

TRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1858, revised 1864. Meets in Trick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Callaghan, P.P. President, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

TRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, after Vespers. Committee of Management meets on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McKeown, President; W. P. McKeown, Vice-President; James G. McKeown, Secretary, 716 St. Andrew Street, St. Henri.

T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Established 1863.—Rev. Director, James McPhail; President, D. M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 200 St. Andrew Street; M. J. McKeown, 18 St. Augustin Street. Meets on the second Sunday every month, in St. Ann's Church, Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Organized 1885.—Meets in the Ottawa street, on the first of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. J. Quinn, C.S.S.R.; President, J. J. Quinn; Treasurer, Thomas Quinn; Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, D. O. C.—Organized Oct. 10th, 1885. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on Sunday of each month, at 2 p.m., on the third Thursday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, Mrs. J. J. Quinn; Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Quinn; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Quinn; Treasurer, Mrs. J. J. Quinn; Sec., Mrs. J. J. Quinn; Correspondent, Mrs. J. J. Quinn; 1000 St. Denis Street.

MISSION NO. 6 meets on the fourth Thursdays of each month at 816 St. Lawrence Street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; J. J. Quinn, Vice-President; J. J. Quinn, Recording Secretary; J. J. Quinn, Treasurer; J. J. Quinn, Sec.; J. J. Quinn, Correspondent; 1000 St. Denis Street.

OF CANADA, BRANCH.—Organized, 13th November, 1885. Meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Officers: M. Callaghan, President; J. J. Quinn, Vice-President; J. J. Quinn, Recording Secretary; J. J. Quinn, Treasurer; J. J. Quinn, Sec.; J. J. Quinn, Correspondent; 1000 St. Denis Street.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle



Vol. LIII, No. 12 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., Limited,
255 Bay Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1188.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—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, \$2.50. Terms, payable in advance.
All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "The True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1188.

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.

LAY ADMINISTRATOR. — The "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, says:—
The Pope has reorganized the administration of the Peter Pence Fund, placing it under a lay director of known financial ability, who has had experience in the Bank of Italy.

OUR YOUNG MEN.—At the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held in Boston, two weeks ago, Rev. P. J. Supple, D.D., of Cambridge, delivered a most timely and powerful sermon. We have only been privileged to see some extracts from that masterly address to Catholic young men, but these extracts suffice to give us an idea of the magnificent scope of the whole address. The subject was the vocation of Catholic young men, and how to attain it. Not any particular, or individual vocation, such as that of the priesthood, or of married life, or of a certain profession; but the grand general vocation of a people as represented in the young men of the country. And, above all, the great vocation of a Catholic people through Catholic young men of this rising generation. The text of the sermon explains its purport: "But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people; that you may declare his virtues who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."
He explained that never in the history of the world was a greater cause committed to the hands of men, than that which the Church commits to the hands of the young men of to-day. The cause of God and that of man are bound up in one. The vocation then of the young Catholic is to advance the cause of God, that of faith, that of the Church; to safeguard it in others, and to communicate its sacred fires to all who are cold, or in need of them. We take, then, the following extracts which we ask our young men, and especially those amongst them who are members of Catholic societies, to ponder over and to put into practice. Rev. Dr. Supple says: "If in every community in the United States the young men would gather round the Church, join her societies, catch enthusiasm from the power of numbers and present to this American world a solid front of earnest, active, eager Catholics, thoroughly imbued with the necessity of making public profession of their faith and living up to its principles, every community in the land would feel the influence, and the public imagination would be so impressed that serious minds would take up the study of a religion that in these days of indifference can so mould and influence young men. Once men begin to study Catholicity with a receptive mind, the victory is won."
This is not to be limited to the United States. These words apply in a very special manner to Canada, to our own province, to our own city, for that matter. We have all experienced the great benefits that have come from our various organizations of Catholic young men. In some of our parishes we have Catholic Young Men's Societies, and the only word of criticism we have is that the membership is far too small in each. If they could be so extended as to include all the young men of each parish the result would be such that our Catholic young men in general would present such a solid body, so representative of good citizenship, that the eyes of all outsiders would be turned upon them with admiration, edification, and in possible

may have his individual vocation and on his correspondence with it depend his own happiness, his own success in life, and his own salvation after death, as a body the combination of all those individuals, in one solid phalanx, has a great general vocation, on the performance of the duties of which depend the progress of society, the propagation of the faith, the triumphs of the Church and the glory of God upon earth. It is to this vocation that Rev. Dr. Supple refers, and, in so doing, he points out how much depends for the future of the Church, amidst the thousand conflicting sects of error, upon the united action of the young men amongst her faithful. Let the perusal of these sage remarks act as a stimulus for all our young Catholics in bringing them, as a body, into the service of the Church and the friendship of Christ.

EDUCATION.—In all sections of the civilized world to-day the educational question appears to be occupying the most prominent place in the attention of the people. In England it has become one of the great political issues whereon the fates of parties of governments, depend; in the United States it has long since riveted the attention of legislators and is the fruitful source of untold controversies; here in Canada it has always been in the foreground, and never more than since the famous difficulty over the Manitoba schools created a political revolution in the land. Not only is it being studied in all its phases by the representatives of public thought in each particular land, but even the people of one country go abroad to study the educational systems amongst the peoples of other lands.

But in all this deep interest in education there is an ever-present undercurrent of struggle between two great systems—that which has for parent the Catholic Church and that which has for perpetual object the effacing of all that is Catholic. This latter we find exemplified in what is generally known as the Public School system, in contradistinction to the Separate School, or the Denominational School, as the Catholic system is variously called in different lands. The other day we saw an account of a semi-representative of the Public School system coming to America from England to study up the methods in public schools on this side of the Atlantic, with a view to putting into practice in the old country aught that might be found to suit their purpose in this country. It is thus that this agent's advent is heralded:—
"Alfred Mosely, the investigator of social and economic questions, arrived to-day on the American line steamship Philadelphia. He comes here as the advance guard of a committee of prominent Englishmen who are to look into the school question in this country. They will personally visit schools and universities and examine into every detail of their conduct and system. Especially will they look into the public school system."

Now while Mr. Mosely is taking a special interest in the public school question in America, if ever he should happen to come upon these few lines, we would ask him to note down the following example:—At Arlington, Ill., trouble exists because four Sisters of the Order of St. Benedict have been employed, after passing due examinations, as teachers in the public school of that place. The case is thus set forth by a Catholic contemporary:—
"Patrons of strong anti-Catholic tendencies are agitating against nuns as teachers in the public schools and threaten to resort to legal means. As it is alleged that Sisters devote their earnings to the work of their Order it is claimed the payment of money taken in the matter of salaries will amount to an appropriation of public funds to the Order. One of the chief objections to the employment of nuns is their alleged sectarian influence on the school. Superintendent Bayliss has decided that anyone who possesses the necessary educational qualifications and is of good moral character is entitled to a certificate to teach. The case was carried to the county superintendent, who decided that he had no authority to prevent the employment of the nuns as teachers. Mrs. Anna Norris Kendall, an active leader in educational movements, says she is res-

possible for having the nuns employed, and advocated the change to keep up the standard of the schools."
Here is a sample of the extreme prejudice that prevails in regard to the Catholic Church and her teachers. It is not, with the advocates of the anti-Catholic system, so much a matter of capability on the part of the teacher as it is one of the particular tenets of that teacher's faith. In fine, here as elsewhere, in America, in England, in Australia, in New Zealand, in every land under the sun, it has become an admitted principle that the future depends upon the rising generation, and the power that possesses the heart and the mind of the young must necessarily be the power to wield the destinies of the years to come. Thus it is that the school-room has become in reality the battle-field for contending forces, that in other spheres have long wrestled for supremacy. And in all this mighty struggle the Catholic Church has never once deviated for a moment from her course, has never consented to any compromise, has never abandoned one iota of her fundamental principles. And it is this stability that tell for her in the end, that will eventually carry the day. For, no matter what wealth may be poured into the coffers of any other system, no matter what zeal and energies are displayed in its cause, by virtue of the unstable character of its foundations it is destined to inevitably fail.

If, therefore, behooves Catholics, in every sphere of life, to exert themselves in the grand cause of Catholic education, to be neither stingy nor backward, but to put forth their every end-avert that the cause of Truth, of Catholic Education, may prove the salvation of the rising generation.

AUTHENTICITY OF RELICS.—A couple of weeks ago we gave our readers a full account of the imposing ceremonies and of the resolutions adopted at the fiftieth annual Catholic Congress held at Cologne. Amongst those who figured conspicuously on that occasion was Cardinal Ferrari. It was also mentioned, incidentally that Cologne enjoys the privilege of possessing one of the great cathedrals of Europe and some of the most precious relics on the continent, amongst others some that were associated with the Three Kings of Cologne—who were none other than the Magi, or Wise Men, who had travelled over the desert to Bethlehem to adore the new-born Christ. It would seem that Cardinal Ferrari, very naturally, desired to carry home with him some relics of the Three Kings and obtained certain precious objects that he treasures most highly. The non-Catholic press of England, through its correspondents, and notably the London "Daily Chronicle," found in this a subject for ridicule and fun. That organ says that the Cardinal's action "recalls the credulity of the Middle Ages." In referring to this subject the Liverpool "Catholic Times" has a very sensible comment, which runs thus:—
"Doubtless there were plenty of credulous people in those days, as there are in ours. But that argument is not valid against all relics indiscriminately, nor even against any single relic. The authenticity and genuineness of such venerated memorials must be settled on grave historical testimony, which may or may not be forthcoming. And if it is not forthcoming, or is of comparatively late date, then tradition, the fact of an ascription of name and origin must weigh for its worth. Not everything has actual historical records in proof of it for the student to handle and sift. Some things must be their own testimony, as, say, Xenophon's story of the retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks. You can't find records for everything that happened or existed on earth. The critics historical method is sometimes as silly as the traditional method is superstitious and credulous, and that no contemporary documents prove the genuineness of the relics of the Three Kings neither militates against Cardinal Ferrari's right to believe nor sustains the correspondent's right to deny."

There is scarcely a subject upon which we find more illogical statements advanced against Catholic practices than this very one of relics. To read the commentaries of

Protestant writers one would be forced to the conclusion that the Church placed implicit faith in all manner of relics; good, bad, and indifferent, and held them up for the veneration (and as the very perverse say, the adoration) of the faithful. The truth is that the Church is infinitely more strict, more exact, more searching in regard to relics than is any institution, or organization, or individual on earth in matters that concern mere profane history. It is only when she possesses positive proof of the authenticity of a relic that she declares it to be such; when she has any misgivings, or uncertainty in that regard, she makes it be clearly understood that such is the case. And whenever she finds a reasonable ground for concluding that a relic is not genuine, no power, no influence in the world could induce her to do otherwise than to declare it spurious. If you go into the British Museum you will find scores of relics, of former kings, warriors, etc., that are not, and cannot be, perfectly authenticated, yet the very people who will declare their positive disbelief in Catholic relics, will take these others for granted and venerate them in accordance. If our Protestant friends would only apply to the matter of Catholic relics the same rules as they do to profane mementoes they would learn to judge less rashly.

GERMAN SECTS.—Of late Germany and the progress that is being made therein by the Catholic Church, the great German Catholic convention that has just met for the fiftieth time, and the mark changes that have recently taken place was far as concerns the attitude of the German Government, and even of the Emperor, towards Catholicity have formed the subject matter of many columns in this paper. Germany was the cradle of Protestantism. It was from the walls of Worms that the thunder blast of the great revolt was blown and that Luther inaugurated the so-called Reformation. As a result of that mighty movement, which swept like a fresh tidal-wave over the country and out over all Europe, we find that, as soon as the initial rush was over, the wave exhausted its spasmodic strength and became shattered into unnumbered fragments. In Germany there is a constant contention for the union of State and Church, and for religious union between the multiplying elements of Protestantism. Germany seems to speak with contempt of the American divisions of Christianity, and does so in a tone that would almost make it seem that she had harmony in every part of the land. But in no country in the world are there as many divisions and subdivisions of what is called Christianity as in Germany. And properly so. For being the cradle of Protestantism it is only natural that it should also be the first land to gather the evil-fruits of that system. The statistical reports, the official "Statistik des Deutschen Reiches," give us a wonderful story of the terrible havoc that the fundamental principle of Protestantism has played with Christianity in that land. Here is an extract from the 150th number of that official report:—
"The returns of the recent census show that in Germany no fewer than 222 different kinds of religion are to be found. They are arranged in five large groups, namely Protestant Christians, adherents of other confessions, Jews, adherents of other non-Christians creeds and members of no religious communion. In the first group there are no fewer than forty-nine different sects. In the group of Christians that do not belong to the two great communions of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism there are 107 creeds represented. There are eight kinds of Baptists and Apostolic Christians, twenty-nine sects that were imported from England, nine kinds of Methodists and Quakers, seven kinds of Free Religionists and twenty-five 'other' kinds of Christians, making a total of 185 different Christian confessions in the Fatherland. Then there are the Jews; and, in addition to these, fourteen other groups of believers in non-Christian creeds, including Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmans, Fire Worshipers, Sun Worshipers, etc. In the twenty-one kinds of creeds included under the category, 'adherents of other confessions,' there are some that can be

called religions only by a stretch of charity, such as Atheism and Materialism, and these should properly be excluded. But even so, the dimensions of the list are sufficiently formidable, and Germans themselves are surprised to know that their country harbors so many different kinds of religious belief."

It may be surprising to the Germans that they have so many religious sects, but it is gradually dawning upon them that such is the case. The same may also be said of Protestantism the world over. That great and many-headed system does not appear to grasp the enormity of its own internal weakness. On all other subjects, and in all other domains, the educated Protestant admits the principle that disunion is the forerunner of decay and ruin; but as far as his religious organization is concerned, he does not see that the principle applies; or else he willfully refuses to see; or else he is blinded to the facts through lack of the grace of faith. But whether he sees it or not, that worm is eating away the foundations, and inevitably the fabric must fall.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society

The regular weekly euchres, inaugurated by the above Society last winter, were once more opened for this season on last Tuesday evening.

These weekly euchres which are free open to gentlemen only, and are well attended by young and old. The society offers special prizes to the parties winning highest number of games. Throughout last season a series of ten or twelve euchres were held, at each euchre some 50 to 60 gentlemen took part. In addition to the special prizes given every Tuesday evening, aggregate prizes were also awarded for the most games won during the series.

The society intends to carry out the same plan for this season, and the executive hope that these euchres will be more popular than even last year. The next euchre will be held on Tuesday evening, and the veteran temperance organization of St. Patrick's parish extends a hearty invitation to all to attend.

PLANTING THE CROSS

The parish of Saint Viateur, at Outremont, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony last Sunday afternoon. This is a new parish, and it is destined soon to have a Church of its own. A huge cross, intended to mark the site of the future Church was planted and blessed on Sunday afternoon. At four o'clock the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the chapel of the institute, under the Clercs de Saint Viateur, after which the ceremony of the blessing of the cross took place. Mgr. Z. Racicot, Vicar-General, presided, assisted by Rev. Father Charlebois, C.S.V., assistant Provincial, and Rev. Father Leveille, C.S.V., vicar, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The sermon of the occasion was delivered by Rev. Father Ducharme, Superior-Provincial of the Order. A large gathering of the clergy from different parts of the city was noticed; all the pupils attending the different institutions under the Order; and a numerous concourse of citizens. The site of the future Church is superb. It is yet an open field, but the time is rapidly approaching when houses will be built all around the spot, and the spire of the new Church will cast its shadow upon the nucleus of a rising parish. This fall the work of construction will be commenced. It is wonderful how the city is growing. Montreal seems to be extending her giant arms around the mountain as if to embrace it and hold it fast for her own. Where recently it was a vast uninhabited country, to-day a city springs up; and the Church is in the van-guard of that progress.

A Week's Anniversaries

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

This week's anniversaries are not as numerous as those of last week; at least the gleaner of them has not been able to discover as many. But the few that are to hand have their own importance.

Monday, September, the 21st, was the anniversary of the death of the famous Latin poet Virgil, who died on that date in the year 19 B.C. It was he who left us the classic masterpiece of the Aeneid and those wonderful pastoral poems, the "Georgics." On the 21st September, 1795, the first Orange Lodge was formed in Ireland. The date is memorable in the annals of that organization, than which none has ever created more trouble in the bosom of any land. On the 21st September, 1832, at his residence at Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott peacefully closed his wonderful career. Scott was certainly one of the most prolific writers that ever wielded a pen in the English language. He did more to popularize Scotland and make his country known to the world than, perhaps, any other writer of modern times. He has a magnificent monument at Abbotsford; his bust is in Westminster; and his memorial monument in Edinburgh is a splendid structure raised by the hands of national gratitude; but, before posterity, his monument shall ever be the "Waverley" novels, and his poems. The 21st September, 1864, was the occasion of Sheridan's great victory at Fisher's Hill. It was one of the most important battles of that second last year of the great conflict between the North and the South, and there, as in all other struggles, Sheridan distinguished himself.

September 22nd was the anniversary of the death of Pope Clement IV., who died in 1244. In 1789, on the same date, United States Government established the first Post Office Department—a great step forward in the organization of the country. On the 22nd September, 1870, Victor Emmanuel took possession of Rome. That day marked the commencement of the usurpation that has since continued to exist, and also marked the loss, by the great Pius IX, of that temporal sovereignty which was his by all rights of succession and legal prescription.

The 23rd September is the anniversary of the landing of the Spaniards at Kinsale, in Ireland, when, in 1601, they came to aid the Irish in their struggle against the usurper and invader. On the 23rd September, 1780, the famous spy Andre was captured. The same date of the month witnessed two memorable births—that of Bishop John England in 1786, and that of Lady Fullerton in 1812.

On the 24th September, 768, King Pepin of France died; he whom a Pope crowned and who was the first to win for his country the honored title of "Elders Daughter of the Church." On the 24th September, 1143, Pope Innocent II. died. On the same date, in 1798, Bartholomew Teeling and Matthew Tone were executed in Ireland. But above all is the date (24th Sept.) memorable for the death of Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, in 1810. He was known as "Flogging Fitzgerald." He was a magistrate in Tipperary, and his method was to arrest on suspicion, and then to have his victims flogged. As his story would be too long for this column, your correspondent will tell of him in another article.

The 25th September, 1498, Columbus sailed a second time for America. On the same date, 1513, Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean. On 25th September, 1699, the first American newspaper was issued in Boston. In 1794, on the same date, the sweet poetess, Mrs. Hemans was born. It is also the anniversary of the election of O'Connell, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1841. And, in 1870, the great siege of Paris was commenced on the 25th September.

The 26th September, 610, saw the death of Bishop Colmano of Meath. In 1534, on the same date, Pope Clement VII. died, and on the 26th September, 1691, took place the surrender and treaty of Limerick. Outside the Thomond Gate still stands the memorable Treaty-Stone, on which was signed the treaty with Sarsfield, and before the ink was dry

it was ruthlessly broken. The greatest example of bad faith ever given in military history. In 1777, on the 26th September, Philadelphia was taken by the British. We might add one more anniversary—on the 26th September, 1863, exactly forty years ago to-day, the sweet-souled, holy-spirited, gifted Father Faber bade adieu to earth and went to join the ranks of the Church Triumphant, leaving us the delightful heritage of his incomparable works.

Catholic Education

At a recent dedication of a new school and hall by Archbishop Ryan in his archdiocese, the sermon was delivered by Bishop Haid, of North Carolina. His Lordship spoke in part as follows:—

To some the Catholic Church appears as a well-organized society, opposed to progress, selfish in her aims, perhaps even inimical to the spirit and genius of freedom and enlightenment. To others she concentrates her whole being in the purely spiritual, the future only, forgetting the present, excluding from her sphere of labor the temporal well-being and happiness of her members. This magnificent edifice is a standing refutation of all false notions. In the first place, this building is destined to be the home of true education, and education which will fit those who receive it for a faithful and efficient performance of all their duties, temporal and spiritual. All that paternal solicitude for the welfare of the children of this parish could do was done to make this a home worthy of this high aim. Neither time, nor study, nor money, nor experience were spared to reach this exalted end. Could all this have been done were priests and Catholic people opposed to education, to enlightenment, to true progress? Some may point to schools already erected by the city—schools upon which money taken in part from this and other Catholic congregations was generously, perhaps lavishly spent; why not use these public schools? Why not send your children to them and save priest and people the heavy burden of building and supporting this parish school?

I will only in passing refer to the first fact that many children in this and other large cities are turned away for want of room in these public schools; the great expense of erecting others is dreaded. What would the taxpayers say if the Catholic children (fully one-seventh of all children attending school) should demand at public expense what now Catholic generosity is doing for them?

Catholics are not foolish; they are not indifferent or careless in spending their often hard-earned money. The very fact that it is acknowledged that they carry this heavy burden should make people inquire for their reasons. They would not build these parochial schools nor stint themselves in supporting them unless driven to it by their sense of justice to their children. They feel that they must educate their children; education now perhaps more than ever is necessary for their success and well-being. But this education to a Catholic signifies more than mere mental training; it goes deeper, is broader, embraces heart as well as head. Whilst doing all to further the temporal success of our children, we cannot forget that they have immortal souls; we dare not forget that eternity follows time, that life is short, and though a reality in itself, it must also be a preparation for eternity. The world in which we live has its claims, but the God who created this world has also His rights; to satisfy both we must teach our children so to live that death will be the beginning of a happier life.

But why are Catholics almost alone in demanding a religious education for their children? Cannot religion be taught in the Sunday school or family?

Religion must be a part and a principal part of our lives. We cannot relegate it to a corner nor treat it as secondary duty. Faith—divine faith—is simply essential to salvation. God does not reveal in vain. He demands that we believe all He has revealed, because He has so revealed it. Three years the world's Redeemer spent in teaching, in preparing His Apostles to teach, and even then He sent the Holy Ghost to complete and confirm His work. The Apostles were commissioned to teach all truth; His Church was established to guard this doctrine and teach it whole and entire to all generations. Does not all this point out the impossibility of sufficiently teaching Christ's doctrines in short Sunday school lessons or by parents of ten-overworked or simply unfitted by want of proper education themselves?

That the child may have an adequate knowledge of Christian truth, it seems absolutely necessary that religious instruction should form a part, a daily part, of its education.

And what shall I say of the duties we owe to God? They are neither few nor easy. "Take up your cross!" "Do penance," etc. How foreign are these sacred obligations to flesh and blood—how difficult in the face of passion and temptations. If they are minimized in childhood and youth, if they are not enforced as real duties, how can we expect our children to practice them in after life? And yet they are God's commands—that we live up to these sacred obligations we owe to God. I need not dwell longer on the necessity of impressing long and earnestly these lessons on youthful hearts. Where else can this be done except in schools where religion forms an integral part of education. And the teachers; who are they and what their life's work? They are men and women who have left the world in order to make teaching the one great aim of their lives. No earthly advantage is sought by these teachers, no selfish end is theirs. Even the very garb they wear, though banished from our public schools, reminds the little ones of their lives of sacrifice for God and the welfare of their pupils. It is but reasonable to believe that such men and women will prepare themselves fully mentally and morally for the faithful and thorough performance of their life's work.

Nor have the temporal needs been overlooked. Examine and convince yourselves. All that the health, safety and comfort of your children can demand has been carefully provided for in this magnificent building. Every detail was studied, understood and faithfully executed. Look at your society halls; men and women, old and young, find all they need—even comfort can ask. Examine the twenty-five splendid class-rooms; what more suitable, healthy and convenient could be wished? Behold this grand auditorium; is it not all that a great and progressive congregation can desire? Even the very roof affords a hundred opportunities for recreation and amusement.

Here then the ideal of Catholic duty and Catholic life is realized. The noble building itself preaches an eloquent sermon to the passer-by and tells him what the high aims of the Catholic Church really are.

FIRST CATHOLIC PRELATE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The annual dinner of the French-American Society, M. Hugo A. Dubuque president, took place recently in Boston. Among the thirty members present was Lieutenant-Governor Adelard Archambault of Rhode Island. The address was delivered by M. Francis Hurlbut, Jr., who is private secretary to Governor Bates of Massachusetts. His subject was "Bishop Cheverus, the First Catholic Prelate of New England." He spoke of the good work done by the venerated Father Matignon in gathering quietly together and uniting a flock of Catholics in and about Boston, when his field consisted of all New England, including the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes of Indians; and how, in 1796, the Abbe Cheverus came to help him in his work, and was sent to the Indian flock. From this field he returned in time to aid Father Matignon in the care of the sick at the time of the yellow fever epidemic. The name of Cheverus became an honored one outside his own people; the flower of Boston's non-Catholics contributed to the building of his Church, dedicated September 29, 1803; while he gave books from his valuable library to the Boston Athenaeum. In 1810 he was consecrated Bishop of Boston; in 1823, transferred to Montauban, in France; in 1826, became archbishop of Bordeaux; in 1836, proclaimed Cardinal, and in the same year he died.

In connection with the address of M. Hurlbut it may be added that when Cardinal de Cheverus was a missionary in the United States, in the early part of the last century, one Sunday morning, as he was traversing a dense forest far from any habitation, there suddenly fell upon his ears the sound of solemn, melodious singing, issuing from the thicket part of the woods. He turned his steps in that direction, and was astonished to find a band of Indians, assembled around a venerable man, singing the "Credo" in concert. The missionary's heart was touched. These pious Indians, having been converted some years previously and having no priest to say Mass for them, desired at least to show their faith in the Church by reciting its Creed and repeating to the echoes of solitude that they too believed.

Month Of the Holy Angels.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Before another issue of the "True Witness" we will have commenced the month of October, which is the one specially dedicated to the Holy Angels. It seems to us that in life we are too often forgetful of the part played by these pure spirits in the great drama of existence. If we run back over the history of antiquity we will find that the Angels, acted as the messenger and envoys of God to man in all most all the important events that took place. It was an angel who came to execute the first punishment inflicted by the Almighty upon man, in driving him forth from the garden of Eden. From that day onward every communication, almost that took place between heaven and earth was through the medium of an angel. And when the great period of Redemption came upon the world the celestial host seemed to have been employed almost continuously in the carrying out of that Divine Scheme for the salvation of human souls. An angel announced to Mary that she was to become the Mother of Christ. Angels descended at Bethlehem to chant "Glorias" around the crib; an angel warned St. Joseph to take the Child and Mother and to fly into Egypt. And at the end of those thirty years of human labor, when Christ set forth on His public mission, an angel was constantly at hand to minister into Him. In the Garden of Olives an angel presented Him with the chalice of sorrow and others came to console Him. And when the dread tragedy of Calvary was over, an angel watched over the tomb; and an angel descended from heaven to roll away the stone from the sepulchre, and to then inform the holy women and the faithful disciples that He had arisen.

Thus it is that we find these pure spirits, in the grand hierarchy of heaven, acting as the agents, the mouth-pieces, the mandataries, the messengers of God. They occupy permanent posts in the service of Heaven. To every nation an angel is sent as a guardian; to every Church throughout Christendom is one specially assigned; and, what is more, to each individual, from the hour of conception, from the first instance of the soul's life, there is an angel-guardian whose duty it is watch over that soul all through life, to stay with it until death, and even to stand beside it at the Judgment seat. These angels are actually with us. It is no mere fancy, they are not merely imaginary beings. Beside each one of us walks an angel—in joy or in sorrow—and that companion will be each one unto the very end. When the end comes, and all the allurements of life are vanishing like a dream, and all those we loved or who loved us, are left behind at the grave, that one being, alone, will follow our soul into the dread realm of eternity and stand there to witness to all the good that we have done.

It is a most holy and consoling devotion. Above all do children find a keen incentive to prayer and confidence in this faith in and reliance on their guardian angels. We know how powerful must be the prayers of these pure spirits with God. It must be remembered that when Lucifer rebelled and took with him a host of angels, the Almighty sent Michael the Archangel with the glittering phalanx of the celestial army to drive the rebel spirits into eternal exile and punishment. In such an hour those who remained faithful earned a claim upon God's bounty; and needing nothing for themselves, they will apply those merits to us, if only we ask for the same. And the coming month is their month; therefore one of exceptional graces.

Random Notes And Comments

A RUMOR.—We are not prone to accept rumors coming from Rome unless there is an apparent foundation for them; but there are some which may be accepted in the manner in which they are sent out, for their truth or otherwise will not materially affect the Church. It appears that considerable interest has been recently awakened in Rome by the

announcement that the Pope has asked for estimates of the cost of repairing the old Apostolic Palace of the Lateran—for, presumably, the purpose of a Papal Court. This palace is one of the four that remained to the Papacy after the occupation of Rome in 1870. It is beside the Church of St. John of Lateran, the oldest Church in Rome. It is occupied in part by some of the officers of that Church, amongst others Mgr. Satolli, the Archbishop. It was at one time the summer residence of the Popes before the restoration of the Quirinal, some one hundred years ago. Since 1870 the apartments formerly used by the Popes have been turned into a museum of ancient sculpture. This section is the palace is open every week to the public. The entire edifice is very much in need of repairs and the rumor above mentioned also has it that the cost of fitting it up as a Papal Court will be about half a million dollars. The Papacy now possesses in and about Rome the Lateran and the Vatican palaces, as well as that of the Cancelleria, which is now occupied by the Roman congregations; and at some distance from the city is the beautiful villa of Castel Gandolfo, which also remains to the Popes. Of course, these rumors are only given for what they are worth, as we have no positive information as to their foundation.

THE CHURCH.—There is nothing that we know of more surprising than the positive admiration that so many great minds, amongst non-Catholics, have for the Catholic Church, and the emity they appear, at the same time, to feel towards that venerable institution. Macaulay's famous passage on the Church, in his essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes" has gone into the domain of the classics. Yet Macaulay had no love for Catholicity, on the contrary he was animated with a fearful antipathy to all emanating from Rome. Still he was obliged, as historian, to recognize the antiquity and the grandeur of the Church.

We have before us another example of the Protestant writer who considers the Church as an organization—a human one, if you will—that deserves the admiration of the entire world and that challenges all competition. It is H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., who, writing in "World's Work," points out the greatness of the Church's government by means of comparisons with all the great political and ecclesiastical organizations of modern or of ancient times. In this regard the writer says:—"The Roman Catholic Church is the most wonderful organization in the world. The German empire, the French Republic, the Italian kingdom are in their infancy, the United States a little more than a hundred years old; the empires of Russia, Austria, and of England cannot run their claims back a thousand years; but within a hundred years after the death of Christ we find a Bishop of Rome writing to other churches with authority; and within few centuries the Church was organized very much in the same fashion that it is to-day, and the Pope had become an importance second only to the greatest kings. Exceptional as the Roman Church is in time, so it is in space. The British Empire includes Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand; the Russian Empire extends from the Baltic sea to the Behring straits; but the Roman Church, without a rival in Italy, Spain and Portugal, it is the chief in France, Austria, Belgium and Ireland and the states of South America, and a strong Church in the United States and Germany; it has a hierarchy side by side with the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland, and communicants all over the world."

Thus does this writer present us after his own manner, with two of the most striking notes of the Church—her antiquity, and her universality. Were he to have gone on a little further he might have found language to express another characteristic of the same Church—her immutability, or inchangeableness. But we are satisfied to know that such minds recognize so much; they compensate for the lack of knowledge amongst thousands.

WHERE WISDOM LIES.

Many there are who have been ruined by prosperity; and there are many more who would have been ruined had not God in His wisdom kept them poor. It is not every man who can move out of a tent into a house of cedar and not get the smell of the cedar wood into his character. The tendency of too many nowadays is to measure themselves and others not by what they are in thought and purpose but by what they have of house or of gold. It is quite possible, and more probable, that the Christian philosopher will be found in the canvas tent rather than in the cedar house.

The Word "Catholic."

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Of late years various non-Catholic churches have been attempting to apply to themselves the name "Catholic." And they make it a point to always designate our Church as the Roman Catholic Church, with a special emphasis on the word Roman. The idea to be conveyed is that the Church of Rome is no more Catholic than the Anglican, or the American Episcopalian, or any other of the churches that style themselves Catholic, with a qualifying adjective. Now Catholic cannot be qualified, or have any limitations—if so it has no real meaning. Recently, the Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, who recently left the Presbyterian Church, and who joined the Episcopalians, published an article in the American Journal of Theology on "Catholic—The Name and the Thing." The New York "Sun" has commented on the article pretty forcibly, and has drawn attention to the fact that "the author proves by historical argument that the name Catholic always stood for three essential things:—(1) the vital unity of the Church in Christ; (2) the geographical unity of the Church extending throughout the world; (3) the historical unity of the Church in Apostolic tradition. The conclusion is: They who would have a just claim to this title must possess this triple unity."

It is a potent to whomsoever will read that only one Church on earth can lay claim to these three notes. No other Church has the vital unity of the Catholic Church; none other extends over the entire world; none other has the historical continuity that marks the See of Rome. That Dr. Briggs may be on his way to Rome the "Sun" partly concludes from certain extracts which it takes from his article. Of these the following are the most significant:—"There can be no doubt that at the close of the third Christian century Roman and Catholic were so closely allied that they were practically identical."

And again:—"There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir by unbroken descent to the Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is justified in using the name 'Catholic' as the name of the Church, as well as the name 'Roman.' If we would be Catholic, we can not become Catholic by merely calling ourselves by that name. Unless a name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham and it is a shame."

And finally:—"It is mere perversity not to return to Rome if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism."

We only hope that, both for his own sake and that of his fellowmen, Dr. Briggs may see his way to push on to the real and only Catholic Church. He is too serious and logical a man to remain long outside of it.

PRACTICAL WORK.

The temperance organizations of St. Mary's Church, Marshalltown, Ia., known as St. Mary's Temperance Society and the Happy Home League, have undertaken to furnish two rooms in the new St. Thomas' hospital. This example should be followed in Montreal.

CATHOLIC WOMEN AND SOCIAL WORK.

The Catholic Women's Association, Brooklyn, will open on September 28. Instruction will be given in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, shirtwaists, embroidery, cooking, English, arithmetic, bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting and gymnasium work. Also in the course for Nazareth nurses. Persons who are found eligible to take up this work are given a ten weeks' course in the fundamental principles of nursing, which will prepare them to answer calls of persons unable to obtain regularly trained nurses. It has been requested that all friends of the association assist in making this the most successful year.

The entertainment committee is preparing a series of entertainments for the Wednesday evenings throughout the year.

OUR OTTAWA LE

(From Our Own)

THE SESSION.—The world there is a real to tell your readers, being occupied with Pacific and the Red Once through the co these two measures Senate, which venera ed its sessions, on Tu ter a holiday of th that remains for th is to pass the Audit, the supplementary es settle the questions r sides for the coming therefore, most likely sion will end about October. There is no it can possibly go p tober—Thanksgiving will say, "Deo Gratia heart when the Can Nepean Point to procl the longest session s tion. Meanwhile neit Parliament nor emp Commons can get a do to wait till the dea the Auditor-General an of Finance would be the Audit Act is to b that will break it, the await in patience the same.

AN OLD CITIZEN I Ottawa's oldest and n citizens passed to his day last, in the perso Mr. James Latchford. Hon. Francis Latchford of Public Works in Government. Mr. L reached the advanced t four years, and throug life he had enjoyed pe Death was due to old a been a resident of Ott six years. When he cam street had not been ope Bytown consisted of a in what is now know Town. He was born ne Limerick, Ireland, July He came to Canada in ter spending a year in to Ottawa. For a time foreman for Mr. McInto strector of the Rideau he was appointed forem Britannia farm, which y held until 1866, when he the city and went into 1890 he retired to take ed rest after a life of cor tion. He is survived by Mrs. Wm. Kerwan, Eardl Miss Latchford, who resi father. In the death of ford one more of the cons honored landmarks vanis Irish Catholic population loses one of its most pat exemplary citizens. His honor to his race, a ben land of his adoption, and tion for the Church of wh a most devout and faithf nificant. May his soul rest

RELIGIOUS NOTES.—His Grace Archbishop Du his pastoral visit to St d'Assisi parish on the road, and preached a mos ive sermon on "Conscie Sunday His Grace will vish of the Holy Family East.

There are eighteen theod dents in the diocesan Sem der Rev. Father Poli, the Five more are expected to week. At St. Joseph's Ch Sunday, Rev. Father Murr for volunteers among the ies of the parish to take t two or three extra classes girls on Sunday afternoons, them their catechism. The great many more children this year than for a number past.

The new Blessed Virgin St. Patrick's Church is fini stood uncovered on Sunday the admiration of the cong at the various Masses. Rev Whelan announced in connect it that about \$1,000 would beed from the 100 home bank 25 of which are still to be With other private subscrip will make a total of \$1,700. paying for it, but there is balance of \$500 necessary. Rev. Father Mothon, Sup

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Sept. 20.

THE SESSION.—In the political world there is a really nothing new to tell your readers. This week is being occupied with the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Redistribution Bills. Once through the committee stage, these two measures will go to the Senate, which venerable body resumed its sessions, on Tuesday, 22nd, after a holiday of three weeks. All that remains for the Commons to do is to pass the Audit Act; to consider the supplementary estimates; and to settle the questions regarding subsidies for the coming year. It is, therefore, most likely that the session will end about the 10th or 14th October. There is no likelihood that it can possibly go past the 15th October—Thanksgiving Day; and many will say, "Deo Gratias" with a good heart when the Cannons boom on Nepean Point to proclaim the close of the longest session since Confederation. Meanwhile neither members of Parliament nor employees of the Commons can get a dollar. They had to wait till the dead-lock between the Auditor-General and the Minister of Finance would be broken. And as the Audit Act is to be the hammer that will break it, they have to now await in patience the passage of the same.

AN OLD CITIZEN DEAD.—One of Ottawa's oldest and most respected citizens passed to his reward on Sunday last, in the person of the late Mr. James Latchford, father of the Hon. Francis Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works in the Ontario Government. Mr. Latchford had reached the advanced age of ninety-four years, and throughout his whole life he had enjoyed perfect health. Death was due to old age. He had been a resident of Ottawa for fifty-six years. When he came here Sparks street had not been opened up, and Bytown consisted of a small village in what is now known as Lower Town. He was born near the city of Limerick, Ireland, July 27th, 1810. He came to Canada in 1846, and after spending a year in Quebec moved to Ottawa. For a time he acted as foreman for Mr. McIntosh, the constructor of the Rideau Canal. Then he was appointed foreman of the Britannia farm, which position he held until 1866, when he moved into the city and went into business. In 1890 he retired to take a well-earned rest after a life of continued exertion. He is survived by three children—Hon. F. R. Latchford, Ottawa; Mrs. Wm. Kerwan, Eardley, P.Q.; and Miss Latchford, who resided with her father. In the death of Mr. Latchford one more of the conspicuous and honored landmarks vanishes and the Irish Catholic population of Canada loses one of its most patriotic and exemplary citizens. His life was an honor to his race, a benefit to the land of his adoption, and a consolation for the Church of which he was a most devout and faithful communicant. May his soul rest in peace.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.—On Sunday His Grace Archbishop Duhamel paid his pastoral visit to St. Francis d'Assisi parish on the Richmond road, and preached a most instructive sermon on "Conscience." Next Sunday His Grace will visit the parish of the Holy Family, Ottawa East.

There are eighteen theological students in the diocesan Seminary under Rev. Father Poli, the director. Five more are expected to enter this week. At St. Joseph's Church on Sunday, Rev. Father Murphy asked for volunteers among the young ladies of the parish to take charge of two or three extra classes of little girls on Sunday afternoons, to teach them their catechism. There are a great many more children attending this year than for a number of years past.

The new Blessed Virgin altar in St. Patrick's Church is finished and stood uncovered on Sunday last, to the admiration of the congregations at the various Masses. Rev. Father Whelan announced in connection with it that about \$1,000 would be realized from the 100 home banks, about 25 of which are still to be returned. With other private subscriptions this will make a total of \$1,700 towards paying for it, but there is still a balance of \$500 necessary. Rev. Father Mothon, Superior of

the Dominican Order in the United States and Canada, has not yet been heard from in connection with the election of a prior to succeed Rev. Father Rouleau of the Dominican Monastery here. The community held the triennial election on Wednesday last, but until the superior's approval has been received the new prior's name will not be known.

The annual retreat of the Dominican Fathers began Thursday evening last, and will be concluded next Sunday morning. The sermons of the retreat are being preached by Rev. Father Maricourt of St. Hyacinthe, Que., who delivered a sermon at High Mass in St. Jean Baptiste Church.

Great preparations are to be made for the grand feast of the Dominican Order, the feast of the Holy Rosary, which is celebrated on Sunday, October 4th. The choir of St. Jean Baptiste Church, under the direction of Rev. Father Milville, is preparing special music for the occasion, and there will be a solemn High Mass.

CONGESTION IN CITIES

One of the subjects of discussion at the annual conference of the Royal Institute of Public Health at Liverpool, England, was on city congestion. Austin Taylor, M.P., said that the country "was only on the threshold of an enormous slum problem—a monster whose outward aspect was one of bricks and mortar, but in the interior dark with the tragic fate of men, women, and especially children, whose dreary mechanical life was only ended by death. It was useless to cure plague spots in the centre of the cities and to let the outlying belt grow up in a haphazard fashion.

He suggested the municipalities should be allowed to buy land three miles outside their boundaries where streets could be laid out on model lines, trees preserved, and a general style of architecture insisted upon. There must be expansion to cure congestion, and for that purpose he also advocated the compulsory acquisition of suitable areas on moderate terms, the reduction of interest on public loans for demolition and rehousing, and rating of vacant sites on their capital value, by which model dwellings could be erected at not greater rent than 1s. (24 cents) per room weekly."

Dr. James Niven, medical officer for Manchester, said it was generally recognized that an effort should be made by the sanitary authorities to house as many as possible of the poorer working class families on the outlying parts of these districts under the improved conditions of light, air, space, and construction of dwellings. So far, efforts in this direction had been the result of private enterprise and confined to persons above the laboring classes. A great impulse had already been given to the movement outward by the development of electric trams.

With a view to house persons displaced by sanitary and other improvements, the Manchester corporation had purchased a considerable estate in the northern limit, which is well provided with transport facilities. A committee had just begun the development of this estate by the erecting on and adjoining this road dwellings for artisans not of the poorest class, and were taking other steps to form a new colony. Powers were being sought to enable the Manchester corporation to provide shops, schools, churches, and other institutions, but a complete scheme had not yet been framed. Meanwhile, the Manchester corporation were endeavoring to provide model dwellings of various types which would assist in improving the future provision of houses by private enterprise.

The corporation had bought Blackley estate of 237 acres at £150 (\$729.97) per acre, and were erecting eighty dwellings on it at moderate rents; but a portion of the estate would not be built on, being intended for allotments. In the centre of Manchester eight unsanitary areas had been dealt with, of which three were to be left open spaces, while on the other side provision had been made for 2,729 people, in lieu of 3,127 displaced. Apart from the humanitarian aspect of the question, it was good finance for municipalities to remove as many people as possible from the centres of cities to a more wholesome atmosphere and all-round better conditions of the outskirts.—New York Evening Post.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Sunday, October 8, will witness a fitting religious commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the archiepiscopal diocese of San Francisco. The event will be celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral.

THE O'NEILLS OF CLARE.

(From the Clare Champion, Aug. 22)

We are sure that many of our Clare and Limerick readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. John M. O'Neill, eldest son of Mr. John O'Neill, formerly of the firm of Slattery, O'Neill and Co., Limerick, was sworn in in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, on the 11th ult. Mr. O'Neill was born in Limerick, where his grandfather initiated the building of the beautiful Church of the Redeemerist Fathers, wherein a tablet fittingly perpetuates his memory as "The Donor of the Stations of the Cross," etc. We have received a very interesting sketch of the O'Neill family from a correspondent, which we are confident will be read with interest and pleasure here. He says:—Mr. John Malachy O'Neill is descended from the old and much respected family of the O'Neills of the County Clare, and that he inherits in a marked degree many of the characteristics of the ancient family of the O'Neills, is exemplified by his brilliant success in gaining admission to the Bar of the State of New York at the age of twenty-three, after passing a very difficult and varied curriculum. Mr. O'Neill received his early education at a private school or college in picturesque Killarney, after which he entered Rockwell College, Cashel, and leaving dear old Cashel of the Kings, he resumed his studies at the Manhattan College, New York city. Referring to his success as a student, he frankly attributes it to the persistent continuity of his studies. He is not a believer in spasmodic effort, neither does he encourage haphazard methods in a student's work, his maxim being, "leave nothing to chance—work thoroughly and work all the time."

And now, sir, with your kind permission, we will make in the columns of the "Champion" a brief chronicle for the O'Neills of the County Clare. About four hundred years ago the first of the O'Neills migrated from his native County Tyrone, "the land of the O'Neills," and settled in West Clare. Being a man of great wealth, he acquired extensive properties in land in the County of Clare and neighboring counties, and his descendants, who were numerous, intermarried with the Moloneys, the Lynghts, and other leading families in Clare and Limerick counties. In those days the views of landlordism had not entered into the system of land tenure in Ireland, and the relations of chieftainship and clansmen obtained in the peaceful and happy intercourse between the owners and cultivators of land. To each of nine daughters this gentleman gave as dower an estate in land, and subdivisions of this nature, combined with the extravagant habits which were prevalent all through that period of Ireland's history, tended to the breaking up of this vast estate until the last of the old land titles became extinct in the lifetime of the late Mr. John O'Neill, of Slieve Donnelly, who was the grandfather of Mr. John Malachy O'Neill.

Throughout those dreary centuries the O'Neills offered a strong resistance to the encroachments of the enemies of the people, and always occupied their rightful place in vindication of the people's rights and in defence of their liberties. The self-reliance and plucky enterprise of Mr. James O'Neill in leaving his native northern county and traversing almost the entire extent of Ireland, in those days when roads were unknown, and the facilities of modern travel were not even dreamed of, may be likened to the pioneer experiences of the early American settlers but instead of having to encounter the hostile red Indian, he experienced the "caed mille failthe" of the warm-hearted descendants of the brave men who fought and won the battle of Clontarf with King Brian, the most illustrious Clareman in history, and with whose county and its fortunes the O'Neills have thoroughly identified themselves ever since. It is recorded of this good gentleman that during one of those periodical seasons of distress in Ireland he entered upon the relief of the suffering people of his district with such zeal and energy that after all other sources of supply had been exhausted he caused his great herds of cattle to be systematically bled for the sustenance of the people in that direful emergency. It is also related that on subsequent occasions of a somewhat similar deficiency in the food supply his descendants acted in the same

benevolent manner, and while thus aiding the sufferers in tiding over the calamity they permanently endeared themselves to all the people.

Coming down through the centuries we find West Clare always in the front rank in every effort for either local or National amelioration. Some years ago, in conversation with The O'Gorman Mahon, that illustrious Clareman paid high tribute to the pluck and patriotism of the men of West Clare, especially during that momentous crisis in the Catholic Emancipation movement, culminating in the historic election victory at Ennis. O'Gorman Mahon told the writer that "O'Connell attributed much of the success of that historic event to the splendid bearing, discipline and remarkable solidarity of the West Clare contingent."

Riding at the head of that fine body of men on that stupendous occasion the representative of the O'Neills and his kinsmen did noble work for their county, for Ireland, and for humanity. It was this same O'Neill who, in his later life, said "that he had six sons, and nothing would give him greater pride than to see them die in defence of the liberty and independence of their country." (He had also four daughters, one of whom was the late Mrs. Thomas Gallery, of Young street, Montreal).

"The oldest son of the late Mr. John O'Neill, to whom I am referring, was Mr. Michael O'Neill, since deceased, and he too inherited all the family attributes and during his lifetime enjoyed widespread popularity in the county. His son, Mr. John Michael O'Neill, was elected to the District Council for his section of the county at the first election after the County Councils' Law was enacted, thus preserving the continuity of the representative character of the O'Neills and perpetuating the same cordial feeling among the people down to our time. The present senior representative of the family, however, is Mr. Martin O'Neill, of Slieve Donnelly, a chivalrous, patriotic gentleman, whose popularity in West Clare is also attested by the election of his son, John Martin O'Neill, to the District Council of that section.

Irishmen the world over are proud of your noble county—a county that has preserved its distinctive Celtic and National characteristics, its honor or untarnished, its faith unshaken, its spirit unbroken, and throughout all its calamitous history of alien domination, rabid bigotry, and resistance to every species of foreign tyranny—the county of King Brian and Smith O'Brien, of O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele stands to-day, statistically, as well as literally, ninety-five per cent. Irish, a record which, after eight centuries of the cruellest kind of cruel warfare, is without parallel in any similar area on the globe. The deeds of Claremen abroad also reflect honor upon the ancient county—instance Thomas J. Conway, of New York city, a Killysart man, the enumeration of whose benefactions would fill a good size volume.

"It seems to me, how'er it be,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood."

A FATHER'S DUTY.

The greatest duty every father owes to his children is to walk where it will be safe for them to follow.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S WIT.

Archbishop Ryan is noted for his repartee, and many notable personages have experienced his shafts of wit, says an American exchange. On one occasion, when George B. Roberts was president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Wayne MacVeagh was the special counsel, a reception was tendered to His Grace by Mr. Roberts.

In the course of conversation Mr. MacVeagh remarked that "Mr. Roberts never went anywhere without his counsel." The conversation was prolonged, and Mr. MacVeagh said: "Your Grace, Mr. Roberts can give you passes on all the railroads in the country; now can not you be equally generous and give him a pass to Paradise?"

"Yes," replied the Archbishop, "I could; but then I would dislike to separate him from his counsel."

It did not take long for the brilliant response to be made known to all the guests, who enjoyed the joke immensely.

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble
nowhere. In small and large bottles from all
grocers.
GUARANTEED PURE.

War In the Balkans.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Will there be war between Bulgaria and Turkey, or will there not? According to the most recent despatches it would seem as if the final outcome of all the difficulty in that section of the world, must be a war; and that it may yet be some time before that war commences. This seems to be a contradiction. If there is to be a certain delay before that war can commence, may there not be a chance of it being averted between now and that time? This would appear to be a very natural question and an affirmative answer would also appear natural. But the situation over there is very complicated and very different from what many of us may imagine.

If we follow the columns of despatches and the pages of correspondence on this subject that fairly deluge the press of Europe and America we will find that the more we read and the more we study the less we are able to grasp the entire situation. Yet it is a very simple one, in the end. To understand it we must divest the account of it of all details and all sentimental comments. This being done the position is about as follows.

The Balkans are that range of mountains that form the back bone of the Confederation of petty states known as Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Macedonia and others—all grouped in one section of Europe and all differing from each other in many respects. The common enemy of them all is Turkey. In Macedonia a species of perpetual revolution is going on and is due to the tyrannic rule of the Turk over the Christians of that State. It is generally after the harvest time that the revolution, or rebellion breaks out. But this year it did not await the harvesting. In the mid-summer it commenced, for the people were goaded to it by exceptional atrocities. The result is that the Turks simply went into Macedonia with fire and sword, and declared a crusade of extermination on all the Christians—and carried their declaration into fearful effect.

Bulgaria has issued an appeal to the great Powers to protest Macedonia, the Macedonian Christians, and civilization against the power and barbarism of the Turkey. The Powers have so far been silent. For reasons unknown to us they have stood aside and with folded arms allowed the work of wholesale murder to go on. Bulgaria, a comparatively impotent State, delivers an ultimatum; if, within a reasonable delay the Powers do not take action against Turkey that the Bulgarian Government will declare war on the Porte. Here, then, is the secret of the delay and yet future certainty of hostilities.

The object of the warfare on the part of Bulgaria is not any immediate or probable success. That Government is perfectly aware that it can no more cope with Turkey than with united Europe. Boris Sarafov and his companions know that, when the war is declared, they will be simply cut to pieces, or else scattered and driven like wild beasts into the mountain fastnesses. Their aim is to provoke such deeds on the part of Turkey, that Christian Europe will have to intervene. And they equally know that if a war again takes place between Turkey and the European Powers, or any coalition of them, the arms of the Sultan will be forever broken and the tyrannies of the past can never be again repeated. It is to draw the great Powers into conflict with Turkey that Bulgaria will declare war, and not in any hope of being able, herself, to conquer. It now looks as if the feeble Balkan States may try that before which the great Powers quail.

If Bulgaria succeeds in bringing about the conflict, entirely new problems will arise. The Powers may try to isolate the war, as they did unsuccessfully with the Balkan Confederation in 1876, and as they did successfully with the inglorious Greek war of 1897. Should they again box up a war in the Levant, the Eastern question—or rather what we might call the Near Eastern question—would only be postponed, but would not be settled. That is an issue that can never be settled until the Ottoman garrison is finally expelled from Europe. It seems to us that we have placed the matter clearly before our readers and explained the reason why the war cannot fall to come, but also why it is not likely to be immediate. At least we have sought to explain the situation, as well as our limited knowledge of what is trans-

piring in Eastern Europe will allow. For years we have been reading of the "Eastern war cloud"—and it has almost become a standing joke. That cloud has been eternally threatening to burst and has always remained suspended over the brow of the Balkans. Like all storm clouds it has grown darker at some moments and lighter at others, but the sky has never cleared, the blue has never been unshrouded, the mist has always clung to the hill-top of the Levant. The source of it has been Turkey. It may seem unfair, even prejudiced to heap all blame upon the shoulders of Turkey; but the cold facts are there to justify the blame being attributed to the Turk.

In the first place the Turk belongs by nature to Turkey in Asia. All that portion of Europe which he holds under his sway is a kind of usurpation. He knows that he is an intruder and he is jealous of every Power that might be hostile to him, or that might find it to be in its own interest to undertake his expulsion. He is a hypocrite, and assassin by nature. He will fawn and bend to the one, or to the nation, that he is ready to cut to pieces the moment he can do so with impunity. He can tyrannize over the smaller and weaker states and carry devastation and all the horrors of savage warfare into the hearts of these petty nations, and into the domestic hearths of their people; and he will do so just as long as the great Powers permit him to keep one foot on each side of the Bosphorus. The sooner that Balkan cloud bursts the better for the civilization, the peace, the very salvation of Eastern Europe, and the sooner the Ottoman sceptre is flung across the Hellespont the better for Europe at large.

Indian Priest Ordained

Universal interest attaches to the Rev. Albert Negahquet, because he is the first full-blooded Indian to be ordained a priest in the United States.

A statement has recently appeared in several papers to the effect that Father Bechor, the Jesuit, who in his time was known as an efficient priest and an orator, was the first full blood Indian priest of the United States. It appears, however, that Father Bechor had white blood in his veins. The fact is, there have been several priests of mixed white and Indian blood. It is probable that Father Negahquet is the first full blood Indian priest of the United States. We do not contend that there might not have been an Indian priest at a very early date in the territory that is now a part of our great Nation.

Contrary to the current report in the newspaper, Father Negahquet never attended either Carlisle or Georgetown. His education was obtained at Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma, and in Rome. From a small child he manifested an admirable disposition, was devout, and quick to learn, and was particularly bright in mathematics.

He comes of Christian stock—he was taught his prayers by his old grandmother. His father is an educated, honorable man, who has the esteem of his neighbors, and his mother is a good, exemplary Christian woman.

When Father Negahquet was a little boy he was a pupil of Father Ketcham, the present director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, to whose aid and counsel more than to any other human agency may probably be attributed the fact that the Algonquin people can boast of having given to the altar a priest.—New Century.

NATIONAL TUNE.

The Secretary the American Navy has issued an order that the "Star Spangled Banner" shall be recognized as the national tune throughout the service, all officers and men being required to stand at attention whenever it is played.

THE KAISER'S GIFT.

As a souvenir of his recent visit to Monte Casino, the German kaiser has sent an artistic painting of himself to the Benedictine Fathers there. Monte Casino is the recognized cradle of learning in Europe. Its illuminated manuscripts are wonders of beauty. There the original of Poe's "lordly raven of the saintly days of yore" is to be seen ready to hide all pennies the tourist gives him. And thither to that mecca of the schools, poets and scholars make pilgrim journeys to dream above the clouds of the glories of monkish genius and all that the sons of St. Benedict have achieved for learning throughout the world.

and
Catholic."

Occasional Contributor.)

ears various non-Catholic
ve been attempting to ap-
selves the name "Catho-
they make it a point to
gnate our Church as the
Catholic Church, with a spe-
sion on the word Roman.
p) be conveyed is that the
ome is no more Catholic
nglican, or the American
n, or any other of the
at style themselves Cath-
qualifying adjective. Now
not be qualified, or have
ions—if so it has no real
ecently, the Rev. Dr. C.
who recently left the
Church, and who joined
alians, published an art-
merican Journal of The-
Catholic—The Name and
The New York "Sun"
ted on the article pretty
and has drawn attention
that "the author proves
argument that the name
always stood for three es-
s:—(1) the vital unity
h in Christ; (2) the geo-
nity of the Church ex-
throughout the world; (3)
lity unity of the Church in
adition. The conclusion
would have a just
s title must possess this

ent to whomsoever will
ly one Church on earth
to these three notes.
urch has the vital unity
Catholic Church; none
the entire world; none
the historical continuity
the See of Rome. That
may be on his way to
Sun" partly concludes
extracts which it takes
icle. Of these the fol-
the most significant:
be no doubt that
at the third Christian cen-
and Catholic were so
t that they were prac-
ical."

be no doubt that the
Catholic Church of our day
by unbroken descent to
Catholic Church of the
y, and that it is justified
name 'Catholic' as the
Church, as well as the
'If we would be Cath-
not become Catholic by
g ourselves by that
a name corresponds
ng, it is a sham and it

if perversity not to re-
e if the conscience is
at Rome is right in all
troversies with Protest-

ope that, both for his
that of his fellowmen,
ay see his way to push
all and only Catholic
s too serious and log-
remain long outside of

TICAL WORK.

ance organizations of
Church, Marshalltown,
St. Mary's Temper-
and the Happy Home
undertaken to furnish
the new St. Thomas'
example should be fol-
treat.

WOMEN AND SOCIAL WORK.

Women's Association,
ll open on September
will be given in sew-
ing, millinery, shirt-
making, cooking, Eng-
lish, bookkeeping, sten-
writing and gymnasium
the course for Nazare-
nes who are found
up this work are giv-
a course in the funda-
mentals of nursing, which
them to answer calls of
to obtain regularly
It has been request-
eds of the associations
ing this the most suc-
ment committee is
ries of entertainments
sday evenings through

MONTREAL IRISHMEN HONOR THE MEMORY OF EMMET.

The Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association commemorated the centenary of the martyrdom of Ireland's great patriot and soldier—Robert Emmet—in the Monument National, the largest public hall in this city, on Monday evening last. The attendance was large, and included many members of the clergy and Irish citizens prominent in all walks of life.

But to those who look beyond the dark space and the shifting scenes of time, to those who seek for historical truth in the pages of fair and impartial history, in the statutes of England, in the legislative and judicial records of the Parliament and courts of Ireland—to those, I say, Robert Emmet will shine out as a true and loving son of his motherland, as one of her purest and most unselfish patriots, wearing for all time to come the crown of a hallowed martyrdom.

All nations and peoples have had their heroes and their martyrs in the cause, either of right, of justice or of liberty; but of all these, none come down through the ages, with a brighter halo of glory around their name, none with a holier memory, none with a deeper affection or a purer inspiration, none with a more undying determination in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen to achieve and win the cause for which they struggled, suffered and died, than Robert Emmet, the hero and martyr of Irish right, of Irish justice, and of Irish freedom.

And it is for this reason that his name is honored and his death remembered throughout the greater part of the civilized world by the countless millions of the exiles of Erin and their descendants.

Emmet's life was coincident with the most momentous and interesting events of modern Irish history. To properly understand how his name is so indelibly stamped on the pages of that history and on the hearts of his countrymen, it will be necessary to discuss the conditions that existed in Ireland at that time.

For the purpose of brevity I will call your attention to the four principal ones that affect the nation as a whole.

An examination into the economic, political, social and religious conditions of the people will demonstrate how their destinies were regulated by the Governments of that day.

When Emmet was born on the 4th of March, 1778, in the city of Dublin, he became one of the three million and a half of people who then inhabited Ireland.

From an economic point of view this population was divided into two classes; there were three millions on the poor and impoverished side of the record, and a half million on the well-to-do and rich end of the court. The three million owned no land, and according to law could not; the half million owned all the land and drew all the rents, giving them a rise according as the tenants improved the land.

The three millions were largely housed in huts, of very little finish, and often accommodating with their human inmates the beasts of the field, while the half million, who comprised the military, the officials, the clergy of the English Church, the gentry and the landed aristocracy, lived in comfortable houses, fine mansions and gorgeous castles. The contrast, as can be seen, was not very inviting—wealth, comfort and ease on the one hand for the few; poverty, wretchedness and idleness on the other hand for the many. But that was not all. There were never ending aggressions by the English Parliament, on Irish trade, manufacture, agriculture and even the fisheries, resulting in periodical famines, Ireland's greatest and most profitable industry, the woolen trade was completely abolished by Act of Parliament. With her factories closed down, her ports dismantled, her agriculture and fisheries discouraged, Ireland was decidedly in a hopeless position from the standpoint of the capitalist and workingman. But let the historian and the statesman make the point for you:—

The Right Hon. John H. Hutchinson, Secretary of State for Ireland and no friend of the popular cause, wrote as follows in 1779 of the results produced upon the Irish people by the commercial fetters placed upon their industry by hostile English laws:—"Can the history of any other fruitful country on the globe, enjoying peace for four score years and

not visited by plague or pestilence produce so many recorded instances of the poverty and wretchedness, and of the reiterated want and misery of the lower orders of the people. There is no such example in ancient or modern history." In his history of England, Mr. Lecky, an impartial author, relates that, "it had become abundantly evident that England possessed both the power and the will to crush every form of Irish in-

his English ministers, as pensionaries on the civil list of the Irish Government. The entire surplus and more were thus eaten up by these cormorants and profligates imported from abroad.

So much for the economic side of Ireland's condition immediately before the birth of Emmet.

Here the speaker touched upon the political condition of the country before 1778, the Parliamentary repre-

to hear or heed her cries for help, no one to succor her in her distress. But Providence which rules over all nations and guides the destinies of all peoples has strange ways of asserting its power and of bringing the proud and haughty to their knees.

Thus when all was sinking into darkness and death in Ireland, a bright light shot out of the firmament over the Island, a sudden thrill of new life and of new hope passed through the frame of the prostrate form. A loud voice was heard, and the nation awoke. She listened and the voice came from beyond the grave open and ready to receive her; the voice was from across the ocean, from the shores of America. It was a call to freedom. The sound of the voice was familiar, it was that of the Irish and English emigrant, who, a few years before, had left their native land to seek happier and freer homes in the wild lands of the new continent.

The organization of the "Irish Volunteers" and other great movements of the closing years of the 18th century were reviewed; the career of Emmet, his enthusiasm for the cause he had espoused, his effort for freedom of his native land, his arrest, trial and execution, were all touched upon in a forceful and able manner.

Hon. Mr. Cloran in closing said:—

O ye rulers of the British Empire, by wisdom grant unto that Green little Isle the same right as this Canada of ours enjoys, the right that the Australian Commonwealth enjoys the right that Africa are about to enjoy, grant her the right to make her own laws for her own self-government, so that after so many ages of struggling and suffering she may take her place among the nations of the earth who live in peace, happiness and prosperity under the God given standard of freedom.

And then let Emmet's epitaph be written by a grateful people.

The second part of the programme was dedicated to the drama in which the cast was as follows:—

Gerald Graham, known as "Captain Faugh-a-ballagh," Mr. M. J. Power.

Squire Gilmore, Guardian of Alice, Mr. D. C. Sword.

Black Donald, an informer, Mr. Jos. J. Rankin.

Myles Griffin, always ready for a lark, Mr. Robert J. Love.

Mark Quinlan, a young clergyman, Mr. J. P. Cunningham.

Followers of Captain Faugh-a-Ballagh, Jackey Cahill, Mr. C. P. Collins.

Barney Dugan, Mr. M. Callaghan.

Mickey Cassidy, Mr. J. J. Friend.

Terry Mirphy, Mr. Joseph Duffy.

Pgradrig Doolan, Mr. D. Canniff.

Shaun O'Toole, Mr. Geo. Morgan.

Alice Quinlan, the Squire's Ward, in love with Gerald Miss E. K. Peacock.

Kitty Callaghan, a young lady who is proud of her Irish birth, Miss Tina Kitts.

Nora Boyle, Miss Margaret O'Connor.

Tessie Moore, Miss K. E. Monahan.

The following programme of "specialties" was introduced during the progress of the drama:—

Song, "Asthere," Miss E. K. Peacock.

Song, "The Minstrel Boy," Mr. T. C. Emblem.

Fancy marching by No. 1. Company of St. Patrick's Cadets, in command of Capt. J. J. Ryan.

Song, "You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May," Mr. George Morgan.

Humorous selections, by Mr. R. Mc-Glaughlin.

Song, "The Meeting of the Waters," Miss E. K. Peacock.

With Mr. M. J. Power, who has earned for himself a reputation in local dramatic circles, in the title role and supported by many well known amateurs of acknowledged ability, it was not surprising, that with the exception of one scene, the drama was a great success.

When St. Patrick's Cadets, under the command of Captain J. J. Ryan, marched upon the stage, they received an ovation such as left no room for doubt as to their popularity. Their exhibition of physical drill bore

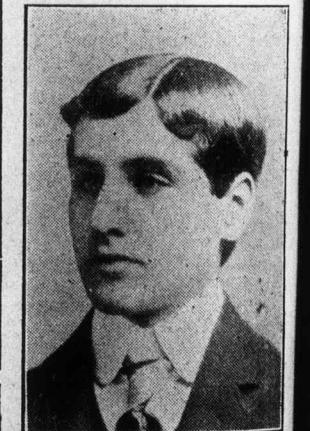
ed an ovation such as left no room for doubt as to their popularity. Their exhibition of physical drill bore



CAPTAIN JOHN J. RYAN.

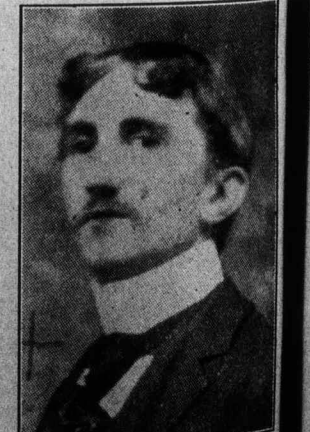
evidences of much skill and each movement of the boys was most enthusiastically applauded. The Cadets have certainly made great progress during the short period since their organization.

Prof. P. J. Shea was musical di-



MR. ROBT. J. LOVE.

rector, and his selections for the orchestra were appropriate, and rendered in an artistic manner by his well trained assistants. Of the vocal numbers contributed by the various



MR. JOS. J. RANKIN.

performers we need only mention the fact that each in turn were deservedly recalled. Mr. Henry E. Codd acted as "Stage Manager," and Mr. P. O. Flynn was "Master of Properties."

OUR TORO LE

(From Our Own



MR. MARTIN

Toronto

As the subject of a series of Toronto youth sent to the readers "Witness" Mr. Martin Quinn is of Irish descent, his father being Quinn of Gananoque, while his mother was sister of one of Ontario statesmen, the late H. Fraser. The memory Quinn in the minds of Toronto Catholics, is esteemed for his sterling early death at the six, was a blow to friends, to the C.M.B. was president, and no widow and large family. Mr. Martin Quinn is the first of this family of two daughters was born twenty-nine years ago of which have been Toronto. At a very young age he showed a disposition and he began life as a clerk in the Government. He has remained during eighteen years. Some appointed his appointment to the respect of sanitary inspection, which he held until when he was promoted mechanical superintendent. Every opportunity along the special lines have been embraced Government mechanical, and as a result, he is now well known as an inventor for sanitation homes being now for the public highly Dr. Bryce, Provincial officer and other expert exhibit at the late extracted large numbers of students.

In Catholic circles Mr. Quinn makes itself felt in their ranks. He is Branch 49 of the C.M.B. Grand Deputy Grand President. He is also Columbus, a council lately been formed in was candidate for office general convention held Falls, and will likely be again at the next session. Quinn is the most prominent of the C.M.B.A. in

In addition to the work of office of mechanical imposes, its occupant contributes regularly art-tation to the trade journal United States and Canada contributor to the office of the C.M.B.A. too from have the benefit of hearing on subjects in connection with his special line of work. Mr. Quinn is married, lives in Toronto, and children. Among our young men in all that concern of the Church and esteem of their fellow-citizens, Mr. Martin Quinn, doubt, holds a high place.

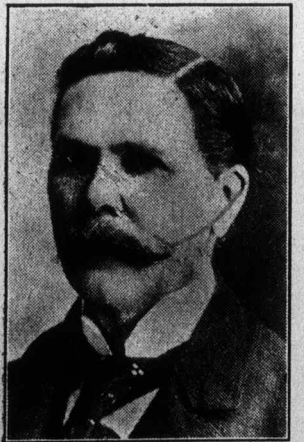
A CATHOLIC APPOINTMENT The appointment of Mr. Dunn, B. A., as teacher of street Collegiate Institute of Miss O'Rourke, B.A., assigned, was made a certain meeting of the High School held last week. The appointment was not brought about



ROBERT EMMET.

The programme prepared for the occasion was a lengthy and varied one, including an address by the newly-appointed Irish Catholic Senator, Hon. Henry J. Cloran; a drama, "The Irish Captain or The Wearing of the Green," and Fancy Drill by St. Patrick's Cadets.

Mr. John P. Cunningham, the popular and painstaking President of the Association, occupied the chair, and previous to introducing the lecturer of the evening, made a patriotic and manly speech, during which he dwelt upon the fact that one of the chief aims of the organization over which he presides, is to honor the memory of Ireland's great men and to instill the lessons of their lives into the minds of young Irish Canadians. He then introduced Hon. Henry J. Cloran, who on rising received a most enthusiastic reception.

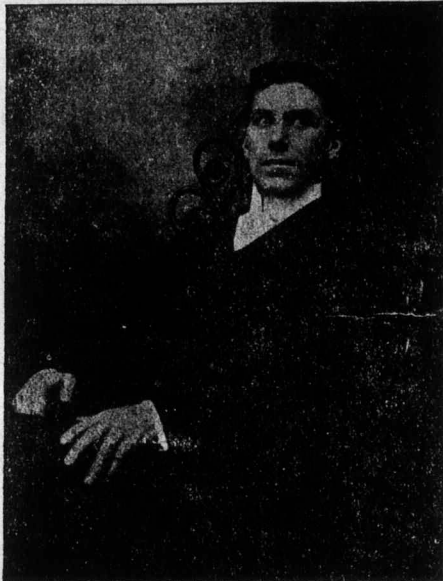


HON. HENRY J. CLORAN.

Hon. Mr. Cloran's effort was an eloquent and spirited one. In a style peculiarly his own and marked by evidences which entitle him to be ranked as close student of Irish history, he unfolded the story of the times immediately prior to the birth of Emmet. His deliverance was frequently punctuated by outbursts of applause.

After expressing his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by the Association to take a prominent part with it in honoring the memory of Ireland's distinguished patriot, Senator Cloran said in part:—

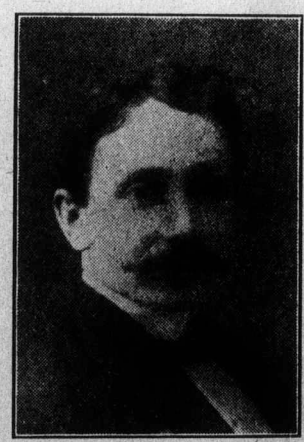
To adequately understand the history of Emmet and of his times, one must have a true insight into the aims of his life and the reason of his cruel execution, as well as a fair and



MR. J. P. CUNNINGHAM.

industry. It appeared useless to persist and a general commercial dependency followed." "Ireland was thus completely within the grasp of England, and that grasp was tightened till almost every element of her prosperity was destroyed."

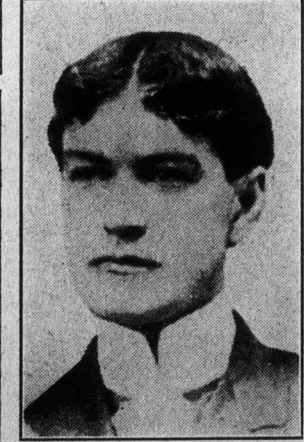
Lord Dufferin, an ex-Governor-General of Canada, in a letter to the London "Times," described the operations of that sad and disastrous period. He wrote:—"The various commercial bodies of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grip on the trades of Ireland. One by one, each of our national industries was either strangled in its birth or handed over gagged and bound to the jealous custody of the rival interest of England, until at last every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed." The statements of these authors reveal the true



PROF. P. J. SHEA.

economic position of Ireland, and they cannot be gainsaid. But the impending financial ruin and bankruptcy of the Irish people cannot be attributed to the squandering of the national wealth of the Parliament and Government of Ireland. On the contrary, there was no national debt, the annual expenditure for the administration of public affairs was kept within bounds and strange to say, if it is not a unique record in history, at the end of every session of the Irish Parliament during that period, there was a surplus revenue of fifty to sixty thousand pounds in its exchequer. England was even jealous of this economy and determined to destroy or rather consume the national savings of the Irish people. She succeeded in doing so by placing the favorites of the King and

degradation and religious intolerance. Ireland lay crucified thereon panting for breath, her people either emigrating from despair, or dying of inanition in a country renowned for the mildness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the abundance of its natural resources and the whole nestling, under the fairest of skies, on the bosom of the most prolific waters of sea or ocean. And that green little Island which was so favorably known ten centuries before, and was acknowledged by all Christendom to be the Home of Saints and Scholars, was practically unknown of the Old World when Robert Emmet was born. She had not a friend in the civilized world; France had not yet thrown down the gauntlet to tyranny. So Ireland was left alone in her misery and suffering, no one



MR. M. J. POWER.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



MR. MARTIN QUINN.

Toronto, Sept. 21.

As the subject of this week in our series of Toronto young men, we present to the readers of the "True Witness" Mr. Martin Quinn. Mr. Quinn is of Irish and Highland Scotch descent, his father being Mr. Thomas Quinn of Gananoque, and late burgar at the Central Prison, Toronto, while his mother was a Miss Fraser, sister of one of Ontario's greatest statesmen, the late Hon. Christopher Fraser. The memory of the late Mr. Quinn in the minds of many of Toronto Catholics, is that of one esteemed for his sterling worth, and his early death at the age of forty-six, was a blow to his numerous friends, to the C.M.B.A., of which he was president, and most of all to his widow and large family, of whom Mr. Martin Quinn is the eldest. The first of this family of eight sons and two daughters was born at Gananoque twenty-nine years ago the last score of which have been passed in Toronto. At a very early age he showed a disposition for mechanics, and he began life as assistant plumber in the Government service, where he has remained during the past eighteen years. Some time after completing his apprenticeship he was appointed to the responsible position of sanitary inspector of the province, which he held until last year when he was promoted as provincial mechanical superintendent.

Every opportunity for development along the special lines of his work have been embraced by Ontario's Government mechanical superintendent, and as a result, Mr. Quinn is now well known as an inventor, his invention for sanitation in suburban homes being now for some time before the public highly endorsed by Dr. Bryce, Provincial Medical Health officer and other experts; Mr. Quinn's exhibit at the late exhibition attracted large numbers of those interested.

In Catholic circles Mr. Quinn's activity makes itself felt and as a consequence he holds a prominent place in their ranks. He is president of Branch 49 of the C.M.B.A., and Grand Deputy Grand President of the Association. He is also a Knight of Columbus, a council of which has lately been formed in the city; he was candidate for office at the last general convention held at Niagara Falls, and will likely be heard from again at the next session; it is perhaps not too much to say that Mr. Quinn is the most prominent member of the C.M.B.A. in Toronto.

In addition to the work which the office of mechanical superintendent imposes, its occupant finds time to contribute regularly articles on sanitation to the trade journals of the United States and Canada; he is also a contributor to the official bulletin; the C.M.B.A. too from time to time have the benefit of hearing him lecture on subjects in connection with his special line of work.

Mr. Quinn is married to Miss Sullivan, of Toronto, and has three children. Among our young men exemplary in all that concerns the interest of the Church and high in the esteem of their fellow-citizens for their go-a-headness and general all-aroundness, Mr. Martin Quinn, without doubt, holds a high place.

A CATHOLIC APPOINTMENT. — The appointment of Miss Teresa Dunn, B. A., as teacher in Jarvis street Collegiate Institute, in place of Miss O'Rourke, B.A., lately resigned, was made a certainty at a meeting of the High School Board held last week. The appointment was not brought about without

something of a scrimmage, but the justice of the greater number of the members and the insistent manner in which Mr. McBrady, Catholic representative on the Board, maintained the position of Miss Dunn in the matter, won the day. This is the third Catholic appointment made by the Board during the last twelve or fifteen years, the third being that of Miss G. Lawlor, M.A., teacher in Harbord Street Collegiate.

VACANT PASTORATE. — Owing to the scarcity of priests the Church of the Holy Family has been since the formation of the parish under the care of the priests of St. Helen's. Now, however, there seems to be a prospect of a pastor in the near future, as it was announced at the Masses on Sunday last that a meeting would be held to see about a house for a resident priest.

AN ORDINATION. — The local papers devote several columns to the ordination and the events associated with it of Rev. Father O'Neil of Ashfield, and as the rev. gentleman was a student for three years at the Seminary in Montreal, many readers of the "True Witness" are doubtless among his friends.

The ordination took place in the parish where the young priest was known as boy and youth, and on the occasion the Church was simply filled to overflowing. The ceremony of ordination was performed by Bishop McEvay, assisted by Rev. Father Aylward, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London; while the young candidate was assisted by Rev. Father Boubat, a former pastor of the parish. After the Mass Father O'Neil gave his first blessing to his mother and other relatives, and then to the remainder of the congregation.

On Monday the newly-ordained priest said his first Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Aylward as deacon, and Rev. Father Hanlon, as sub-deacon; Rev. Mr. Hussey was master of ceremonies, and Rev. Father Boubat was also in the sanctuary. An eloquent sermon was preached by Father Aylward, in which he referred to the mother of Father O'Neil, who, though a widow, had overcome all obstacles in the carrying out of the wish of her heart, and now had the happiness of seeing her son at the altar. A banquet was held at the home of Father O'Neil, and there he was presented with a gold chalice, a gold watch, a breviary and a purse of sixty-eight dollars; a touching address was also read to which Father O'Neil replied in terms equally touching.

Father O'Neil has been appointed assistant at St. Thomas; needless to say he is followed to his new field by the prayers and good wishes of hosts of friends.

READING FOR CHILDREN. — A propos of the fact that two men were lately fined by Colonel Denison for vending books and pictures outside the pale of decency, the "Mail and Empire" has an editorial in Saturday's issue, part of which contains comment so serious and in line with that we so often hear from our pulpits that I quote it, for words of wisdom no matter what source it is purely wise to heed; the "Mail and Empire" says:—

This is the time of year when parents must be on their guard. In the summer there are so many attractions out of doors that the average healthy boy cares little for reading. Cold weather, however, sees him leaping the fire engrossed in a book. It may be a book which would leave its seller open to arrest in Chicago. It may be so much opium for the young mind. Only the utmost watchfulness on the part of parents can assure them that their child is not committing moral suicide before their very eyes. They need not turn to the law or the police for help. They themselves must be on the alert. Once the boy becomes inculcated with a desire for these trashy stories he will be as hard to reclaim as any drunkard. Through all his life their evil suggestions will exert themselves. If they ruin him body and soul they will only do what they have done for thousands of others. Too much is at stake to excuse carelessness on the part of parents regarding what their children read. Impure food is harmful, but where is the antidote for impure literature?

Lessons and Examples

A CONTRAST. — In a recent issue, in the course of an editorial, the "Freeman's Journal" made use of a passage that contains a very striking contrast, and at the same time a grave lesson. That organ says: "In connection with the recent Catholic Congress (an annual event) at Cologne, (Germany), there was a

grand street parade in which thirty thousand people took part. If they had a Catholic Congress meeting annually in France, organizing Catholics in the work of protecting Catholic interests, there would be no such infamy there as the expulsion of the Catholic religious and the confiscation of their property. These outrages are perpetrated in France, only because French Catholics have failed in their duty."

This short passage might well have been developed and with profit to the readers. It suggests, at first the contrast between Germany and France, and the contradictions in each case; then does it suggest a remedy, as far as France is concerned. In a few words, we will try to set forth these couple of points. In the first place, we have the contrast between Germany and France. Germany has been the home of Protestantism, the scene of Luther's great rebellion against the Church, the very nursery of the heresy that gave rise to one thousand other heresies, and the giant persecutor of Catholicity through the most remarkable representatives of our religion. France has been the centre, the most remarkable outside of Rome, of Catholicity, she has earned and received the dignifying title of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," she has been governed by Catholic monarch amongst whom are to be ranked a Pepin, a Charlemagne, and a St. Louis, her armies have fought the battles of Catholicity, from the days of Stephen deBlois and Godfrey de Bouillon, down to those of Charette and Lamourisier. Yet, to-day Germany recalls the religious orders that she had expelled while France expels those that have been her support and salvation. Catholics are free in Germany to parade their religion before the public eye without the slightest fear of interruption or inconvenience. The heart of Germany is Protestant, the heart of France is Catholic. The sole difference is that Germany is governed by representatives of the people and France is governed by representatives of the lodges, the secret societies that have vowed the destruction of the Church. The question then arises as to whom the fault. At whose door must this fearful and unnatural condition of affairs be laid?

We are confident that the writer of the first-quoted article is right in saying that to Catholics themselves is due a great deal of the trouble. In Germany the Catholic element was obliged to fight for a mere existence. Opposed by such a powerful array of Protestant forces, and surrounded by such an army of religious opponents, the Catholics had to band together for the sake of mutual protection, and even as a means of self-preservation. Hence their united action, the establishment of their societies, associations and congresses. Hence, also, the ever accumulating strength that they exhibited and that they utilized to good effect, and ultimately with such telling results. In France, on the contrary, they were accustomed to have a perfect freedom of religion, they were used to being governed by sympathetic and Catholic powers, they had grown up in a habit of absolute faith in their rulers. As a result they found no need for exercise of their energies; they had drifted along for centuries in the current of religious security; and when the fearful storm, created by the deadly enemies of their faith, burst upon them, they were unprepared to meet and to weather it. The remedy will come late, but not too late; and must consist in an awakening of the Catholic people to a realization of their duties and to the necessity of asserting their rights, defending their interests, and regaining the almost effaced glory of the grandest Catholic nation on earth.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

The concert of the week at the Catholic Sailors' Club was under the auspices of St. Lawrence Court, C. O. F. It was one of the most successful of the season. Mr. M. J. Flanagan, the Chief Ranger, occupied the chair. In opening he expressed his sincere sympathy with the work of the Club, and hoped that ere long it would be in a position to erect a building which would be a credit to the organization and all interested in its aims and objects. The contributors to the programme, which was most enjoyable, were as follows:—Miss Delahanty, Miss May Quinn, Miss Harrington, Miss Pencock, Miss L. Brown, the Messes McCaffrey, Miss A. Quinn, Messrs. F. Charron, H. Tessier, S. R. Brewer, St. John, F. McDonald, R. Foran, J. Harrington, Leger and Larocque. P. Mornige, F. F. Rummens, Miss Orton was the accompanist. The next concert will be under the direction of St. Patrick's Society.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. JOHN O'LEARY. — In the parish Church of Huntingdon County, nearly four decades ago, Miss Bridget Teresa Donahue and Mr. John O'Leary, of New Erin, were united in marriage by a zealous and beloved pastor—Rev. Father Woods—who has long since gone to his reward. Of that happy union fifteen children, seven boys and eight girls were born, eight of which are now living. Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary came to Montreal shortly after their marriage, where they began life and throughout all the intervening years up to a week ago, together they achieved success. Few Irish Catholic homes were happier and few parents discharged their duties with a deeper sense of their responsibilities towards each other, their children and their religion and nationality.

Mr. O'Leary early embarked on his own account in the business of a public contractor, and during his long connection with the trade he has earned the esteem and respect of all classes for his integrity and honesty. Last week the hand of death was laid upon the kindly and warm-hearted wife and mother. After ailing for nearly two years, but still equal in many respects to attend to her household duties, Mrs. O'Leary was stricken, fourteen days prior to her demise, with an illness, which despite all the skill of the best medical practitioners and the loving hands of her family, resulted fatally on Friday of last week.

Mrs. O'Leary was a woman of rare talent and judgment. Her home and her family were her pride and delight. As a member of St. Patrick's parish ever since her arrival in Montreal, she was most devoted. Her attendance at the meetings of the Ladies of Charity Society was regular, while as a member of the Sodality of the Holy Rosary and Sacred Heart she evinced a marked interest in all their pious practices.

In private life she never failed to do her duty to her neighbor in distress, and performed other acts of charity, the particulars of which are only known to those who were the recipients.

The funeral, which was held on Monday last to St. Patrick's Church, was attended by a large concourse of citizens of all classes. At the main entrance to that sacred edifice the remains were received by Rev. P. Heffernan, who afterwards officiated, assisted by Rev. Joseph Murphy as deacon, and Rev. James Killoran as subdeacon, at a solemn Requiem Mass. The choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, organized, was in attendance, and rendered the choral portions of the Mass in a most impressive manner.

After the service the remains were transferred to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where they were interred in the family plot. To Mr. O'Leary and other members of the family we offer our sincere sympathy in their great loss.—R.I.P.

MRS. JOHN KAVANAGH. — On Monday morning a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted at St. Patrick's Church over the remains of Mrs. John Kavanagh, wife of Mr. John Kavanagh, an esteemed member of that parish. Deceased was well known in Irish Catholic circles of this city, and highly respected for her fine qualities of mind and heart. She had been ill for some time. Every resource known to medical science was taken advantage of by the sorrowing husband to prolong the life of his beloved help-meet, but all efforts proved futile, and she passed away on the 18th inst. fortified and strengthened by all the consolations of Holy Church. The funeral was attended by a large number of parishioners of St. Patrick's and other parishes. The interment took place at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. To Mr. Kavanagh we offer our respectful condolences in his bereavement.—R.I.P.

MR. M. LOUGHMAN. — A well known figure in Montreal—Mr. Michael Loughman—died at the Hotel Dieu on Friday after an illness of nearly nine months. Mr. Loughman was one of the organizers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, as well as being its first president. He was a prominent figure in public affairs in our ranks for nearly a quarter of a century. The funeral, which was held on Monday morning last to St. Ann's Church, was attended by a large number of the members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society and by many citizens in various walks of life. At the solemn Requiem Mass the rector, Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., officiated, and the choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J.

Shea, rendered the musical portion of the service.—R.I.P.

MR. WILLIAM BOLAN. — One of the best known hotel porters in Montreal, died on Sunday, in the person of Mr. William Bolan, a native of King's County, Ireland, and for a third of a century employed at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Many kind remarks were heard about deceased when the announcement of his death was made. He was especially obliging to women and children, by seeing that the little worries of travelling were made as light as possible for them.

Mr. Bolan was never known to be sick till about two months ago, and when he came back to his old job last week, he was plainly not the same man. He was suffering from kidney disease of a severe form, which took a bad turn last Saturday. He was forced to go home again, and growing gradually weaker, died the following morning at 5 o'clock, at the age of 63 years.

The funeral was held to St. Patrick's Church, and the remains were interred in the Cote des Neiges Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MRS. WILLIAM RILEY. — The death of Mrs. William Riley, of Lachine, which occurred on Monday, September 14th, removed from our midst a good Christian wife and mother and a charitable neighbor. Born at Rigaud, sixty-four years ago, Catherine Cregan was a model daughter. Since her marriage, now many years ago, she had lived at Lachine, where her charitable disposition and her qualities of mind and heart had endeared her not only to her family and friends, but to all with whom she came in contact.

Her three sons are at present in Chicago, where they occupy positions with the Pullman Car Company. One of her daughters is Sister Mary Aveline, of the Sisters of St. Ann, Lachine, another is Mrs. Riley, of New Britain, a third Mrs. John O'Neill, of Lachine, while a fourth daughter is still unmarried, and lives with her father at Lachine.

The funeral took place during the course of last week, and the number of people who came to pay their last respects to the dead, as well as the number and quality of the floral tributes sent to the family, testified equally to the respect felt for the deceased and the esteem in which the family was held. The employees of the Dominion Bridge Company, in whose works Mr. Riley has been employed for years, sent a floral wreath typical of their regret and sympathy. The family received from many sides marks of sympathy from many friends.—R.I.P.

Refusing Authority.

It is thus that the Rev. Charles E. Corwin, a Protestant clergyman, writes in the "Christian Intelligencer":—

"If Luther had realized the forms of fruit which would spring from the seed he sowed on that autumn day in 1517 when he nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door, his hand would have trembled on the hammer. Of freedom of religion the world had hardly dreamed. . . . With the Reformation it awoke, and lo, with the awakening, multitudes burst all bounds, and freedom became the wildest anarchy. The Church was despised and her yoke cast aside, fierce wars broke out, crime reared its head, and intellectual speculation ran mad.

"And so for four centuries the hosts of Protestantism have marched across the stage of history, divided into a thousand sects and with multitudes under no standard and guided by no principle. The sheep of Rome are at least folded and kept from wandering. They are taught to regard themselves as of heaven and not of earth. Those two essentials of character, self-sacrifice and reverence, are ground into their souls. But hordes of Protestants throng the city streets, and camp by every country-side, unshepherded and untaught. They have no apparent thought for the spiritual, and reverence for God or man is in them a negligible quantity. They are the dangerous elements of the body politic, not Catholic but Protestant—Protestant in so far that they have learned to refuse all religious authority except as they choose. Many Protestant pastors must with sorrow compare the orderly lives and well disciplined households of their Catholic neighbors with the untrained, wilful and irreligious conduct of many over whom they are nominally the shepherds."

A TOUCHING CEREMONY.

(By A Subscriber.)

On Wednesday, Sept. 9th, the pretty Church of St. Chrysostome, Chateauguay Co., was the scene of a rare and happy event.

Dr. James, Augustus Fulton pronounced the Protestant religion, and swore faith and fidelity to Catholicity.

Dr. Fulton is the only son of the late Rev. Canon Fulton, a distinguished minister of the Anglican Church, and one time chaplain of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. He made brilliant studies at McGill, where he obtained his diploma as doctor in medicine in 1891. From there he went to Scotland, and in 1891 the University of Edinburgh after having counted him, during a year, one of its most brilliant students conferred upon him the highest honors. Another year was then spent in visiting the different hospitals of Scotland, England and France.

On his return to this country he came and established himself in St. Chrysostome, where, during the past ten years, he practised with much success, and where his superior knowledge and charitable dispositions have won for him the love and esteem of the entire population irrespective of creed or nationality. His love of study caused him to pursue the study of different sciences, and above all others that concerning the creation and final end of man, that is to say, philosophy and theology.

Between times he married Miss Annie Theresa Gorman, of St. Antoine Abbe, a deeply Catholic soul, who knew by her counsels and love how to draw the admiration for the beauties of our holy religion, of a man capable of understanding and appreciating their true value. Being of a broad and sincere mind Dr. Fulton set himself to this new study with the greatest ardor. It would be impossible to tell of all the zeal and care which our devoted pastor, Rev. L. N. Preville, also Rev. C. D. Guilbault, and Rev. F. X. Goyette, devoted to such a cause. But at last their reward has come to crown their task, and to-day they find that their efforts have been fruitful.

It was a most imposing ceremony. Rev. L. N. Preville, pastor, assisted by Rev. C. D. Guilbault, of St. Antoine Abbe, Rev. F. X. Goyette, of Hemmingford, and Rev. J. M. Preville, of St. Chrysostome, administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the new convert. The sponsors were Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Toupin. The ceremony of Baptism was followed by High Mass. A full choir assisted. Mrs. D. Bigras presiding at the organ. The St. Chrysostome band, under the direction of Mr. D. Bigras, played choice selections at intervals, during the ceremony. The day will not fail to remain long in the memory of the citizens of St. Chrysostome.



MR. D. C. SWORD.

(See Page Four.)

MISS MCCURRACH ILL.

Many friend of the "True Witness" will regret to learn of the illness of Miss Bella McCurrach, our local representative and collector. In expressing the wish that her recovery may be speedy, we voice the sentiments of a large number of our readers.

on such as left no room as to their popularity. tion of physical drill bore



JOHN J. RYAN.

much skill and each of the boys was most enthusiastically applauded. The Cadets had made great progress in a short period since their



ROBERT J. LOVE.

his selections for the are appropriate, and re-artistic manner by his assistants. Of the vocal tributed by the various



JOS. J. RANKIN.

to need only mention the in turn were deserved. Mr. Henry E. Coad was Manager," and Mr. P. Master of Property

The Situation In British Politics.

(Notes by a Regular Contributor.)

How can we on this side of the Atlantic be expected to form any proper estimate of the great political issue at stake to-day in the field of British politics? We have the daily despatches that tell us of the different moves on that complicated chess-board, but we have not the impartial expressions of opinions from those who are on the ground and who are in a position to judge of every new combination. One thing is decided; whether it be for good or for ill, since the disappearance of Lord Salisbury from the scene, Mr. Chamberlain is decidedly the most conspicuous figure in British public life to-day. At least, as far as the masses go, he towers above the Premier, although his present position in the ranks renders him far less important from an administrative point of view. Now that the Irish Land Act is off their hands, the different parties are at liberty to play at the more far-reaching policy of tariff construction. And this, to our mind, should be an exceptional lesson for them and for all future British governments. As long as the Imperial Government is encumbered with the administration of Irish domestic affairs, and as long as it is shackled to the task of satisfying the just demands of the Irish nation, just so long will it be unable to give due attention to the mighty questions of home and foreign policies that affect the future of the entire Empire. It would, therefore, seem to us the acme of wisdom to grant Ireland Home Rule and thus, once for all, have a free hand in the regulation of all that concerns the Empire as a whole. We sincerely believe that the Land Act is a grand step in this direction, and we have no doubt that the coming contest, just on the heels of that measure, will serve to confirm the Government in this policy of handing over to Ireland the settlement of her own domestic concerns—which policy is summed up in the two words Home Rule.

With this preface we now wish to make a rapid survey of the present situation, as well as the means at our disposal will permit. To do so we must take the opinions and views of those who are in a position to judge. We will have to go back a few weeks to the beginning of this month, in order to find out the positions of the respective parties prior to the resignation of Chamberlain. And for that purpose we will quote a few remarks from a contributor to the Liverpool "Catholic Times" of the 11th September. Thus does the writer present the situation to its readers:—

"The political situation in England, viewed from the party standpoint, is probably as complicated and as uncertain as it ever was on the eve of a general election. Not merely are there two great parties, each uttering its plaintive appeal to the listening and doubting electors; there are more parties, or sections of parties, than any living voter has ever to deal with.

"The Tory-Unionist party has gone to pieces. We have Tory Free Traders, and Tory Protectionists; Unionist Free Traders, and Unionist Protectionists. In the Lords as well as the Commons, the sudden thunderbolt of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff scheme has riven old trees which, six months ago, were firmly planted and placidly growing in congenial Conservative soil. How many of them will stand the shock, and put forth leaves next session, not even a prophet can foretell.

Nor is the so-called Liberal party in much better plight. Their old shibboleths, variously interpreted by a good half dozen of discordant leaders, have gone or are going down the breeze. Unable to unite when in Opposition, the leaders are little likely to agree when in office. Will they ever get into office?"

So much for the divisions of parties, and their subdivisions when this month was ten days old. Now as to the key of the situation. Listen to the same authority:—

"But there is another factor which, if duly weighed, may make many candidates, in the larger electoral centres at least, hesitate before they pledge themselves to gratify the op-

ponents of the Education Act of 1902—the Catholics themselves! Generally, these vote Liberal; but will they do so at the coming election? Will they unite, for a clear, definite plan, band themselves together, display their strength, and insist that, unless their schools are safeguarded, they will vote en masse for the Conservatives? Or will they content themselves with acting individually, losing their strength and frittering away an opportunity which, in view of the issues opened, is equivalent to power? They will vote as the Hierarchy directs! Well and good; they are in their duty there."

We have here the clear and unqualified statement that the Irish hold the key. How will they use it is the question. But without attempting to solve that question we are met with the great offer of assistance in the Home Rule struggle, in return for assistance from the Irish in the equal great struggle for Catholic educational rights. It may be a little lengthy, but it is worth the perusal. The offer is this:—

"At all events, the situation is intensely interesting. The Irish party holds the key of the position, and its action will be what it will be. * * * Do we, on this side of St. George's Channel, adequately realize what Ireland has done simple and faithful Catholics in thousands and hundreds of thousands to build up and maintain the flourishing status of that Catholicism which we see around us. Will not a prosperous Ireland benefit the Catholic Church there? And will not a prosperous Catholic Church in Ireland benefit our part of the Catholic Church, here in England? What have we gained by the adversity which, for centuries, has afflicted the people who are now within sight of the gates of that Temple of Justice towards which their long climbing has been so steep and rugged? The time, it would seem, has arrived for a reconstruction of the attitude of English Catholics towards their Irish brethren, for a more generous recognition of their claims, for a greater fraternal sympathy with them in their struggles for the recovery of these rights which God gave and men took away. The Nationalist members saved our schools in 1902. They will probably be called upon to save them again in 1904. Should not their generosity and unselfishness beget an equally unselfish generosity in return?"

We cannot predict the future, any more than the writer of the above, but we can see clearly the golden opportunity that awaits the Irish party and the mighty advantages in store both for Ireland and for Catholic education, provided a statesman-like advantage is taken of the situation.

Since the article from which we have quoted was written, Mr. Chamberlain has resigned from the Cabinet, he has been followed into the ranks of private membership by two other Cabinet ministers; his and Balfour's letters have clearly shown that while they agree upon a policy, Chamberlain wishes to go farther than Balfour, and the latter would gladly go as far as the former were it not that both agree that the British public is not yet ripe for such a radical change in the fiscal policy of the Empire. Therefore, Balfour, to save his Government and party continues on, as far as he deems it safe to go in the alteration of the Free Trade principles of Great Britain; while Chamberlain, to educate the masses up to a still greater advance in the protective direction, steps out and wields a free lance in the open arena. Such the situation exactly as it is at this hour.

Once more we turn to those who are on the scene and in a position to judge. The following extracts are from the New York "Evening Post's" correspondence of the 14th September—and since this was written in England no change of any moment has come over the situation. Thus are the divisions pictured:—

"Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain write to each other as though his resignation had made no breach in the party. In truth, the party has been split asunder for two months past. To-day it consists of four distinct camps. First the retaliators, under Mr. Balfour; second, the preferentialists, under Mr. Chamberlain; third, the free-traders, under Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Ritchie; fourth, the wobblers, under nobody in particular. The retaliators and preferentialists together make up about three-fourths of the party. Mr. Chamberlain is confident that all but an insignificant section of these will come under his banner. So soon as he makes clear his plans, which involve no increase but merely a readjustment of the present food taxes, so soon also will the Chamberlainite candidates in the constituencies, up and down the country, prepare to fight every man, of whatever political hue, who does not fly the Chamberlain colors. Mr. Cham-

berlain may be all wrong and his policy may be doomed to ignominious collapse under the cry of "the cheap loaf in danger," but a regard for the facts compels the unbiased recorder to state that he is still unrivalled as a political campaigner. Almost unaided, he won the last election for Unionism, as he did the election before. That even those who hate his political principles are bound to confess. He is the sole Minister, amid a crowd of incompetents who have proved himself an efficient administrator by making the Colonial Office, once the worst, now almost a model State Department. Moreover, his well-planned organization has ample funds, and the pick of the brains of the rank and file of the Unionist party.

"Even Mr. Balfour is a Chamberlainite, and says as much publicly, though he lacks Mr. Chamberlain's courage to face the 'cheap loaf' cry. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain's only out-and-out opponents are the little band of free trade Unionists and the incoherent mass of leaderless Liberals, whose most aggressive group is more concerned in the police court resistance to the education rate than in fiscal discussions. Mr. Chamberlain has given English Liberalism the chance of its lifetime, but there are no signs yet that Liberalism is alive to the fact."

This sums up the whole situation and brings us directly back to the issue that most interests us. Not only has Chamberlain given English Liberalism the chance of its lifetime, but he has, all unintentionally we presume, given the Irish National party the grandest opportunity that it ever possessed. Fresh from the great victory of last session the Irish party is now in the enviable position of being able to look on and to allow the gladiators to meet in the arena of British politics, while calmly awaiting the proper moment to act. So divided are the two parties that win who may the balance of power still remains in the hands of Redmond and his followers. And we have no doubt that they will continue to present a solid front, to follow up the advantages already gained, and to consummate their work by securing, out of the chaos of British politics, the boon of Home Rule for the Irish people.

O'CONNELL'S ELOQUENCE.

(By An Old Subscriber.)

The eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has always been a favorite theme, especially amongst students of Irish history. There have been several collections of O'Connell's speeches published, and of the speeches contained therein several must have been either re-written, or corrected. In fact, beautiful, strong, and logical as these speeches are, they afford us no idea of his oratorical powers. Like all great orators O'Connell had to be seen and heard in order that his influence could be fully felt. Possibly no man has given a more lifelike picture of O'Connell, than the late Wendell Phillips, the "silver-tongued orator" of America. We never heard Phillips speaking on O'Connell, but we did hear him on "The Lost Arts," and we can form an idea of the perfection and reliability of his appreciation of O'Connell. In his lecture upon the great Irish orator he gave the following splendid appreciation:—

"Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equaled in modern times, certainly in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will quote John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginian slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: 'This is the man, there are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day.' I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never equaled O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth anyone so lavishly gifted as a tribune of the people. In the first place he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. * * * There was something majestic in his presence before he added

to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent—grace. Lithe a boy at 70, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature; nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. The majesty of his indignation, fitly uttered in tones of superhuman power, made him able to 'indict' a nation, in spite of Burke's protest.

"I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, careening like the thunderstorm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholders of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking.' You seem to hear the tones come echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story, while the Exeter hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland rocks. Send violets up and paint them blue."

"We used to say of Webster, 'This is a great effort, of Everett, 'It is a beautiful effort,' but you never used the word 'effort' in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. And this wonderful power—it was not a thunderstorm; he flanked you with his wit, he surprised you out of yourself; you were conquered before you knew it. His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

"Once to my sight that giant form was given,
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven,
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave rolled into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of hosts around;
And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell
As from some church tower swinging the silvery bell,
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
It gilded easy as a lark may glide
Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs of laughter answered as it willed."

"Webster could awe a senate, Everett charm a college, and Choate cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay Corwin, Choate, Everett and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the Senate platform, grace, wit and pathos; ate, unanswerable and dignified; on before the masses a whole man. Carlyle says: 'He is God's own appointed king, whose single words melt all with into his.' This describes O'Connell. Emerson says: 'There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech.' Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand."

LARGE BEQUESTS TO CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

The will of Mrs. Martin, of Baltimore, Md., contains bequests for religious and charitable purposes aggregating \$416,126, including \$2,000 to Cardinal Gibbons, \$50,000 for the establishment of a home for old Catholic ladies, \$10,000 to the Carmelite Sisters, \$10,000 to the Baltimore Academy of Visitation, \$2,000 for scholarships in Calvert hall and Loyola College, \$2,500 for a scholarship at St. Catherine's institute, \$1,000 to the associated professors of St. Mary's Seminary, \$2,000 to St. Mary's Orphan Asylum and St. Joseph's Home of Industry, \$2,000 to the Clerical Benefit Association.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

A strange fatality is reported from Watford, Ont., at a threshing which took place in a barn of a well known farmer of Brooke, N. Bestead. A man was engaged in cleaning the sieves in the rear of the separator when the handle of his fork caught in the fan of the blower which drove the fork with terrific force over his shoulder. One of the prongs struck Walter C. Moore, a neighbor assisting at the work, penetrating his throat and breaking his neck. Death was instantaneous. Moore was a married man, and leaves a wife and three children.

A Methodist Missionary Visits Montreal.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was with expectancy that we took up the report of the sermon—if it be a sermon—delivered this week in the Windsor Hall, on "The Business of Religion." The gentleman who treated the subject was heralded as a "famous Methodist preacher." And our friend the "Gazette" says: "So well known is his name in nearly every Methodist household that the announcement of his appearance was the signal for one of those gatherings which is seldom seen except so powerful a speaker is on the platform." We are glad they say "platform," and not "pulpit"—for we would not like to think that the Methodist, or any other pulpit were made the theatre of such a bead-roll of common places. It is rarely we ever criticise either the form or the substance of any sermon delivered by a non-Catholic clergyman—especially in our own centre; but, in the present case the utterances of the speaker assume the form more of a lecture than a sermon, are given in a general hall, and are heralded by the press with such exceptional commendations, that we cannot refrain from giving utterance to our surprise. We certainly have heard more elegant language and finer ideas expressed by the auctioneers of patent medicines on the market place, and by the vendors of tickets at the entrances of side-shows.

The title of the lecture, or sermon, attracted our attention: "The Business of Religion." We saw in it, despite its very unelevating phraseology, possibilities for the grouping of lofty ideas and deep sentiments. Hence it is that we took up the report, glad that it was verbatim, in the hope of reading something new—or, at least, something conveyed in a new and inspiring manner. Imagine an exordium such as the following:—

"Now see here, serving God has got to be done, and if it is something that has to be done, why not do it in a business-like way? You may be an orthodox as the devil, and have no more religion. Oh! you say is that not a queer thing to say so openly. Yes, but it was spoken by John Wesley, so it is all right. Yes, you may make religion a thing of sermons, texts, and golden rules, and the rest of those things, but what about your heart?"

So this is the "famous preacher," whose name is "familiar in every household." It would seem that because John Wesley made use of such language as that it must be all right. While we have not the remotest sympathy with Wesley, nor with his doctrines, nor methods, still we know sufficient of his preachings and his writings to be perfectly aware that never did he talk in that flippant and circus agent tone about sermons, texts, or aught that concerns religion. This introduction is sufficient to assign the speaker to his proper rank amongst those who attempt to address others on matters of general interest. We would pay no attention to the speaker, nor to his style, were it not that the organ reporting his address felt it necessary to cast in such complimentary comments as the following:—

"These were the opening words of the great preacher, and he uttered them in a way that left an impression on the mind."

What is the use of thus prostituting the mission of journalism. Does the "Gazette" really believe the remarks quoted to be the utterance of "a great preacher"? If so, then, we are sorry to notice how easily our contemporary can use two different measures. It is not our intention to quote any passages from the conglomerate of ideas set forth in that harangue; but a few sentences will suffice to show the style and character of the entire composition.

"I would sooner scrape mud on the streets than go to hear a man expound the Gospel if I thought it would do me no good." "All the repentance in this world will do you no good if you find not the Lord with you."—"Faith is not something that I have to squeeze out of my bosom."—"God can put back bones into a jelly-fish." And so on through a series of disjointed ejaculations.

We have no quarrel with the speaker; it is none of our affairs if he adopts such a style, nor if hundreds throng to hear his expounding of the

theme "The Business of Religion" in such an almost irreverent manner. But we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that an organ generally so high in its standards of literary appreciation should, for any reason at all, allow itself to become the flatterer of what is beneath the common place. Certainly, sermons were preached in our city by one of the most consummate masters of sacred eloquence the praise accorded it could not be more unqualified than that which our contemporary sees fit to bestow upon this mass of vulgarisms.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS NOW

(By an Occasional Correspondent.)

Mr. Joseph Downey, a school trustee of Chicago, advocates strongly the opening of the public schools (Protestant) on Sunday for religious services, and it seems that his idea is entertained and supported by a number of Protestant clergymen. Mr. Downey, before the School Board, argued very forcibly in favor of Church attendance on Sunday, and the teaching of Protestant religion in the schools. A Catholic contemporary of Chicago asks three very pertinent questions in this regard. Having stated the fact that Chicago contains near one thousand Protestant churches, it is asked: "Why does he wish to have religion in the city schools? Why can't people attend them on Sunday? Let the preachers answer?"

Just as in everything else, the Protestant world, firstly, by slow and then by more rapid means, has returned to the Catholic idea. It may deny, and support its denial by abuse, but when it comes down to practice it is always the same story—the Catholic argument prevails.

What has always been the great Catholic objection to public, or mixed schools, for Catholic children? The objection has been that the children are taught that which conflicts with the teachings of their own Church in those schools. It has also been ever argued that Catholic children are not obliged to take part in such prayers, services, Bible-readings and so forth. Possibly not; but they are in an atmosphere that has its effects upon them and they are surer to be induced, sooner or later, to look with indifference, if not with positive acceptance, upon these teachings and religious methods—so foreign to their own. Whenever we read such arguments we are reminded of the scene in "Athalia," where in the pagan queen, with her false gods, seeks to induce the child-King Joas of Israel to go live, as her son, in her palace. She tells him that he can have his God, whom he may adore, and she will have her own gods. The child confounds the Queen with the answer: "But there I would see other gods adored." Already his young mind conceived the danger of even associating with that which was not orthodox. He had in his soul the germ of that same principle which causes the Church to-day to forbid the faithful taking part in Protestant services, or having aught in common with non-Catholics as far as religious service is concerned.

If then the Protestant educational element desires to have their schools open on Sunday, for the purposes of religious instruction, it is very logical to ask why they do not confine their religious teachings to the Sunday and leave the week days for general instruction—just as they would have the Catholics do? With time and patience—and the Church has both at her disposal—all these hurried subjects will be found to be regulated according to her tenets and principles.

A SMALL BUT POWERFUL ARM.

A very clear proof of the great work of the Jesuits is found in the terror and dislike which the bigoted sectarian openly owns to for the Order. The millions and tens of millions of rabid anti-Catholics who deride the Jesuits would be surprised to hear that the Order number throughout the world little more than fifteen thousand members, who have maintained so wide a name and fame that their name multiplies them in the fanatic mind to millions. The thought should make the haters of the Order acknowledge their own littleness, if it does not cure them of their prejudices.—From "The Universe," London, Eng.

Avarice and greed are unavoidable accompaniments to the good qualities of the millionaire.

Nancy drew from a slender gold chain g pearls, and held it up dissatisfaction.

"This is Uncle Edward's stall," she said, "deal more than I expect cranky creature. No it because he knew we some difficulty in finding er. Who on earth buy bazaar? I would rather hard cash."

"Hush-sh!" warned for there was danger of al thus obliquely censuring in earshot, and on no be offended.

Years ago Edward went to America young and returned middle-aged a which later account alone sister received him arms. That she and I would eventually reap the his toil and thrift she moment doubt, arguing was no one else with an him. While he toiled she ed the very fact of his o, she fondly hoped that fcy would obliterate her so appear to him in the solute disinterestedness.

"He wants me to call Briens," she remarked—her goodlooking son bent over the cat stretching paws to the warm blaze. them at church the other seems, recognized a form ance in the old man. A please him, of course. I give me something for t too."

"Oh, you can't take up that!" declared Nancy. "What do you know about cept that they are hopeful? Uncle Edward's earl ances were not very cho- counts are true. I dar child has been deliberately his way, for reasons sufficient."

"Heigh-ho for the ch thinks no ill!" said Berna Nancy, you should be opportunity of doing a do- never so slightly, the mo Miss O'Brien's life. I sho made her acquaintance lon had been a girl."

"Then, thank goodness, not!"

"That is exactly what I doing ever since I knew he "Pray, when or how did to know her?" asked Nanc and suspiciously.

"In my own sweet way, the medium of a teacher. She and her father came t distance when it played r. You can take my word th or not, she is a thorough lady."

"If so, why don't you ther to me?"

"If you must have the t pretty Nancy, it is because be so intensely disagreeab ple you don't like, and I might think it a family fa replied; which retort rang curtain, so to speak.

"By 'those O'Briens' M meant a fragile old man pretty daughter, who lived borders of 'villodom' in a cluded and unpretentious st, they had known better day parent to the most superfe ver. They were certainly no Wilson's set; but at present ergies were devoted to the p of a bazaar, and she was lous to secure the triumph own stall that she was d extended temporary patronag possible contributor. In O'Briens' case there now e stronger motives of humili ward and of circumventing signs Nellie O'Brien might him. Therefore a few day Mrs. Wilson called on them; formed Miss O'Brien that a bazaar gifts and fancy wor be on view at her house on day, and she graciously inv girl to come and inspect the

"I can't help it if you noyed, my dear," she said, "fessing this crime to Nancy O'Brien gave me a donation would have been very mean, not to invite his daughter as the other ladies."

"You are playing right in O'Briens' hands, mother—the You know very well why the to get a footing here."

"Hadn't you better chain u Edward?" suggested Berna might be more prudent to see in some way while Miss O'B on the premises."

To which Nancy, who was

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

Nancy drew from a morocco case a slender gold chain glittering with pearls, and held it up with an air of dissatisfaction.

"This is Uncle Edward's present to our stall," she said. "It's a great deal more than I expected from the cranky creature. No doubt he gave it because he knew we should have some difficulty in finding a purchaser. Who on earth buys jewelry at a bazaar? I would rather have had hard cash."

"Hush-sh!" warned Mrs. Wilson, for there was danger of the individual thus obliquely censured being within earshot, and on no account must he be offended.

Years ago Edward Wilson had gone to America young and poor; he had returned middle-aged and rich, on which later account alone his widowed sister received him with open arms. That she and her children would eventually reap the harvest of his toil and thrift she did not for a moment doubt, arguing that there was no one else with any claim upon him. While he toiled she had ignored the very fact of his existence; but she fondly hoped that her later policy would obliterate her past, and also appear to him in the light of absolute disinterestedness.

"He wants me to call on those O'Briens," she remarked—and Bernard her goodlooking son bent his head over the cat stretching scolding paws to the warm blaze. "He met them at church the other day and, it seems, recognized a former acquaintance in the old man. Anything to please him, of course. They might give me something for the bazaar, too."

"Oh, you can't take up people like that!" declared Nancy, crossly. "What do you know about them, except that they are hopelessly shabby? Uncle Edward's early acquaintances were not very choice, if all accounts are true. I dare say, the child has been deliberately flung in his way, for reasons sufficiently obvious."

"Heigh-ho for the charity that thinks no ill!" said Bernard. "Come, Nancy, you should be glad of the opportunity of doing a double kindness—pleasing Uncle and breaking, if ever so slightly, the monotony of Miss O'Brien's life. I should have made her acquaintance long ago if I had been a girl."

"Then, thank goodness, you are not!"

"That is exactly what I have been doing ever since I knew her."

"Pray, when or how did you come to know her?" asked Nancy, sharply and suspiciously.

"In my own sweet way, through the medium of a treacherous 'babe.' She and her father came to my assistance when it played me false. You can take my word that, shabby or not, she is a thorough little lady."

"If you must have the truth, my pretty Nancy, it is because you can be so intensely disagreeable to people you don't like, and I feared she might think it a family failing," he replied; which retort rang down the curtain, so to speak.

"By those O'Briens' Mrs. Wilson meant a fragile old man and his pretty daughter, who lived on the borders of 'villodun' in a most secluded and unpretentious style. That they had known better days was apparent to the most superficial observer. They were certainly not in Mrs. Wilson's set; but at present her energies were devoted to the promotion of a bazaar, and she was so anxious to secure the triumph of her own stall that she was disposed to extend temporary patronage to any possible contributor. Into the O'Briens' case there now entered the stronger motives of humoring Edward and of circumventing any designs Nellie O'Brien might have on him. Therefore a few days later Mrs. Wilson called on them; she informed Miss O'Brien that all the bazaar gifts and fancy work would be on view at her house on a certain day, and she graciously invited the girl to come and inspect them.

"I can't help it if you are annoyed, my dear," she said, confessing this crime to Nancy. "Mr. O'Brien gave me a donation, and it would have been very mean of me not to invite his daughter as well as the other ladies."

"You are playing right into the O'Briens' hands, mother—that's all. You know very well why they want to get a footing here."

"Hadh't you better chain up Uncle Edward?" suggested Bernard. "It might be more prudent to secure him in some way while Miss O'Brien is on the premises."

To which Nancy, who was at least

thorough in her prejudices, answered: "I shall not be at all surprised if some of our valuables do disappear."

On the appointed day Mrs. Wilson's friends and acquaintances gathered to inspect the future contents of her stall which were displayed in fine effect in her drawing room—overflowing tables, chairs and cabinets, and even dangling from the curtains. Tea was served; "the small talk and the kettles hummed in tune." But after the hostess' hurried handshake and perfunctory, "Pleased to see you!" no one had paid much attention to Miss O'Brien. Nancy ignored her; the rest of the company did not extend their courtesy beyond a casual remark. She was left stranded, while a tide of conversation, unintelligible and therefore uninteresting to an outsider, flowed through the various groups. True, Uncle Edward gave her a kindly nod, supplemented by a smile that was positively beautiful in its tenderness; but he was never at ease in a fashionable crowd, and on this occasion he was further handicapped by an inability to distinguish between poker-work and crystalware. Thanks to Mrs. Wilson's adroitness, he was soon safe behind a barricade of bedspreads and cushions. From this retreat he beheld his nephew enter the room and make his way to Miss O'Brien's solitary corner, with a happy expectancy in his dark eyes that revealed much. Uncle Edward's brown hands closed fast upon each other; his half-cynical, half-humorous expression in a sad sternness.

After the departure of the guests Mrs. Wilson remonstrated with Bernard for having, as she said, singled out Miss O'Brien for special attention.

"Well, really, mother, I did not intend the spectators to think me more than ordinary polite. It may be that their incivility threw my civility into rather prominent relief. Miss O'Brien seemed to be in quarantine, and I thought that a display of fearless composure on my part would reassure the others and induce them to address her."

"It's nothing to joke about, Bernard. I am very seriously annoyed with you."

"I am seriously distressed if that is so, mother; but I don't see why you should be."

"It is neither right nor proper to compromise a girl so very far your social inferior by meaningless attention which she is sure to misunderstand, and which expose her to very unkind criticism."

"Now, I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself," chimed in Uncle Edward.

Bernard looked from one to the other with a touch of defiance.

"I am sorry if I should be the cause of the scandal-mongers of the neighborhood using Miss O'Brien's name as a peg on which to hang their gossip," he said; "but I am not sorry for this opportunity of declaring that I hope one day to make her my wife."

Mrs. Wilson gasped; Nancy sneered; from Uncle Edward proceeded a sound whereby a laugh entered partnership with a groan.

"What are you going to marry on?" he asked. "Your expectations?"

"Well—yes, my expectations; or, to be exact, my faith that Providence will preserve my health and strength so that I can continue to work as I am doing, and harder, if need be, for the girl I love. Of course, I understand what you are hinting at, Uncle Edward; but you must pardon my saying that you are too tough to die within a reasonable period; and even if you were not, it does not follow that you would leave your money to me. Why should you? I am quite capable of making my own way in life. I assure you; and I can say without vanity that Nellie likes me for myself."

"So far as I am concerned, there will be nothing else that you can be liked for," said Edward, dryly. "I never had the most remote intention of leaving my money to you."

"We shall not be worse friends for that I hope," said Bernard, cheerfully. "It certainly does not make me other than I am; and such as I am she has chosen me."

Mrs. Wilson was sobbing hysterically, declaring that her foolish boy was ruining all his prospects for the sake of a little nonentity when Nancy, who had been covering the more delicate of the bazaar trophies with tissue paper, her attention scornfully abstracted from her brother's love affairs, gave a sharp cry and turned round, her face quite pale with excitement.

"I knew something unpleasant would happen!" she exclaimed. There

has been a thief among us. Uncle Edward's beautiful pearl chain is gone."

"Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Wilson, aghast.

"Indeed it is not nonsense, mother. Case and chain were in the box, and it is empty now," said Nancy, holding up a cardboard box with hands that trembled in harmony with her voice.

"You had better ask the maids if they know anything about it," advised Mrs. Wilson. But Nancy tossed up her chin, retorting, with significant emphasis:

"I believe our servants to be quite above suspicion, mother."

"And are not the guests?" asked Bernard, considerably nettled.

"I am not familiar with the antecedents of every person who was here to-day, and I can quite understand that a valuable chain would be a source of temptation to—a poor girl in want of a trousseau."

Bernard was as pale as his sister. "Take care, Nancy! When you insult Miss O'Brien, you insult me," he said.

"That is your business," she answered, angrily. "Mine is to inform the police of what has occurred, and to ask them to take whatever steps they think necessary."

Uncle Edward had stood quietly and silently through the storm of words, looking from one person to another as if he scarcely comprehended what the commotion was about. Now he spoke, addressing Bernard.

"I believe that before you are much older you will find that Miss O'Brien has possession of that identical chain."

"There!" cried Nancy, triumphant. "Uncle Edward sides with me."

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'sides,' Nancy," he said, "but I can tell you by whom and when and why the chain was removed. The guilty one is ready to abide by the consequences. I took it ten minutes ago; and if you are anxious as to its whereabouts, it is in my pocket, case and all. Accidentally I overheard my young niece express her preference for hard cash, and her doubt about finding a purchaser; so I thought I would help her out of the difficulty. If she hadn't been in such a hurry to accuse the absent, she would have discovered my cheque in the box in place of the trinket. Your stall will not lose by the transaction."

"I consider that you have played me a very mean trick," said Nancy hotly.

"I might have given you the cheque openly, I admit, but I had some vague idea of sparing your feelings. And I thought that on finding the cheque you would grasp the situation without a verbal explanation, and be rather pleased about it. I intend to give the chain to Miss O'Brien, if I may do what I like with what is my own, twice purchased."

"Really, Edward, you can be most offensive," said Mrs. Wilson, violently fanning herself.

"Then I will try to be pleasant. By way of beginning let me congratulate you on your son's immediate prospect of becoming engaged to my heiress."

"What?" she half screamed.

"That—what I have said. All my worldly goods will one day be Miss O'Brien's, and part of them on her marriage, in payment of an old debt. If there is any good in me, if I have persevered and prospered, the thanks, humbly speaking, are due to James O'Brien. That is why I asked you to be kind to him. When I was a lad I was turned out of my stepfather's house on a false accusation, and, friendless, penniless, under a cloud as I was, James O'Brien sheltered me, believed in me, made a man of me. When I decided to leave England, he paid my passage to New York and gave me my start in life. Though we lost sight of each other, I never forgot what I owed him. I returned with one object and aim—to find him and prove my gratitude. I learned that on old age he had fallen on evil times—that life meant pinching and struggling for him and his. Thank God, it is in my power to say that he shall never know another anxious hour; that as he was a father to me in my necessity, so shall I be a son to him in his. It is my turn to help—that is all."

It was not quite all. He did not say that on meeting Nellie O'Brien he had for the first time in his life known what it was to love a woman. He did not say what sweet hopes had died, what bright dreams had been broken by Bernard's success. He extended his hand to his unconscious young rival, without a trace of bitterness.

"Good luck to you Bernard! If you are not happy with her, you deserve to be wretched. But I think you are of the right stuff," he said. "It is better so," he told himself afterward. "I am too old, too worldly-worn for her. And he is manly and plucky and steadfast. Yes; it is better so."—Mary Cross, in Irish Catholic.

Our Boys And Girls

A FAVOR OF OUR QUEEN. — A singular incident illustrating the power of prayer and the sweet patronage of the Blessed Virgin was related by Monsignor Benoit, one of the pioneer priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne, and at the time of his death its beloved Vicar-General.

Half a century ago the number of priests in the section then known as the Wild West were few and far between; and their parishes, if such they could be called, were practically without limit. A sick call of several days' journey on horseback was a common occurrence. On one occasion Father Benoit repaired to the foot of Lake Michigan to minister to the few scattered Catholics in the neighborhood of what is now the great city of Chicago. A considerable portion of the journey lay through the thick forests and pathless prairies, and the missionary lost his way. It was late in the evening, and Father Benoit, tired and wayworn, came to a lonely dwelling in the wilderness and asked a lodging for the night. The owner said:—

"Stranger, it is hardly possible. I have but a poor hut; I have no bed to offer."

"Only let me have shelter for my horse," the father replied. "I will lie down on the floor or in the hay loft—any place at all."

"Stranger, if you are so easily satisfied, you are welcome. Put up your horse; but I cannot well entertain you for my wife is on her death bed."

Entering the house, Father Benoit was astonished to see some few Catholic pictures. He addressed the sick woman with words of sympathy, remarking:—

"It appears to me you are a Catholic."

"I am," said the woman.

"Now, would you like to see a priest before you die?"

"Oh, that has been my prayer for seventeen years! I have asked the Blessed Virgin that I might see a priest before I die. It is many and many a year since I have seen one. I have had no opportunity of receiving the sacraments."

Father Benoit then said:—

"Your prayers have been heard, for I am a Catholic priest. I thought I was lost in the woods, but now I see that God was leading me here."

The children were found to be perfectly instructed in their catechism. The missionary remained up nearly the whole night, to prepare the mother and children; and the next day he gave the last sacraments to the mother and first Communion to the children. Whilst Father Benoit was taking a cup of coffee preparatory to leaving, the poor woman calmly passed away.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another.

BOYS WHO WILL SUCCEED. — Boys are always in demand, says an exchange, because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always at a premium in every line of trade, so the boys who give promise of making first-class men are most eagerly sought after. The boy who can be trusted to handle money without any of it sticking to his fingers or finding its way into his pockets. He will take as much interest in affairs of his employer as if they were his own, and will stay fifteen minutes without being asked, to finish a piece of work after the whistle blows and the rest of the men have quit work. He will be able to write a business letter and spell the words correctly, and to add up a column of figures promptly and accurately. He will lift his cap as readily to his sister when he meets her on the streets as he would were she the sister of some other boy; and he will not be ashamed to walk to church with his mother, show her into her own pew and sit beside her during the service. He will be careful about making a promise; and just as careful about keeping it. He will have sufficient moral backbone to say no to those who would lead him astray, and he will have enough courage to own that he is striving to make a man of himself. This is the kind of boy many are on the lookout for.

When towards the middle of the ninth century Pope Leo IV. sought to stem the further ravages of the Saracen hordes by strengthening the defences of Rome and enclosing the

Vatican hill with massive turreted walls, he could little imagine that these same walls, designed so well to bear the engines of war that were to dominate the country round, would, more than a thousand years later, be required by a successor and namesake to harbor a weapon of science of a potency, little dreamt of in those days—a weapon whose range of power should penetrate to the confines of the unknown itself," writes Mr. W. A. Parr in the current "Knowledge," and he continues:—

"On one of the strongest of the towers forming part of the ancient Leonine wall the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., decided to erect the newly-ordered astrographic telescope which was to enable the Vatican Observatory, until that time somewhat meagrely equipped, to worthily enter the lists with other observatories. Under the formal directorship of Denza the observatory was equipped with all the most modern meteorological, magnetic, and seismological instruments, many of them being the first to be introduced into an Italian observatory, while its purely astronomical department was enriched by the addition of the astrographic telescope constructed in Paris by the Brothers Henry, and mounted by Gautier, of the Paris Observatory. This instrument, which, like its Paris congener, is mounted on the so-called English system, is carried on piers of white Carrara marble, and consists of the usual pair of telescopes contained in a rectangular case of metal, the photographic telescope having the regulation aperture of 33 cm. to a focal length of 3.43 m., and the visual one an aperture of 20 cm. to 3.60 m. focal distance. It was placed in position in May, 1891, on the strongest of the towers belonging to the ancient Leonine wall mentioned above. Curious as was the anachronism of fitting one of the most specialized products of the nineteenth century to a structure dating from the ninth, the old Leonine tower nevertheless proved itself admirably adapted for the novel purpose to which it was put; for situated as it is on the summit of the Vatican hill some 400 m. distant from the Gregorian tower, with which it is in telephonic communication, and, with its colossal walls of over 4 m. thickness, almost a monolith in strength, it unites in the happiest manner the elements of isolation and solidity so essential to the delicate nature of the work carried on beneath its modern dome."

Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME.

Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.

MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.

Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Tel. Main 2161.

ST. PETER and COMMON Sts.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

UNFORGETTABLE STORE NEWS

For This Week.

OUR GRAND MILLINERY OPENING!

"WORTH PAYING TO SEE," the remark of an advance visitor, very aptly describes what we feel sure will be the feeling of hundreds of other visitors to our Millinery Showrooms this week. Our finer collection of High-class and Artistic Headwear was ever brought together in Montreal, and a positive "appointment" to see it at its best, should be registered as "unforgettable" in the mind of every lady.

"The Housekeeper's Opportunity"

OUR ANNIVERSARY BASEMENT SALE always gives its right to the name, and not less this year than formerly. Almost everything for the kitchen can be bought at purse saving prices that surprise. Crowds took advantage of it yesterday, and are sure to do so every day this week. Don't fail to be amongst them. You will feel satisfied afterwards.

Full assortment of Fall Stocks in New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Flannels, New Blankets, New Hosiery and Underwear, &c., &c.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2343 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street.

Terms Cash.....Telephone Up, 2746

DENTIST.

Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist,

833 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

SUMMER HOTELS

THE MANOIR RICHELIEU

MURRAY BAY, QUE.

THE TABOUCAC

TAPOUSAC, QUE.

Owned and operated by the Company, and charmingly situated on the Banks of the St. Lawrence

Magnificent Painted Steel Steamers Leave Toronto for Rochester, Kingston, Clayton and Intermediate Ports.

Embracing a delightful sail across Lake Ontario, a trip through the fascinating scenery of the Thousand Islands, the Venice of America, and the exciting descent of all the marvellous rapids to

MONTREAL (the Metropolis of Canada)

Where connection is made for cool and refreshing night ride to the famous old walled city of

QUEBEC (America's Gibraltar)

Thence on to Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Pointe au Lac, the scenery of this remarkable river is unequalled for wild grandeur and variety. Steamer BEAUFRE is open for charter for Excursions and Sightseeing

For FURTHER PARTICULARS, APPLY TO

H. POWER CHAFFIN, W.P.A., JOS. F. DOLAN, C.P.A. L. H. MYRAND,

1 King St. E., Toronto, Ont. 128 St. James St., Montreal, Can. Dalhousie St., Quebec

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

The Vatican Observatory

POWERFUL ARM.

proof of the great suits is found in the te which the bigoted owns to for the Ors- and tens of mil- anti-Catholics who de- suits would be sur- that the Order num- the world little more usand members, who so wide a name and name multiplies them make the haters of knowledge their own let's not cure them of —From "The En- Eng.

ced are unavoidable to the good qual- onaire.

Meeting Of the National Directory.

The eleventh meeting of the National Directory was held in the United Irish League offices, 39 Upper O'Connell street, recently. Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., presided. The other members present were:—John M'Glone, Mid Armagh; Very Rev. Canon Quinn, P.P., South Armagh; Thomas J. Smith, J.D., Co. C., West Cavan; T. M. Farrelly, East Cavan; John M'Inerney, West Clare; Rev. James Clancy, C.C., East Clare; Rev. R. Barrett, C.C., Cork City; Thomas Barry, Co. C. North-East Cork; James Gilhooly, M. P., West Cork; Edward Barry, M. P., North Cork; Very Rev. Canon M'Fadden, P.P., West Donegal; Rev. A. Lowry, P.P., South Down; J. D. Nugent, Collage Green; J. M. C. Briscoe, T.C., Harbor Division; J. H. M'Graw, North Dublin; P. Crumley, J. P., North Fermanagh; Very Rev. Canon O'Connor, P.P., South Fermanagh; John Roche, M.P., East Galway; Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., West Kerry; James T. O'Connor, J. P., East Kerry; E. T. Keane, Kilkenny city; Thos. Harrington, North Kilkenny; Rev. J. Brennan, C. C., South Kilkenny; M. Reddy, M. P., Birr; Denis Johnston, North Leitrim; Patrick Mulcahy, M.D., South Leitrim; John M'Donnell, West Limerick; William Ganley, North Longford; Wm. O'Brien, M.P., West Mayo; John Devist, East Mayo; John Fitzgibbon, Co. C., South Roscommon; P. A. M'Hugh, M.P., North Sligo; John Dowd, M.P., South Sligo; Martin O'Dwyer, Co. C., Mid-Tipperary; John Cullinan, M.P., South Tipperary; James Murnaghan, M.A., Mid-Tyrone; John Teggart, East Tyrone; C. M'Carthy, D.C., East Waterford; J. P. Hayden, M.P., North Westmeath; Very Rev. Canon Colum, P. P., South Westmeath; Patrick Boyle, North Meath; Conor O'Kelly, M. P., Wm. Redmond, M.P.; J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P.; Captain Donelan, M.P.; Patrick O'Brien, M.P.; E. Haviland Burke, M.P.; Alfred Webb, A. J. Kettle, J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P.; Thomas Condon, M.P.; the Right Hon. T. C. Harrington, M.P.; Lord Mayor of Dublin; Alderman James Hennessy, John O'Donnell, M.P.; David Sheehy, L. Ginnell.

Letters and telegrams of apology were received from Right Rev. Monsignor M'Glynn, East Donegal; Rev. John P. Fallon, P.P.; John Conlon, Carlow; Michael Delany, South Mayo; W. J. Devlin, East Down; M. J. Flavin, M.P., North Kerry; Francis Gallagher, North Donegal; Edmund Higgins, East Cork; Thomas Higgins, North Galway; Richard M'Ghee, Henry O'Shea, Limerick city; Cornelius O'Callaghan, Mid-Cork; Andrew Donnelly, North Armagh; W. Abraham, M.P.; John Ferguson, Glasgow.

The Standing Committee reported that since the last meeting of the National Directory 555 branches of the League have renewed their affiliation, paying for the purpose £1,660 12s. During the same period divisional executives whose annual meetings became due held those meetings, and fresh elections of their executive officers took place. The committee submitted detailed statements of the present condition of the organization in every constituency in Ireland, and also of the work which has been carried on since the last Directory meeting, showing its costs and results.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., proposed— "1. That we welcome in the new Land Act the most substantial victory gained for centuries by the Irish race for the re-conquest of the soil of Ireland by the people and the disbandment of the alien garrison, which has hitherto been employed by England for the maintenance of a pernicious and irresponsible class ascendancy; and we look to the successful working of the new measure for the creation of a state of things in which all Irish-born men, irrespective of class or creed, will have a common interest in laboring unitedly for the National rights and happiness of our country.

"2. That the credit of this great national achievement is due primarily to the unity, discipline, and self-sacrifice with which the people's organization forced the question of the abolition of landlordism to the front, despite the terrors of coercion and other manifold discouragements, and is no less emphatically due to the moderation, magnanimity, and splendid capacity for self-government exhibited by the representatives of the people in the National Convention, in the divisional executives, and in

the twelve hundred branches of the United Irish League, as well as in the Nationalist county councils, district and urban councils, and other elective bodies of the country throughout the controversies connected with the origin and passing of the Act.

"3. That while the Act, as placed on the statute book, falls short in various important particulars of the recommendations of the Land Conference and the requirements of the National Convention, and cannot, without amendment, effect the entire extinction of landlordism within a reasonable time, we cordially recognize that the amendments demanded by the National Convention have been conceded in committee to an extent to which no great Government measure in relation to Ireland has ever before been modified in deference to the demands of Irish public opinion; and we think it a duty to make free acknowledgment that, next to the exertions of a united Irish Parliamentary Party under the leadership of Mr. Redmond and of Mr. T. W. Russell's Ulster tenant-righters, that happy result is to be traced to the wisdom and active goodwill displayed by that section of the landlord leaders who made the land conference possible, and the loyalty with which Mr. Wyndham and his associates in the Government of Ireland endeavored to make good his pledge to give legislative effect to the recommendations of that conference, as well as to the high public spirit with which the Liberal party resisted the temptation to extract any party advantage from the situation.

"4. That wherever a readiness may be found on the part of landowners to sell their estates on terms which will confer on tenant purchasers advantages substantially equivalent to those secured by sales under the previous Land Purchase Acts, having regard to the immense addition to the market price of landlords' interest to be made out of the Land Purchase Aid Fund, through the cheerful co-operation of the tenants' representatives, we believe it to be in the highest interest of the tenants and of our country that negotiations for purchase in all such cases should be conducted by the tenantry in a spirit of the utmost friendliness, acting in a body unitedly and without undue haste, and under careful and prudent advice, but with an earnest desire to give the widest possible extension to the operations of the Act, so that any failure in its working may not be justly attributable to the attitude of the people or of their organization, and that any amendment that may be found necessary may be brought about with the concurrence of all fair-minded men.

"5. That wherever landowners may evince a determination either not to sell or to exact an exorbitant price in disregard of the principle laid down by the Land Conference that the price must be such as will 'start the occupiers on their new career as owners on a fair and favorable basis, ensuring reasonable chances of success,' we advise the tenantry not to allow themselves to be hurried into any precipitate or imprudent action, but to consult cautiously and loyally together with the advice of those in whose judgment they have reason to trust, in order to avoid the danger of being betrayed either into any premature action in the case of recalcitrant landlords on the one hand, or, on the other hand, into agreements which might afterwards prove ruinous to themselves and hurtful to the interests of the tenantry in general and of the country.

"6. That we congratulate the laborers upon the pledge obtained from the Government to make a special measure for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish laborer the first business of the Chief Secretary next session, and we trust the promised Bill will proceed upon the principle of extending to the laborers the same favored treatment with respect to access to the grazing lands of the country that has been accorded to their brother migratory laborers in the congested districts.

"7. That inasmuch as the power of the United Irish League and of the Irish Parliamentary Party to realize the full programme of our National demands by means of continued unity, discipline and energy, has now been conclusively demonstrated, and inasmuch as the security afforded by a lawful National combination is at the present juncture more necessary than ever in order to watch closely the operation and administration of the new Land Act, to obtain for the evicted tenants the equitable settlement advocated by all parties alike during the discussion of the Bill, to stimulate the activity of the Congested Districts Board, to check emigration by providing our young people with a sufficient career in the country, to give new life to the Irish towns, by an organized support of local industries, by protecting the tenant right

of town tenants, and providing healthy homes for the working poor, and to direct the national energies with new and increasing enthusiasm to the solution of the numerous other great questions connected with the future Government of our country, the cultivation of our national ideals, and the re-organization of our educational system in all its branches, which will press for settlement within the next years, we look to the country with confidence to carry on and extend the work of the United Irish League in a spirit of renewed determination, hopefulness, and self-reliance, taking care to conduct the proceedings of the branches with prudence and kindly feelings towards all sections of Irishmen, and subordinating their action to the advice of their elected representatives on the Divisional Executives and of the National Directory in accordance with the democratic constitution of the League.

"8. Finally, that we have never concealed our conviction that the great reform, now in a fair way towards accomplishment, whereby the Irish people will be constituted the owners of the soil, far from diminishing the passion for National self-government or its necessity, will render the satisfaction of that undying National aspiration inevitable as well as enormously facilitate the concession; that the present condition of English political parties and the approach of a general election, which, whatever may be its results for English parties, will give Ireland a Parliamentary representation more harmonious and better disciplined than ever, offers an unexampled opportunity for successfully pressing forward with our demand for Home Rule in the near future, and we desire to impress upon the Irish race for the safe guidance of their action, that, in our judgment, the happiest circumstance connected with the present situation is that, with continued good feeling and good faith on all sides, there seems no reason why the problem of Irish National self-government should not be solved by the united efforts of Irishmen themselves, by some such happy national agreement as that by which the more intricate and apparently insoluble difficulties connected with the abolition of landlordism have been successfully overcome, or why such a settlement should not be assented to with equal readiness by both the great English parties.

"9. That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Divisional Executives and to all branches of the United Irish League, and special meetings be summoned without delay for their consideration; that copies of the resolutions be forwarded also to the presidents of the United Irish League in Great Britain, the United States, and Australia."

Turning Back The Tide.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

During the course of the present week a paragraph has been going the rounds of the American press, to the effect that a letter, written by Secretary O'Callaghan, of the United Irish League of America, to Mr. Condon, M.P., in the British Parliament, stating that since the passage of the Land Act many former Irish tenants now residing in the United States, have been making inquiries regarding the possibility of re-acquiring their former holdings, should they return to Ireland. This is taken as a sign that, in the near future, not only the tide of emigration from Ireland may be checked, but even that it may set in from America back to Ireland.

While this suggests a very wonderful picture, that we might entitle the "Returning Emigrants," it also awakens some serious reflections that are not calculated to encourage any person in dreams of a like character. No doubt it would be the acme of triumph for the Irish cause to behold legislative autonomy in the Old Land and to witness a return of those emigrants who had to leave their native land, or whose fathers had to leave it, to seek homes in the New World. It would be a glorious procession, a magnificent "home-coming," a wonderful returning of the children of a persecuted race to the possession of the rights which had been wrenched from them by the iron hand or oppression. If the weeping relatives who went down to the seashore to bid a sad adieu to those who ascended the deck of the emigrant ship, could but arise from the grave and stand again upon that Irish shore to welcome back the dear

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC One way Second Class Tickets on Sale until November 30th, 1903, from \$48.90 Montreal to Nelson, Rossland, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. \$46.40 Montreal to Spokane, Wash. \$43.90 Montreal to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Helena, Butte and Anaconda. Proportionately low rates to other points.

"IMPERIAL LIMITED" TRIP WEEKLY FAST SERVICE between Montreal and Vancouver leaving Windsor St. at 11.40 a.m. SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS will be discontinued after Wednesday, Sept. 30th, 1903. Ottawa Sleeper leaves Windsor Station every night at 10.10 P.M. City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES TO WESTERN AND PACIFIC COAST Until Nov. 30, 1903, Colonist fares from MONTREAL TO Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rossland, Nelson, Trail, Robson, Spokane \$48.90 Ansonia, Butte, Helena \$46.40 Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake \$43.90 San Francisco, Los Angeles \$49.00

MOOSE, DEER & PARTRIDGE HUNTING. Write to or call on the undersigned for free copy of book entitled, "Hunts of Fish and Game," giving full information as to Fish and Game Laws of Ontario and Quebec, also States of Michigan, Maine and New Hampshire. The book also contains beautifully illustrated Maps showing the best Hunting districts along the Line of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

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

EDUCATIONAL. 'Blinkbonnie' 724 Sherbrooke St. A full course in Commercial and Scientific subjects. Short-hand by experienced Stenographer. A few Boarders accommodated. Large grounds for recreation, A. J. HALES SANDERS, P.A., PRINCIPAL. C. A. BOTSFORD, SECRETARY.

ones whose lives had been spent in the land of the stranger, the rejoicing that would take place would defy the pen of poet and the pencil of artist to depict. But, without losing one iota of our patriotic enthusiasm, we feel that we would not be justified in holding out any hope of such a scene ever being enacted. No doubt the Land Act, on the one hand, and Home Rule, on the other, (when it comes), will aid powerfully in checking the tide of emigration from Ireland, and that will be a blessing, for it will mean that a happier time has come, when it will be possible for the Irish people to prosper at home. But we do not see the possibility of either the Land Act or Home Rule producing such a radical effect as to draw back to Ireland the emigrants who have gone forth over the world to create homes for themselves in other lands. And we come to this conclusion through different reasons, amongst them we need mention only two. Firstly, there is no likelihood, we had almost said possibility, for the emigrant to reacquire the abandoned holding; secondly, we do not think that they would wish to give up the homes that they have built for themselves in the New World to return to those which they were once forced to abandon. And, in this, we speak only of the original emigrants; as far as their descendants, of the first, or second generation are concerned, there can be no question whatsoever. In a few words we will attempt to explain our reasons for advancing these two arguments in support of our contention. It may not be as enthusiastic as we would like it to be; but the age has come when we must deal with hard facts and present conditions, otherwise we fall behind. In the first place, we cannot see how the tenant who gave up his holding, no matter how unjust the force that made him do so, and who has been years absent from the country, can expect to receive it back by any system of re-acquirement, even under the new law. In this we may err; but we prefer to be on the safer side; and would rather experience the pleasure of an agreeable surprise than the pain of a disappointment, when such a matter would be tested

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED A MOST COMPREHENSIVE EXHIBIT OF AUTUMN MODES IN LADIES' COSTUMES

Ladies' Navy Blue and Black Cloth Cashmeres, the jacket made with pouch front, long pleated skirt and belt, Kimona collar, with cape, full pouch sleeves, with cuffs; skirt made in the seven gore style, trimmed with satin piping \$14.75 Ladies' Dark Gray Cheviot Costumes, jacket made with pouch front and long skirt, also with cape trimmed with black piping, full pouch sleeve with cuff; skirt trimmed with black piping and small buttons \$19.20 Ladies' Costumes, made of Black and Navy Homespun, short fitted jacket, with poplin and belt, black cloth lining, Kimona collar, full tucked sleeves, with cuffs; skirt made with deep tucks and trimmed with small black buttons \$20.85 Ladies' Black and Blue Serge Costumes, fitted jacket, with belt and long skirt, full sleeve with cuff, panne velvet lapels, trimmed with fancy black braid, full flare skirt, also trimmed with braid \$28.00 Ladies' Navy Blue Snowflake Costumes, short fitted jacket, with revers, lined with white moir silk, small cape, pouch sleeves, skirt made with deep tucks \$43.25 Ladies' Fine Black Broadcloth Costumes, jacket in Louis X style, in 3/4 length, handsomely trimmed with shaded velvet and fancy braid \$53.00

LADIES' COATS--REIGNING FASHIONS Ladies' 1/2 Length Coat, in Mastic Beaver Cloth, deep military cape, insets of brown velvet, fancy metal buttons, new pouch sleeves, satin lining \$25.00 Ladies' Dressy Half Fitting Coat, straps of cloth with insets of lace and velvet, neck trimming of chenille cord and tassels, full pouch sleeve, with close cuff, plain satin lining \$36.00

HAVE YOU SEEN THE DISPLAY OF AUTUMN MILLINERY At The Big Store? The Exhibit will be continued for a few days, so that those who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunity may see the range of Modes that will be in general request this season, as well as the exclusive features, imported to meet the demands of The Big Store's patrons. Just two hints: Misses' Hat of Red and White Camel's Hair, faced with red velvet, two large shirred choux of red silk, natural quill, with steel ornament at the side \$5.00 Blue Silk Velvet Hat, brim of shirred velvet, large gray bird at side, with steel ornaments \$8.90

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street Montreal THOMAS LIGGET'S Immense stock of FALL CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS and DRAPE MATERIALS, BEDS, MATTRESSES and BEDDING, at our usual low prices, cannot fail being a great advantage to keen, close buyers. Our beautiful effects and advantageous terms will commend us to all buyers.

THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET. and decided. At all events we can only convey an impression, which amounts to an assurance, based upon certain facts. The writer's father was the owner of a small property in the County of Waterford and of another in the County of Tipperary. On the former were half a dozen or more small houses, or cabins; on the latter a good substantial stone house. Of course, he owned the buildings, but not the land, nor could he become proprietor of that. He paid ten pounds a year for the Tipperary property and five for that in Waterford. This was what we would call taxes. The tenants could pay no rent; they went to the poor house; and he could not pay the fifteen pounds yearly, having no income from the property. He, therefore, had to abandon it and emigrate to America—landing in this country with one pound three in his pocket. He began work as a laboring man, and finally succeeded, with years, in building up a comfortable home and acquiring a reasonably good property—thus being enabled to educate a very large family in a complete manner. Let us take this case as an example. We speak of it simply because we know whereof we speak. Let us suppose the Land Act in force, and a Home Rule Act in force, and Ireland springing into new life and prosperity under their combined influences. How could the writer's father, were he so desirous, return to Ireland and secure back the two holdings which he had been forced—by unjust laws and bad government—to abandon? He did not sell out, nor alienate in any way his rights. Yet it would be an absolute impossibility for him to now re-acquire that which he lost. Even were it re-acquirable he would have to sell out all he owned in Canada and sink it in legal processes before he could begin to establish a claim. In the next place, suppose that there were a chance—which is doubtful—of being able to re-acquire the holdings, would he be likely to abandon his home here, the fruits of his

William Chapman Hon

URING the past the name of William Chapman has been before the public as a poet. To-day, doubt, he easily stands amongst the first. What his name has a certain influence against him, work bears such a distinguished and positively Catholic or whether it be for other fact remains that Chapman a steep hill to climb and obstacles to overcome. In place, he is a self-educated more to his credit; then obliged to devote many life to the study of French in all its phases and form; he was poor, without money, and with no financial resources to erect that of his future. In other words, he was obliged to toil and long in order to gain a livelihood. Then, there appeared a certain feeling that fairly characterize as literature, in his regard. A sprig of silence seemed the real cause of this strange of brother-writers, to whom all Canada recognize great national poet, would be the resentment felt on the frank and independent which he pointed out the ings and faults of several literary fame. Year after year week after week, in periodicals, in daily appeared his delightful individuals admired them, became more and more wondered at the fecundity increasing strength of his yet the critics, the men of they who would be supposed felt a thrill of pride in star that was slowly but tending the sky of Canadian literature, had no word to say perfectly silent, and practiced the poet and his work no means discouraged, Chapman retired to his study in communion with the music found consolation in the a of grand ideas and in the pleasure of weaving them and sending them forth on sion of patriotism and love den the hearts of the sad lumine the pathway of the the unfortunate. But eventually talent find el; merit finally challenges tion; and Chapman has succeeded covered that the recompens from a quarter whence it was expected and whence it was greatest possible weight and ance—it comes from France. Some time ago, realizing of the old saying that "No prophet in his own country man decided to gather together poems, to select those of the would most clearly reflect Canadian life, and Canadian tions, and to carry his vo Paris for publication. Since poems have passed through t of some of the foremost liter ks of France. The volume published in a few months he it is no exaggeration to say, from the evidence before us, will take France by storm. poetry has been in a late state of decadency for a quarter of a century, and tval, from beyond the seas, spirit, of one calculated to the vanished splendors of the nineteenth century, cannot produce a deep impression ov while raising to his right the humble and wonderfully French-Canadian poet. France has already honored Canadian literatures; French have praised Canada and this land with pages of eulog; gested by the writings of C sons. But never before have works, the actual poems of a Canadian received the praise being accorded to the product Chapman. In other instances poems seemed to suggest thoughts of and to awaken k siments towards Canada; Chapman's case, the country its associations are merely se to the poems—it is the work poet that is admired. I have before me at this n the last issue of "L'Art" t poetic and exalted

BIT OF IN TUMES

et made with... \$14.75... \$19.20... \$20.85... \$25.00... \$43.25... \$53.00

FASHIONS

itary cape, in... \$25.00... \$36.00... D VARIETY... \$1.65... \$3.00

Co. LIMITED

ET'S

DI DRAPE MATERIALS... beautiful effects and

PIRE BUILDING

to return to the... if he would not, much... But eventually talent finds its level...

M VACANT

let at St. Lambert... many trains daily to... M. D., care P. O.

ATE OF SPEED

ar ran at the rate of... an hour on the Zossen... Berlin, recently, which...

EMORIAL

Bavarian town of... inous the world over... of the late Father...

William Chapman Honored

BY "CRUX."

URING the past twenty years the name of William Chapman has been coming to the front as a French-Canadian poet. To-day, without a doubt, he easily stands "foremost amongst the first." Whether it be that his name has a certain degree of influence against him, or that his work bears such a distinctively religious and positively Catholic tone, or whether it be for other causes, the fact remains that Chapman has had a steep hill to climb and a thousand obstacles to overcome. In the first place, he is a self-educated man—more to his credit; then he has been obliged to devote many years of his life to the study of French literature in all its phases and forms; and, finally, he was poor, without a profession, and with no financial foundation whereon to erect the structure of his future. In other words, he was obliged to toil and to strive along in order to gain a mere livelihood. Then, there appeared to have arisen a certain feeling that I might fairly characterize as literary jealousy, in his regard. A regular conspiracy of silence seemed to reign. The real cause of this strange attitude of brother-writers, towards one whom all Canada recognized as a great national poet, would seem to be the resentment felt on account of the frank and independent manner in which he pointed out the shortcomings and faults of several aspirants to literary fame. Year after year and even week after week, in reviews, in periodicals, in daily newspapers appeared his delightful productions. Individuals admired them, the public became more and more charmed, all wondered at the fecundity and ever increasing strength of his muse; and yet the critics, the men of letters, they who would be supposed to have first felt a thrill of pride in this new star that was slowly but surely ascending the sky of Canadian literature, had no word to say and kept perfectly silent, and practically ignored the poet and his works. By no means discouraged, Chapman simply retired to his study and held communion with the muses, and found consolation in the association of grand ideas and in the exquisite pleasure of weaving them into verse and sending them forth on their mission of patriotism and love to gladden the hearts of the sad and to illumine the pathway of the erring or the unfortunate. But eventually talent finds its level; merit finally challenges recognition; and Chapman has suddenly discovered that the recompense comes from a quarter whence it was least expected and whence it carries the greatest possible weight and importance—it comes from France. Some time ago, realizing the truth of the old saying that "no man is a prophet in his own country," Chapman decided to gather together his poems, to select those of them that would most clearly reflect Canada, Canadian life, and Canadian aspirations, and to carry his volume to Paris for publication. Since then the poems have passed through the hands of some of the foremost literary critics of France. The volume will be published in a few months hence, and it is no exaggeration to say, judging from the evidence before us, that it will take France by storm. French poetry has been in a lamentable state of decadency for at least a quarter of a century, and the arrival from beyond the seas, of a new spirit, of one calculated to revive the vanished splendors of the early nineteenth century, cannot fail to produce a deep impression over there, while raising to his rightful rank the humble and wonderfully gifted French-Canadian poet. France has already honored French-Canadian literateurs; French critics have praised Canada and honored this land with pages of eulogy suggested by the writings of Canada's sons. But never before have the works, the actual poems of a French-Canadian received the praise that is being accorded to the productions of Chapman. In other instances the poems seemed to suggest grand thoughts of and to awaken kind sentiments towards Canada; but in Chapman's case, the country and all its associations are merely secondary to the poems—it is the work of the poet that is admired. I have before me at this moment, the last issue of "L'Art," the most artistic and exclusive review of poets. Mr. L'Homme is a most remarkable article on Chapman and his book. Mr. L'Homme is a professor at the University of France, and the author of the "Comedie d'aujourd'hui," the most powerfully written review and criticism of the poets, dramatists, journalists, novelists and prose writers of France, that has appeared since the dawn of the last century. He wields a rod of iron, and he castigates without mercy the immoral, the puerile, the decadent writers of the day; he exposes their shortcomings, their literary errors, their sins against all that is true, and grand, and beautiful; he has no compassion, no sympathy for the humbug music or the catch-penny charlatan of literature. Yet, it is this man, this terrible castigator of inferiority and of mediocrity, who publishes in "L'Art," the magnificent study of Chapman and his poems, which I translate, and which I ask the "True Witness" to publish—both as a marvel of criticism and as a just tribute to a Canadian of merit.

of Mr. F. L'Homme, a most remarkable article on Chapman and his book. Mr. L'Homme is a professor at the University of France, and the author of the "Comedie d'aujourd'hui," the most powerfully written review and criticism of the poets, dramatists, journalists, novelists and prose writers of France, that has appeared since the dawn of the last century. He wields a rod of iron, and he castigates without mercy the immoral, the puerile, the decadent writers of the day; he exposes their shortcomings, their literary errors, their sins against all that is true, and grand, and beautiful; he has no compassion, no sympathy for the humbug music or the catch-penny charlatan of literature. Yet, it is this man, this terrible castigator of inferiority and of mediocrity, who publishes in "L'Art," the magnificent study of Chapman and his poems, which I translate, and which I ask the "True Witness" to publish—both as a marvel of criticism and as a just tribute to a Canadian of merit.

Under the heading "A Canadian Poet," Mr. L'Homme writes thus:—"The poets complain that they are no longer read, and they are right in that, but they will not admit that it is their own fault and that they are in the wrong. During the first half of the nineteenth century lyric poetry was the delight of the lettered ones; it was passionately loved, and our poets received honors such as their predecessors never experienced. Their poetry had the wisdom of not confining itself within the conchaves of authors; it did not boast of nothing down, in an incomprehensible language, rare sensations and sentiments of a very special character; it sang of our joys and our sorrows, and it knew how to revive in sonorous tones our triumphs and our defeats. In our day it has lost everything—inspiration, rhythm, eloquence; our poets, for the most part, find their glory in being understood; they praise themselves and they get themselves praised; but they no longer reach the public; that public knows well that they are no longer of this world and full of indifference just passes them by."

"That poetry which is dying out with us, and which in its impotency goes back to the trivial and complicated rhythms that are so dear to the infirm minds of a decadent age, finds elsewhere the fine qualities that are lacking in it here. The French-Canadians have not been content to preserve the language of their ancestors and to defend it against the stranger; they were not willing to simply read the books that sprang from the motherland; they have made a literature of their own, for themselves; they have their poets, their novelists, their orators. Their works have the abundant sap of youth; they are at once severe and strong; while inspiration animates and vibrates their chords. There verses flow broad and pure like the giant rivers of their land. It is with a deep joy and a penetrating charm that we discover in those poems, which come to us from afar, the clearness, the strength, the harmony of those who have been our masters. I experience that joy and that charm in reading the "Aspirations," of Mr. Chapman, a Canadian poet of the most rare merit. Mr. Chapman sings the wonders of his native land; he tells of his great emotions in presence of the grand lakes and the majestic rivers; he celebrates the heroism of the hardy pioneers who cut down the vast forests and carried on the propaganda of civilization in the Northland. He is religious in spirit, as are all good Canadians. His thoughts freely turn towards his ancestors who lived in the region of Picardy. His mother bequeathed to him, with a taste for the beautiful and a love for the good, a devotion, that nothing can lessen, for the old soil of France, the glories of which he reiterates and the misfortunes of which he deplors. A generous soul breathes through his verses; they possess movement, color and precision, because they are born of enthusiasm. To glorify France he has accents at once deep and resounding; they are touching and they go to the heart. He is of those who preserve intact their devotion to the country and who, without ostentation or vain boasting, without a word of unkindness for the stranger, know how to be simply French. He loves our tongue, such as our fathers had shaped it to correspond with their minds—that is to say, clear, upright, antagonistic to all equivocation, and made, as it were, to be the organ of reason and common sense. His poetry, nobly lyrical, can be caressing and mild. It takes all manner of tones, and with ease; it stings of all generous feelings; it fortifies and it consoles; it is, for all upright souls, the perfect expression of their dearest thoughts.

"The critic, do what he may, is incapable of properly praising the real work of a poet. His words cease beyond analysis; they possess qualities the value of which the reader can feel, but cannot express; in the present case we have not to do with a movement, nor an intrigue, nor simply related facts; it is the human soul, itself, that becomes revealed and is communicated. Mr. Chapman belongs to the family of the great poets; he has their power and their inspiration. If his enthusiasm carries him away, his good taste holds him back and enables him to select. I want to him come, of himself, before the readers of France."

Mr. L'Homme then quotes from the book that is about to be published; and we can say with assurance that an introduction to the European world by such a master as Mr. L'Homme, is a guarantee of Chapman's coming triumph.

Bishop McQuaid On Cemeteries.

At a recent convention of Cemetery Superintendents, which was held in Flower City, last week, Bishop McQuaid made the following remarks:—"I am the superintendent of a cemetery, and I differ from you in that I am unpaid. The Catholic cemeteries are not what they should be. When I came to this city thirty-five years ago, the Church-cemetery was in a lamentable condition. It was a specimen of those cemeteries where thistles and weeds grow up over the graves in abundance. As I proposed to found a cemetery, I studied the question by visiting various ones throughout the country. I began with a capital of \$200, but I had good credit, and at once bought over \$1,000 worth of land."

"The aim in the setting of the cemetery was to set the trees so as to obstruct an extended view, so as to prevent the appearance of a marble yard. I told the assistant that I desired the cemetery to be beautiful and studied. We planted choice trees, with ample room for their growth. In one spot in the grounds there are eighteen varieties of elms, which are all labeled with their proper names. As well as being a burial place, the grounds should also be serviceable in education. The result is a cemetery to which no other can be compared."

"Respect for the dead is thought by the Church. And the priests are instructed to keep their parish cemetery in good order. Our cemetery was made beautiful; it was a park cemetery. You will find children in the park every day in summer and the poor often spend hours in the rest and quiet at the grounds."

"Our cemeteries cannot compare with those of Europe; they are decorated with stately mausoleums and imposing monuments. I despise this vanity. Let us all, rich or poor, follow the words, 'Dust to dust.' This is the only method which should be practiced to-day."

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Que., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- CANADA. Nos. 81,670—Felix Mesnard, New Glasgow, Que. Vehicle wheel. 82,150—Philias Bells, Montreal, P. Q. Process for making pasted leather stock. 82,151—Philias Belle, Montreal, P. Q. Machine for making pasted leather stock.

- UNITED STATES. Nos. 737,646—Joseph Moreau, St. Germain de Grantham, P. Q. Rossing machine. 738,092—Messrs. Black & Worrall, Halifax, N.S. Fruit sizer. 738,150—Benjamin O. Beland, Montreal, P. Q. Leather joint. 738,417—Pierre Dansereau, Montreal, P. Q. Axle nut. 738,944—Alfred Rioux, Toronto, Ont. Mower bar.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I must take a departure from the track I have been following for sometime back; for two reasons; firstly, I have exhausted my supply on agriculture, and secondly, I have no really original letter at hand—nor can I reach my next bundle for some days to come. However, I have in my possession what is equally good, just as interesting, and possibly more instructive. I was, at one time, in close correspondence with a good French priest—we exchanged letters every two weeks—and he used to often send me scraps from the writings of others, either to explain the subject of his letters or else to instruct me in some of the beauties of literature. Amongst these I find a letter in which he enclosed me a description of a parish priest, written by Lamartine. I know not from what part of that author's works he took it, nor am I certain that it ever appeared in any of his compiled writings. But that does not matter, for it neither adds to nor takes from its value. The priest with whom I corresponded has now been dead a good many years. He was at one time well known and beloved in Canada. His last letter came to me from Lyons, in France, and the last words of it were: "Never yield to a temptation without first saying a short prayer—the time you take to say the prayer will suffice to conquer the temptation." I merely repeat this line, as an evidence of the keen mind and pious heart of that good man—God's rest to his soul.

In the letter in which he enclosed the above-mentioned account of the parish priest he said: "There is something very sweet in this refined picture of the priest. It is a perfect index to the influence of Christianity—that is Catholicity—upon the world and upon civilization. As a critic once recounted these blessings, they consist in the abolition of slavery, the propagation of moral and dogmatic truths, the establishment of the sway of true charity, the regeneration of the home through the respect for womanhood, the reformation of barbarous laws and customs, the abolition of all errors and the annihilation of tyranny." After such a passage one would naturally expect a beautiful selection, and I think this account of the parish priest by Lamartine will be acknowledged as such.

THE PARISH PRIEST.—(The following is simply my translation, as is what has gone before, for our correspondence was in French.)

"In every parish there is a man who has no family, but who belongs to all the families; a man who is called upon as a witness, as an adviser, or as an agent in all the most solemn acts of civil life; without whom one cannot be born, nor die; who takes a man in his mother's arms and only leaves him at the grave; who blesses or consecrates the cradle, the nuptial couch, the death bed and the coffin; a man whom the little children learn to love, to venerate and to fear; whom strangers even salute as 'father,' at whose feet Christians lay down their most private difficulties and shed their most secret tears; a man who, by profession, is the consoler in all the sufferings of soul and of body, the intercessor, by duty, of the wealthy and of the indigent, and at whose door both rich and poor, each in turn, knock,—the rich to leave a secret alms, the poor to receive it without a feeling of shame; who, belonging to no social rank, is equally attached to all classes,—to the lower classes by his humble life and poverty, to the higher classes, by his education, knowledge and the elevation of sentiments which a philanthropic religion inspires and ordains; a man, in fine, who knows everything, who has the right to say everything, and whose words fall from on high upon the minds and hearts of the people, with all the authority of a divine mission and with the certitude of a complete faith."

"Christianity is a divine philosophy written in two ways:—As history in the life and death of Christ, as precepts in the sublime teachings that He brought into the world. These two expressions of Christianity, the word and the example are united in the New Testament, or Gospels. The parish priest must always have it in his hand, always before his eyes, always in his heart. A good priest is a living commentary of that divine book. Each one of the

mysterious words of that book answers with exactness to the thought that questions it and comprises a practical and social meaning which illumines and vivifies the course taken by man. There is no moral or political truth that is not to be found as a germ in some passage of the Gospel; all the modern philosophies have commented on one of them, and then have forgotten it; philosophy is the offspring of its first and principal precept—charity. Liberty has walked through the world in its track and no degrading servitude could ever survive in its light; political equality is both of the acknowledgment which it has forced us to make of our equality and our fraternity before God; the laws have been made milder, inhuman customs have been abolished, chains have been snapped, and woman has regained her place in the heart of man. According as its voice rang out through the ages, it levelled here an error there a tyranny; and we can say that the present entire world, with its laws, its habits, its institutions, its hopes, is but the evangelical Word more or less incarnated in modern civilization.

"The rest of the priest's life must be spent at the altar, amidst the children, to whom he teaches to lisp the catechism—that ordinary code of the highest philosophy, that alphabet of divine wisdom,—or with his serious studies, amongst his books—that silent society of solitude. At evening, when the sexton has taken the key of the church and the 'Angelus' rings from the spire of the village Church, you may sometimes see the parish priest, with his breviary in his hand, either under the trees of his orchard or along the pathways on the hill slope, drinking in the pure and religious air of the fields and enjoying that rest purchased by a day of labor, now halting to read a few verses of those sacred psalms, now contemplating the sky or the verdant vales around, and then returning homeward, with slow and measured pace, absorbed in holy and delicious contemplation of nature and of nature's God.

"Such his life and his pleasures; his hair grows white, his hands tremble as he lifts the chalice, his broken voice no longer fills the sanctuary, but still vibrates in the hearts of his flock; he dies, an unscrubbed stone marks his place in the cemetery hard by the door of the Church. Thus does a life pass away. There is a man gone down to perpetual oblivion. But that man has gone to rest in eternity, where his soul had lived in anticipation, and he had done hereby—low that which was best to have done—he had continued on an immortal teaching, he had been a link in an immense chain of faith and of virtue, and he had left to the generations yet unborn a belief, a law, and a God."

Vividly can I recall the sentiments with which I read, for a first time, this sublime and touching passage. The letter that enclosed it was like the familiar voice of an old acquaintance, while this was like the new and delightful tones of a fresh friend to whom the other had just introduced me. I would be doubly repaid if I thought that even one reader would study this graphic picture of the life, the duties, the sacrifices, and the sublime mission of the parish priest. It might serve in having the sentiments of its author multiplied in many other bosoms, and might aid in teaching us how to better appreciate the one whom God and the Church has placed in charge of the parish to which we belong.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

A TRUE STORY.—"How well Maurice looks," said a young man to a prominent St. Louis clergyman with whom he was conversing on Olive street the other day, speaking about a mutual friend who had just passed them by with a friendly nod to the one and a respectful salutation to the other. "He looks ten years younger than he did a year ago, and his prosperity is evidenced by his appearance. He's evidently in luck."

"Yes, you are right; he is in luck, great luck," replied the priest. "You know, for years Maurice went the pace that destroys and kills. He drank hard. He couldn't hold a position. He became a bar-room loafer. He was, figuratively speaking, in the gutter. Some of his former friends pitied him; others passed him by in silent contempt. He was declared a failure and it was prophesied that his last resting place would be potter's field. "His father, who had been so proud of him when he was developing into manhood, bowed his head in shame when he saw his once promising son

a miserable victim in the shambles of drink. As you know, he is a man of great dignity of character and much family pride, and he cared not to meet his friends and acquaintances because of their sometimes over-zealous sympathy at the downfall of his boy.

"And his poor old mother! Her heart was broken. If she lives a thousand years, Maurice can never repay her with a wealth of the most tender affection and deep filial love for all the pain he caused her in his wild days. He will never know of the many nights of anguish she spent when he was off with his drinking companions; he will never know that her hair whitened prematurely as a result of his unhappy conduct; he will never know of the scalding tears that coursed their way down her cheeks as she prayed nightly at her bedside that God in His goodness would turn her wayward boy's footsteps back to the narrow path; he will never know how often she made the Stations of the Cross that his manhood might be restored; he will never know how many times she requested her pastor to remember him in the solemn Sacrifice. No, Maurice will never realize until he, too, becomes a parent how much pain and sorrow may be occasioned by a child that is travelling the downward road.

"But God in His mercy did listen to that broken-hearted mother's prayers and supplications. A year ago Maurice was induced to make one more effort to brace up and be a man. One of his old-time friends, one who never failed to give him the grasp of friendship in his most forlorn and wretched days, sought him out and implored him to turn over a new leaf. This friend was an active worker in the Knights of Father Mathew. After prolonged insistence he persuaded Maurice to permit his name to be offered for membership in the society. It seemed as if it were God's way of answering his mother's prayers.

"From the moment he consented to become a member of the Knights of Father Mathew Maurice made a most heroic effort to resist the demon temptation of drink. He went to his pastor, who was overjoyed to see him, and told him of his resolution and asked his aid in his hour of trial. He was counseled that his only and permanent strength would lay in Divine assistance.

"However, to be brief, Maurice went to confession and communion, and became a member of the Knights of Father Mathew, a stalwart member, too, as his brethren in Council No. ——— know. Dozens and hundreds of hands were immediately outstretched to help him along the happy and smiling avenue of temperance. He now has a fine position, enjoys the confidence of his employer and, as you said, is in luck, great luck indeed. His father's head is no longer bowed and smiles are in his mother's eyes.

"God bless the Knights of Father Mathew," said the priest as he bade his friend good-day: "may they grow stronger and stronger until their influence in behalf of temperance is felt in the highest councils of the nation."—Western Watchman.

LAY DOWN HIS GLASS. — His Grace Archbishop Kelly gave some wholesome advice at the opening of a new school at Drummoyle, Australia, when he said: "Let Irishmen stand to the honor of their country, and give no countenance to those men who are fond of drink and spend their time in public houses. There are Irishmen who said they would lay down their lives for Ireland, and here he would borrow the words of a Bishop who said: 'Give me the man who will lay down his glass for Ireland, and he will do more for her at home and abroad than the man who would go shouting and say, 'I will give my blood.'" That man would have a happy home, be happy himself and he would love his children, his wife and his family, and they would have him as their ideal on earth. No matter what befell that man outside, he would have a happy home and a happy eternity. Those poor fellows who did not practice their religion and who were Catholics might be compared to a sore on a man's face which was very ugly and prevented him from going into society, but it did not endanger life."—Catholic Press.

MONTREAL HARBOR.

Great progress has been made in improving and extending accommodation in the harbor of Montreal during the past few years. The big one million bushel elevator, which has been under course of construction in this city since the spring of 1902, is rapidly being completed, and it is fully expected that by the time the snow falls the massive concern will be ready for use.

Our Curbstone Observer

ON HASTY WORDS.

SOME years ago I had the grave fault of thinking myself witty and of consequently saying sharp things that did not always leave the sweetest sensation behind. I suppose these were a tinge of vanity about it, and not a little lack of consideration for the feelings of others. I can well recall the very painful hours that I have spent, in sincere regret, after having let fall some hasty word that cut some one or other to the quick, and that raised a laugh amongst all the others. I know how I used to enjoy the distinction that seemed to come to me each time I created the laugh, but I am now still more mindful of the regret that I used to experience once I was alone again and reflected upon the unkindness of my conduct. I often tried to place myself in the position of the person against whom the laugh had been raised and to imagine his feelings. Well; foolish and thoughtless days pass away, the hand of time brushes up and rubs down our dispositions, and experience teaches us many things—sometimes too late. I can claim only one credit, and it is that of always feeling ashamed of myself whenever I was guilty of what I deemed a mean thing, and of having done my best to avoid the same in the future. As a result, I am not a bit witty now, I have very little humor, and I never say sharp or cutting things—and I feel much more comfortable. But I have learned this trade of observation, and I certainly have had more than one occasion of noting how miserable people have made others feel and how unpleasant for themselves were the results, simply on account of a few hasty words—a cutting remark, a small bit of sarcasm. The great fault I think lies in the fact that people do not "look before they leap," or rather "think before they speak." By think I mean reflect upon the consequences, both near and remote of what they are about to say. It is just as easy to acquire the habit of thus reflecting before giving expression to a thought as it is to fall into the habit of hasty words. On this I speak from experience.

A TIMELY ARTICLE.—In connection with this subject I came upon an article, a few days ago, that seemed to me—above all to me—to contain a wonderful amount of truth and a few very salutary lessons. As I have not been out on the curbstone for a week past and my personal observations have been too few to deserve recording, I will occupy the space at my disposal with the comments that I found in that article, and a few of my own that it suggests. I do not know who the writer is, nor in what paper I saw it, but it was only about a week ago that I saw it. The writer says:—"In how many cases the hasty temper flashes out in the hasty word, and the latter does its work with the precision and the pain of the swift stiletto. Singularly enough, the hasty word oftentimes wounds those who love one another dearly, and the very closeness of their intimacy affords them an opportunity for the sudden thrust. We know the weak points in the armor of our kinsmen and our friend; we are aware of his caprices, and ordinarily are tender and compassionate even to his vanities and his small fancies and whims; but there dawns a day when it is written in the book of fate that we shall be as cruel as we are loving. We are cold, or tired, or hungry. We are anxious over unpaid bills, or our expected letters have not arrived, or one of the children is ailing, and we dread the outcome of the malady. So politeness fails us, fortitude is vanquished, philosophy is in abeyance, and we say that which we repent in sack-cloth and ashes. But though the hasty word may be forgiven, it is not at once forgotten. It has flawed the crystal of our friendship; the place may be cemented, but there is a shadowy scar on the gleaming surface. If the word of haste had but been left unspoken if the strong hand of patience had but held back the sword as it was about to strike."

many and strange recollections—some of them one would be glad to bury for all time, because they cause an uneasiness—such as might be produced by ghosts that arise to haunt us. At this moment—and I feel as if I were having a simple and confidential chat with the readers, otherwise I might not make so many confessions—I recall most vividly a very hasty word that I once used. The one to whom and about whom, in the presence of others, the remark was made seemed to have felt a keen pain that was expressed in the features. It was not anger, nor yet resentment, but a strange and eloquent expression that seemed to say: "I never did aught to nor said aught but good of you, and surely I did not deserve this; but I forget and forgive it, as you will soon feel a deeper pain than the one you have inflicted." And I did. A week later I followed that friend to the grave. No person can ever dream how that hasty word haunted me, all through that day. It seemed to be carved upon the coffin-lid, where the silver plate told his name and age; I seemed to see it over the Church door as we entered; it sounded in the bell that tolled the death-knell; it came to me in the voice of the priest as he chanted the "Libera;" it flickered in the tapers and ascended in the vapor from the censer; it finally rang in my ear as the dull thud of the sod was heard in the cemetery, when the clay covered in for all time, from sun, and sky, and light, and life, the one whom I felt that I had so recently hurt. If you never want to experience such an unpleasant, such a miserable sensation, do not ever be hasty in words, and never speak without considering the feelings of others.

Pope and Workingmen

On September 13, His Holiness held a reception, at which 2,000 persons, for the most part workmen from the district around St. Peter's, were admitted to his presence in the courtyard of La Pigna, one of the largest spaces inside the Vatican. In the portico looking on the court was erected a small throne, which the Pope insisted should not be surmounted by a canopy, as the ceremonial prescribes. Pope Pius, whose arrival was awaited by the throng, appeared in the portico, preceded merely by a few Noble Guards and accompanied by three prelates of the household. He was greeted with a storm of applause. The Pope said:—"This demonstration of reverence and affection touches me, not because it is addressed to my person, but because it is addressed to Him whom I represent—Christ. It is an index to the faith animating your heart. I am all the more pleased because the majority of you are workmen, for Christ is the advocate of the workmen and the latter are faithful to Him." The Pontiff went on to say that the workman who is contented with his condition finds in it a true pleasure, shedding sweetness about him. "These words," continued Pope Pius, "are the first that I address to the Romans. Be contented with your condition and provide education for your children and I assure you in the name of the Holy Ghost that the blessing of God, which I so much invoke for you and your families, will be given." The Pope gave his benediction at the close to the kneeling assemblage.

Political Literature.

A striking example of the style of Canadian partisan editorial writers of the hour is contained in the following extract from a local daily newspaper. In referring to a recent election, the writer says:—"There was called to the aid of that strength a gang of bribers, liars, perjurers and suborners of perjury, ballot thieves, personators, and falsifiers of returns. The records of the courts establish this. It is entered, with the judges' report, on the journals of Parliament. The prisoners' list of the Montreal jail bears testimony to it."

ECHOES OF A JUBILEE.

In addition to the magnificent jubilee gift of \$175,000, of the priests and people, Archbishop Ryan was the recipient of numerous other testimonials, including two golden mitres and a tree bearing fifty ten-dollar gold pieces, the last being immediately donated by His Grace to the general fund for St. Vincent's Home.

Shortening School Courses.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We have insisted, times out of mind, that our system of education, as carried on in our Catholic colleges, convents, and academies, is superior in every sense to the public school system that is held up as a model for us—especially in the United States. To establish this contention one has but to follow with a little attention the many articles that appear in the American press, and in periodicals on the subject. While all are anxious to have the public understand that their system is the pink of perfection, not one of these expert writers who does not fill columns with fault-finding and suggestions of improvement. If then the system is so admirable, and ours is so inadequate, how comes it that they are always dissatisfied?

We have been drawn to this subject by an elaborate article which recently appeared in the "Evening Post," New York, on "A Shorter School Course," from the pen of Thomas M. Balliet, superintendent of schools in Springfield, Mass. We expect, from his style and from his official position, that Mr. Balliet knows well whereof he writes. He claims that it is now recognized that young men in that country enter upon the practice of their professions too late in life; and he points out the advantages of the secondary school systems of continental Europe and the shortcomings of the courses of study in the American Public Schools. It would be impossible either to reproduce such a lengthy essay or to enter into a consideration of all its details. Moreover with the details we need not bother ourselves; the general trend suffices for our purpose—the inadequacy of the prevailing system in public schools. Catholics have been known to take their children away from Catholic institutions and send them to Protestant public schools, on the plea that they received a better and more useful education in the latter. Yet we find this superintendent finding the very faults in their system of which the Catholic complains in regard to his own schools—faults that do not exist in Catholic schools at all.

In order to better explain the position Mr. Balliet makes a distinction between two classes of pupils—and it is to this that we would draw special attention, for that very distinction will be found to be the key-stone of the arch of perfection in our Catholic methods—and we refer in a particular manner to this Province of Quebec. To make his distinction clear, the writer says:—"In discussing the question the interests of two classes of pupils must be considered; namely, those who are obliged to end their school education in the elementary or secondary schools, and those who are to pursue later a prolonged course of study in higher institutions of learning. The demand for the shortening of the course comes from the colleges, and is made in the interest of the latter class. Will it also be of advantage to the former? The elective system, so widely adopted in secondary schools, solves the problem for these schools. But so far as the elementary schools are concerned, the question involved is whether both classes of pupils ought to pursue the same course; or, in short, whether the best fit for college is also the best fit for life, and the reverse. In most discussions of the question, the affirmative has either been advocated or tacitly assumed. Our American public school system is organized on the basis of giving both classes the same course, and having both attend the same elementary schools until they reach the age of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen. All European school systems are organized on the principle that the two classes of pupils should pursue different courses after the third or fourth year of school, and should attend different schools."

Then this is the ground of difficulty. We would be very glad to know Mr. Balliet's own views and to have an idea whether or not he is favorable to the pupils who are not going to make a classical course and those who are being in the same school. It might assist us somewhat in the bringing out more clearly the difference between our system and theirs. But he contradicts himself too much on this point to permit of our placing much reliance upon his statements in this regard.

For example he says:—

"In the American public schools both classes of children remain together, and pursue the same course of study until they reach the high school. This policy is supposed to be democratic; but, barring that question, is it educationally sound? Should both classes pursue the same course of study in the elementary schools? All European nations, as above stated, have organized their educational systems on the assumption that they should not, and it seems to me their solution is the right one."

By this he is not in favor of having all pupils pursue the same course in the beginning, whether they be intended for professional careers or not. Then we find him saying a little further on:—

"There is no good reason, it seems to me, why in the reading of good English and in the study of the rudiments of the natural sciences the pupil who is to enter college should pursue a different course in the elementary schools from that of the pupil who is to end his education in these schools. There is no good reason why the courses of the two classes of pupils should materially differ in such subjects as manual training, drawing, and music."

Now he advocates the contrary. He is apparently of opinion that both classes of pupils, in elementary and secondary matters, at least, should attend the same school and the same classes. Let us take another small example of the uncertainty that clings to even the critic of the public school system. In one place we find him saying:—

"The course in United States history may profitably be abridged, in view of the later study of general history, and the many side lights which this throws upon the former."

Now, this is clearly advocating a curtailing of the study of United States history. Yet he tells us, lower down:—

"In like manner, United States history should be treated with a greater fulness of detail in the elementary schools in case of pupils who are not to enter a higher school than in case of those who are later to go to college."

This is an advocating of a fuller amount of United States history. Never mind his qualifying remarks about elementary schools—for the entire subject is on preparatory schools or classes and has nothing to do with higher education. In closing his very lengthy and elaborate review Mr. Balliet says:—

"Our American school system is too severely simple; instead of unity, which implies variety, it has uniformity, and it fails to this extent to minister to the needs of all classes of pupils. There is no good reason why all grammar schools of the same city should pursue exactly the same course of study."

We have now before us the essence of the whole article. He finds fault with the public school system, because boys who end their school days with the elementary classes and those who go from them to higher grades on to a complete course are not in the same establishment. He believes not so much in uniformity of courses in all the institutions, as in unity of purpose. These are the elements that he finds lacking in the public school system. Very well. Let us, then, see if these are not the very elements that are most characteristic of our Catholic schools under the system we have in this province. We take an ordinary college, for example,—we have a score of them in the province, and perhaps more—in which the pupil is taken at the A. B. C. stage and carried along till he has completed a course of philosophy. No matter whether that pupil is going to end his school days with the end of his elementary course or is going to proceed to the end, he begins with the others, he enters the same class and receives the same instruction. When he has reached a certain grade, and it becomes apparent that he will have to leave school at an earlier age than his companion and will have to earn his living in a sphere other than a professional one, he has but to step across the hall into the commercial course. There also he is associated with the boy who is to go on to the end of the classical course. They both receive the commercial training—the one to use it at once when he steps into life; the other to make use of it as an aid in whatever profession he may in future adopt. Then comes the parting of the ways; one goes out to do battle with the world in a business on other sphere, the other continues to the end the classical course which leads to the university, and finally to a profession. They have been educated in the same house, under the same roof, and, as far as they have gone together, in the same class. Then we have here that which is lacking in the public school. And we have it in all its perfection. But now we come to the important distinction of unity and uniformity.

Mr. Balliet tells us that uniformity of courses is not what is wanted, but unity of aim. What may suit one set of pupils as a means to an end, may not suit another set for the same purpose. Very fair. Take then our Catholic colleges, convents, academies, and elementary schools. There is no strict uniformity in them. The Jesuit does not teach exactly the same as the Sulpician, nor he as the Oblate, nor he as the Christian Brother—and so on. Each has his own special course and system peculiar to his order. The same for the nuns. There is no exact uniformity in the methods of instruction. But unity of aim is there. They all, all, without exception, aim at the preparation of the pupil for the battle of this life, in no matter what sphere, and for the attainment of eternal life, by the exact same means—the only means that the unchangeable Church affords. Unity of purpose, or aim, of end; and no positive uniformity of methods. We have, therefore, exactly what Mr. Balliet claims is wanting in the public school system. Yet there are still to be found Catholics who cry out that the non-Catholic school is superior to the Catholic one.

HINTS TO CATHOLICS

(From Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O.)

When will careless Catholics learn to be on time for Mass as they are on time for trains and plays and receptions? To realize that it is more to take their places around the tree of the Cross and unite in the unbroken Sacrifice of Calvary than to be a part of everything else besides? Aside from the sin of it, it is a shame to be late for Mass.

Congregations will not go to sleep if the preacher is awake. Audiences are usually in the attitude in which the speaker puts them. It is well to remember, however, that besides a certain amount of physical energy and lung power one of the most interesting and fascinating things in public speaking is the mental stimulation that comes from meaty and suggestive instructions.

The real work of the Church is not to build churches or to collect pennies, but to harvest souls. Money and material resources are necessary, but when will laymen give themselves to the cause of religion as well as their purses?

Catholics who have no confidence in their own schools are the Catholics who are ignorant of what they are doing and are able to do.

A little more loyalty on the part of Catholics would do much to raise the standard of our Catholic schools. One of the ways to make our schools the best schools is to have the best children in them.

High and Low Church

There is a very interesting situation in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, this city, at present, which well illustrates the status of the High and Low Church controversy in that body and the accommodating spirit of compromise shown by its clergy.

The situation is briefly this: Rev. Charles Schultz, the rector of St. Stephen's, is a High churchman, and backed by one element in his parish, while the majority of the members of the parish are Low churchmen. Mr. Schultz wanted to conduct his services according to the High Church ideas, but most of his congregation threatened to bolt if he did so. Thereupon he reached a Solomonian judgment and decided that he would meet both the High Church and the Low Church followers by alternating—having High Church services one Sunday and Low Church the next.

Last Sunday marked the beginning of the compromise era, and was "low" Sunday. The candles on the altar were doused and Mr. Schultz appeared in rather evangelical garb and carried out the Low Church ceremonies—merely preaching and prayer. Next Sunday the "Highs" have their inning. "Father" Schultz will then appear and officiate at "Mass" in chasuble and alb with lighted candles on the altar, acolytes and all the accessories of a Catholic ceremony.

This commendable spirit of compromise, of a weekly shedding of beliefs, it is hoped, will satisfy all parties, although there is a fear that the High churches will not appear on "Low" Sunday and the Low churches will not appear on "High" Sunday.—Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.

Prejudice Against Catholic School Teachers.

Under the somewhat sensational heading "Murder Will Out," a Catholic American exchange tells of the spirit of bigotry which prevails in certain districts of Connecticut regarding the employment of Catholics as teachers in schools. The facts are stated as follows:—

A priest of this diocese received the other day, from a school official, a letter asking for information respecting "the teaching" of a young lady applicant. The first request was followed by a second which reads as follows: "Is she a Catholic? We have had one Catholic teacher and we do not want another."

The inquirer was doubtless under the impression that he was addressing a Protestant minister. It would be a shocking breach of the canons of the epistle, but it should be known to every right-minded citizen, irrespective of creed.

We hope, and we would like to believe, that this is not a fair sample of the correspondence which passes between non-Catholic clergymen. It is not often that letters intended for Protestant divines are addressed to Catholic priests, and it does seem a little strange that this one—one in a thousand—should contain such tell-tale evidence of anti-Catholic, un-American and unjust discrimination. Is this the ordinary way of finding out the religious persuasion of applicants for positions in our public schools? And is this the way that Catholics are relegated to the woods?

There is a large Catholic population in the town where this educational dictator holds court and decrees that no more Catholic teachers need apply. Taxes are levied in that township upon all property-holders, irrespective of creed. There is no religious test when it is question of bearing the expenses of the schools. Religion is not "dragged in" till it is question of dispensing the emoluments.

This official, who, by the way, is a gentleman of the cloth, is noted as being a glad-handed half-fellow well-met with Catholics. Should occasion demand, he would, we are sure, be as loud as any man in proclaiming the entire separation of Church and State—a dogma which, in the philosophy of individuals of his kidney, means that the earth and the fullness thereof are theirs. He would no doubt wax eloquent on the theme of American fair-play or of the entire absence of bigotry which characterizes the citizenship of all outside the Catholic pale. He doubtless pines for the day when even the Romanists will be educated into the spirit of their American birthright.

We regret for the moment the rigor of the law which makes it impossible for us to publish the name of this clergyman. It ought to be known to the fellow-citizen of the Catholic faith so that they might use their own discretion in accepting the velvet hand which is, no doubt, instrumental in bringing him the votes necessary to maintain himself as educational dictator of the town. The lady who is credited with having given the townspeople of the writer a surfeit of Catholic teachers is reported to be of high moral character, a graduate of the State Normal School, and a teacher of merit.

We are not prepared to say how high the lady ranks in the science and art of pedagogy—nor is that to the purpose. It was her religion that did not suit. It is religion which stands in the way of many of the Catholic graduates of the State Normal School. It is an acknowledged fact that Catholicity is still a serious handicap in the educational system of this commonwealth.

When we find out those who foster this unjust discrimination, we ought to learn how to appreciate, at their true value, the honeyed words by which they are accustomed to deal, and to register protest where protest counts for most.

The schools of the State of Connecticut cannot, save by a crying injustice, be made practically Protestant. To make them so is an offense just as rank as it would be to make them practically Jewish or Catholic or Agnostic. Possession may be nine points of the law. But there is such a thing as unjust possession. The unjust possessor is not guiltless in the sight of the law.

THE COL

CHAPTER XL.—C

A small square window with a wooden bar and to be found above the opened on a hay-yard, raised considerably above of the stable-floor, lay fast beneath this aperture. Mann was in the act of peering through it, when he was startled by a sudden knock at the window made him set his ears like a watch. He stood on a dark crept softly into a dark stable, partly in suppression, and partly to an impulse of natural a few minutes one of was gently put back, and mid light was poured in. The shadow of a horse were thrown with great of outline on the opposite other shutter was put by same caution, and in a few nearly the whole aperture obscured as if by the bo person entering. Such, in the case; and the evidence of the figure did the superstitious terrors sooner, when he beheld a in white descending by the rack, after having made a row close again, and the in appearance, as gloomy. The intruder stood at the floor, and the face revealed in the brown fire—that of Hardress Cregan. lines of his mouth and wildness of his eyes, and the mess of his attire, (for he wrapped the counterpane person) might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed to a supernatural appearance. circumstances only tended the sympathy and old attendant his servant. Danny Mann towards him slowly, and wreathed together, and ex far as the sling which wounded arm would allow dropt—half in pity and half and his eyes filled with te "Master Hardress," he length, "is it you I see da Hardress remained for motionless as a statue, as oring to summon up all hi energies to support him i investigation he was about "Won't you speak to ther?" continued the "won't you speak a word 'Twas all my endeavor sin hether to thry an' get 'em speak to you. Say a word if it is only to tell me 'jif dat's dere'!" "Where is Eilly?" murmured, still without moving, tone that seemed to come recesses of his breast, like from a sepulchre. The shrank aside, as if from th Justice itself. So sudden question struck upon his c that the inquirer was olli peat it before he could col breath for an answer. "Master Hardress, I tho ter I parted you dat time—" "Where is Eilly?" muttere res, interrupting him. "Only listen to me, sir, ment—" "Where is Eilly?" "Oh, yo! yo!" Hardress drew the counte round his head, and remain several minutes silent in the attitude. During that ti drapery was scarcely seen and yet Hell raged beneath means of deep but smothere were all that might be hear time to time. So exquisite sense of suffering which the conveyed, that Danny san bling on his knees, and resp them with floods of tears a bing. "Master Hardress," he sa dere's anything dat I can make your mind aisy, say d I know dis is my own busin no one else's. An' if dey find itself, dey'll never be one st wiser of who advised me to you tink I'll tell, you don't me. Dey may hang me as h dey like; dey may flake de lif me, if dey please; but dey nev a word outside my lips of v was dat made me do it. D try me to-day, an' didn't I a sign of 'what I'd do?" "Peace, hypocrite!" said H disgusted at a show of fea

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

A small square window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a hay-yard, which, being raised considerably above the level of the stable-floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potato, reeking hot, which he had cooked in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was gently put back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head were thrown with great distinctness of outline on the opposite wall; the other shutter was put back with the same caution, and in a few minutes nearly the whole aperture was again obscured as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance, as gloomy as ever.

The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face which was revealed in the brown fire-light, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghostliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire, (for he had only wraped the counter-pane around his person) might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow; his jaw dropt—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Master Hardress," he said at length, "is it you I see dat way?" Hardress remained for some time motionless as a statue, as if endeavoring to summon up all his corporal energies to support him in the investigation he was about to make.

"Won't you speak to me, mather?" continued the boatman; "won't you speak a word itself? Twas all my endeavor since I came hether to thry an' get 'em to let me speak to you. Say a word, mather, if it is only to tell me 'tis yourself dat's dere!"

"Where is Eily?" murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulchre. The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice itself. So sudden had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it before he could collect his breath for an answer.

"Mather Hardress, I thought, after I parted you dat time—" "Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, sir, one moment—" "Where is Eily?" "Oh, vo! vo!"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seem to move, and yet Hell raged beneath it. A few moans of deep but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with floods of tears and sobbing.

which he gave no credit. "Be still, and hear me. For many years, it has been my duty to heap kindness upon you. For which of those was it that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse, for all my future life—a little all it may be, certainly?"

It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

"I don't know how it is, Mather Hardress," he said, "dere are some people dat it is hard to please. Do you remember saying anything to me at all of a time in de room at de mather's, at Killarney, Mather Hardress? Do you remember givin' me a glove, at all? I had my token surely for what I done."

So saying, he drew the glove from his waistcoat, and handed it to his master; but the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

"I thought I had ears to hear at dat time, and brains to understand," said Danny, as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, "an' I'm sure it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue-and-cry over de mountain after a lost lady, an' a chance of a hempen cravat, for my trouble. But I had my warrant—dat was your very word, Mather Hardress—warrant, wasn't it? 'Well, when you go,' says you, 'here is your warrant,' and you ga' me de glove. Worn't dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress, "I did not say for death." "I own you didn't," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I won't you didn't; I felt for you, an' I wouldn't wait for you to say it. But did you examine it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed, with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright Heaven, I did not. If you crown in among my accusers at the judgment-seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer that I do at present. I did not. If you crowd in among my judges, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it. Did I not warn you not to touch her?"

"You did," said Danny Mann, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After did, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he manes. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you'll persuade me to it, I'll own dat dere is nothing as I see it. You may tell me dat I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat de moon is shining trough dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I'll gainsay you after dis. But listen to me, Mather Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning, an' as sure as I'm here an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress, with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From everything. Listen hether. Didn't you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat, if I was to make dat offer again, you'd tink different? An' didn't you give me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after I putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it's all one. An' now to call me out o' my name, an' to tell me I done it for harm! Dear knows, it wasn't for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it, dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Mather Hardress, listen to me. Eily O'Connor is in Heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere dey tell us, of all our doings, good an' bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books, an' my name (I'm sore afeard) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in whichever o' dem books my name is wrote your own is not far from it."

As he spoke these words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shown, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face and uplifted arm of the de-

formed, and gave him the appearance of a fiend denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise upon the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his distorted and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture continued for but a second, yet it remained engraved upon the mind of Hardress, and like the yelping of the hounds, haunted him awake and dreaming to his death. The fire, again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision, and like a vision faded.

They were aroused from the pause to which this slight incident gave occasion by hearing the sentinel arrest his steps as he passed the door, and remain silent in his song, as if in the act of listening.

"All right within there?" said the sentinel, with his head to the door.

"All's right your way, but not my way," returned Danny, sulkily.

"In a few minutes they heard him shoulder his musket once again, and resume his walk, humming with an air of indifference, the same old burthen:

"We won't go home till morning, Until the dawn appears."

Hardress remained gazing on his servant for some moments, and then said in a whisper:

"He has not heard us as I feared. It is little worth at this time, to consider on whom the guilt of this unhappy act must fall. We must at least avoid the shame, if possible. Could I depend upon you once again, if I assisted in your liberation, on the understanding that you would at once leave the country?"

The eyes of the prisoner sparkled with a sudden light. "Do you tink me a fool?" he said. "Do you tink a fox would refuse to run to earth wid de dogs at his trush?" "Here, then," said Hardress, placing a purse in his hand. "I have no choice but to trust you. This window is unguarded. There is a path-way through the hay-yard, and thence across the field, in the direction of the road. Depart at once, and without farther question."

"But what'll I do about dat fellow?" said Danny. "Dat sentry comes constant dat way; you neah him now asking me if all's right."

"I will remain here and answer for you," said Hardress, "until you have time to escape. In the meantime use your utmost speed and take the road to Cork, where you will be sure to find vessels ready to sail. If ever we should meet again on Irish soil, it must be for the death of either, most probably of both."

"An' is dis de way we part after all?" said Danny. "Well, den, be it so. Perhaps, after you tink longer of it, mather, you may tink better of me." So saying, he sprang on the manger, and ascended, (notwithstanding his hurt) with the agility of a monkey to the window. A touch undid the fastening, and in a few moments, Hardress became the sole occupant of the temporary dungeon.

He remained for a considerable time leaning with his shoulder against the wall, and gazing with a vacant eye upon the decaying fire. In this situation, the sentinel challenged several times in succession, and seemed well content with the answer which he received. But the train of thought which passed through the mind of Hardress became at length so absorbing that the challenge of the soldier fell unheard upon his ear. After repeating it without avail three or four times, the man became alarmed, and applying the butt of his musket to the door, he forced it in without much effort. His astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of his little prisoner, he beheld a tall figure wrapt in white and a ghastly face, on which the embers shed a dreary light. The fellow was a brave soldier, but (like all people of that class in his time) extremely superstitious. His brain, moreover, was heated with whisky punch, and his imagination excited by numerous tales of horror which had been freely circulated in the servant's hall. Enough only remained of his presence of mind, to enable him to give the alarm, by firing his musket, after which he fell senseless on the pavement. Hardress, no less alarmed, started into sudden energy, and climbing to the window, with an agility even surpassing that of the

fugitive, hurried off in the direction of his sleeping chamber.

There were few in the house who were capable of adopting any vigorous measures on hearing the alarm. Hastening to the spot, they found the sentinel lying senseless across the stock of his musket, the stable door open, and the prisoner fled. The man himself was enabled, after some time, to furnish a confused and broken narrative of what he had seen; and his story was in some degree confirmed by one of his comrades, who stated that the time when the shot was fired, he beheld a tall white figure gliding rapidly amongst the hay-stacks, in the little enclosure, where it vanished in the shape of a red heifer.

The sentinel was placed under arrest in an apartment of the castle, until the pleasure of his officer could be known respecting him. Captain Gibson, however, in common with the other gentlemen, and the greater number of his soldiers, was at this moment wholly incapable of conceiving or expressing any opinion whatsoever.

This story, as usual, was circulated throughout the country in the course of the following day, with many imaginative embellishments. Amongst other inventions, it was said the ghost of Eily O'Connor had appeared to the sentinel to declare the prisoner's innocence and demand his liberation. Many persons adduced the well known character of Eily as a ground for lending credence to this fiction. "It was like her," they said; "she was always a tender-hearted creature."

The evidence remaining against the other prisoners was now so immaterial, that their dismissal became a necessary consequence. Several efforts were made to draw them into some confession of their participation in the offence alleged, but if they were cautious in their admissions while the murderer was in custody, they would make no admissions whatever after hearing of his escape. Equally unavailing were all the exertions made for the recapture of the suspected fugitive and in a few weeks, the affair had begun to grow unfamiliar to the tongues and recollections of the people.

Notwithstanding the assurances of Danny, and the danger which he must incur by remaining in the country, a doubt would frequently cross the mind of Hardress, whether he really had availed himself of his recovered freedom to leave it altogether. He had money; he had many acquaintances; and he was an Irishman; an indifferent one, it is true, but yet possessing the love of expense, of dissipation, and the recklessness of danger. It was almost an even question whether he would not risk the chances of detection, for the sake of playing the host among a circle of jolly companions in the purlieus of his native city. These considerations, often discussed between Hardress and his now miserable mother, made them agree to hasten the day of marriage, with the understanding that (by an anticipation of the modern fashion) the "happy pair" were to leave home immediately after the ceremony. The south of France was the scene fixed upon for the commencement of their married life—the month of honey.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW THE ILL-TEMPERED OF HARDRESS AGAIN BROUGHT BACK HIS PERILS.

A circumstance which occurred during the intervening period, once more put Hardress to a severe probation. It was not less severe moreover, than it came like the accessions of a nervous disorder, suddenly and from a cause extremely disproportioned to its violence.

He had been conversing with his intended bride, on that day which was fixed as the penultimate of their courtship, with a more than usual appearance of enjoyment. Anne, who looked out for those breaks of sunshine in his temper, as anxiously as an agriculturist might for fair weather in a broken autumn, encouraged the symptom of returning peace, and succeeded so happily as to draw him out into quick and lively repartees, and frequent bursts of laughter. Unfortunately, however, in her ecstasy at this display of spirits, she suffered her joy to hurry her unwisely into the forbidden circle which enclosed his secret, and their music turned

to discord. She thought this holiday hour afforded a fair opportunity to penetrate into the Blue Chamber of his heart, from which he had so often warned her, and which a better impulse than curiosity urged her to explore. She did not know the interior was defiled with blood.

"Well, Hardress," she said, with a smile that had as much of feeling as of mirth, "is not this a happier score for counting time, than sitting down to shut our eyes and ears to the pleasant world about us, and opening them on a lonesome past, or a foreboding future?"

If the clouds of the past and the future, both, had met and mingled in the mid-heaven of consciousness, they could not have cast a darker or more sudden shade than that which now overspread the brow of Hardress. The laughter darkened on his cheek, his eye grew stern and dull, and his whole being, from the inmost feeling of his nature to the exterior on which those feelings were indicated, seemed to have undergone an instantaneous change.

Anne perceived her error, but did not cease to follow up her claim upon his confidence.

"Do not let me feel," she said, "that I have brought back your gloom. Dear Hardress, hear me still without uneasiness. My sole intention is that of procuring your health and peace of mind; and surely it should not be considered an intrusion that I desire your confidence. Do you fear to find in me anything more foreign than a near and interested friend? Believe me, you shall not, Hardress. I am driven upon this inquiry in spite of me. There is something hidden from me which it would be kinder to reveal. I see it prey upon your own health and spirits, day after day. I see it even fixing its cruel hold at length upon my aunt. You meet, with a consciousness in your eyes, and you both glance from time to time at me, as if I were a stranger or—I should not say it perhaps—a spy. If I come upon you when you speak together, there is a hush at my appearance, and sometimes an embarrassed look, and I have often seen trouble in your eyes, and tears in hers. Tell me, my dear Hardress, what is the cause of this? You either apprehend, or you have endured, some terrible misfortune. It is not now the time to treat me as a stranger."

She ceased to speak, and seemed to expect an answer, but Hardress said not a word. He remained with his hands crossed on the back of the chair, his cheek resting upon these, and his eyes fixed in gloomy silence on the floor.

"Or, if you do not think me worthy of a confidence," Anne resumed, with some warmth, "at least—Nay, but I am ill-tempered now," she added, suddenly checking herself. "I should not say that; I would say Hardress, if you really find yourself prevented from admitting me into your confidence, at least assure yourself of this. If it is anything in your present situation—in—in I fear to say too much—in your engagement with myself, that interferes with your peace of mind, I—I—had rather suffer anything—than—than—be the cause of suffering to you."

She turned away as she said these words, to hide from him the burst of tears with which they were accompanied. She pressed her handkerchief against her lips, and used a violent, though silent, effort to avoid the convulsive utterance of the grief that struggled at her heart.

It often happens that the most sensitive persons are those who are most blind to, and make least allowance for the susceptibility of others. The long habit of brooding over his own wants and sufferings made Hardress incapable, for the moment, of appreciating the generous affection which this speech evinced. He answered gloomily, that, "there were many things in the minds of all men which they would hide, if possible, even from themselves, and which therefore they could not reasonably be expected to communicate over-readily to another, however undeniable the claim to confidence might be."

With this cold answer, the conversation ceased. A little, yet but a little, warmed, to find her generous proposal (a proposal which cost her so much agony) thus unhandsofly received, Anne dried her tears, and remained for some minutes in that sorrowing and somewhat indignant composure, to which in virtuous breasts the sense of unmerited injury gives birth. Subduing, however, as she had long since learned to do, her personal feelings to a sense of duty, she forced herself to assume an air of cheerfulness, and once more resumed the tone of conversation, which had preceded this unfortunate failure. Again her wonted spirits arose at her desire, and again she was successful in withdrawing Hardress from his mood of dismal meditation.

One remarkable feature in the mental disease of Hardress (for such it

might now be justly termed), was as we have before remarked, the extreme uncertainty and arbitrariness of its excesses. His existence seemed to be without a basis, his mind without a centre or a rest. He had no consciousness of duty to support him, no help from Heaven, and no trust in man. Even the very passion that ate up his soul was incapable of affording to his mind that firmness of purpose and false strength which passion often gives; for his was merely retrospective, and had no object in the future. He became a passive slave to his imagination. Frequently, while enjoying a degree of comparative tranquillity, the thought would suggest itself to his fancy, that "perhaps this very day, secure as he believed himself, might see him manacled and in a dungeon." Instead of quietly turning his attention to an indifferent subject, or baffling the suggestions (as a guiltless person might) by resigning himself to a directing Providence, he combated it with argument; it increased and fastened on his imagination, until at length his nerves began to thrill, his limbs grew faint, his brow grew moist, and his whole being disturbed as at the presence of an actual danger. At other times, when sitting alone, it would occur to him that his servant might, notwithstanding his caution, have abused his confidence, and remained in the country. The idea of the danger, the ruin, which would most probably attend such disobedience, frequently produced so violent an effect upon his mind, that he would spring from his seat in a transport of frenzy, sink on one knee, and press both hands with his utmost force against the ground, as if in the act of strangling the delinquent. Then, hearing the footstep of Anne, or his mother, approaching the door, he would arise suddenly, covered with shame, and reach his chair exactly in time to avoid detection.

Soon after the conversation we have above detailed, Mr. Cregan entered, and some questions arose on the escape of Mr. Warner's prisoner, and the possibility of his recapture. This led naturally to a disquisition on the nature of the crime alleged against him, and of capital punishments in general.

"People have hinted," said Mr. Cregan, "that this might have been a case of suicide; and for my part I don't see the impossibility."

"I should think it very unlikely," said Anne. "Suicide is a very un-Irish crime. The people are too religious for it, and some people say 'too miserable!'"

"Too miserable!" exclaimed Mr. Cregan. "Now, I should think that the only cause in the world for suicide—the only possible palliative."

"I am not metaphysical enough to account for it," returned Anne, with a smile, "and I only repeat a sentiment which I heard once from Hardress. But their misery, at all events, is a cause for their piety, and in that way may be a cause of their resignation also."

"Of all crimes," said Mr. Cregan, "that is the most absurd and unaccountable, and I wonder how jurymen can reconcile it to themselves to bring in their shameful verdict of insanity so constantly as they do."

"When you hear of a fellow's cutting his throat, look at the inquest, and if you can't laugh at the evidence, you have nothing in you. The deceased was observed to be rather silent and melancholy the day before; he wore his hat on one side, a fashion which his nearest acquaintances had never observed him to use till then; he called his wife out of her name, and went into the rain without an umbrella. I should like to see how far such evidence would go to prove a case of lunacy in Chancery."

(To be continued.)

Premium TO Subscribers.

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

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

Household Notes

HOME WORK.—The bane of the age is that our young girls have a great dislike for cooking and other household duties.

Mrs. Bronson was a farmer's daughter, and having more sisters than brothers, it often fell to her lot to assist her father in the lighter out-of-door work.

Until past ninety years old she did all the cooking and baking for a good sized family, besides assisting in other household duties.

She was always very careful in her habits of eating, never allowing herself to "nibble" between meals and never overloading her stomach at mealtime.

PLAIN FOOD.—It is related by a gentleman who had an appointment to breakfast with the late A. T. Stewart, that the butler placed before them both an elaborate bill of fare: the visitor selected a list of rare dishes, and was quite abashed when Mr. Stewart said: "Bring me my usual breakfast,—oatmeal and boiled eggs."

CAUSES OF TYPHOID FEVER.—Most housekeepers in these days understand that polluted water is one of the chiefest causes of typhoid, and are careful to boil such as is used for drinking purposes, which is not fully above suspicion.

Fruits and vegetables exposed in markets are also liable to become contaminated with disease germs through the dust from the streets that is continually settling upon them.

PIES AND PUDDINGS.—Dr. Lorenz, of bloodless-surgery fame, cannot understand how Americans enjoy fair health on a diet that would depopulate any other country.

TO CAN PLUMS.—Green Gages and Damsons are best for canning. Wipe clean with a soft cloth. Allow a half cup of water and the same of sugar to cover three quarts of fruit, in preparing a syrup.

STEWED BEANS.—Soak the beans in cold water overnight. In the morning drain, turn hot water over them an inch deep or more, cover, and place on the range where they will just simmer, adding boiling water as needed.

You Can Buy BEST FOR WASH DAY. SURPRISE SOAP. of any Grocer

Notes for Farmers.

Organization of the farmers of the United States into a vast co-operative association was successfully effected last week in the first meeting of the "Advisory Board" appointed by the convention which held a session in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago.

According to the motion under which the Advisory Board was appointed, each organization which throws its interest with the co-operative association is entitled, while maintaining its distinctive individuality and membership, to two representatives upon the central body, called for the present the "Advisory Board."

The headquarters of the board will be in Chicago during the preliminary stage, and the work of enlisting the sympathy of the nation's farmers with the movement will be continued, with Chicago as a center, until the first of December, at the opening of the annual live stock show, at which time every society which has manifested its intention of joining will send two delegates as members of the board.

The avowed object of the association is to regulate distribution, placing this function in the hands of the farmers themselves instead of the "middlemen." This will make necessary the construction of elevators and warehouses throughout the country.

Such representatives or correspondents have been appointed by the advisory board in every state in the country to assist in the task of enlisting the farmers as individuals and the farmers' associations in the movement.

Three societies are to be amalgamated as the foundation for a monster exchange by which the producers of the country expect to control the markets, build elevators, establish packing houses, organize banks, maintain schools and improve the highways.

A. C. Glidden, of Paw Paw, Mich., said the time had come when the farmers must do something or the rural population would have deserted its farms and sought better paying vocations in the city.

"I had a farm of 850 acres in Michigan," said Mr. Glidden. "I wanted to build a new house and educate my children, but I couldn't do it, so I had to sell my farm. Such experiences as mine are destroying our rural population. We farmers cannot advise our children to take our places in the cultivation of our farms. Why, the average income of the Michigan farmer last year was

\$333. Six out of seven of our farms are tilled by renters. Danes, Norwegians and Finns are taking our places. We must do something."

Mr. Glidden said he and his neighbors had organized the grape growers of Michigan into an association. When they began work, he said, the South Water street commission men were paying them 6 and 7 cents per basket for their grapes.

"We organized," said Mr. Chamblin. "We believed that every man is entitled to his share of the day's consumption, that the man who grows first-class fruit is entitled to what it brings, that fruit should be packed at cost and sold at cost. We employed our own agents, and to-day we are shipping our own products and getting the best results from their sale. Our association has been a success and we are profiting from its organization."

J. J. Ryan, of Fort Dodge, Ia., a stock feeder, told of the high prices he and his fellow-stockmen are compelled to pay in marketing their stock. He wanted to see a protective association that would protect the producer.

"A few years ago," said Mr. Ryan, "when a shipper brought stock to Chicago, he would receive six or seven bids on it. Last week my brother brought in two cars of stock. He received one bid, and had to take it, notwithstanding when it was sold it was divided among three of four purchasers."

Robert Lindblom urged that an organization must be perfected which would bring higher prices to the farmer, else he would take no interest in it.

D. W. Wilson, of Elgin, Ill., told of the work that had been done by the dairymen. He said that a few years ago they had been compelled to take whatever they could get, but now they are able to control prices.

A CONVERT'S GIFT.

Father A. P. Doyle, of the Paulists, New York, received a few days ago as a gift to his collection of gold, silver and precious stones for the Apostolic Mission House chalice, a handsomely hammered silver chalice, a small individual chalice of silver, a silver wine cruet and a paten.

This communion service was used in old Trinity Episcopal Church more than half a century ago. Each article bears in old Roman lettering "Trinity Church, New York city, 1850." The chalice of the set shows the following inscription: "Parting Gift to Dr. Cox, Trinity Church, 1850."

The communion set was given to Father Doyle by one of Dr. Cox's descendants, who has recently been converted and has joined the Paulist parish.

Father Doyle will use the large chalice as it is, with the addition of a gold lining, which is required by the Roman rubrics. The wine bottle, individual chalice and paten will be melted and converted into new chalices.

A large number of Masonic emblems have been sent by converts to Father Doyle, and also several Odd Fellows' pins.

Lost opportunities never come again, but it is never too late to get all that is left.

Impatience is born of ignorance. We worry and complain about this and that, are impatient with our children, and our children with us.

PROFESSIONAL.

FRANK J. CURRAN. LOUIS E. CURRAN. Curran & Curran Barristers and Solicitors, Comm'rs for Quebec & Newfoundland. SAVINGS' BANK CHAMBERS, 180 St. James Street, Phone Main 127. Montreal.

R. F. QUIGLEY, Ph.D., L.L.D., K.C., ADVOCATE, BARRISTER and SOLICITOR, Member of the Bars of New Brunswick and Quebec.

Brosseau Lajoie and Lacoste, Advocates and Barristers-at-law, 7 PLACE D'ARMES, Montreal.

C. A. McDONNELL, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

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

PATENT SOLICITORS.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

ROOFERS, Etc.

The Plain Truth Tells

In roofing as in everything else, if your roof needs only a repair we will candidly tell you so, if a new roof is required we give a guarantee for 10, 7 or 5 years, according to price. Our experts are at your disposal, without extra cost. Can we do anything for you?

GEORGE W. REED & CO., Roofers, Asphaltes, &c., 785 CRAIG STREET.

COCOA.

Cowan's PERFECTION Cocoa. F. 100 FOR ALL AGES. GET IT FROM ANY GROCER

100 SILK REMNANTS. Beautiful squares and corners for fancy work. A splendid lot. Footing for 10c. Cat. free. Address: Fancy Silk Co., 55 Vesey street, New York.

Business Cards.

THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co. Monuments direct from our own quarries to the cemetery No middlemen's profits. If you are in need of a memorial of any kind call and see us at 290 BLEURY STREET, (Just below Sherbrooke.) P.S.—Make your own terms as to payment.

M. SHARKEY, Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent, 1340 and 1733 NOTRE DAME ST., Montreal.

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street, Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, etc. Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Service. TELEPHONE 3833

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints, Oils, and a fine line of Wall Papers, Cor. Murray and Ottawa STREETS. PRACTICAL PLUMBER, GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER. RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE CHEAP. Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

G. O'BRIEN, House Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER. Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence 645, Office 847, Dorchester street east of Bleury street. Montreal. Bell Telephone, Main 1105.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris Street, Point St Charles.

CHURCH BELLS. 30,000 McSHANE BELLS. Ringing "Round the World" Memorial Bells a Specialty. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY, TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR. Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, Treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 6. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; (Charcellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcy; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



Vol. LIII., No.

THE TRUE WITNESS IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance. Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year.

EPISCOPAL. If the English-speaking but interests, they would soon prefer Catholic papers in their work.

NOTES

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC It would not be difficult to endow with an elastic and an equally elastic coil to build up a sensational romance the flimsy groundwork of old hint at mystery. The tain organs, especially the religious character, of a priest-anti-Catholic religious appear to be able to out-dust when they can secure "a p story on"—provided the injurious to the Church of ed think it a pity that ed people—gifted in that line—should not have devoted talents to some better cause they have drifted into and thankless channel we to take them as they are a with them accordingly. T part namesake of our own namesake of our Montreal porary that is published York; it bears the name "Weekly Witness," equally gious, and not a whit less olic. The only difference is New York organ is completely regardless of truth matters concerning Catholic our city contemporary only ridical fits of the mania, an erally more considerate and seeks to be more just. T organ is not satisfied with i out of its own sufficiently f agination, absurd stories a Popes, the Papacy, and connects with Catholic Rom enjoys beyond measure rep the efforts of kindred organ same direction. In its seco issue it poaches upon the pre the "London Tattler," a pu whose title well suits its cl This time it is a romance Pope Pius IX., that the " has given to its admirers, a the "Weekly Witness" has b to circulate. The story as tains the assurance that it quite a flavor of Dumas, ab So it has, and a touch of Bal savor of Sue, and a ting "Father of all Lies." It wo be a capital romance if it h the Jesuit binding the late down and perpetually sendi wherever the superior desired adds to the perfection of the ance; that gives it Dumas-lik ing. We will reproduce it as ple of this class of literature interesting, if not edifying, a if not instructive; it runs th

"As a rule the secrets of th can be well kept and most stories that are told appropos new Pope must be taken u grain of salt. Now and agai ver, something of the roma the Papacy really leaks out, not through the cardinals. "There was, for example strange case of Pope Pius IX ty well known a generation but now almost forgotten. younger days, when he was Mastai Ferrati and a layman and fell in love with Miss daughter of the Irish Pro bishop of Kilmore, who was in Italy with her sister, Mn Salls. Miss Foster (favore young count, but Mme. D drove the lover away. Afterwa relented, the count returned at wedding day was fixed. On t pointed day the bride and her were at the Church, but n groom appeared and Count Ferrati was never seen again. "Years afterward Miss Foster to see Pope Pius IX. and was lated to recognize in the Pont old dame the count. "Mme. De Salls had made ar

SUBSCRIBE NOW

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

The True Witness P. & P. Co.'y. Limited P. O. BOX 1188, MONTREAL, P. Q.

I hereby authorize you to send me THE TRUE WITNESS for which I agree to pay to your order at the rate of One Dollar per year.

Signed,

Address

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance

Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year