sign of the Cross.

A writer in the "New Century" recalls the following story told by Colonel Dallas, of the regular army: Once, accompanied by two other officers, he was making a trip on horseback through a wild and lonely section of the Rocky Mountain region. The Indians were restless and in some places hostile, and the journey was not unattended with danger, although they had taken no escort along. One day they encountered on the trail a band of mounted Indians, armed with rifles held ready for action. As they met both parties halted. The customary "How! Cola!" of the friendly Indians was not uttered and their stern and stolid faces showed no sign of amity. The officers, brave as they undoubtedly were, felt a shiver of dread at this untoward meeting. Colonel Dallas, however, noticed that most of the Indians wore scapulars and some crosses, and turning to his two companions he smilingly said: "Stay here and observe the result of what I do." Then riding forward until within a few paces of the band he took off his hat and reverently made the sign of the cross. The change that came over the demeanor of the Indians was sudden and startling. Their faces relaxed into a smile and with friendly cries, they surrounded him, each eager to shake his hand, for they found in that sign a white brother in the faith. They were Nez Perces, and all devoted Catholics. It was some time before his companions, the two other officers, could understand the magic that had effected such a transformation, but it was a lesson to them of the power of the Cross that they probably never forgot.

Up to July 25, President Loubet, of France, had received not less than 233,000 letters protesting against the expulsion of the religious orders.

CATHOLICITY IN CEYLON.

A non-Catholic paper of Ceylon (the Independent) noting the fact that of the 350,000 Christians of the island 287,000 are Catholics, and referring to the zeal of the Catholic clergy, says that "but for them Christian teaching and Christian ministrations would be as good as unknown, more especially in the interior parts of the country."—New York Freeman's Journal.

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THE DECAY OF MODERN SOCIETY

BY REV. FATHER CLEMENTE.

OUR great Pontiff Leo XIII., with his marvellous lucidity of mind, and his vast knowledge of men, lately in his Apostolic Letter of the 19th of March, 1902, enumerated most graphically the many and most frightful evils afflicting our times, pointing out the only true remedies. Modern society, whether we consider it in this land, or in any other civilized, or so-called, Christian country, has all the appearance of a "moribundus," or dying person, whose body, though partly alive, is already in a state of perulent decomposition and verging on the hour when, as the poet says:

Decay's effacing fingers Shall sweep the lines where beauty lingers,

leaving nothing but repulsiveness and utter deformity behind. On the one hand, we see civilized nations flourishing in the advantages of science, mechanics, speculation, and commerce. On the other hand, we cannot fail to notice their religious, social, and moral decadence—the new Paganism. All of us are familiar with the wonderful scientific discoveries of our day—the ingenious machines and appliances continually succeeding each other in variety and utility, and the perfection to which commerce has attained, forming a stupendous radius of communication, a very network around the Planet, surpassing in ingenuity the dreams we have cherished of fairyland and romance. Truly, Shakespeare's "girdle" is around the globe in a few seconds! Apparently all this ingenuity of device—all this luxury of adaptation—is designed, in a generous spirit, for the comfort and welfare of peoples and individuals, to make man's life a new Paradise. But is the ultimate result commensurate with the avowed aim?

FEVERED LIVES, PEACE DESTROYED, SUDDEN DEATHS.

—these are some of the modern issues. For the votaries of such progress there is little peace, although they have secured the utmost plenty. For has not the specious promise been marred and frustrated by other selfish and insidious agencies? Are not our boasted civilization and progress proving a failure in certain grave and serious directions? Are not the very causes secretly and openly at work which brought about the ruin of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, of Rome, and Athens? For example, during the ascendancy of the powerful Roman Empire, that conquered the world by its arms and governed it by its inflexible laws, and, under its forerunner, the great Greek and more classical empire, what did we find? Was not the worm, the devourer of nations, already at the core, spite of specious appearances of refinement, and, beneath the gauzes of fashion, proclaiming its devastating presence in the hectic cheek of beauty and the bloated face of sensuality? As it is to-day so it was then, weakness went to the wall; pride and power maintained a base supremacy, and great was its irremediable fall. History attests this. Nations, the most arrogant and conceited, and seemingly the securest, are to-day becoming restless, suspicious, and discontented, dissatisfied with themselves and their jealous neighbors flying where none pursue, and vindictive where none offend. The ancient "comity of nations" exists no longer.

It is the age of unrest, of instability, of disintegration, of decomposition—fratricide. The Decalogue and the Beatitudes count for nothing in diplomacy. Degradation, soulless materialism, heathenism, epicureanism are on the increase and are so pervading and permeating more than ever—modern society.

Though their old statues are speeded and demolished, and their gorgeous rites interrupted, we still worship in effect the forbidden gods of a pagan day. For are we no idolaters, in essence, of Bacchus, of Plutus, of Pan, Mercury, and Venus?

Let us examine a little more closely the nature of some of the evils that beset us to test the full truth of this severe pronouncement. Vice is so common that it passes as lawful for its being so common. Scandalous luxury prevails amongst the members of the upper and educated classes. Vast wealth is thereby wasted to the detriment of charitable causes and deserving institutions. Self and selfishness are the modern deities of the "noble" and ignoble alike. Valuable land is persistently kept out of cultivation by the owners for the purposes of sport and pleasure; for fox and deer hunting, rabbits, grouse, pheasants, etc. Thousands of acres are thus rendered barren and unproductive, and, if foreign ports are closed to us, famine may follow. Have we not to thank this abnormal state of things for the worst features, and the rapid spread of Socialism and Anarchy? Again, we have to witness numerous and scandalous cases of divorce, of separation, of desertion; as well as inhuman treatment of defenceless women and children, on the part of unfeeling men—savages, rather. The very lowest class of animals are a veritable reproach to such monsters. Dishonored women and illegitimate children are absolutely legion, beyond estimation. To this must be added the vast number of infanticides, including the many suffocated in bed by drunken parents, and many other crimes best unnamed, making devils ashamed. The terrific number of suicides of persons of both sexes, and of all classes, sometimes for the most frivolous reasons, is truly startling. In this odious list are to be found children confessing themselves to be tired of life, too miserable to live longer. Last year Germany alone furnished the aggregate of over 6,000 to the awful list of homicides. In some English towns the average is from 6 to 10 cases weekly, sometimes through poverty, sometimes through drink, sometimes through both. Intemperance, often caused by misery and miserable surroundings, whilst it increases misery, with all its evil consequences and tendency to lunacy is everywhere on the increase, necessitating an enlargement of asylums, workhouses, hospitals, and penitentiaries. Again, how many deaths take place annually from starvation, and are attributed to "failure of the heart's action," or other plausible causes? The thousands domiciled in the workhouses have their own sad tale to tell, besides the misery of the still greater number relieved in their own wretched dwellings, often unfit for the habitation of swine and dogs, and how little is done to secure them better conditions? England is fast becoming the premier land of tramps, who constitute a danger and a disgrace to the community, and form a difficult problem for the statesman and the philanthropist, being often as vicious as importunate and destitute. What a humiliation is found in the innumerable acts of dishonesty and breaches of trust committed by educated people, especially in the colossal crimes causing the ruin of thousands, in the loss of their savings for years! And how lightly the law deals with them! Then we have the enforced emigration of hundreds of thousands of every nation and of all ages in search of employment, often causing the loss of their faith and morality; the sweating system so mercilessly carried on by human wolves representing wealthy companies or individuals; also the enormous number of the unemployed, whose claims to existence are disputed, and who often find no refuge but in the tender mercies of that anti-Catholic institution—the Union workhouse, Queen Elizabeth's grand solatium to avert pestilence, famine and revolution from the land, and to protect the rich from pillage and slaughter in the hour of retaliation. The old friendly relations between master and man being abolished, continual and frequently destructive strikes and lock-outs are the order of the day. Perhaps more misery and injustice is the outcome of lock-outs than of strikes. At all events the women and children in the homes are in the main, the chief sufferers when the bread-winner is thus stricken. Here it may be observed that Catholic employers often fail to employ Catholic workmen in due proportion, causing endless wretchedness when the exercise of a little charity would obviate much misery, and advantage an employer in both worlds were he wise.

The ever-increasing war facilities of destruction; armaments being carried to the greatest pitch of perfection, precludes hope of an early millennium. The existence and rapid development of so many secret societies, as well as of Socialism, Nihilism, and Hooliganism—a new and infernal addition to the innumerable evils of our modern Babylon, with its wild savagery seem to indicate to the most careless that the fateful handwriting on the wall, or, that the pillars of the State, pulled down in fury by a new Sampson, cannot be long delayed. The existing churches are few in number in proportion to the Christian population, and even these are almost empty during the performance of Divine service. The fierce war against the very existence of voluntary schools is inspired by the same spirit of irreligion.

There is little respect for age, less for poverty; but when the two are combined in one person, alas! for the contempt exhibited. Looking at the Catholic Church, we see persecution of the secular clergy; banishment of the Religious Orders, secularization of ecclesiastical institutions; and the great "crux" of the Roman question more severely accentuated in the Cabinets of the world. Altogether, the twentieth century outlook is not encouraging, if the above alone are considered.

To this may be added, not only the depressing attitude of Apostates, but of Mormons, Spiritualists, and even of converted Mohammedans—all tending to lower the moral power of the world. Again, we are distracted and saddened by the incessant cry attending the birth of new, man-made religions, declaring "Lo here is Christ," and are pained to witness the simple led astray, if only for a time. All these and other contingent evils constitute the real troubles and afflictions of modern society, they are "spots in our banquets, clouds without water, for which the storm of darkness (we may fear) is reserved for ever. The daily press is repeatedly publishing new and startling revelations of the cupidity and turpitude of mankind, respecting the growth of the evils just mentioned.

Are civilized nations therefore doomed, and will they shortly crumble away like "the grass on the house-tops," or like those mighty kingdoms of antiquity, on whose vast possessions the sun never sets, leaving but inglorious ruins to mark their ancient magnitude and magnificence? Are future generations of other climes to wrest from us the fruits of our centuries of labor and civilization, and sweep away our claims to an Imperial sway on sea and land, the supremacy of ages, the product of millions of minds, and of tens of millions of workers, simply because we would not listen to another Moses, warning us to be wise and understand in time the dangers that threaten us? Shall our greatness "be dissolved, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind" to proclaim to the future inquirer how potent once was Britain? Even so, it is not our bounden duty to do what little we can to arrest the coming of the catastrophe by minimizing our present day evils, and showing ourselves on the Lord's side and that of angels and good and wise men? This will be to us a virtue and a merit, however we may labor in vain. It will count for the unseen statistics for "an eternal weight of glory" and recompense. Will the day come when strangers will visit the few ruins left of London, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, St. Petersburg, and the third Rome, as travellers now visit the Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman ruins? This will depend upon men's attitude towards the Catholic Church. Our Divine Lord came into this world for a twofold object—that of Redemption and that of healing the human race of its moral diseases. After His ascent into heaven and the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Church, instituted by Him, went forth to continue His divine mission, and has continued it without cessation to this present day, despite all opposition.

The annals of the Church and of her saints tell us of the multitude of social works accomplished all over the world, and in different ages, by her and her children—works of charity, of refinement, of progress. From the first dawn of her existence, faithful to her incomparable mission, and assisted by her Divine Founder, in accordance with His divine promise, the Church has fought successfully against the Neros and Caesars of

Rome; then against the Byzantine Emperors and the Emperors of the West; against the invasion of the Mohammedans, Moors, Goths, and Visi-Goths, and, at the present day, against our modern tyrants, and what for? For liberty for all the human race? In reference to the claims of science, the arts, and agriculture, the Church has done, and is still doing her work, by her universities, colleges, monasteries, and schools. Regarding charitable works see the thousands of institutions to meet the different needs of the sick and the poor. Her beneficent action among the nations would have been a hundred times more fruitful had it not been impeded by the jealousy and ambition of her enemies. In fact, where, on the contrary her action has been supported by the Governments—as during the middle ages—great deeds were wrought for the well-being of all; see, for example, the magnificent cathedrals built in those ages of faith; the innumerable guilds established for the protection of the workers everywhere, the universities for scholars, and the hospitals for the poor.

Modern nations can only be healed, therefore, as already asserted, by the Catholic Church, the embodiment and focus of Christianity; and they decline and perish in proportion to their apostasy and defection from her. They will rise and be exalted, should they return to the bosom of the Church of Christ, because she possesses His prerogatives to bless and to perfect. "They shall go from virtue to virtue; the God of gods shall be seen in Sion," and in the world. Without the help and guidance of the Church, all human laws and efforts are powerless to heal and reform society. For the Church was instituted by our Divine Redeemer for that object. Do we not see this with our own eyes? Have these human laws checked, or, at any rate suppressed, the progress of the evils we have spoken of? A priest of the Church, supported by the reigning government, would succeed better in representing vice than a whole division of police; so that the Holy Father, with his cardinals, bishops, and priests, would completely heal society of its moral wounds, if duly supported by the temporal authorities. Then would mankind find peace, prisons, asylums, and workhouses would no longer be overcrowded; progress in the different branches of art, of science, labor, commerce, etc., would experience no manner of hindrance. The Church, whilst unchangeable in her internal principles, because these are divine, has always accommodated herself to the needs, necessities, customs, and character of races, and to the spirit of the time and place, as far as possible, wherever her ministry has extended. The present century announced itself as the era of democracy and combination among the masses. The Church in her wisdom, and by Divine inspiration and guidance (for our Lord clearly promised to be with her till the end of time), is already following and co-operating with this modern movement. Hence our pre-eminent Superior, the Vicar of Christ, has marked out our path of conduct in his Encyclicals, comprising all the disputed points and completely covering the ground under consideration. In other words, he has directed us—the children of the Church to combine among ourselves. Have we obeyed His injunctions? Sections—the nucleus, it is hoped, of great societies—have been formed here and there, but the Pope's council remains, in the main, a dead letter in many places, and this for no good and valid reason, but through indolence, apathy, routine, groundless fear, inertia, and even through culpable ignorance of the importance of founding such clubs, sodalities, and associations, and to the detriment of the Church and her character and reputation for pressing the claims of the poor and struggling workers in all ages and countries. Sadder still, some of these inchoate and nascent sections have ceased to exist, or are on the point of disappearing, for want of suitable persons to manage them, or through the need of centres to infuse into them fresh life and vigor, and to give moral support to their infantine exertions, especially in difficult moments of dismay and depression. From all this it is evident that we Catholics in this land are behind several other portions of the Church in the matter of social combination. I will not say that we are less intelligent than others, but it seems all our talents are exclusively absorbed by religious controversies, with little result, or by uncharitable gossip, which sows the seed of disunion, discouragement, etc. It is time to awake—"Tempus est a somno surgere" (says St. Paul)—and to listen to the "mot d'ordre" of His Holiness. Let us therefore combine

all over the land to form a well-arranged army for our defence, and for common action in all good works affecting the Church and the community at large.

The Holy Father has distinctly declared that the priests at the present day and hour must come out of their sacristies for social work or the masses will perish. In a double sense they are to be their "brother's keepers." And, I may add, that the laity, too, must come out of their arm-chairs and join their priests in the noble work of the salvation of the masses and of society. To remain indifferent in presence of the many evils afflicting the human race is, assuredly, outrageous, inhuman, un-Christian—the reverse of charitable. And, remember, our greatest commandment in the quality of Christians, is, after the love of God, that of our neighbor. Our Divine Master, with His own sacred lips, has told us this truth, and we cannot gainsay it except at our peril. What a terrible account have those selfish individuals to render to Him; the Christians who hide their selfishness and apathy under the pretext of having other duties to perform, and thus refrain from giving their assistance to their priests and brethren. I wish such delinquents would affix a printed copy in a prominent position on the walls of their houses or offices of our Lord's discourse on the Mount and make it the subject of their daily meditation and examination of conscience.

How many young ladies and gentlemen, after leaving their schools and colleges, live selfish and aimless lives in our midst? A good many of them attend the religious services regularly, and subscribe occasionally some pecuniary assistance to the Church, and towards the cause of various good works, but they will not personally lift a finger, or stir a foot, to assist the priests of their respective missions, either through indolence, pride, or some gross misconception of the ideal of true Catholicity.

What an amount of good those useless persons deprive the Church and their brethren of? It is time that, in our colleges and schools a special course of sociology were taught as a preparatory training for our children in the duties of our modern social life, instead of squandering the time in teaching useless accomplishments, adapted but for "shining" in society. We do not object to "polish" in itself, so that we secure "with the flash of the gem its solidity, too," and a zeal that will induce them to unite with veterans and elders in good works, when they begin their career in the world. They should be taught the nature of the principal social questions, and how to deal with them as they arise. They should be impressed, especially, with the importance of taking due part in these same social questions, and of devoting their talents, energies, and a portion of their wealth to these purposes. The work of the conversion of England will be carried out not so much by controversies as by taking part in social questions—the problems of the age. Our Catholic young ladies at school must understand that, once in the world, they will encounter thousands of their sex awaiting their religious, moral, and social assistance, and that, should they neglect their mission in this respect, they are undoubtedly disgracing the Catholic Church, so glorious for her eminent good works, and that their education will prove a melancholy failure in these our critical times.

Summing up all that has been said, I do not hesitate to affirm that, if we wish to save society from total ruin, if we wish to contribute our share of social work to the missionary programme of the Church in this country—following her initiative in other lands—and would close the mouths of the Church's enemies, denouncing her as a degrading, enslaving, and priestly institution; if we desire to check, at least to some extent, the progress of the numerous evils which are the scourge of modern society—e.g., the need of protection for numberless persons oppressed by the petty tyrants of the day. If we recognize the necessity of waging war upon the abuses and vices so prevalent around; if we desire to keep the glorious traditions of the Church displayed in her good works, and hand down the same to posterity for edification and imitation; if we really mean to see, as an accomplished fact, the greatly-desired con-

version of England, and to stop the justly-lamented "leakage," we must boldly come out into the grand arena of the world and stand about our priests, Bishops, and the Holy Father—the ministry of our Lord—and work zealously, fight courageously, suffer patiently with them and beside them.

From

TYRONE CENTENARIAN DEAD.

On the 7th inst. the remains of Mary Martin, a native of Sultin, County Tyrone, were laid to rest in the graveyard at Carrickmore. Father Donnelly, who officiated at her funeral, in the course of his remarks, said:—"Mrs. Mary Martin was by far the oldest woman in this parish. She was born in 1787, putting up the grand total of 115 years. 'Tis given to few, even in Carrickmore, where the people are so long-lived, to live so long a life; to fewer is given the full and perfect use of all their senses as the deceased possessed down till her last breath. 'Twere incorrect, in a sense, to call you who have borne her corpse here today strangers, but most of you are so many generations after her that you and she may be truly said to have lived in ages far between. All her early companions are long since fled, most of them about 40 years ago, when the oldest of you here present were being only born. Mrs. Martin's ancestors, like all our ancestors, were robbed of richer lands long ago and banished to the bare mountains of Tyrone, but God, who blessed the mountains as well as the plains, makes all things even in this life or in the next, so that even here we need not wonder if good health, long life, and a strong faith be the privileged heritage of the descendants of a wronged ancestry. 'The deceased was not only the oldest, but also one of the most pious women of the parish. That portion of her life which we know and her death were delightful to tell of. Nothing but God in her heart and God on her lips, she died in peace, as she lived in peace, after a life which we may well envy. Mrs. Martin was purely Irish—Irish in blood, without mixture of Dane or Briton. Although living long enough to learn and know "Feurla," she never tried to master it, but spoke always her own tongue, in which she was an adept. Let us to-day lay this remarkable woman alongside the other quiet people who have gone before her. They and she will be facing towards the east, where the sun rises, where the Son of Justice shone for the Redemption of mankind, where all who will then be living as well as all who will be dead will see Him come; but He will be seen everywhere. "For as lightning cometh out of the east and appareth even into the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

FOUR HUNDRED PRIESTS AT A FUNERAL.

An unusual tribute of respect was paid to the memory of Rev. Martin Carroll, the Brooklyn priest who died from the effects of an injury received in a railroad accident, at his funeral on Monday. More than four hundred priests were present, and no less than fifteen thousand people crowded about the church. He was one of the best beloved of Brooklyn pastors. Bishop McDonnell officiated at the Requiem and Rev. E. W. McCarty, classmate of the deceased at Niagara University, delivered the eulogy. Father Carroll had been ordained thirty-seven years.

It was that portion where the long blue-green broken by rich, gently before they join the and dreary mountains was early June. Nature earth right royally reign—thick clover in lush grass on the slo leadiness in the woods. Through this world turnpike threads its way; in the opposite d a wide stream. Near and river meet, stands its walls grey and w its roof moss-covered. On this June mornin sitting on the granary feet was a pile of yell sunlight, which fell small window, lay up and, as she looked on half-closed eyelids, it a little the gold of w thinking. Down the road move covered wagon, drawn horse. Some tin pans giled in the front of caught the plenteous s threw back a flood of i On one of the hills w sheep. Along the summ rail fence, was a path, row of young walnut their grateful shadows, a boy, playing a flute. on the back of his he face thus left exposd, in outline, coloring and The eyes, a shade betw brown, were set in wh its clearness; but far b physical beauty was the looked out from the people feared that Mar would never amount to world, for as far back inhabitants of Glen Mar member the Andrews we less race—yet they love in their hearts lived the he would make somethi opportunities. These wer He had fortunately (so it, while the young he the love it had missed) ther, be sure that paren time to mismanage awa nant of the family esta ther had followed the hu in a year, and boy and placed under the care of ried maternal aunt, who ability was acknowledged now be well-off when manhood. His health h crease by a wise marria dustrious application of That those talents woul into politics they secretl war always the ambitio ple of the Glen to have ably represented in pub The boy's musical inclin concerted and displeasd his aunt, acting on the would have deprived him he quietly but firmly refu with it. Being a wife w did not attempt to enfor thority, for that first res ter a deeper insight into ter. Though its wolf mi ant, she saw the warp w would do what he wishe life, and the good wom that he might choose fight. When within sou years, Mark played human off in the fields, with onl beasts for his audie strains, which had first s selves in his soul woul the reed-like instrument. played now while the ped on crept over the white r the mill where the girl a kind fairy godmother w the corn into gold. As t moved across his line of music lost its meditative unrest that lives in all e to breathe itself upon the in this expressed longin other, wider sphere of exi something high, heroic. he took the flute from b lips, and, as his eyes fol wagon, he said, half-alo "Some day I will go a here to do good in the y The girl, sitting on the floor, had little in commo boy playing his flute on. While not lacking beauty, no lofty, spiritualizing fo to refine her face; instea unmistakable indications heart, restless, discontent p, dominated. Like him an orphan and the descen family long associated w ral district; but there th "balance ceased. The Lan



FROM THE ASHES OF HOPE.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

"Where is the nearest priest to be found?" cried Mark, springing to his feet, with a bloodless face.

"There's one at Maurice Station. That's ten miles off, and then he may not be at home," said one of the bystanders.

"We'll take our chance," replied the minister.

"And there's nothing to ride, except one of the mules," volunteered another.

"There's Madden's broncho," said the minister, picking up his hat.

"Nobody can ride him but Madden, and he's sick," informed another.

"I'll ride him!" said the minister.

"He's killed a boy!" "He threw Johnston and broke his collarbone!" "He kicked Madden and almost killed him!" Thus a chorus of voices called out. Mark Andrews gave no heed to the words, but said to Houlihan:

"I'm going to Maurice for the priest. If he's there, you'll have him within an hour and a half. If you live, I will bring you a priest, if I have to go to San Francisco for him!"

He ran from the spot to the stable where Madden's fierce pony was hitched. As he never had travelled since the day he first felt the bit in his mouth, the broncho sped over the rough path that led to Maurice Station. At the time he said, Mark Andrews brought the priest to Houlihan's side. With the others, he withdrew, while the dying man made his confession. From his place he watched the scene—the prostrate form, the kneeling priest, the solemnly uplifted hand, the administration of the Viaticum, the anointing the concluding supplication. Then, he saw the priest motioning to him.

"He wishes to see you, Reverend Andrews," said the priest.

As Mark bowed over the dying man, he marvelled at the change that had been wrought; great peace was on the face, happiness in the eyes, and gratitude in the voice, as he said, between gasps:

"I'm thankful to you, Mr. Andrews, for this and all that you've done for me! You were the only friend old Houlihan had in camp. You proved it twice, sir. God will bless you for it! Never fear!"

Then Houlihan died.

"Never fear!" Houlihan's last words sounded like a mockery on the ears of Mark Andrews. Fear held his soul even as the icy hand of death held the prone figure at his feet, and if the premonition it was sounding should come true, he knew that his past life, with its heroic labors and immolation of self, was as a rope of sand. He was turning away, when his glance fell on the white-haired priest, and the instincts of the gentleman made themselves felt above the dread emotion that was surging over his being. As they walked toward the rude shanty the minister called home, the priest said:

"I have heard, my brother, of your work in this region, but I had no idea how far-reaching it was until to-day. That poor man would very likely have died in some drunken brawl, a murderer, possibly, if it had not been for your noble exertions on his behalf."

Yesterday, those words of appreciation would have gladdened his heart; to-day, they were like dagger thrusts. He murmured his acknowledgment of the compliment in a strained voice; then, fearful that the priest might misinterpret his reception of it, he asked, abruptly, but courteously:

"If Houlihan could be helped by me in life, why could he not be helped by me in death?"

The priest never forgot the scene: the rude mining camp, in the midst of magnificent mountain country, basking under the radiance of a California sun; the men, fling past with the corpse; the ashen, beautiful face of the questioner. He looked from earth to sky. It was an embarrassing question to answer truthfully; and those eyes demanded the truth, as he held it.

"He was a Catholic," then said the priest, slowly.

"Well?" the voice was incisive.

"A Catholic believes that Jesus Christ instituted penance as one of the sacraments of His Church, and that He gave to His disciples, and their successors the power to forgive sins: 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' Believing this, he is bound to confess his sins to one having the authority to absolve him."

For a long moment the minister gazed on the speaker's face; then, he led the way to his cabin. It was late the next day when the priest turned his face toward Maurice Station, and as his eyes fell on the new made

grave, under a solitary cedar, he murmured.

"How wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord!"

That week a letter came to Mark Andrews from a clerical friend, telling him that the rumor of the erection of a Western bishopric was being confirmed, and it was confidently expected that the Church would reward his good work in the West by calling him to fill that office.

Other letters of similar import followed; then, came one from his faithful old aunt which blinded his eyes with tears. He had been to his desert and now was missing his tempter. He was shown honor, position, men's reverence and the world's best gifts, if he would strangle conscience; if not, there was only the dreary future, aimless, profitless. He saw himself thrown upon the high stony cliff of life's disrupted purposes, of no more benefit to the Church he had joined than to the one he had left. Why not let the project of promotion proceed quietly and trust to time to smooth out the spiritual difficulties which Houlihan's death had caused? If those difficulties strengthened, then, the prominence of his position would secure for him some place, in the new religious field, for the exertion of his activities. So from temple height to mountain top his soul was carried; and in the end, he repeated his Master's words: "Begone, Satan!" But no angels came to minister to him.

He sent in his resignation to his Bishop, with the reason for the act; then, after a stay with the priest in Maurice, previous to his reception into the Catholic Church, he started for Kentucky. The train, which dropped him at Glen Mary, left him three miles from home. As he followed the white road over the gently sloping hills and along the quiet valleys, the joy which the thought of home had awakened, began to fade, and the old dejection resumed its sway over his heart. He did not regret that he had been brought to the knowledge of his error; but spiritual peace cannot always still the human emotions of the heart. There burned the belief that his dreams of boyhood, realized in manhood's noble work, were done with forever. His house had been built upon the sand. There stung the thought of the disappointment and sorrow his action had brought to those who loved him and whom he loved. But bitter as was all this pain, gave the deadly wound. His life was of no further help to men; there was not a human being to whom it was necessary.

He had now reached the brow of a hill. Below him, in the valley were the clear, broad stream and the grey mill; beyond, the orchards, among which the old home was nestling; over all, was summer's rich verdure. There was no change. It was the green world of that other June day, save that the boy no longer stood by the old rail fence, weaving out his high future in the flute's music; and the girl's place, on the granary floor, was vacant. He went forward with slackened step. As he passed the mill, he paused. The water fell over the dam, with its old, familiar dash, but the big wheels were motionless. Like his own, the mill's days of usefulness were over. He thought of his first ministerial work in Latonia, and of the girl he had tried to bring back to the fold. How his failure had grieved him! Now he questioned was it failure? He remembered others whom he had rescued and the holy joy his success had brought him. Now he asked was it success? His head went lower until his chin rested on his breast. Thus he stood until the sound of footsteps on the road aroused him. He started forward and as he lifted his eyes, he saw a white-robed woman approaching. A broad hat, with pink roses lying on the brim, crowned her head, and she wore a pink ribbon about her waist and another at her throat. Doubtless this was one of the school children to whom he had said goodbye when starting for college, fourteen years ago. He would find some changes after all. As they drew nearer to each other, he noted that, although her step was light, it was firm instead of buoyant and he knew that one never gains that characteristic in traveling Youth's showery path. We take it on during our journey along Time's hard highway. He was puzzled, for, to his recollection, none, except very young maidens, dressed so airily in the Glen. Yet he felt intuitively that this girl was not inappropriate for her; he felt that when he should meet her, a face kept, or made fair and eternally young by right living would gladden his eyes, and that a pure soul would pour its benediction upon him, in passing. When near enough to recognize each other's features, she uttered an exclamation, partly surprise, wholly joy.

"Mark!" she cried. "Mark!"

He caught her extended hand and

gazed on her face, eagerly, earnestly. "It is Hester!" he said. "Yet not Hester!"

"The hot blood surged over cheeks and brow, but not disconcerted by it, she said, with a smile that made her face unfamiliar, the smile that the victorious may wear:

"Yes, it is Hester! I came back about four years ago. Welcome home again!"

Before he could reply she passed on. He found a reception, at the old home, different from what he had anticipated. It was a matter of indifference to his aunt whether her nephew were a Methodist minister or a Catholic layman; the one important thing, for her, was that he was home and was mentally and physically overwrought. She petted him and feasted him, as if he were a boy back from school; and the man, who had so long lived without womanly ministrations and care, yielded himself to her motherly affections. She had much to tell him, and he was surprised that he should find it all so interesting. One name she avoided—Hester Lanton's. It was of her he was most anxious to hear, but something, he could not have said what, kept him silent. At length, after a week's waiting, he remarked that he had met Hester on his way home.

"Yes, she was here that morning," said his aunt, adding, "and she has not been here since."

"Does she come often?" he questioned.

"Every day," she replied.

"Aunt Sarah," he began, "when I was in Latonia I met Hester. She was then with Mrs. Summers."

"I know all about it, Mark," she interrupted, "more, I'll warrant, than you do!"

"Tell me all that you know about Hester," said the man.

But Miss Sarah, who had her own ideas on subjects, merely said:

"Four years ago, last November, Hester came home. She found her uncle dead, her aunt an invalid, and the four oldest children living out with farmers. She had some money. With it, she bought one hundred acres of land adjoining the mill, improved the old place and brought the children home. She placed the boys in charge of the farm and sent the girls to school in Glen Mary. They are teachers now and hold good positions. She secured proper medical treatment for her aunt, who is now well enough to manage the household affairs. The boys are industrious young fellows and are doing well. When Hester had her uncle's family on its feet, she began to devote her time to helping their neighbors. She teaches the district school and her salary goes to buy books, clothing, and when necessary, food for poor children. If there is any one sick, you will find Hester at the bedside; if any one is in trouble, Hester befriends him, and to the old and lonely—she is an angel!"

The aged eyes were dim and the thin voice quivering as the last words were uttered. These signs of emotion were lost upon her listener. Over his face was "that light that never was on land or sea" while his heart sang psalms of joy and thanksgiving. Presently, he left the house. He strolled across the fields, and when he came to the rail fence that ran across the brow of the hill, he paused in recollection of the day he had stood there, playing his flute, the day of Hester's mysterious disappearance. He thought of her childish nature, full of whims and impossible longings for wealth and pleasure, so at variance with his own, which the spiritual ever had ruled. A vision of her, as he had seen and known her in Latonia, when the desires of the child's heart were more than fulfilled, followed. There the stream that had separated them had widened into an impassable river. Now they were standing on his side together. Had she crossed those raging waters at his call, or another's? If at his, were his years of work vain years? Had she come for her soul's sake—or because she loved him? Then, whether his was the voice she had obeyed, or another's, that past which had made it possible for him to help her soul to high and perfect living, was a worthy past, one to be held sacredly. But whether he, or that past, had influenced her, if she loved him as he now loved her, he realized that supreme happiness was waiting for him in that darkly veiled future.

When he called at the house he was told that Hester had gone to Glen Mary. He walked on to meet her. As he was passing the mill, he caught a glimpse of a white dress in the shadowy light of the old granary. Had she seen him and gone there to avoid him?

"Hester!" he called, softly.

But she would not stir from her place under the high, narrow window nor loosen her locked hands from the edge of the empty bin. He crossed to where she stood, and

fig his hand lightly, but tearfully, on hers, asked:

"Hester, why have you not been over to see Aunt Sarah?" As she remained silent, he continued, "Is it because I am there?"

A subtle consciousness told him of an inward assent, and he said:

"Why do you avoid me, Hester?" "I thought you mightn't care to see me," she replied faintly.

"Why?" he questioned, smiling on her in the gloom.

"I gave you so much trouble in Latonia, when you were trying to help me to be good."

She knew, as did all in the Glen, that he was no longer a minister; knew, furthermore, that even if he were, his was not the spiritual authority that she should obey; but he was yet, and would ever be to her, her one guide and teacher.

"And I wanted to do as you told me," she continued, quickly, tremulously, "but my wicked pride would not let me. When you were gone, I was sorry, oh! so sorry! I didn't go to New Orleans with the others. I was so unhappy. I would not go back to the Methodist Church, because of what the minister had said about us; so I began to go to the Catholic Church. I wanted to be as good as you are. Afterwards, I went to see the priest, and then—and then—I came to know that you were not right, and—it almost broke my heart! I began to pray to God to spare you that knowledge. I promised Him that I would go home and spend my life for others, if He would never let you know. And I kept my promise, although it was hard to give up that pleasant life, which I liked so well, hard to part from Mrs. Summers, who had been so good and kind to me. Maybe it was all wrong, that praying for you to never know; but I was afraid—afraid!"

Her voice sank until it was lost in a whisper.

"I understand," he said, slowly, and he thought of his hour of temptation. To have lost all here and possibly hereafter.

"And I knew," she began, "that even if you would be strong enough to overcome all things, you must suffer. Maybe it was wrong for me, and that is why my prayers and work are in vain!"

"Yes, Hester, I did suffer! But isn't it worth while suffering to gain Truth? Ans is your work vain when you brought those who had been unkind to you from poverty and humiliation to prosperity and happiness? Is it vain to spend your days instructing little children? Is it vain, when you spread brightness and joy over the lives of the miserable, the old and the lonely? Are they vain, prayers and work, when they brought you from a life of selfish pleasure to this one, full of benefit to yourself and others?"

A silence followed his questions. Then, he lifted the hands over which his had closed, and pressed them against his breast, as he said, tenderly:

"Though we followed false lights for a while, were our steps altogether vain, if they brought us, at length, to the path which leads to the world of Truth? Hester, in this new, beautiful world, shall we not also find love—a love which we otherwise should have missed?"

She spoke no word, but when her head dropped, until it rested where her hands lay, he received his answer.—Anna C. Minogue, in Donahoe's Magazine.

The Chicago Housewife Association has appointed a standing arbitration committee to which is to be submitted all questions of dispute between mistresses and servants.

A pure hard Soap.

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Household Notes.

SOME HEALTH NOTES.—Said a well-known physician in a chat not long ago: "The growing tendency to keep well instead of being cured is fast relegating medicine to the dead arts."

"We must keep up with the procession, even if it robs us of occupation, and I'll assure you, if every man understood giving himself massage he might practically be his own doctor. For instance, half the world either has, or claims to have, liver troubles. A spare five minutes can be turned to excellent account by giving your liver a lift. Place one hand heavily on the right side at the lower border of the ribs and rub it down slowly four or five inches. Do this a dozen times, and you will empty the overful liver of its superabundant contents. This cures heartburn and remedies cramps by removing the acidity from the stomach as well as relieving the liver."

"The food of a dyspeptic remains too long in his stomach, fermenting and causing inflammation. Try helping the stomach get rid of its contents. Place one hand at the extreme edge of the left side immediately under the ribs and slightly overlapping them. Then work it round to the right by pressing the fingers in as hard as you can, drawing the hand across to the right with the other hand, at the same time swinging the body to the right, then to the left. Practice this daily before meals and reasonable food will never 'set like lead' on your stomach."

"Here is a good suggestion for a plethoric, or full-blooded, man. When waiting for the fellow that doesn't keep his appointment, place your hand at the back of your neck where the hair joins it and rub downward. You will thus empty the glands and prevent their turning into boils. Or put your fingers on the neck at the angle of the jaw and draw them firmly downward over the course of the jugular vein. This will remove the used-up blood from the brain and make that organ feel light and clear, helping you to feel from getting 'hot under your six collars,' like Kipling's engine."

"If you have a tendency to varicose veins, when you sit down elevate your feet. The blood will flow out of the turgid veins and give you great relief. By deep friction from the heel upward you can encourage the return of the blood to the heart as well as give tone to the feeble veins."

"If you have a red nose it is because the blood enters the superficial vessels of the skin and does not return from it. If you would remedy this condition perform regularly this little feat: Grasp the tip of the nose between the thumb and fingers and massage upward to the root. This method empties the vessels of used-up blood, and allows fresh blood to flow. Besides, you are not half as likely to be afflicted with cold in the head."

"One exercise especially designed to prevent a 'bay window' below the ribs is this: Lie flat on your back, raise one foot and leg to its full height without bending the knee, then the other, alternating the motions, or vary the exercise by putting the toes under the bed clothes, raising the body to the sitting posture several times. This exercises the muscles of the abdomen and prevents the accumulation of fat."

"Cold feet, so often found among brain workers, can be obviated by promoting a vigorous circulation. Immediate relief can be had by standing in about one inch of cold water in a bathtub. Stand on one foot and rub it with the other, alternately, a number of times for not more than three or four minutes. Follow this up by vigorous rubbing with a crash towel, and the good effects are almost equal to walking in dew, recommended by Father Kneipp."

"A fit of blues is a habit that grows upon one so rapidly that in a short time it becomes a disease. Whenever I feel an attack coming on I put on stout walking boots and tramp till I can go no farther. This effectually dispels melancholia."

"An Oriental philosopher says fast, breathe and exercise and you will never be ill, so we might as well accept the situation that doctors are no longer needed."

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SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 2455, Dame Marie-Antoinette Proulx, of the Town of St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph D. de Lamirande, of the same place, plaintiff, and the said Joseph D. de Lamirande, defendant. The plaintiff has, this day, sued her husband for separation of property. Montreal, 27th May, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger and St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

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