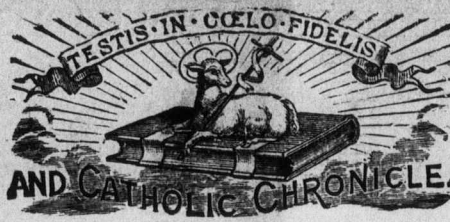


ATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.
Society Director.
DIVISION NO. 6 meets on
and fourth Thursdays of
month, at 816 St. Lawrence
Street. Officers: W. H. Turner,
President; P. McGill, Vice-President;
J. Quinn, Recording-Secretary;
31 St. Denis street; James
Treasurer; Joseph Turner,
Secretary, 1000 St. Denis

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE



Vol. LII, No. 45

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 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 1185.

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, \$2.00. Terms, payable in
advance.
All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Wit-
ness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1185.

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 excel-
lent work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE DAILY WITNESS AGAIN.—
There are times when, under some
special influences, our neighbor, the
"Daily Witness" gives expression to
liberal views; but the reputation for
fairness, which it takes months to
build up, is invariably demolished by
one little pebble that it cannot leave
in its bag of bigotry. Its last
achievement is decidedly of small
credit to its columns, nor do we be-
lieve that it will receive the sanc-
tion of one in fifty of its readers.

There is in man a kindly feeling that
dislikes to insult the dead; there is
a sentiment akin to cowardice that,
in exceptional cases, prompts the un-
reflecting to give ungenerous utter-
ance to slurs upon those whom they
would not, during the lifetime of
their victims, have dared to insult.
We can readily understand that there
is ranking in the breast, or rather
in the memory, of our contemporary
the severe stroke which it received
at the hands of the late venerable
Bishop Bourget, when the latter
was forced to place a ban upon
that paper, in the days of its rabid-
ness and anti-Catholic mania. We
have no doubt that, in those days,
the "Witness" suffered to a certain
extent by the fact that Catholics
withdrew whatever patronage that
had previously extended to it. But
it forgets that the provocation was
such that no Christian patience
could possibly remain a virtue were
it to be passive under the misrepresen-
tations of the Church and the
false statements daily belched forth
both in regard to the doctrines
taught and the discipline enforced by
Rome.

Even were all these bitter feelings
of more than half a century ago
to have been an excuse for the "Wit-
ness" in its fiery articles of that
time, they can in no way justify
reflections of an ungenerous and un-
truthful character when launched at
the dead.

The paragraph to which we refer;
and which is a semi-editorial in last
Saturday's issue of the "Daily Wit-
ness," reads thus:—

Montreal has 'done her-
self proud' in rejecting the
Carnegie library offer. The
'Journal' attempts to cover
the city's humiliation by
rudeness. It says Montreal
is rich, and can get a li-
brary herself if she wants
to, without aid from for-
eigners, but it is generally
confessed that the reason
why she cannot have a li-
brary is because ignorant-
ism rules. Instead of rear-
ing a library she is going to
set up a monument to the
man who cursed all those
who read in the public li-
brary of this day and who
thus did that library to
death. We are strongly in
favor of ornamenting the
city with educative statues,
but the worst possible be-
ginning has been made in
making a grant to a purely
denominational monument.
A more bitterly sectarian
personage could not have
been chosen on whose shoul-
ders to throw the city's
first wreath."

This is decidedly characteristic.
Imagine the writer of such a para-
graph daring to refer to a character
of the late great and humble pre-

late's as a "bitterly sectarian per-
sonage." It would be useless to tell
the one who could pen such a piece
of spitefulness of the exalted virtues,
the towering ideals, the profundity
of humility, and the unnumbered
beauties of character, gifts of heart
and graces of mind that went to
weave a halo around the head of the
saintly Bishop. It would be simply
a waste of "pearls;" we cannot place
the old saying in more parliament-
ary form.

It treats as a bigot the man who
had the courage of a Christian ap-
ostle to defend the sheep within his
fold! It treats with insult the mem-
ory of the one whom all but the
narrow-hearted combine to honor.
The statue of Mgr. Bourget will
stand erect, in front of the eternal
monument to his mighty zeal and
his apostolic greatness, long after
the last stone in the edifice whence
issue such diatribes shall have
crumbled; and the memory of the
great Bishop, and all he had done
for Canada, for Montreal, for his
own Church, and for the people of
every origin in our land, shall be
fresh and green in the minds of suc-
ceeding generations, long after the
"Witness" and its writer shall have
gone down into the oblivion that a-
waits the masses of the human fam-
ily.

THE CARNEGIE DONATION.—
After various amendments, and con-
siderable argument the City Council
of Montreal has decided, by a vote
of eighteen to fourteen to reconsider
the acceptance of Mr. Carnegie's
\$150,000 for the establishment of a
public library. The vote stood thus:
For—Ald. Laporte, Robertson,
Clearhue, Chausse, Turner, Sadler,
Ekers, Gallery, Bumbray, Levy, Ric-
ard, Carter, Nelson, N. Lapointe,
Walsh, Sauvageau, Sterns and Her-
bert—18.
Against—Ald. Vallieres, Giroux,
Ames, Lavallee, Couture, Quimet,
Martineau, Wilson, Lariviere, Robil-
lard, L. A. Lapointe, Payette, Le-
may and Dagenais—14.

This simply means that after a for-
mer Mayor having suggested the do-
nation to the millionaire library-dis-
tributor, and after two or three
years of wrangling and worry over
the matter, they have finally come
to the conclusion that "the game is
not worth the powder." And there
will be considerable relief experi-
enced on all sides once it is known that
such a subject of discordant views
has been affectively banished from
the public mind.

Moreover, we have never been able
to see how an institution of the
class could be made a success, not
to speak of its being of practical
utility, in a community such as this.
There was the question of the site
for the library which created no end
of dispute and of difficulty. No mat-
ter what site were selected, in a vast
city like Montreal, it could only be
within reach of a particular section.
And were it in the very heart of the
city, it would be too far from the
residential quarters, be they East,
West, or North. And yet the site
would be a very secondary consid-
eration compared to that of the gov-
erning control or management of the
institution. Even were that finally
regulated, there would still remain
the matter of selection of books for
such a library.

We doubt if it is possible to form
a committee, the members of which
would be thoroughly representative
of their respective elements, and
who could agree upon one page of a
catalogue. That which would ap-
pear perfectly harmless, or even ex-
ceedingly useful, to one member,

would be absolutely impossible for
another. Looking at it from the
Catholic standpoint, we know that
our co-religionists might be repre-
sented on such a committee by men
who would be careful and wise in
the choice of books destined for the
use of the people in general. But
these men could not control the
whole institution, and they would
have to make concessions to others
that would entirely clash with their
own duties; and thus an endless tur-
moil would be the result. In view
of all these considerations, it is a
great relief to feel that there will be
no need of any such animosities, or
wranglings over matters that are be-
yond all range of possible agreement
or harmony.

Besides the "gift" was not such a
free donation as it would appear, at
first glance, to be. The amount
would have to be supplemented by a
very heavy annual sum from the
city, and the corporation would be
saddled with a fresh load, when al-
ready it has about as much as it
can manage to carry. Decidedly there
are gifts that impoverish the recipi-
ents; and of this class may be count-
ed that of a library like the one
Montreal has just happily escaped.

THE MANCHURIA AFFAIR.—The
phantom of war looms up in the
East. It is the Russian that has
conjured the fell demon into exist-
ence. It is not long since the Czar
surprised the world in his great ef-
forts to establish the Hague Peace
Tribunal. And even Mr. Carnegie
wants now to erect a statue of
Peace in that quaint town. It would
be well if the man of Library-fame
would wait for further developments;
it might so happen that his statue
of Peace would be shattered by the
projectiles of war. But, it seems to
us, that no person was deceived by
the Czar's great pacific demonstra-
tion. It had been whispered, even in
diplomatic circles all over Europe
that behind the battlements of Peace
the mighty Russian was massing the
phalanx of war. It was hinted that
the Bear was only slumbering, that
he had merely retired to hibernate,
and that some spring day would see
him rally forth in quest of prey. And
that is exactly what has taken
place; exactly what is going to take
place. Russia's progress westward
over Europe is impossible, consequ-
ently she is grasping for corners
whereon to get a foothold in the
East. The sea-board of the Pacific
is what she wants, and what she
will yet have. The vast trans-Sibe-
rian railway is nothing more or less
than a tremendous "Roman Military
Way," a vast highway to China,
Japan, and India.

Russia asks that China should cede
to her the entire sovereignty over
Manchuria. Along her immense rail-
way she had set an army of guards,
it is presumed not less than one hun-
dred thousand; and all for the pur-
pose of protecting that road. The
road can now take care of itself the
army of guards suddenly find that
their presence is needed on the Chi-
nese frontier. And all this time,
from St. Petersburg, the nations of
Europe hear messages of peace and
friendship. The great ruler in the
snow city, apparently knows nothing
of what is taking place beyond the
Tartar steppes.

The cloud is gathering slowly,
but surely along the horizon of the
East, and even as we pen these
lines, and possibly before they come
under the eye of the reader, there
will be either a bursting of the
thunder storm, or else a silent rolling
back of the tempest below the rim
of the sky. The latter is not likely,
for the Russian is too stolid and de-
termined to give up that for which
he has been long preparing, simply
on account of a sentiment of a little
bit of international courtesy. The
chance is that it will be the storm.
And a storm of any kind has a tre-
mendous effect in the regions of
Manchuria.

The fact is that Russia has plain-
ly and openly set at defiance all in-
ternational regulations, and has figu-
ratively snapped her fingers at the
Powers. With the Tartar, might is
right, and Napoleon was correct,
when after the terrible experience of
Moscow, he said: "Scratch a Rus-
sian and you will always find a Tar-
tar." For the present we can do no
more than await developments; it is
useless speculating; but it seems to
us, no matter how optimistic we
would like to be, that the Peace

Congress of Nicholas II., was merely
the calm before the storm that was
anticipated and long in preparation.

VATICAN GRIEVANCES.—There
is a publication called "Plain Talk"
which undertakes to propagate reli-
gious opinions and to criticize aught
that appears in connection with af-
fairs spiritual. We suppose that the
publication in question is within its
rights when it does so, nor have we
any fault to find, in this age of free-
dom, with any person assuming the
office of commentator. Sometimes,
however, it happens that critics
omit the very necessary precaution
of studying the subject before pro-
nouncing upon it. Under the above
heading there is a special article in
the last issue of "Plain Talk." The
subject is brought about in a very
roundabout way.

The London "Tablet," recently
commenting upon the attitude of the
Holy Father in regard to the meth-
ods adopted by Methodist mission-
aries in Rome, said:—

"The Holy Father was moved by
his own pastoral solicitude to give
such prominence to Catholic defense
against the heretical propaganda. He
acted on his own initiative, and his
words were a source of agreeable
surprise to those who are directing
the work. It is the lowest form of
proselytism that is practiced by Eng-
lish and American Methodists in
Rome—bread and butter and blan-
kets for the poor people in return for
their apostasy from the faith of
their fathers. They take advantage
of the extreme poverty which pre-
vails, and use unblushing bribery to
induce destitute families to silence
the admonitions of conscience."

The "Literary Digest," comment-
ing upon the foregoing, drew a con-
trast between the attitude of the
King of Italy and that of the Pope
towards the proselytizing mission-
aries. We know, from experience, how
unsatisfactory and un-Christian this
species of work is; and we do not
feel astonished that the Holy Fa-
ther should seek to prevent his child-
ren from giving way to the tempta-
tion—at best a mere play upon the
needs of the hour, that without
drawing them into any other accept-
able form of religion, takes them
away from the one that is theirs.

But the important point to us is
in this contrast between the Quirin-
al and the Vatican. It is at this
point that "Plain Talk" comes in.
And here is the comment:—
"This is interesting as showing
the tolerant attitude of the Italian
Government—Catholic, of course. It
refutes the assertion so often made
that Catholic governments will not
tolerate Protestant evangelization.
In fact, all enlightened governments
are growing more tolerant, and this
tendency is quite as pronounced in
Catholic as in Protestant coun-
tries."

Does the reader catch the point?
Firstly, there is an insistence on the
Italian Government being Catholic.
Now what ground is there for such
an assumption? It is decidedly not
Protestant; but the Italian Govern-
ment consists of a majority of illu-
minati, of radicals, of anti-clericals,
of anti-Catholics, all of whom are
at perpetual war, and at short
range, with the Vatican; and all of
whom are prepared to adopt any
line of policy, in any instance, pro-
vided, it will tend to counteract the
Papacy. Where then is the Catholi-
city in this?

But the aim is to bring down
Catholic principle to the level of
Protestantism by means of what is
intended for a compliment—the toler-
ation of Protestant evangelization
by the Church. Either the writer of
the foregoing does, or he does not,
know that he is absolutely wrong.
If he does not know it we have no
object to enlighten him on the sub-
ject; if he does know it he is playing
the part of a deceiver of the reading
public.

While in a spirit of Charity the
Catholic Church must treat even her
bitterest enemies in the affairs of
life, still in matters of faith it is
not possible for her to tolerate any
other evangelization than that which
Christ ordered her to carry on. To
do so would simply mean to acknow-
ledge that one religion was as good
as another; and that would be
radically subversive of her very fun-
damental principles. Protestantism
can afford the luxury of such a tol-
eration, for after all the tenets of
one sect are as good as those of an-

other—they all being wide of the
Truth. But the infallible custodian
of Truth cannot acknowledge any
other teaching than that with which
the Holy Ghost inspires her—under
pain of being false to the mission
given her by Christ and consecrated
by twenty centuries of uninterrupted
propagation.

HISSING IN THEATRES.—In
the Municipal Court of Boston, a
very unique and very pertinent judg-
ment was delivered by Chief Justice
Brown, in April last. The decision
was to the effect that a spectator
had a right to express condemnation
of a theatrical performance by hiss-
ing. In discharging the defendant,
the judge remarked that hissing in
a theatre is not a crime any more
than applause. The case was this:—
Jacob Weiner, a sexton of one of the
churches in the South End, was a
visitor at a West End playhouse re-
cently. He did not like the perform-
ance, according to the policeman
who arrested him, and hissed so
loudly as to disturb the persons on
the stage. Weiner had a witness to
show that he did not hiss, but the
Justice said there was no need of
entering a defense, as Weiner did no
harm if he hissed, "good," groaned,
or said sarcastic things.

The press of the United States
seems to approve of the judgment,
and very wisely. Decidedly if it is
not a breach of privilege for one in
an audience to give expression to ap-
proval of a performance, it cannot
be out of place to equally expression
disapproval, especially when there
is a manifest reason for so doing.
Persons go to theatres for enjoyment,
and if the actors say or do
that which is calculated to give of-
fense rather than create pleasure,
there is an inalienable right on the
part of the person present to resent
the action.

For example, when a gentleman
accompanies ladies to a theatre and
an actor presumes to use offensive,
filthy, or immoral language; or the
persons on the stage dress or act in
a manner repulsive to the feelings
of the gentleman and insulting to
those of the ladies, it is only just
that a marked disapproval should be
expressed; and such may have the
effect of bringing about a discon-
tinuance of the undesirable exhibi-
tions.

Hence, in the case of the "stage
Irishman," to which we refer else-
where, if it is the privilege of those
who are anti-Irish in sentiment to
applaud the low caricaturing of their
race, it is decidedly the right of the
sensible and sensitive Irishman pre-
sent to mark, just as emphatically,
his dislike for and disapproval of
the representation.

Therefore, we can all rejoice in the
decision of Chief Justice Brown, and
we only trust that it will yet be
woven into an act of legislation that
will leave no doubt for all time to
come on the subject.

A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.—In
a recent issue of Catholic American
contemporary, we notice a cut repre-
senting a group of some fifty girl-
pupils, ranging from children of
three or four years of age up to
young ladies of sixteen or eighteen.
Each one of the tiny children car-
ried a hand banner of the Stars and
Stripes; between each two of the
older ones was a large standard of
the same device. The picture meant
very little to us, as far as the spe-
cial school or the individual mem-
bers of the group are concerned, for
the locality and its inhabitants are
strangers to us. But we looked up-
on it as a delightful lesson in patri-
otism, and one that could be imitat-
ed with benefit in many of our own
schools.

It was clear, from what we saw of
that cut that these young girls, and
even the little tots, were taught a
deep and patriotic respect for the
flag of their country. And to a great
extent, such training explains the
wonderful attachment of American
womanhood for the flag of the Re-
public. The seeds of patriotism are
planted in their hearts in their ten-
der years and they naturally grow
up with them developing in the di-
rect ratio of their physical develop-
ment. There is room for a like sen-
timent here in Canada—both as re-
gards the flag of our Dominion and
that of our motherland. The time
has come when it is something to be
recognized as Irish, and the day has

gone when the nationality furnished
subject for the caricaturists pencil
and the ballad-singer's burlesque. We
could not do better than instill, in
our schools, these sentiments that, if
fostered by the young womanhood
of the land, will eventually turn to
the glory of the coming generations.

A STERLING PRELATE.—While
the Emperor of Germany has been
visiting Leo XIII., and has since
been requesting the Holy See to send
a Nuncio to Berlin, we find a certain
fanatical German professor, by the
name of Pastor Schwartz, publishing
in his journal, "The Banner of
Truth," a series of articles defaming
the Pope and the Catholic Church.
This was more than the spirit of the
Archbishop of Freiburg could stand,
and His Grace has taken legal pro-
ceedings against the pastor-profes-
sor-journalist. It will be interesting
to note the application of German
law in such a case. Whatever uphill
fight the Archbishop may have it is
certain that his case will stand a
better chance of fair play than were
it in France that he had appealed to
the courts on such a subject.
Moreover, as we have shown in for-
mer issues, Germany is apparently
anxious to gain whatever ground
France has lost in the good graces
of the Church.

POPE AND UNITED STATES.—
While the crowned heads of Europe
are paying tribute, in one way or
another, to the illustrious Pontiff
now seated on the throne of Peter,
the President of the United States
appears to wish to be in the proces-
sion towards Rome. He has dis-
patched, through Cardinal Gibbons,
a jubilee present to His Holiness.
All that President Roosevelt does is
characteristic and peculiar; he does
nothing like other men, and hence it
is that his words and acts bear the
stamp of originality. In this case
the present takes the form of a com-
plete set of copies of the messages
and other official documents of the
American Presidents, from Wash-
ington's day to this. The great knowl-
edge His Holiness possesses of Am-
erican political questions is neatly
acknowledged in the gift of these
handsomely bound set of volumes.
Needless to say that the Holy Father
fully appreciated the compliment and
returned his thanks in an autograph
letter that the President will cer-
tainly consider as a relic of rare
value. 'Tis this is that true great-
ness—such as that of Leo XIII.—is
universally acknowledged.

CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.—
There are more signs than those that
exist of increasing churches and of
freedom of worship to indicate—the
effect that the revival of Catholicity
in England is producing. According
to the London "Times" the number
of marriages solemnized this year
during Lent, in the various churches
in England, Wales and Ireland, was
only one hundred and ten. The low-
est ever recorded so far. Eight years
ago there were more than four hun-
dred weddings during the penitential
season. From this we can safely
conclude that even among Protestants
the meaning of the season of
Lent is being gradually understood.
And, to us, it is quite potent that
this slow, almost imperceptible
change is being effected by the more
widespread influence of Catholicity
upon the people. It is this that
the work of Truth goes on, and that
like the coral reef in the ocean, the
structure is being built up, till one
day it appears above the waves, an
island, verdant and for all time
habitable.

RECENT DEATHS.
This week we have to chronicle the
death of an old and esteemed mem-
ber of St. Ann's parish, in the per-
son of Mr. Michael Davin, a native
of Queen's County, Ireland. The fun-
eral, which was held on Wednesday
last to the Church, in which he had
worshipped so long, was attended by
a large concourse of friends and ac-
quaintances. Mr. Davin was a splen-
did type of the Irish pioneer, true to
his religion and nationality. To the
members of the family the "True
Witness" offers its most sincere sym-
pathy in their bereavement.—R.I.F.

Ireland's People.

BY "CRUX."

WE have now reached a period in the history of Ireland, and the evolution of government affecting that people, when it is well to pause, and to ask ourselves what have been the people of Ireland in the past; and naturally therefrom will flow the equally pertinent question of what are the Irish people of to-day. I have been requested by more than one person, not to leave aside those extracts from the Essays of Davis, until they are all exhausted. As there are only two remaining, that I have not touched, and as the matter contained in them fit in perfectly to the general subject in hand, I have no object to take a few more paragraphs from their pages and to revive them for the benefit of thousands who may never have seen the originals, or who may never have an opportunity of reading them. But it must be remembered that all this was written sixty years ago, and is specially applicable to the people of that time. They then never dreamed of such a combination of landlords and tenants as we behold to-day. Leaving aside all introductory matter, and all general reflections upon peoples of the world, we will come at once to the great essayist's views of the Irish people. He says:—

"There is much in Ireland that makes her superior to slavery, and much that renders her inferior to freedom. Her inhabitants are composed of Irish nobles, Irish gentry, and the Irish people. Each has an interest in the independence of their country, each a share in her disgrace. Upon each, too, there devolves a separate duty in this crisis of her fate. They all have responsibilities: but the infamy of failing in them is not alike in all.

"The nobles are the highest class. They have most to guard. In every other country they are the champions of patriotism. They feel there is no honor for them separate from their fatherland. Its freedom, its dignity, its integrity are as their own. They strive for it, legislate for it, guard it, fight for it. Their names, their titles, their very pride are of it.

"In Ireland they are its disgrace. They were first to sell and would be the last to redeem it. Treachery to it is daubed on many an escutcheon in its heraldry. It is the only nation where slaves have been ennobled for contributing to its degradation.

"We do not include in this the whole Irish peasage. God forbid. There are several of them not thus ignoble. Many of them worked, struggled, sacrificed for Ireland. Many of them were true to her in the darkest times. They were her Chiefs, her ornaments, her sentinels, her safeguards. Alas, that they, too, should have shrunk from their position, and left their duties to humbler, but bolder and better men.

"Book at their station in the State. They enjoy the half mendicant privilege of voting for a representative of their order, in the House of Lords, some twice or three times in their lives. One Irish peer represents about a dozen others of his class, and thus, in his multiplex capacity, he is admitted into fellowship with the English nobility. The borrowed plumes, and delegated authority of so many of his equals raise him to a half-admitted equality with an English nobleman. And, although thus deprived of their inheritance of dignity, they are not allowed even the privilege of a commoner. An Irish lord cannot sit in the House of Commons for an Irish county or city, nor can he vote for an Irish member.

"But an Irish lord can represent an English constituency. The distinction is a strange one—unintelligible to us in any sense, but one of national humiliation. We understand it thus: An Irish lord is too mean in his own person, and by virtue of his Irish title, to rank with the British peerage. He can only qualify for that honor by uniting in his suffrages and titles of ten or twelve others. But—flattering distinction!—he is above the rank of an Irish commoner, nor is he permitted to sully his name with the privileges of that order.

"There are many, however, not in that category. They struggled at fearful odds, and every risk, against the fate of their country. They strove when hope had left them.

Wherefore do they stand apart now, when she is again erect, and righteous, and daring?

"The writers of the 'Nation' have never concealed the defects nor flattered the good qualities of their countrymen. They have told them in good faith that they wanted many an attribute of a free people, and that the true way to command happiness and liberty was by learning the arts and practicing the culture that fitted men for their enjoyment. Nor was it until we saw them thus learning and thus practicing, that our faith became perfect, and that we felt entitled to say to all men, here is a strife in which it will be stainless glory to be defeated. It is one in which the Irish nobility have the first interest and the first stake in their individual capacities.

"As they would be the most honored and benefitted by national success, they are the guiltiest in opposing, or being indifferent to national patriotism.

"Of the Irish gentry there is not much to be said. They are divisible into two classes—the one consists of the old Norman race commingled with the Catholic gentlemen, who either have been able to maintain their patrimonies, or who have risen into affluence by their own industry; the other the descendants of Cromwell's or William's successful soldiery.

"This last is the most anti-Irish of all. They feel no personal debasement in the dishonor of their country. Old prejudices, a barbarous law, a sense of insecurity in the possessions they know were obtained by plunder, combine to sink them into the mischievous and unholy belief that it is their interest as well as their duty to degrade, and wrong, and beggar the Irish people.

"There are among them men fired by enthusiasm men fed by fanaticism, men influenced by sordidness; but, as a whole, they are earnest thinkers and stern actors. There is a virtue in their unscrupulousness. They speak, and act, and dare as men. There is a principle in their unprincipledness. Their belief is a harsh and turbulent one, but they profess it in a manly fashion. We like them better than the other section of the same class. These last are but echoes of the others' views. They are coward patriots and criminal dandies. But they ought to be different from what they are. We want their aid now—for the country, for themselves, for all. Why conceal it—they are obstacles in our way, shadows on our path. These are called the representatives of the property of the country. They are against the national cause, and therefore, it is said that all the wealth of Ireland is opposed to the Repeal of the Union.

"It is an ignorant and a false boast.

"The people of the country are its wealth—they till its soil, raise its produce, ply its trade, they serve, sustain, support, save it. They supply its armies—they are its farmers, merchants, tradesmen, artists, all that enrich and adorn it. Of them will speak in our next article."

THE HUMBLE MAN.

Who is the "forgotten man" that has called forth an eloquent plea from the New York Independent? Catholic pastors will recognize him at once. He is the individual whose small contribution—small because he is poor—for religious and charitable purposes is never mentioned in public or in private. The press places an emphasis upon resounding philanthropic benefactions, while the consideration is overlooked that the millions of cheerful givers of humble means are the real bone and sinew of countless admirably sustained charities. The Forgotten Man is he who pinches to help somebody else, and whose steady and consistent, though relatively infinitesimal, contribution is the main reliance of boards of managers. Splendid is the example of him who founds a college or endows a library. Heroic is he who, unknown and unheralded, draws from his slender purse the gift of his fellowman which depletes still further his own scanty income. And the name of the Forgotten Man is Legion!—Pittsburgh Observer.

"We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The attentions should not be mere 'tokens of a night.' Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable."—Sir John Lubbock.

Our duty is to follow the Vicar of Christ whither he goeth, and never to desert him, however we may be tried; but to defend him at all hazards, knowing his cause to be the cause of God.—Father Newman.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I have to leave off my reproduction of letters, for a very good reason. I have completed the bundle which I opened about ten months ago, and I am not able, for a very good reason, to place hands on the second bundle, the contents of which are equally as interesting and several of which I purpose giving to the readers. I may as well state frankly how it comes that I am unable, this week, to place my hand upon the bundle in question. It is what is generally called "spring-cleaning" at our house, and I leave it to the imagination of all those who have that annual ordeal to undergo to form an idea of the difficulty it sometimes is, under such circumstances, to find everything that is usually at hand. However, if I am not in a position to reproduce any of my "Old Letters" I can give a pretty general idea of the range of material covered by those that remain.

According to the list that I had made some time ago, of the contents of this second bundle, I find that they are documents (for autograph letters may well be designed thus) that touch upon very important points, if not in the literature at least in the history of the literature of America, including Canada, England, Scotland, France and Ireland. Some of them are more or less remotely connected with these important subjects, but they all have a bearing of some kind upon them. More especially are they belonging to modern American literature. By this I mean the literature that marked the half century that commences about 1840 and closes before the last decade of the nineteenth century. None of them are more recent than 1889, and none earlier than 1840. Some of them are very brief, others are comparatively lengthy; and, strange to say, the shorter the more important they seem to me. For example, ten lines from Longfellow, written twenty-three years ago, appear to me of far greater preciousness than a long essay that Bancroft penned, which is almost a copy of one of his chapters upon the "History of the Pacific Coast." Yet this latter is fit companion of an almost similar treatise (in the form of a letter) that the late Dr. Kingsford wrote, in the Parliament library at Ottawa in 1887. The very list would be like the muster-roll of an entire phalanx of long vanished men whose names once were familiar to almost every reader on this continent. Without promising too much I can say that there will surely be interest taken in several of these letters.

An Incident in the Life of a Priest.

Rev. Lambert Young, formerly pastor of Good Shepherd Church, Frankfort, Ky., and dean of the Lexington Deanery, died in Wybosch, Schynel, Holland, recently. His death recalls an exciting incident which is related in "The Centenary of Catholicism in Kentucky," by Hon. B. J. Webb.

"In 1868 a revolting crime, followed by an attempt at murder, was perpetrated by a negro fiend upon a poor Irish girl of Frankfort. The wretch was arrested and taken to jail. But the story of the outrage provoked a dangerous spirit in numbers of the populace, most of whom were supposed to be Irishmen and Catholics. A mob was raised, the jail surrounded and entrance to it effected. The law officers were powerless in the face of the demonstration, no one being allowed by the rioters to approach the jail. The commonwealth's attorney bethought him of sending for Father Young, whose influence, he imagined, would be sufficient to prevent the contemplated violence. No sooner was he informed of the illegal demonstration and the wishes of the law officials than the priest was on the ground. With no little peril he did get access to the jail and to the presence of the passion governed men who had it in their possession. That he used the limit of his influence to prevent the crime that followed there were none bold enough to doubt. But vainly did he pray them to desist. The guilty wretch was taken

out and put to death by the mob. Shortly afterwards Father Young was cited before the United States District Court in Louisville, Judge Bland Ballard presiding, to give evidence as to the identity of the parties seen by him in the jail. In answer to this citation he presented his reasons for declining to testify. These reasons, reduced by him to writing and presented to the court, are here reproduced. After detailing the circumstances of the case, as related above, the respondent goes on to say:

"I am now asked to inform the grand jury of the names of the persons I saw in that maddened and infuriated assemblage, to whom I went solely because of my priestly character, and but for which I would have been permitted neither to see nor remonstrate with them. It was because of my office that I was requested to seek admission to the jail, and it was in my character of priest that I was allowed to enter its precincts. Under the circumstances, as it seems to me, to testify at all on the subject would be to prostitute my office and to bring disgrace upon my priestly character. In doing so I would stand in the attitude of one who has taken advantage of his office as a priest, and at the instance of the civil authorities, to act the part of a public informer. The submission of my testimony in the case would certainly be a breach of implied faith and confidence, and I am convinced that all the good to be drawn therefrom would be more than counterbalanced by the evil that would result from my betrayal of those who trusted in me as priest and not otherwise.

"I do not claim that this case, strictly and technically, has features analogous to those presented in sacramental confession, but the principle is the same. The trust, if it was a trust, the forbearance, if it was forbearance, were rendered to my sacred office and not to my comparatively unknown self. Can I afford to testify? If compelled to do so, would another of my office dare to trust himself in such a position? Would he be permitted under like circumstances to raise his voice? Is it right, it is fair for the civil authorities thus to use and abuse my office? With all respect for the laws of my adopted country, I am bound in my conscience as a man and as an office bearer in—as I believe and hope—the Church of Christ—to answer all these questions in the negative. My refusal to answer is in no spirit of contempt, as God is my Judge. It is my desire to respect and obey the temporal laws of the country I have voluntarily chosen for my home on earth. I act not hastily, but after profound and prayerful deliberation. I believe in all truth that I ought to be released from testifying as to facts so obtained. I do not know that my testimony would convict any man, accused or not accused. I did not see the execution of the colored man. I did not see him at the jail, not at any time in the possession of the mob; nor do I know, except from hearsay, that he was executed. But it is not the importance or the effect of my testimony that concerns me. It is the principle of deposing as evidence facts which I came to know in my office of priest and which I would not otherwise, as I verily believe, have been requested or permitted to see or hear. It is not to screen any real or supposed offender against the law, nor from any sympathy with mob violence in this case or any other that I decline to testify, but to protect, as far as in me lies, clean and spotless my sacerdotal robes. For these reasons, and these only, I humbly and earnestly pray the court to hold the facts known to me as privileged from exposure on the witness stand.

"Lambert Young."

"The player of the petitioner was denied by the court, and Father Young was ordered to jail. But never was there a man incarcerated for alleged contempt of court who was made the recipient of more earnest demonstrations of popular respect. His contracted quarters in the jail of Jefferson County were thronged with visitors during the three days his confinement lasted, and many of these were ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing in Louisville, very many of whom were non-Catholics. After three days he was attacked with illness, and thus being presented to the court, permission was granted for his removal to the Infirmary of St. Joseph, where he remained for three weeks, still in the character of a prisoner. At the end of this time he was allowed to give bail in the sum of two thousand dollars to appear when called upon to answer the charge of contempt. No citation was ever made for his appearance, however, and presumably the case against him was permitted to lapse from the court docket."

Lessons And Examples To Catholics.

It is consoling to read such an item as the following, which we take from an American Catholic exchange. In our own city we are aware of the existence of scores of Catholics who could further the temporal well-being of their co-religionists, if they were not so narrow in their views or so "close-fisted," without affecting the interests of those dependent upon them.

The article is as follows:—

Capt. John J. Lambert, the well known proprietor of the Pueblo, Col., "Chieftain," on Sunday last presented to the city of Pueblo a large, magnificent orphanage, which is to be under the management of the Sisters of St. Francis, but which will be open to orphans of all religious denominations. Capt. Lambert spent nearly all of his life, until the breaking out of the Civil war, in Dubuque. He was a printer and was employed on "The Express and Herald," which later changed its name to the Dubuque "Herald." Shortly after the beginning of the war, he enlisted in the Ninth Iowa cavalry and became a captain through gallant and meritorious service and, when the war closed, he entered the regular army in which he remained several years. He then resigned and purchased the Colorado "Chieftain," of which he has been editor and owner for over thirty years, and which through his able management has become one of the great papers of the west. Capt. Lambert was ever a man of exalted character, high-minded and honorable in all things, and for whom the highest regard has been entertained by the people of Dubuque.

After the war he married Miss Susan Lorimer of Dubuque, a lady of rare accomplishments and charming disposition; and it was in memory of her that his magnificent gift was dedicated by Bishop Matz of Denver on Sunday last. The sum of \$90,000 was expended in the purchase of the ground and erection of the building.

FATHER MORRIN'S WAY. — Father Morrin was born in Waterloo, N.Y., about fifty-six years ago. He was ordained for the Rochester diocese. His love of humanity and sweet self-sacrifice was told to the present writer three years ago by one who took part in the events:

"Shortly after the panic which nearly annihilated Georgetown and Silver Plume, Father Morrin was sent to take charge of the parish which included those places. He cheerfully accepted the hardships, incident to the charge, and, indeed, bore evidences in his raiment of that poverty. So scant and shabby did his clothing become that a friend remonstrated with him and urged him to buy an outfit that would become his station and protect his body sufficiently from the winter's cold.

"The Christmas collection will be taken in a few weeks," said the good priest, "and then I will buy a suit and an overcoat."

"At the early Christmas services in Georgetown of that year the collection amounted to \$75, and the friend reminded him of his needs and the promise he had made to purchase the clothing. As they started for Silver Plume word was brought to Father Morrin of the extreme suffering of three families in the town, two of whom were not of his congregation. He visited them and found a pitiable condition of affairs. When he left the last house the last dollar of the collection had gone.

"Never mind," he replied to his friend, "I will get enough at Silver Plume to meet my wants."

"At the conclusion of the services in that town, as was his custom, he gathered the children around him for their weekly instruction in the Catechism. The little ones had their story of deprivation also. There would be no Christmas tree that year, they told him. The money was needed more pressingly elsewhere.

Again the collection was diverted. The priest's new clothes were unbought, but the children of the entire town enjoyed their Christmas tree.

"To his friend's impatient remonstrances Father Morrin made explanation that Father Lambert, of his old home, had sent him \$100, and with that he would buy the outfit.

"Where is the money?" asked the friend.

"Why, I deposited it in a bank in Denver," the father answered, simply; "but the bank failed. I'll get the money in time, though, and then we'll buy the clothes."

There were similar incidents which God alone knows. Father Morrin didn't talk about them; in fact, never thought there was any special credit due him. They were with him a matter of course. But that self-sacrificing spirit made him friends everywhere. The large attendance at the funeral showed the esteem in which he was held. The Sisters at St. Joseph's Hospital stated that no patient in the hospital except Myron Reed ever had so many inquiries made as to his condition.

There is one thing that Father Morrin would have asked of all his friends, and that was their prayers. This, at least we can give him. May he rest in peace.—Denver Catholic.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A BISHOP'S JUBILEE.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop McDonnell's ordination as a priest will be celebrated by jubilee services and a reception on May 19, at which all the churches of the diocese of Brooklyn and in Queens, Nassau, and Suffolk counties will be represented. A prominent feature of the celebration will be the presentation to the Bishop of a purse of more than \$100,000, to be used by him for the establishment and development of a seminary at West Deer Park, L.I.

Bishop McDonnell recently bought 1,100 acres of land in the park, on which the seminary will be established. The tract will be developed, and built upon as soon as the proper plans can be made and approved.

The celebration will start on the morning of May 19, when the clergy of the diocese will assemble at the Pro-Cathedral, in Jay street, to attend the Pontifical Mass. Later in the day the clergy will give the Bishop a dinner in the Art Assembly Rooms, in Montague street. Bishop McDonnell will then be presented with an address on behalf of the clergy, and given the purse collected for the building of the seminary.

In the evening Bishop McDonnell will be escorted to the Academy of Music, where the laity will give him a reception. More than a thousand delegates from the different churches of the diocese will be present to greet the Bishop.

A LAYMAN'S PRIVILEGE. — Hon. Bourke Cockran, of New York, was received last week in private audience by the Pope.

IN MEMORIAM. — In all of the Catholic churches in New York memorial Masses were said Wednesday for the late Archbishop Corrigan, whose death occurred one year ago.

BUFFALO'S NEW BISHOP. — A dispatch from Rome on last Friday says that Rev. Charles H. Colton, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, has been chosen to succeed Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, who was recently made Archbishop of Chicago.

Father Colton was born in old St. Patrick's parish, Oct. 15, 1848. His brother, the late Rev. John S. Colton, was also a priest of that diocese, and their aunt was the late Mother Theresa, for twenty-four years Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the convent in Flushing, L.I. His brother, Thomas J. Colton, is a member of the wholesale millinery firm of James G. Johnston & Co., of this city.

He began his studies at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, where he was a member of the class of 1873, with Bishops McDonnell, of Brooklyn, and McPaul, of Trenton. His theological course he took at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, where he was ordained a priest on June 10, 1876. He was then sent as assistant to the late Dr. McGlynn, at St. Stephen's, in East Twenty-eighth street, and remained there until 1886, when he was made pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, at Port Chester, N.Y.

In the year following the crisis in the Father McGlynn troubles came about and St. Stephen's parish was in a turmoil over the removal of its old pastor. After Father Donnelly had failed to quiet matters Father Colton was brought from Port Chester in the hope that his long association with the people would help to restore harmony. The parish was also divided, the eastern part being given to the charge of the Carmelites. Father Colton built a new school-house, and in a comparatively short time not only straightened out the financial tangles, but cleared the church entirely from debt and had it consecrated.

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HIS is a sub person under it is one that ate no end of where? Not of size in Canada are the real, but in almost every size in Canada are the anent the sprinkling. Now, it is no intention enter into the matter principal standpoint; I would best, a poor critic in I will not worry a fact, I am under the the people of Montreal men and the special of the Corporation without my advice, quite humble on my if it were not my opinion would be theirs. I of excessive drought I for a few observations ter of street sprinkling I am not dealing with I have been on the other with the matter tion of the work. N to find any fault; I record a few persons and to offer a few br

DUST CLOUDS.—W the past couple of w been for a continuous out any rain, and ev dry as a chip, and it cumulated to a depth more on the roadway to watch people, from as they go battle with although the feeling turns to one of a less acter when it becomes to rally forth. Now stroll along on any first thing that affect that your freshly pol taken on an antiqua and are suggestive, l gone three blocks, of some limestone maca Then the bottom of if not turned up, ar of a whisking before ed your office. And "escaping fairly well have no other troub So far we have supp day. But let there b as often comes from ous place beyond which grows giddy a it sweeps around cor down unfamiliar stre exciting to watch on about a couple of h way, gathering up rying it along in ec lifting it—like Afr story—high into the scatter it over the v on everything within you see one of thos dely spring up, wit ented provocation, an line for your own sp ively close your eyes bow down to meet comes, regardless of your personal con clothes; and if you watchful, it will pr your hat and clear football player who "the goal with the and gives it a few in against the wall c side. It is then th your head-gear and of being knocked d vehicles, or street c some of the many dusty day on the sprinkled city. The imagine a score of tions.

SPRINKLED STI scene such as I hav to describe, you ar mand, in every key be watered and th be brought to tim perform that dut watering carts and rectifying things. Y way homeward, an lighted to find th been out. Yonder coming up a side s you reach the cross been there before y come to cross you of mud, created, as

St. Patrick's Parish And Order of St. Sulpice.

The committee appointed by the parishioners of St. Patrick's to present an address to the Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice on the occasion of the retirement of the Order from the spiritual direction of the parish...

Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, a member of the committee, read the address, which was as follows:-

Very Rev. and Dear Mr. Abbe Lecoq, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

The tie that bound us the children of St. Patrick in this city to the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, has been severed. The announcement of the event was unexpected; needless to say it caused us profound sorrow.

Gratitude has always been a characteristic of the Irish people.

The children of the Green Isle, and their offspring, to whose spiritual wants you have for so many years ministered in this city, are not, we trust, unworthy of their forefathers.

The generation that first felt the fostering care of your noble colleagues, has long since passed away, but the memory of generous deeds can never be obliterated; the monuments of the zeal of St. Sulpice are there to speak in tones that will reach down centuries to come.

What need to rehearse the story so often and so affectionately told? We can go back to the days when your good Father Richards found the little colony of Irish worshippers at the shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Bonsecours in 1820, a mere handful of exiles of Erin.

Under the care of St. Sulpice we have developed from a handful of people worshipping under a borrowed roof, to a powerful section of the community, kneeling before grand altars in our own magnificent temples.

We do not forget to what extent we are indebted to St. Sulpice in other respects. Yet, if we owe so much to your Seminary, it is with a feeling, we trust, of pardonable pride we love to dwell upon the fact that amongst the names that have immortalized your community within the past century, none shines with a purer light than that of the illustrious Father Dowd.

If you have done much for the chil-

dren of Ireland that land gave you a member whose career will ever cast lustre upon the name and fame of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in the city of Montreal.

Others we might mention, the late lamented and dearly beloved Father Quinlan, amongst them in a prominent way, but in Father Dowd all classes in Canada recognized the zealous pastor, the great heart and masterful brain; the father of his people; the devoted member of his Order; the priest whose statesmen consulted, one whose influence upon affairs of Church and State will be recognized by future generations.

For all that has been done to benefit us we desire to express our heartfelt thanks.

We part in sorrow from dear benefactors and generous friends, but we know that whilst devoting yourselves to the special mission that the Church has confided to your care you will always remember us, watch with anxiety our future course, and pray fervently for us at the foot of the throne of our dear Lord, that He may guide protect and preserve us now that we are deprived of those who so long directed all our undertakings with paternal solicitude.

On behalf of the parishioners of St. Patrick's by the undersigned committee.

(Signed)

- J. J. CURRAN. C. J. DOHERTY. C. F. SMITH. W. E. DORAN.

Montreal, May 13, 1903.



VERY REV. ABBE LECOQ.

In reply the Very Rev. Abbe Lecoq said:-I am happy you did not misunderstand the reasons which compelled us to leave St. Patrick's parish. Our numbers too small and other circumstances made us unable to comply with the requirements of so large a ministry.

Therefore what you say, Your Lordship, that the tie between us is severed is true, indeed, but in one sense only. The sympathy, the friendship and the devotedness to yourselves and your sacred cause did not change in the least and shall never change.

Now as to the past; it was a good omen for the little band of Irish exiles to worship, at first, at the shrine of Our Lady of Good Help. The origin of that humble sanctuary is so touching and so simple. There the river, which was still but little known, is somewhat dangerous, and the sailor needed a holy place to look to in the hour of danger, and the harbor of Montreal prospered under the protection of the Mother of God.

You recalled the memory of dear Father Dowd. I am thankful to God who have been sent here in time to know that great man, for he was indeed a great man, his holy soul has gone to its Eternal reward, but his spirit is still amongst us, and if you ever apply to the kindness and love of the Sulpician priests, it will always suffice to remind them that they are the successors and executors, the spiritual brothers of dear Father Dowd. I pray God to bless you, your families and to prosper all your undertakings.

When the Superior had concluded his address, he warmly shook hands with all present, and the gathering dispersed.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, May 11.

This week's budget from the Capital is slim as far as political news is concerned, but there have been other and more immediate demands on the attention of the people. On Friday of last week Mr. Justice Mills, of the Supreme Court, and former Minister of Justice, attended as usual to his duties at the court, and occupied his seat on the Bench. In the evening, after conversing for some time with members of his family, he prepared to close up the house, when he was suddenly seized with a fatal attack, the bursting of a blood vessel. Before any medical aid could be secured he was dead. In consequence of the sudden demise of such a prominent public man, the House adjourned on Monday, and little or no progress was made during the early days of the week. The matters most affecting public interest at this moment are the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme of railway, which is being fought out in committee, and the Redistribution Bill, which is before a select special committee. Until these committees report to the House there will be no likelihood of any important debate; but the duration of the session will entirely depend on the degree of opposition or criticism offered in both of the above-named cases. In any case it is likely to run till the middle of June.

If there were anything to hurry up the legislators it is this sudden heat which has fallen, like a mysterious oppression upon the country. And the worst effect of the heat is the accentuation of the drought that has been, ever since spring, sapping the vitality out of the country. And a still more terrible danger, caused by the general dryness, is that of fire. All the northern country, the vast invaded regions in the valleys of the Gatineau, the Nation, the Lievre, and the Rouge, are a prey to bush fires, and several large villages in the County of Labelle are menaced with entire destruction. Unless rain falls between this and the end of the week it will be no easy matter to tell how things will end.

This brings me to the subject of last Sunday's immense conflagration in Ottawa. Already full accounts of the sad event have been published in every one of the city papers, and there is no necessity of going into details. It is believed that the affair was the work of an incendiary; and at present a man by the name of White—a ticket-of-leave man, who was serving time in Kingston on an accusation of arson—has been arrested; but, so far, there is no evidence to show that he had part in the work of destruction. But be the immediate cause what it may, the real menace to the city lies in the vast lumber piles scattered along all the outskirts and many of which are within the city limits. It is absolutely impossible for a stranger to Ottawa to imagine the extent of the danger, and the terrible peril in which the city is constantly to be found. Were it built on the slopes of an extinct volcano it would not be more in danger of momentary destruction than to be thus constructed around those miles of dry lumber, regular match-boxes, that a spark or a match would suffice to light up.

The section destroyed on last Sunday was the same that had been swept out of existence by the fire of 1900, that reduced Hull and part of Ottawa to ashes. At the northern end, or boundary of that portion of the city, and dividing it from the main part of the town, is a high, rocky cliff, occupied by the Dominican Fathers' convent, their church, the new convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and a few other buildings. It was these that prevented the fire of 1900 from sweeping away the entire city; and again it was these that checked the fire this year and turned it back from the Capital. Actually the Saint Jean Baptiste Church may be said to stand on the Tarpan Rock, and to be the guardian of the city.

It would be needless to enter into any lengthy account of the sufferings consequent upon the fire. Had not the fierce wind, that prevailed on Sunday, subsided, no human power could have saved Ottawa. Montreal sent, in wonderfully quick despatch, a contingent of firemen with

reels and engines—they made the trip in two hours and a few minutes; but by the time they had reached here, the fire was under control.

The breaking of the main water-pipe left the Ottawa brigade without water for forty minutes, and that was the time that the flames made their head way. It was a queer scene to behold men on bicycles rushing through the town sounding on bugles a call to duty, summoning the militia out, and to hear the tocsin ringing from the church steeples. The soldiers gathered in short space, were constituted into a bucket brigade, and did most effective work. So menacing, at one time, was the fire, that it was arranged to remove the body of the late Judge Mills from his home—the residence being on the line taken by the fire. Hundreds hurried away their household effects. The C.P.R. Company had out all its engines, and had all the belongings of the Company and baggage of travellers, put on cars ready to rush off the moment the flames would attack the Union Depot. In fact, on all sides, it was a regular moving scene. Then many pathetic incidents took place. The man who ran the special from Montreal, arrived to find that he was homeless, and that his savings of a lifetime had gone up in smoke. The sick, the dying, the aged, the infant, were all hustled off to places of safety.

It is to be hoped that this terrible lesson, coming, as it were, in the wake of that of three years ago, will be taken to heart and that Ottawa will learn the wisdom of forever banishing the lumber piles from the city. As long as these menaces are allowed to invade the city and to usurp ground within its limits, so long will it be impossible to rely upon the safety of the people or their property.

There is nothing left here to tell about. A scorching sun looks down through an almost impenetrable cloud of smoke, and the city feels as though some mighty furnace had been filled and lit within its precincts. The only cool spot is on Parliament Hill, and that is only cool as long as the legislators have nothing to keep them in a state of ferment. Nothing new this week in the religious world here—the fire not only has despoiled the homes of the people, but has usurped all attention.

DEATH OF A REDEMPTORIST.

The death of Rev. Michael J. Corduke, C.S.S.R., which occurred at St. Peter's rectory, St. John, N.B., on May 9, after a long and painful illness of cancer of the tongue and throat, is announced.

Father Corduke was born at Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, Ire., on Feb. 16, 1849, and came to America with his parents when he was twelve years old. The family settled in New York, where the future priest was educated.

When he determined to join the Redemptorists, he went to the college of the Order at Ilchester, near Baltimore. There he made his religious profession on Aug. 2, 1875. In 1879 he was ordained priest at the Redemptorist Seminary at Ilchester.

Before going to St. John he was stationed respectively at Annapolis, Md., Quebec, Toronto and the Mission Church, Roxbury District, Boston, and also was engaged in mission work. He was appointed rector of St. Peter's Church in May, 1898, and was reappointed in 1901. His health breaking down, Rev. W. White, C.S.S.R., was appointed in 1902 to complete the term, and since then Father Corduke was an invalid.

Father Corduke was a man of rare executive ability, who did well a large amount of work without apparent effort. He was kind, thoughtful, and charitable and labored with zeal and devotion in his sacred calling.

"EVERY STONE MEANS SACRIFICE."

St. Peter's Church, Lowell, Mass., an edifice of the proportions and splendor of a Cathedral—indeed surpassing some Cathedrals in the United States, was dedicated to God on the morning of Sunday, May 10. It is difficult to overpraise the faith and piety of the rector, the Reverend M. Ronan, and his devoted people, as manifested in this triumph of sacred architecture and art. There are no rich men among the latter. The Church is based on love of God and religion, and every stone means sacrifice.—Boston Pilot.

Topics Of The Day.

By a Regular Contributor.

ST. J. B. DE LA SALLE.—Yesterday, 15th May, was the feast of Saint Jean Baptiste De La Salle, the founder of the great teaching order of the Christian Brothers. It is only within the last few years that the Church has raised the saintly teacher to her altars, and that the long process of canonization ended in a triumph for the one who was object of its investigation, as well as in the attaining by all his spiritual children of that joy which comes to those who are happy in the honors paid to their fathers. The life of De La Salle has been admirably written, and it consists of a very large volume, filled, from cover to cover, with a story that reads like a romance. So humble was his beginning, so persistent his labor, and so ample his success in the life-mission that he had assumed that it is a case of the old saying, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

We desire to convey our humble congratulations to all the members of the great order that he has founded, on the occasion of such a remarkable feast. And, in so doing, our expressions are not a little dictated by gratitude; for either personally, or on account of the thousands of our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists who have been trained, in early youth, in the schools of the Christian Brothers, there is a feeling of deep gratefulness that comes over us, whenever the occasion arises to say a word in praise of that noble phalanx. If it could be given to the great saint, who is their founder, to return to earth and behold, through the eyes of the flesh, the astounding development of the institution that he established so many long decades ago, what joy would he not experience and what floods of gratitude to God would he not pour forth.

But, we know from the teachings of our faith, that, in the communion of saints, the holy De La Salle looks down from his blessed home in heaven, and watches over every step that is taken by each individual member of his community, as well as every stride forward that the order makes, in its beneficent march along the centuries. And the consolation of knowing positively that their founder belongs to the army of the Church Triumphant must be one the sweetest blessings that the members of the Christian Brothers' community can enjoy on such an occasion as this. As the years roll away, and an anniversary succeeds anniversary, we trust that the progress made, the successes won, and the expansion recorded will go on increasing, and that the joys of today will be only augmented by the multiplied joys of the times to come. Such is our sincere wish and prayer, as we make mention of yesterday's feast.

And when we wish well to the Christian Brothers, our wish broadens out naturally until it takes in the entire Catholic world, for to them does that world owe a deep debt of thankfulness, and through them and their labors it owes the same to St. John Baptist De La Salle.

POPE AND PRESIDENT.—After all that has been published concerning the visit of King Edward VII., and of the Emperor of Germany to the Vatican, it now comes to pass that a rumor is circulated that bears the characteristics of sensationalism. While we have no means of establishing whether the despatch in question be well founded or not, we will give it exactly as it appeared in the New York "Sun," and will draw our own conclusions from it. The despatch reads as follows:—

"Rome, May 5.—President Loubet of France will visit Rome shortly after the visit of the Czar. The Pope, after consulting with the Cardinals, has decided not to receive the French President. This decision will be semi-officially communicated to France in the hope that M. Loubet will not ask for an interview with His Holiness. It is feared, however, that he will ask for one in order to court a refusal, which is certain if Prime Minister Combes, who is enforcing the Religious Associations Law, is still in office when M. Loubet comes here. The Pope's refusal to receive the President of France will certainly lead to a diplomatic rupture between the Vatican

and the French Government and the abolition of the Concordat."

There may or there not be any foundation for the statement that the Pope has decided not to receive the President. But on the assumption that the facts are correctly stated, we will say exactly what we think of the whole affair.

Firstly, we believe that the despatch is prepared with a view to suggesting to France and her anti-clerical government an excuse for breaking the Concordat. Because it has been evident, of late, that Combes has been seeking for every imaginable excuse to perpetrate that act; and so far he has been unable to find Rome at fault on any important point. Rome has given him no reason, no excuse for such a radical course. Here comes a person who lets the French President understand that he can accomplish Combes' project, by simply going to Rome, asking for an interview with the Pope, and having the same refused. It even says: "It is found, however, that he will ask for one in order to court a refusal." If the President of France were to put himself out of his way to court such a refusal he would be unworthy of the exalted office he holds in a great country. It would reduce him to the level of a pettifogging politician and his conduct would be worse than that of a ward heeler.

But what is there to indicate, beyond this despatch, that there is any such intention on the part of President Loubet? Absolutely nothing. Had he intended paying a visit to Rome he would likely have done so when on his way to or from Algiers. If he were to do so now, just after a return from the south, from beyond the Mediterranean, it would be clear that he was merely the envoy, or cats paw, of the Premier, and that he had taken all that trouble for the purpose of bringing on a crisis between Church and State.

We, therefore, conclude that the above is only one more of those mischief-making despatches that are purposely concocted with a view to creating trouble where none exist. Moreover, were the Pope to have had any intention of declining a visit from the French President, it is not to the correspondent of an American paper that His Holiness would confide the secret.

Farewell to Mr. Percy Quinn.

One of the promising young Irish Catholic business men of Montreal, and a well known active member of athletic and fraternal organizations—Mr. Percy Quinn, whose recent appointment to a more lucrative position in the service of the company he has so long and so successfully served, is leaving for his new field of labor in a few days.



MR. PERCY QUINN.

This week the members of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association, gathered at their club house, and presented Mr. Quinn with a diamond pin. The occasion was made pleasant by songs, music and speeches. Mr. Harry Trihey, president of the S.A.A.A., presided, and in a few words referred to the excellent services rendered to the lacrosse club by the retiring goal-keeper. The chairman then called upon Capt. O'Connell to make the presentation, which he did with a word or two of congratulation, hoping the recipient would continue to score successes on the business field in Winnipeg. Mr. Quinn's reply to the kind words of his friends was lost in applause, but enough was heard to assure one and all that he was leaving the Shamrock Lacrosse Club with sincere regret.

Thomas Ke...

By a Regular

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago we analyzed an admirable lecture on the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Dom Gilbert L., and that we also mentioned the same lecture upon the closing of the lecture, and we said that we have given less it receive the constructive matter than end of that masterly great life. He had in the period when the in charge of the account, and had shown a vision was one at v tastes of the good believed of those duties. Thomas composed titled "On the Family full of wholesome, I great wisdom.

The lecturer thus step in the career of "But the period of dom was not destined long. Prior Clive, three years of ruling resignation, which was place was taken by enter, sub-prior of The sub-priorship was a Kempis, who do with it a second time the novices, for who ty sermons fraught sense piety which favorites in hundreds. He has also left us which he preached religious, and thirty lived to the people a little fame as a flocked to the words flow his lips, touched w Divine love. His s ways prepared, and before mounting the retire to his cell a while. The practice to the preachers of I mean those who d pulpit."

We might here characteristic remarkable and saint lecturer:—

"The remaining y a Kempis were no portant incidents fr der, but we have event to chronicle. ing for the day wh him to Master Flor the John. His o Blessed Sacrament, Cross, to our Lady patroness St. Agnes creasing. Up to th he kept up his re Church, his delight tions, his practice in the presence of teristic love for so embalm in his fe all things I have have not found it nooks and little b without deadening community, or im of affability towa He would join in creations—but when longed on feast da after awhile, with city: "My brethren there is someone verse with me in r ons knew well th hasty departure, a retreating form w and reverence."

It was in his ni Thomas became ad sy. He bore the s a year with great on the feast of St. after Compline, he in the 92nd year 63rd of his clothi of his priesthood. the eastern clois Protestantism, und Guieux, devastated M and left not one S The spot where T became lost, as it his remains were o bones lie to-day in ment raised in 18 of St. Michael at

A writer in th Britannica," thus "In Thomas w wisdom of that id pardon by imitatio began with Ansel through Francis mystical movemen

Thomas A Kempis.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago we analyzed part of the admirable lecture on Thomas A Kempis, by Dom Gilbert, Higgins, C.R.L., and that we also reproduced sections of the same. We have just come upon the closing part of that lecture, and we cannot feel that what we have given is complete unless it receive the addition of the instructive matter that constituted the end of that masterly review of a great life. He had been speaking of the period when Thomas was placed in charge of the accounts of the convent, and had shown us that the position was one at variance with the tastes of the good monk. When relieved of those duties and his novices, Thomas composed a book entitled "On the Faithful Steward," full of wholesome, pithy maxims of great wisdom.

The lecturer thus tells of the next step in the career of Thomas:—"But the period of Thomas's freedom was not destined to continue long. Prior Clive, after twenty-three years of ruling, tendered his resignation, which was accepted. His place was taken by William of Devener, sub-prior of Mount St. Agnes. The sub-priorship was transferred to a Kempis, who doubtless received with it a second time the charge of the novices, for whom he wrote thirty sermons fraught with a common-sense piety which has made them favorites in hundreds of novitiates. He has also left us some conferences which he preached to the professed religious, and thirty-six sermons delivered to the people. Thomas had no little fame as a preacher. Crowds flocked to the Mount to listen to earnest words flowing readily from his lips, touched with the fire of Divine love. His sermons were always prepared, and we learn that before mounting the pulpit he would retire to his cell and sleep there a while. The practice is not unknown to the preachers of the present day—I mean those who do not sleep in the pulpit."

We might here introduce a few characteristic remarks of this remarkable and saintly man. Says the lecturer:—

"The remaining years of the life of a Kempis were no doubt full of important incidents in the spiritual order, but we have no mere earthly event to chronicle. He was preparing for the day which would reunite him to Master Florence and his brother John. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Holy Cross, to our Lady, to his beloved patroness St. Agnes went on ever increasing. Up to the close of his life he kept up his reverence in the Church, his delight in liturgical functions, his practice of living always in the presence of God. His characteristic love for solitude and silence, embalm in his favorite motto, 'In all things I have sought rest,' but have not found it except in little nooks and little books," increased, without denuding his interest in the community, or impairing his spirit of affability towards his brethren. He would join in their common recreations—but when these were prolonged on feast days he would say, after awhile, with touching simplicity: 'My brethren, I must go; for there is someone waiting to converse with me in my cell! The Canons knew well the reason of his hasty departure, and gazed after his retreating form with mingled love and reverence.'

It was in his ninetieth year that Thomas became afflicted with dropsy. He bore the sufferings for over a year with great patience. In 1471, on the feast of St. James the Less, after Compline, he departed this life, in the 92nd year of his age, the 63rd of his clothing, and the 58th of his priesthood. He was buried in the eastern cloister of his priory, Protestantism, in the name of enlightenment, under the fanatical Gueux, devastated Mount St. Agnes, and left not one stone on another. The spot where Thomas was buried became lost, as it were, till, in 1572, this remains were discovered and his bones lie to-day in a splendid monument raised in 1897 in the Church of St. Michael at Zwolle.

A writer in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," thus speaks of him:—"In Thomas we see the gathered wisdom of that idea of a quest for pardon by imitation of Christ, which began with Anselm and came down through Franciscan revivals and mystical movement, through Tauler

and his imitation by renunciation through Ruysbroeck and Groot to Thomas a Kempis. But Thomas is far more than Ruysbroeck or Groot. He is wider and more sympathetic. He includes Ruysbroeck, Tauler, Bonaventure, the Franciscans, Bernard, and the old Victorines. He sums up in his little books the heart religion of Latin Christianity."

It is thus that the late Brother Azarias, in his "Culture of the spiritual sense," tells of the subject of this sketch:—

"Here is the secret of the magic influence wielded by the 'Imitation.' Pick it up when or where we may, open it any page we will, we always find something to suit our frame of mind. The author's genius has such complete control of the subject, and handles it with so firm a grasp, that in every sentence we find condensed the experience of ages. It is humanity finding in this simple man an adequate mouthpiece for the utterance of its spiritual wants and soul yearnings. And his expression is so full and adequate because he regarded things in the white light of God's truth, and saw their nature and their worth clearly and distinctly, as divested of the hues and tints flung around them by passion and unison."

Some unknown writer has penned the following lines, which form a fitting closing to this instructive lecture. The lines were written on the fly-leaf of a "De Imitatione."

When thou art weary of life's dust and heat,
Blinded by streaming light on sleepless eyes,
Spent with pursuing hope that ever flies,
Into this garden stray with lingering feet.
For here for every ill and ache and smart
There grows a mystic herb of healing balm,
Oh! lay it, odorless, on thy wounded heart,
And own in every nerve its power to calm!
Forget both rose and laurel, all the flowers
That stood so bravely in the gates of day;
Seek in the eventide these peaceful bowers,
But ere thou enter in, turn, cast away,
If thou within those thymy haunts would rest,
The treasured pansies fading on thy breast.

MONTH OF MARY

(Written For The True Witness.)

Gentle, smiling spring has come and brings to us the balmy month of May. Nature is robed in her gay attire of violet and green; birds sing gaily over meadow and grove, and soar on high through the deep blue sky; babbling brooks and rivulets float noiselessly on; while the rose-trees are in full bloom.

"Tis in this festive season that the Church calls her children together, to do honor to the Queen of Heaven, in that beautiful devotion of the 'Month of May.' In each Church or chapel her sculptured figure stands; and see amidst the blossoms bright her loving hands outstretched; and to each weary heart that gesture seems to say, 'I am the Mother of all Sorrows.' It matters not whether her statue stands; whether on the lone hill-side or in some grand edifice her gaze seems just as calm, just as sweet.

What a touching sight it is to see the little first communicants kneeling before the shrine with clasped hands, beseeching that fond mother, to prepare their little wondering hearts, to receive our Blessed Lord. Dear little ones, when you have grown older oft will memories of this bright day be recalled, and force you to exclaim, 'O Day of First Communion, O happiest of my life! Sweet childhood, spring time's bloom, Oh, age of innocence bright, unmarred by storms of cares and trials, undimmed by clouds of sin hasten then fond ones, our sinless hands can fashion best, those spotless wreaths of prayer.'

Before the shrine once more we behold the young convent girl, who is about to quit the peace and charms of convent life. Onward she must go to struggle with the crosses and temptations which hover about on all sides. Pray on, fair maiden, and gaze on the pictured face, the veiled head, and tender eyes of this Immaculate Queen, imploring her to guide the trembling, tossing bark, back to the haven of safety.
Again, let us turn to that aged

man who kneels with bowed head. See his drooping frame as he clasps his rosary. Those blessed beads they tell the history of one's life from a cross to a crown.

At length, when the evening shades are falling, the faithful mingle together and with the priest recite their decades, and also that most beautiful of prayers—"The Litany." There we portray her glorious titles. Let me recall a few: Mother of Sorrows—many a heart weighed down with grief has laid its burden at her feet and found relief there.

Refuge of sinners oft when souls were stained with sin and came in tears to her, have learned by that sweet name pardon and peace to win.

Gate of Heaven—yes, she is truly the gate of Heaven, for without Mary sinners would despair. But that loving mother stretches forth a helping hand and leads the wanderer home.

"Mary the dearest name of all,
The holiest, and the best;
The first low word, that Jesus
Lisped,
Laid on his mother's breast.

Mary our comfort, and our hope,
O may that word be given;
To be the last we sigh on earth,
The first, we breathe in Heaven."
—LUCY A. COLLINS.
178 Richardson street,
Point St. Charles,
May 12th, 1903.

Making Gentlemen

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, writing about the work he has been doing at St. George's Church, in that city, tells how he would undertake to make gentlemen. We do not see much in all his lengthy article that would appear as a prescription for the creating of gentlemen, but there are a few decidedly wise remarks in the course of his correspondence. We would draw the attention of some Montreals, and especially of the "Daily Witness" to the following remark of the reverend gentleman:—

"I have studied the needs of the people and have tried to meet them. I wish rich men would give the people more opportunities for pleasure—innocent pleasure. I do not specially endorse Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries. Libraries are good things, but in New York there are things we need more. We need pleasure houses far more in New York; places of amusement that will not degrade."

His views concerning the Carnegie library mania are in strict accord with those we have entertained all along.

Here is another statement that may have its application:—

"I have been criticised for starting a dancing class; that was a new thing not many years ago. I did it because I found that the girls were going to bad dances. Then, when we started the dramatic society, some people said I wanted to turn St. George's into a theatre. My boys and girls want to go to the theatre; they ought to go. The drama has a great influence; that influence will increase, not decrease; it has an immense place in human life, and so we started the dramatic society; they take up good plays, and it is a great success. At first, when we started the dancing class, there were always three or four of the clergy and half a dozen ladies present to look after things; the boys would spit on the floor; now there is nothing of the sort; you could not find better behavior in Sherry's, and there are often no clergy or deaconesses present. Ten years ago, if one of these boys met me in the street he would scarcely notice me; now there is hardly one who does not take off his hat when he meets me, and I have never asked them to do it. Boys like brass bands; they want to join organizations, and so we started the battalion; we have 120 in the battalion. St. George's sent seventy-one men to the Spanish war; four were killed; our battalion is a great power for good."

We have no intention of going into any commentary upon this clergyman's plans or ideas—and both might well serve as the basis of a very interesting article. We, however, would call the attention of all those who are opposed to the legitimate amusements and sports that are furnished to the youth of our day, by our own educational institutions, that these establishments are governed by men of experience, and that their views chime in well with those of the clergyman from St. George's New York. The young must have amusement, and to save them from that which is injurious, they should be afforded that which is innocent and attractive.

The Irish Land Bill

Now that the long-expected, and much discussed Irish Land Purchase Bill is on its way to realization, and has reached the committee stage in the House, it is timely to glean any comments of a striking nature that may have been made regarding the whole subject. Of course we, no more than any one else, cannot at this moment tell what may, or may not, be the outcome. Only when the Select Committee shall have reported the Bill to the House and it comes up for its third reading, will any person be in a position to pass judgment on its details. Meanwhile we take the following from an English correspondent, one not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to lean towards Ireland and her cause; and we consider this statement to be one of the most concise and explicit that could be made in regard to the situation from the pen of one who is evidently an observer and a thinker. It is thus the writer tells his views:—

"Parliamentary opposition has practically disappeared. The second reading of the Irish Land Bill, incomparably the most important measure of the session, was carried on Thursday night by a majority of 413 votes against 26.

This may just be described as one of the most startling and puzzling events in the Parliamentary history of England.

The bill, as Mr. Morley said in his powerful and interesting speech, is a social revolution. It aims at nothing less than the transference of agricultural Ireland from the rent receiving landlord to the rent paying tenants.

In form, no doubt, it is a voluntary measure, but the position of the landlord who refuses to sell will not be a happy one, and unless he be a man of iron resolution, he will soon fall in with the wishes of his tenants.

The sum of twelve millions sterling (\$60,000,000), which will be advanced from the treasury on the credit of the United Kingdom, will be increased on the lowest estimate to the extent of a hundred millions. There will be nothing between the state, and the purchasing tenant paying his annual instalments for a period of nearly seventy years.

Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill of 1886, denounced from every Tory and Liberal-Unionist platform in England, made the Irish Legislature responsible for every shilling. There is no such responsibility here. Mr. Balfour's act of 1891, which almost the whole Liberal party opposed, dealt with sums infinitesimal in comparison with those now involved; yet the leader of the Opposition with some reluctance supports this bill. Mr. John Morley supports it with enthusiasm; Sir Edward Grey, on behalf of those Liberals who have abandoned Home Rule, pleads for it with as much earnestness as Mr. Redmond himself, and only a handful of Radicals, scarcely one of whom had ever been in office, had the courage to vote against it.

A few months ago Mr. Wyndham was putting Irish members of Parliament in prison, and those who remained in attendance at Westminster were cheering the victories of the Boers. The excuse for the Chief Secretary's prosecutions was that Nationalist members invited Nationalist farmers to withhold payment of their just debts. This bill proceeds on the assumption that every Irish farmer is perfectly honest. The assumption rests upon solid ground.

Mr. Gladstone once described the Irish tenant as the champion rent payer, and the best defence for this bill, against which only four Unionists voted, is that in the transactions under former land purchase acts there have been virtually no arrears.

Mr. Wyndham's personal triumph will be grudged by no one. Although at this moment the Nationalists are his particular friends, he is deservedly popular with all sections of the House of Commons.

There are doubtless many causes for this amazing change in the political situation, but the principal reason for it appears to be two-fold. Those who dislike Home Rule believe the bill will be fatal to it. Those who like Home Rule believe the bill makes it certain. Which view is the right one time alone can show.

For the moment the Irish party

are the masters of British politics. They have tied to their chariot wheels both the Government and the Opposition. Both are equally committed to universal purchase, which will be compulsory in fact, though not in name.

If Mr. Redmond and his followers can do this in a House where they form an insignificant minority, what will they do when they hold the balance of power?"

A Terrible Menace

The cry of Cicero, "How long! how long! Ah, Cataline, wilt thou abuse of our patience?" seems to rise to the lips of every advocate of order and social safety, when new manifestations of Mafia, Atheistic, Nihilistic and other like criminal outrages are reported. The worst that we have yet read of is that of the recent attempt in New York to place a box of dynamite, with fuse attached, on board a vessel about to sail. The letter that reported the incident to the authorities, and by means of which the discovery was made, threatens that this sort of thing will be repeated. The object itself consisted of a rough pine box, containing one hundred pounds of dynamite, or enough, if exploded, to unodge ninety thousand pounds of rock. The vessel was the Cunard line steamship Umbria, and she had on board over four hundred passengers, including a number of people of prominence. The box had been left on the wharf by two Italians, and was placed amongst the baggage. The matter was in the hands of the police, just in time to save the vessel. The aim of the Mafia is stated to be the driving of the English vessels off the ocean. It is their intention, say the members of this organization, to blow up every ship, carrying the British flag, and coming into the port of New York.

The following is the letter that gave the police an idea that there was such a plot about to be executed:—

"Dear Sir,—The Mafia greets you and wishes you well.

"At the Cunard dock is a box containing one hundred pounds of dynamite. Inside of that is a machine, that, properly set, can explode the stuff any time within thirty-six hours.

The society has declared war against England and has ordered the destruction of every steamer flying the British flag that sails out of New York harbor.

"The undersigned received orders to begin operations by sinking the Oceanic, but so many women and children took passage on that boat that the society's plans were changed at the last minute.

"The machine in the box, the first made, and a crude affair, is enclosed simply to show how easy it is to sink a steamer and to convince those interested that the society is not making idle threats.

"The society has undertaken to clear New York harbor of British ships, and it will succeed.

"The reason for this movement the society does not wish to disclose. Suffice it to say that the society, in order to protect itself, must carry the war into the enemy's country; and it goes without saying that it proposes to wage it as fiercely as it knows how.

"This is the society's first and last warning, and those who purpose to patronize British steamers must take their chances in the future.

"The society asks and give no quarters; so, Lay on! lay on! Macduff, and damn'd be he that first cries 'Hold! enough!'"

PIETRO DEMARTIN.

"P.S.—The battery is not attached, fuses without caps and lighter not set, consequently there is no danger in handling the box."

As a rule, little attention is paid to such sensational communications; but this time the matter was in dead earnest, and the results, if the discovery had not been made, would have been most lamentable.

"If the infernal machine had not been discovered the entire charge of 100 pounds of dynamite would have exploded within one minute," said Inspector Murray, of the Bureau of Combustibles, this afternoon, after he had returned from the Umbria's pier.

"There is not the slightest doubt but that scores of persons would have lost their lives. The force of the concussion alone would have been deadly. Dynamite exerts a downward and outward force, and that amount would have swept the pier and considerable space adjoining."

It certainly was providential that the discovery was made; but that does not change the fact that the awful menace still exists. For years and years the United States Government has been warned against

harboring the criminal output of European lands. Under the bravado-like declaration that America is the "home of the free," the American people seem to have ignored the fact that freedom does not consist in license to criminals to hatch their plots and to carry out their evil designs within the boundaries of a country.

For time out of mind the Catholic Church has been warning the world against the dangers of encouraging those secret and wicked societies, and her voice has been disregarded by those who are adverse to accepting anything from Rome. But Rome has suffered so much on account of these very organizations that she was able to talk to the world from experience. The day is at hand when the American Republic, if it is to last another century, must set a face against all that savors of old world criminal organizations. The State has within the last couple of years lost one of its greatest Presidents through the instrumentality of these very secret and deadly societies; here is an outrage perpetrated by a similar body, and that organization threatens to commit future deeds of a like character. Where or when is it all going to stop? That is the question that now is uppermost in the minds of the people.

It will stop only when the advice and warnings of the Catholic Church are hearkened to and the teachings that she has been given for long generations, and that have been disregarded by the non-Catholic world simply because they came from her.

CANNED GOODS A MENACE.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We have read during the past few months of a great many cases of poison from tinned vegetables and other eatables. The last and most striking example of the danger of these goods is told as follows:—

"Six-year-old Frank Anderson, who lived with his mother, father and sister at No. 238 Gold street, Brooklyn, died recently at the Brooklyn City Hospital of ptomaine poisoning, as a result of eating canned salmon. Mrs. Anderson on Thursday opened a can of salmon and served it for dinner. She left the can open and the family again consumed some of the salmon. With the two children later Mrs. Anderson went to visit a friend in Flint street. While there, Frank was taken with convulsions and became very ill. His mother took him to his home and called a physician, who advised her to have the boy taken to the Brooklyn City Hospital. Dr. McKitsney, of the hospital staff, said the boy had been poisoned by ptomaines. He took the boy to the hospital, where he suffered all night, and died. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson greatly fear they themselves will show signs of ptomaine poison, as they also ate of the salmon."

This story gives us a pretty broad hint with regard to the use of canned goods. Unless it be that the cans have stood for a long time exposed in shop windows, or down in damp cellars, there is not really a danger in them. Of course, we refer to fresh goods. Old stock is always more or less to be avoided, whether on account of the evaporation that has imperceptibly taken place, or of the actual poison engendered by the tin or solder.

Where the menace exists is when a can has been opened and allowed to remain standing for some time. Since it is not possible to do away entirely with the use of this class of goods, at least every reasonable precaution should be taken. The moment a can is opened its contents should be emptied into an earthen, or similar, vessel. Then the contents may last an indefinite time, according to the circumstances of weather, locality and the like; for none of the poison created by contact between the tin, the air and the acid, is carried away. It will be remarked that in the case above mentioned, they had allowed the goods to stand in the can, after it had been opened; for quite a while. It was during those few hours of exposure to the air and continuous contact with the tin that the damage was done.

A NEW LEGAL FIRM.

Messrs. Frank J. and Louis E. Curran, advocates, have formed a partnership, and will practice together under the name of Curran & Curran. The new firm will continue to occupy the offices of the senior member, in the Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James street, Montreal.

to Percy Quinn.

promising young Irish chess men of Montreal, own active member of international organizations—in, whose recent appointment a more lucrative position of the company he had so successfully served his new field of labors.



PERCY QUINN

the members of the Amateur Athletic Association at their club house. Mr. Quinn with a dial occasion was made songs, music and Harry Trihey, president, and referred to the latter the retiring goal-keeper then called upon Hall to make the prayer. He did with a word of congratulation, hoping would continue to the business field. Mr. Quinn's reply to his friends was, but enough was one and all that he a Shamrock Lacrosse were regret.

About Superstitions.

Not long since one of our correspondents sent us an article on "Superstitions," in which the writer sought to draw the line of demarcation between that which is really superstitious and that which is positively supernatural. Since then we have come upon a contribution to the "Strand Magazine," from the pen of Leonard Larkin, which for delightful sarcasm surpasses anything we have read in a long time. By pure dint of poking fun at the writer exposes some of the old-time superstitious in a manner calculated to give an eternal quietus. The reading of it will be well worth the while.

"You superstitious?" a friend will sometimes ask me. Of course I am. With so many excellent superstitions lying about to choose from; not to be superstitious would be a wicked waste of pleasant opportunities. I conform to ever superstition I can hear of, from rising to bed-time. I always spring out of bed, for instance, on the right side, for I know quite well that if I attempted to do so on the left misfortune would follow as certainly as day follows night. I know it, I repeat, and I can speak from experience; for on the only occasion on which, being more than half asleep, I disregarded this particular superstition misfortune ensued, swift and sore. For surely nobody will deny that it is a misfortune, and a sore one, to bruise knees and knuckles and nose all together against a solid brick wall, such as my bed stands against on the left side! Very well, then, I am superstitious, and if you think I am unreasonable, go and bounce against a wall yourself, by way of asserting your convictions.

That is the sort of thing the anti-superstitious are in the habit of doing, or were some years ago. There was a "Thirteen Club," which used to meet at dinner for the absurd purpose of outraging all the superstitions that reasonable persons cherish. Instead of sitting down quietly and decently and enjoying their dinner like sensible, superstitious people, they devoted most of their attention to spilling salt, crossing knives and forks, passing the wine round the wrong way, jumping up and walking under ladders, smashing looking-glasses, and a score more of similar tricks. Of course, such conduct brought misfortune with it, and only a wife "Thirteen Clubber" could fail to see it. For they must have had a most uncomfortable dinner, which is one of the greatest misfortunes I can think of. And there was pecuniary misfortune as well, for all those looking-glasses must have cost a good deal. But on consideration, perhaps, the Thirteen Clubbers were not so very different from the rest of us, after all. For to meet solemnly by appointment on Friday evening, to sit punctiliously thirteen at table, to pass the wine the wrong way and spill salt wilfully, to go jumping about the room under ladders, and conscientiously and laboriously to work through all the rest of the unnatural performance, purely in defiance of ill-luck, is—well, it is superstition, isn't it? Blank, dark, bigoted superstition!

If you have spilled salt by accident you avert misfortune from yourself by throwing a little over the left shoulder. This is a process I can earnestly recommend, especially in a crowded restaurant, with people close behind you. For if anybody gets it in the eye, or even down the back, that person will have enough misfortune for the whole room, and you may consider yourself safe—if you make no delay in getting outside.

As for the ill-luck attendant on walking under a ladder, the thing is so perfectly obvious that nobody but a blind unsuperstitious (or unsuperstitious, or whatever the correct term should be) could ever fail to perceive it. Walk down the street and observe the first half-dozen ladders standing against the houses and walls. From number one an overflowing paint-pot swings gracefully in the breeze, and, standing over it, a light-hearted son of toil brandishes an equally overflowing brush in unison with the tune he is whistling. Sometimes he hits the wall, sometimes the ladder, but all the while he dispenses a refreshing shower of paint that hits everything. A little farther on ladder number two supports an ascending laborer with a hod of bricks, and holes are thoughtfully provided in the ladder for the bricklayer to spit through; while the holes are quite big enough to let a brick or two through as well, on occasions of miscalculated equilibrium. To ladder number three clings

an elevated bill-sticker, elevated beyond the capacity of any earthly ladder, and much too elevated to perceive a single hole in this one. He wields, with uncertain swoop, a vast brush dripping with thick yellow grey paste, and ever and anon he plants an unmediated kick on the pail of similar paste that hangs below. Perhaps, after heavily pasting a very large poster, he attempts to hold it up by a corner which it doesn't possess, and while it descends with an all-embracing flop gropes feebly for it with the brush, which comes after it. On ladder number four a boy is spraying windows with an indiarubber hose. If on ladder number five somebody isn't trying to get a heavy and slippery piece of furniture into a high window or out of it, it will be on ladder number six. And now, having surveyed these ladders, I defy any Thirteen Clubster to put on a new park suit and a brilliant tall hat, walk deliberately under all these ladders, and return unconverted, if alive. I have had my own streaks of ill-luck under ladders, and I know. *Probatum est*, as they say in the old books of magic. And as for smashing a looking-glass, seven years' ill-luck is less than I have got for it. It must be more than thirty since I smashed one belonging to an aunt, with a cricket-ball that ought to have been left outside; and I have been out of her will ever since, and she has been dead for years. So that it was bad for both of us.

A properly superstitious person (like myself) is never dull. He is always playing a complicated game of—what? Spook, shall I say?—with fortune. He sees his good and bad luck coming everywhere and everywhere, and he has all sorts of expedients ready to invite the one and dodge the other. If he is absent-minded enough to put on some article of clothing inside out in the morning, and strong-minded enough to keep it so all day, he knows he is in for good fortune. Personally, I am just about absent-minded enough to have put on my socks inside out quite frequently, and then to have forgotten all about it: at any rate, I am quite sure about the forgetting. But I have never yet been quite so absent-minded as to put on my trousers or overcoat inside out, or even my hat. But absent-mindedness is an abiding characteristic of genius, and very likely I shall do it some day. When I do I shall not neglect my luck, and I expect my reward, as I walk along the Strand, in the shape of Fame and Popular acclamation.

I might feel some little diffidence in avowing myself a superstitious man were it not that I know most people are equally sensible. All about Bond street and Regent street are many ladies in expensively furnished rooms, earning noble incomes out of the sagacity of their fellow-citizens, who have the intelligence to understand that whether they are to die old or young, whether they are to come into money or stay out of it, whether they are to marry the right persons or the wrong ones, entirely depends on the shape of the wrinkles on the insides of their hands. So the ladies of the expensive rooms sit in expensive tea-gowns on large arm-chairs and tickle the palms of the wise with little ebony pointers at a guinea a tickle. There was one lady I read of who could get a guinea from each by just taking her customers by the hand and gazing ecstatically over their heads, such was the acuteness of their minds. I wish I could afford to pay a guinea for that sort of thing; because there are such a lot of other things I should like to buy—first, I think, by the way, that the information about the guinea-gazing lady came out in a police-court, or some such vulgar place.

Most of the ladies who charge a guinea for tickling your palms and gazing at the place where your hat would be if you were ill-mannered, are also ready, on equally trifling terms, to stare mightily hard at a glass ball; and the customers are equally ready to have them stare. The theory is that a properly-qualified person—and all these ladies are properly qualified, else they would be cheaper—can stare herself into a state in which she might see any mortal thing and tell anybody all about it; a result which any national creature would be glad to pay for.

Even after that you may have the about it; a result which any national creature would be glad to pay for; but this is a higher one, because you have something on paper to keep. The fee is three guineas, and the article you get is a horoscope—

surely cheap at such a price, even though it is not an optical instrument, as some might expect, but only a mysterious figure or diagram drawn on paper. It is an exact reduction, to scale, of the royal and ancient game of hopscotch, with shorthand-writer who is not a teetotaler. It is based on the obvious fact that the planets must have been somewhere when you were born, and consequently were in a great state of concern about your destiny; and that you also, being now somewhere and also in a state of concern about your destiny, have so many points in common with the planets that you will easily understand their game of hopscotch, so long as you have been clever enough to give their representative her fee. I am told, however, that the astrology of these ladies is all "put out" at sweating rates to astrological "ghosts," who design the actual hopscotcheries; and, as a conscientiously superstitious person, I believe in those ghosts.

Also, of course, I believe in all sorts of other ghosts, though I have found it impossible to make any ghost believe in me, even so far as to show itself to me. But I love to hear—and believe—of the sound old, long established ghost of the haunted mansion, who begins by dragging a boot-jack across the floor and ends by driving head first through a brick-and-a-half wall with agonized wailings (and no wonder). I should a so dearly love the acquaintance of the ghost that the Germans so disrespectfully call the "Poltergeist," which pulls away from under dignified persons, picks up thirsty people's glasses and drinks the contents—into the surrounding air—sets heavy tables dancing round the room, smashes glass, and spills salt, like some ghostly member of the Thirteen Club. There are many tales of these practical jokers among ghosts in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," and I read their exploits again and again, with much enjoyment. But the ghosts do not reciprocate my friendly feelings. I am tired to death of trying to keep awake in haunted houses. Even at a spiritualistic seance where I went once (charge one guinea—there is something weird about that universal talismanic guinea) I saw nothing more ghostly than the hostess, who was certainly thin, but rather hard and bony than otherwise. The ghosts sent me messages, however, not in their own voices, but through the lady, though, as they were the ghosts of my uncle John and my deceased sister, I didn't see why they should be either bashful or distant. But the messages interested me deeply, and certainly surprised me, chiefly because I had never heard of an uncle John before and my only sister was still alive and quite well when I returned home. But, as the lady explained, there's no accounting for the cheap adulterations introduced into guinea seances by irresponsible wicked spirits—an assurance which consoled me almost as much as the return of the guinea might have done. I think there was some sort of hint that a strictly high-class seance, warranted free from adulteration, would cost more; but I have to be economical, even with my little superstitions.

I am all the more regretful of never having met a real visible ghost because I am convinced that the ghost, as a—well, not as a body corporate, but let us say, as a class—has been much maligned and misunderstood. There has never been a more harmless, well-intentioned sort of creature than a ghost, and I cannot remember even having heard of one injuring any living creature. That people are frightened is surely no fault of the ghost's, but of their own. An affable, well-meaning ghost tries to make friends with somebody and amuse him, and the favored person won't have it, but goes rushing off and screaming to such an extent as to terrify the poor ghost out of sight. In just such a way you may see a nervous old lady in such fits of terror at the affable approaches of a big dog that the affectionate quadruped presently sneaks away, scared and abashed. Nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the behaviour of the ordinary ghost. Even those who come back to the world to make complaint of murder are much too kind to go and tell the police or a magistrate, like an ordinary vindictive human being. I never heard of any ghost complaining of murder to a policeman, or even applying to a magistrate for a summons. Instead, the ghost goes to some purely neutral person who never heard of the matter in his life, but who happens to sleep in some particular room, and gives a striking little performance which leaves the human being something to tell his friends about all the rest of his life. Sometimes it even reveals the existence of buried treasure. Nothing could be more amiable. A ghost doesn't even resent actual assault, although it cannot be comfortable to

have an unjustly enraged human being absolutely fall through one, which is what usually happens on these occasions. But the ghosts never hits back—it usually vanishes inoffensively, with a sigh of regret at the misunderstanding. It has come with the most benevolent intentions, probably to offer a little exhibition, perfectly free, of wall-penetrating and personal transparency, and although received with ungrateful assault, and perhaps a laceration of its inmost foggiest with a flying chair, it goes off exhaling meekness and forgiveness, to write humbly on a slate under a table, so as to enable some more appreciative human being to pocket the guinea the writing earns. No, a ghost is the kindest and friendliest thing that floats. Think of the countless occasions on which ghosts have risen from—wherever they are—and come all along to this uncomfortable world to shove up a table, just because it seemed the sort of thing that would amuse the company, or, perhaps, to bang a gentleman on the head with a tambourine, at a spiritualistic seance. I am afraid that their experiences among human beings give the ghosts a low opinion of our intelligence, to judge by the things they think likely to amuse us. But I should like an opportunity of clearing up all these misunderstandings, and of reciprocating the friendly advances of a ghost in the proper way, and I shall be glad to meet any respectable ghost with those views. I think I should prefer the sort that comes and beckons solemnly and leads the way to a spade and a pick, and then to a place where a chest of sovereigns is buried—a large one, but not buried too deep—in the garden. It would amuse me more than seeing a table heaved up; and I should consider it far more friendly than a bang on the head with a tambourine or a fire-shovel.

The vampire superstition I am not so much attracted by. I don't like it. It is rather too horrible—and I never heard even of a member of the Thirteen Club who went about to invite a vampire to suck his blood as he slept, even from the big toe, where the vampire bat operates. And I am firmly convinced that there is nothing but the vampire superstition to account for the habits of some gentlemen—not members of the Thirteen Club—who go to bed with their boots on.

Still, I like to be just in my superstitions—I like to give them each their little corner. I never pass a piece of iron lying in the road without picking it up; gold I am not quite so certain about, but I should avoid neglecting it—I like being on the safe side. I hope it will never be discovered—at any rate by the butchers—how much beef I have stolen to cure warts. It must be stolen beef, you see, and you must keep on till the warts go; so I am still persevering. And I always touch wood to avert danger of accident. Indeed, if the danger were the danger of drowning I think I should grab the wood with both hands—the largest piece in reach; such is the strange influence of superstition on a yielding mind.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Lightning struck the new \$5,000 church at Dedham, Ia., last week demolishing the west and east end, and setting the same on fire, but as discovery was made immediately the citizens turned out at once. The fire was put out before much damage was done. It is estimated that the damage by the lightning will not exceed \$2,000, and it is covered by insurance.

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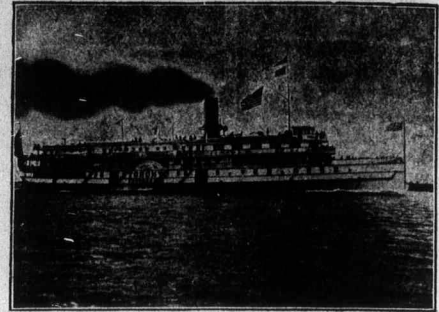
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THE

Some fifty years ago Florentine's death, the obscure street in Ravenna which the towns in Italy. You may see the still in Cathedral gate fretwork around the gratings around the stars in episcopal church you have not seen the tain any lingering doubt your Ruskin, and he was ashamed. These were men worked slowly conscious that work that they were laboring turtles, and not for bread. We cannot do toil in the workshops and neither games, no give the inspiration of art, called faith. V. ist's name was Jacopo he had an only child, whose name was Beatrice the great poet who last home at Ravenna for he was now old, speaking in his child exile; and Bice never tioning her father and the wonders of p heaven. Once a moon dark shadow would f threshold; a brother from Florence, who w to see his niece, for but she did not love the midday meal, th of the two brothers in ed upon Dante and Dante and Ravenna. I it commenced, it veer round to the everlasting that they held dire tory views.

The Florentine stou that Dante was in he ly damned. "You say here," pointing his long fing the whole of Ravenna, "Eccovi l'uomo Inferno! I say: Ecco sta all' Inferno!" "Corpo di Bacco!" would exclaim, "you thither yourself for God couldn't send hell. He could not g umph to Satan!" "Dante hath sent p ops and cardinals t ther would reply. "I its gloomy caverns w He was vengeful an There is no place for en!"

"I saw him here in Jacopo, "when you times, drove him out walking our streets, tary man. My father out, and say: 'Look look well! That's a will worship to the e "A bad, gloomy fa ness and malice to G the Florentine would "Presence of the d no!" cried Jacopo. solemn, marble face, with a point of fire. He used to pass our looking forward and close slung around folded beret on his kneel down and kiss where he had trod, angels and his Beatrice he died."

"Fah!" would excla "That's a pious decei ten commandments and one of these the shalt love!" Believe has read the Lascia once since he died!" "Then where could shouted Jacopo. "Di other circle for him I no! God does not 6 as Dante's! I allow in purgatory for a s cause we must all go sins and imperfection damned! All heaven against it!"

So the controversy month after month. Listen with wondering But she hated her and would refuse to he went away. And it would not be the swung to his work it lent, abstracted way, he would pause and from his brow, and "Dante in hell! Yes all know that; but he it. He is not!" And he would bring mer furiously upon Bice, cooking the would tremble and cr

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB

The regular weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club was held on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, and was a magnificent success.

Miss Gadbois, Miss Delahanty, Miss A. Pitts, Miss Rosy O'Brien, Miss E. K. Peacock, Miss Margaret Kitts, Mrs. Rankin, Miss Price, Miss M. Kitts, Miss Orton, Messrs. W. Briggs J. J. Rankin, Thos. Murphy, W. Kitts, B. Kitts, T. Hogan, G. Holland, Master Rankin, P. Behan, G. Morgan, M. A. Phelan, J. Hamil-



MR. J. P. CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. J. P. Cunningham, president of the Association, occupied the chair, and made a spirited address, in which he paid a tribute to the management of the Club for their devotion to the visiting seamen.

The following is the list of those who took part in the programme:

ton, M. J. Power, P. Flood, P. Golden, Seaman A. Terry, E. Barker, steamship Montrose; T. Bennet, G. Daulo, C. Harmon, steamship Manxman; Conroy, steamship Ionian; Sweeney, Donovan, Nelson, steamship Michigan.

Next week's concert will be under the auspices of Branch 54, C.M.B.A.

fearful wrong done to one who had grown gray in the service of God and whose sacerdotal career alone should have afforded him a coat of mail against the venomous shafts of bigotry. But his character has been legally vindicated, while its purity exempted it from any need of moral vindication.

Father Walsen, C.P.P.S., had just celebrated his sacerdotal jubilee in his own parish, and fatigued from the efforts and strain of the joyous occasion, he had, on invitation, gone to rest for a few days at Lorain, O., and to enjoy the hospitality of Rev. Father Reichlin, the pastor of that place. On a Thursday night Father Reichlin was called away from home to attend to some parochial duty. He left at the house his sister, Miss Agatha Reichlin, his brother, and Father Walsen. On Friday morning it was found that a ladder had been placed against the window of Miss Reichlin's rooms, and that she had been murdered in her bed. An immense stone had been used to crush in her head. Suspicion fell upon one in particular, till blood-hounds were brought into service to discover the murderer.

The "Catholic Universe," Cleveland, O., referring to the matter, says:—

"The evidence produced showed that the foul charge had no foundation. Father Walsen was acquitted by Mayor King last Tuesday evening. He had been acquitted publicly in the Church by Father Reichlin, he had been acquitted by public opinion, he had been acquitted by experienced detectives, he had been acquitted by the argument of his good life, and by the argument of common sense before the inquest began. —when will that be obliterated? When will the news of Father Walsen's innocence overtake the news of his arrest and the intimation of his guilt? We believe that many will never get the news of his acquittal, and that a number will be prejudiced enough to regret his acquittal. In some cases the wish is father to the thought as well as to the charge."

Touching upon the subject of the blood-hounds another organ says:—"After discovery of the tragedy the brother of the murdered woman declared he saw a man go through a window and escape. At the time the priest was in the room down stairs. He certainly could not have been in both places at once. Blood-hounds brought from Fort Wayne, after sniffing the scene of the murder, went at once to his room, which adjoined that of the dead girl. This excited the suspicions of the public—an anti-Catholic one it appears. When, next morning, the hounds again tracked the suspected priest to a nearby hospital, to which he had repaired, the people were frantic. They would have lynched him had not the town authorities arrested him and placed him in jail as a measure of safety."

"An instance in point: In Alabama, some twenty years ago, a murder was committed; bloodhounds were brought, took up a trail, found the man traced and bayed him in. A mob in hot pursuit came upon him and lynched him without ado. He declared he had come upon the scene of the tragedy after the deed was done, but, fearing suspicion, had fled. The vulgar rabble believed the hounds rather than the human being. Three months later the real murderer was discovered. He was punished, of course, but did his punishment right the great wrong done—the ghastly brutality committed? It did not. It could not do so."

The lesson we learn from this sad story is simply that the Catholic priest can never be too much on his guard, for he is watched by the argus-eyed phantom of bigotry, and there is rejoicing of an unholy character in certain circles the moment a chance exists of implicating him in aught that would reflect discredit upon his own personality or upon the Church.

There is something so cruelly anti-Christian in all this excess of prejudice, that we cannot understand how some people, who claim to be Christians, can possibly take delight in fostering it. But thank God, no body of men exists on earth, or ever has existed in this world, more free from the aspersions of the fanatical and evil-minded than has been, and still is, and ever will be the Catholic priesthood.

CANADIAN PACIFIC VICTORIA DAY 1903 SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE, On May 23rd, 24th and 25th. Good to return until May 26th, 1903.

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CITY TICKET OFFICES, 187 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

SUPERIOR COURT, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 1703.

Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle, of the same place, livery stable keeper, Plaintiff, vs. The said George H. Hogle, Defendant.

Public notice is hereby given that an action for separation as to property has been this day instituted between the above parties. SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY, Montreal, 13th May, 1903.

Mgr. Falconi in Texas. On Sunday, April 26, San Antonio was the scene of the most remarkable religious demonstration ever witnessed in Texas.

Irish Immigration. The American records of the first four months of this year show a large increase in Irish immigration over the recent years, during which there had been a marked falling off.

Protest Against Masonic Rites. The movement recently inaugurated by a portion of the American Catholic press against the dedication of public buildings with masonic rites is receiving support from an unexpected quarter.

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Priest Killed by a Tiger. The daily papers announced last week that "Father Glader, a Roman Catholic missionary," had been killed and partly eaten by a tiger.

GOOD PROTESTANTISM. Speaking of creedal and dogmatical dependencies the "dependent" says:—"The right way is to take their creeds and those to discard no use for them, for substantially the same and love. It is not and do that keeps what we want other do. Those who now will, we trust, see before many moons, a will join in the same some portion of the Protestant Christian. This surely sound the Protestant stand or leave it, just as you as much and leave a you please. By this who could not be before united—that is to all agree to a doctrinal perfect freedom reject its principles, of Protestants (their on all questions of overcome. Of course longer be able to see no unity between th

Results of Caricature.

(By a Correspondent.)

We have written and published so much on this subject that it would be no easy matter to fill another column without a repetition of what we have already given our readers. But, if there is little left, by way of argument against this abomination that is rapidly becoming extinct, at least it may serve a good purpose to read about some examples, illustrative of the results that have flown from the long toleration of such an outrage. Some experienced Irishman writing to the "Irish World," on the fourth of this month, after giving credit to the editor of that organ for his efforts in connection with the effacing of the Stage Irishman, in New York city, tells a couple of personal experiences, which are both very interesting and apt. He says:—"Some years ago I occupied the position of general manager in one of the largest department stores in London, England, and in the exercise of my duties I had occasion to overhaul the management of the most important department in that great concern, and in suggesting to the departmental head the necessity of having a serious talk with his men assistants with a view to an improvement in business, he replied that 'it was useless, as one-half their number was Irish—and whoever heard of an Irishman, who had any reason or common sense?' And to confirm his opinion he referred me to a London theatre in which there was an 'Irish play,' where 'the typical Irishman could be seen,' etc. Needless to say, this incapable, indolent and bigoted Englishman lost his position, and the Irishman made a success of the business in due time. 'The stage Irishman,' again taking the bread out of the mouths of those fine, honest, capable Irishmen and their families, who, driven from their homes by the brutality of England to earn a living in the country of the enemy, have to contend with all this defamatory buffoonery."

Further on he adds:—"Later on I happened to be stopping at the Kirkwood Hotel in Detroit, Mich., and an 'Irish play' of the 'stage Irishman' variety was running in one of the theatres of that city, entitled 'Pat's Wardrobe,'

the principal 'artist' being a man named Paddy Rooney. I was unexpectedly introduced to Mr. Rooney, who cordially invited me to his show, and in my courteous but indignant declination of his invitation I pointed out to him the commercial loss to Irishmen caused by this presentation of a character which had no existence in fact, and which was only an echo of the enmity of England toward a people whom she had robbed and driven from their homes and now tries to blacken their reputations in their adopted country in the vain hope of extinguishing us as a nation. Mr. Rooney very candidly stated 'that he was born in the Bowery, New York city; had never seen Ireland, and had adopted the stage as a profession; that his sympathies were Irish,' and then he made the significant statement 'that as the great majority of his patrons were Irishmen and Irishwomen, who invariably applauded his performances, he had felt satisfied that his presentation of the Irish character was not much exaggerated.'

Now this Mr. Rooney's excuse, or explanation, furnishes a key to portion, at least, of the situation. We have seen how chary the managers have become of introducing Irish character plays, since so many Irishmen, in so many different places, have effectively and openly protested. This again seems to corroborate the statements of actor Rooney. Had he, and others of his class in the business, only been discouraged from the outset, they would never have persisted in representing the Irishman in the most unattractive of all conditions. But when our own people applaud, grow merry over, and hail with delight these exhibitions, surely the actor can be excused if he takes it for granted that he is pleasing his fellow-countrymen. Anyway, the day of the "stage Irishman" is now almost a thing of the past; and it is one of those things that we trust never to see revived.

The Case of Father Walsen.

With the rapidity of the electric spark spread the news, over two continents, that a Catholic priest in Ohio had murdered in cold blood, the sister of another priest at whose home he was guest. With the lowliness of the condemned moving to his cell came the news of that good priest's innocence. No thought of the

A Cosmopolitan Church (By An Occasional)

It is frequently the manner in which Protestant denominations each other and give each other some of the "inferior," a gan of Chicago, st York "Churchman," journal, publishes merit attention confirmation class in one of the Epis Chicago. It says:—"Of this whole were reared in wh while 25 had been Lutherans, 25 as M Baptists, and 11 the whole number t Roman Catholics. certain whether the our contemporary y this showing is qu ther a church or a unlimited immigrant effected by it. It ticeable that accord ing the Episcopal comparatively few church which needs good a claim to be salt by which the saved."

This indicates no tian spirit between ans and Episcopall proves a lack of th ation on the part one will claim for there can ever be the Episcopal can absorbing all other words of the critic ply in this instar these converts to merly new adherer and they bring no nor do they actu old forms of belief, matter of importar all that is asked is the services of that But when the asse is made generally t church, or to all c comes faulty. For foretold that eventu gathered into one f one shepherd; and none other than the Church, and that s ear of Christ. And comes it will not t that the Church wh "feeders" is not ground of Truth. E not then be "feede ful would have to their errors and ac to the teachings of They can bring no mer creeds in there union of all under th mean the absorbing one, and the growi identity of that one. Protestantism, in conflicts with gener these branches all c other.

GOOD PROTESTANTISM

Speaking of creedal and dogmatical dependencies the "dependent" says:—"The right way is to take their creeds and those to discard no use for them, for substantially the same and love. It is not and do that keeps what we want other do. Those who now will, we trust, see before many moons, a will join in the same some portion of the Protestant Christian. This surely sound the Protestant stand or leave it, just as you as much and leave a you please. By this who could not be before united—that is to all agree to a doctrinal perfect freedom reject its principles, of Protestants (their on all questions of overcome. Of course longer be able to see no unity between th

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of a Priest.

to cost \$7,000, will be the Congregation of the church, Pittsburgh, Pa., of the late Rev. tin, who died from result of his ministrations with that dis-

led by a Tiger

ers announced last. "Missionary," had been eaten by a tiger in Bengal. No of the name is to be current "Catholic Di-India, published in do not recognize the place; nevertheless, may be true, in spite of of proper names. destroy a pet tradition held on the for-viz., that Catholic never known to be least killed, by wild ains, says the London mainly, if the Bengal will be the first of ord. We shall wait what confirmation report.

A Cosmopolitan Church.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It is frequently amusing to note the manner in which some of the Protestant denominations fight with each other and give expression to their jealousies. As long as there is no need of combining against the Catholic Church, they are sure to give each other some very hard raps. The "Interior," a Presbyterian organ of Chicago, states that the New York "Churchman," an Episcopalian journal, publishes some facts that merit attention concerning a recent confirmation class of 166 members in one of the Episcopalian churches of Chicago. It says:—

"Of this whole number only 53 were reared in the Episcopalian Church, while 25 had been brought up as Lutherans, 25 as Methodists, 21 were Baptists, and 11 Presbyterians. Of the whole number 8 had been reared Roman Catholics. We are not quite certain whether the patting which our contemporary gives itself over this showing is quite justified. Neither a church nor a State can receive unlimited immigration without being affected by it. It is especially noticeable that according to this showing the Episcopalian Church receives comparatively few from the world. A church which needs a dozen other churches as 'feeders' can hardly make good a claim to be the regenerating salt by which the world is to be saved."

This indicates no very united Christian spirit between the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, but it also proves a lack of thorough consideration on the part of the critic. No one will claim for a moment that there can ever be any likelihood of the Episcopalian Church eventually absorbing all others. Therefore, the words of the critic may fittingly apply in this instance. Besides all these converts to that church are merely new adherents to its forms, and they bring nothing with them, nor do they actually discard their old forms of belief. That is not a matter of importance in their case; all that is asked is that they attend the services of that church.

But when the assertion of the critic is made generally applicable to any church, or to all churches, it becomes faulty. For our Lord has foretold that eventually all would be gathered into one fold and have but one shepherd; and that fold can be none other than the great Catholic Church, and that shepherd, the Vicar of Christ. And when that time comes it will not be right to say that the Church which had so many "feeders" is not the pillar and ground of Truth. But these would not then be "feeders," for the faithful would have to come out from their errors and accept and submit to the teachings of the one Church. They can bring nothing of their former creeds in there. Therefore, the union of all under the one head would mean the absorbing of all by the one, and the growing of all into the identity of that one. Thus it is that Protestantism, in all its branches, conflicts with general Truth, while these branches all conflict with each other.

GOOD PROTESTANT DOCTRINE

Speaking of creeds and their varied acceptations the New York "Independent" says:—

"The right way is for those to take their creeds who want them, and those to discard them who have no use for them, for they all hold substantially the same faith, hope, and love. It is not what we hold and do that keeps us apart, but what we want others to hold and do. Those who now could not unite will, we trust, see a new light before many moons, and other bodies will join in the same union, and some portion of the shame of our Protestant Christians be removed."

This surely sound doctrine, from the Protestant standpoint. Take it or leave it, just as you like; or take as much and leave as much of it as you please. By this means those who could not before unite will soon be united—that is to say that will all agree to a doctrine that gives them perfect freedom to accept or reject its principles. And the shame of Protestants (their utter division on all questions of religion) will be overcome. Of course, we will no longer be able to say that there is no unity between the hundreds of

sects. There will be at least a perfect agreement upon this one teaching, for this one leaves them all free to think and do as they individually please. What a magnificent spectacle a union of this kind will be! They call their actual lack of unity the shame of Protestants; but they will be glorying in their shame the moment that they are thus united, and able to agree to disagree.

German Emperor's Visit to the Pope.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Emperor William was received by the Pope on May 3. He had a conference with the Pontiff lasting forty minutes, and then returned to the residence of the Prussian Minister to the Holy See. As the Emperor traversed the streets of Rome he was enthusiastically acclaimed.

Upon his three previous visits to the Vatican, says an Associated Press despatch, Emperor William returned direct to the Quirinal. This was not liked at the Vatican, as it was thought he should first return to neutral ground. It was appreciated, however, at the Quirinal, as it was considered somewhat of a slight upon the Pope. King Edward followed this course. To-day Emperor William returned from the Vatican to the Prussian Legation accredited to the Holy See, where he changed carriages, his cuirassiers remaining at the legation. This course is supposed to imply that his Majesty wished to pay particular deference to the feelings of the Vatican.

There was another new departure at this visit of the Emperor. Previously Cardinal Rampolla had returned the Imperial visit to the Vatican at the Prussian Legation, and had found only the Prussian Minister. To-day, however, Emperor William waited at the legation, received the Cardinal most cordially, and had a long conference with him.

Emperor William presented to the Pope a large photograph of Metz Cathedral. The Pope expressed his thanks for this gift, and remarked that the cathedral greatly resembled that at Rheims.

The Vatican is delighted at the importance given by Emperor William to his visit to the Pope, and the authorities consider this visit an answer to what they call the present persecution of the Church in France.

Pope Leo speaks highly of Emperor William, and has several times said that his conversation with the Emperor was very interesting. In the course of the interview Emperor William brought up the subject of Biblical studies and historical works. The Pope remarked that he had opened the Vatican library to German scholars, because, he said, science is what unites Rome and Germany in brotherly relationship.

The conversation then turned to the work of German missionaries, who number about 1,200, in addition to 300 nuns. Emperor William said these missionaries would always find the protection of their country wherever they might wander, and the Pontiff declared that the work of missionaries increased the influence and prestige of Germany.

The German Emperor's visit to the Pope, says the Berlin correspondent of the London "Times," is a subject for congratulation in Berlin.

A Berlin despatch, referring to the Emperor's visit, said:—A trainload of Emperor William's horses and equipages left Berlin for Rome, so that His Majesty, when calling on the Pope, need not use a carriage of King Victor Emmanuel whose liveries have not yet been seen inside the Papal precincts. The Emperor has sent two vehicles, with eight coach horses, three saddle horses, and twenty coachmen, grooms and hostlers.

The Cost of Anti-Clericalism.

The cost to France of the policy of suppressing the religious orders has been roughly computed by the Paris "Gaulois." The official figures allow £1,080,040 for the construction of 2,257 new schools, £190,000 for fitting the schools up, and £328,128 per annum for the stipends of the new teachers. In addition to this there are said to be about 250,000 aged or invalid persons subsisting on religious charity. Their support may be reckoned at about £20 per annum each—a total of £5,000,000; and, whether the State of their relatives support them, they cannot be left to starve. Adding up, we find the country involved in a capital outlay of £1,270,040, and an annual outlay of £5,328,128, without counting anything for the depreciation of school buildings.

Infallibility And Antiquity.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Standing, as we do to-day, on the first steps of the twentieth century, and glancing back over the great level that extends to the beginning of Christianity, all along we perceive the monuments built by the hands of men—some crumbled, some still standing, but hoary with the moss of time and grey with the signs of approaching decay—while, like a solitary pyramid in that desert of the past, towers aloft the only immutable institution, the handiwork of Divinity, bearing upon its face the seal of perpetuity and casting its giant shadow upon the littleness and instability of its surroundings. It is the Infallible Church of Christ! All history, since the dawn of Redemption, points to that infallibility, and history is according to Cicero, "the witness of ages, the light of truth, the soul of memory, the teacher of life, and the messenger of antiquity." To that venerable chronicle of the grave we make appeal against the feeble attempts at anti-Catholic arguments in our age.

If the Church is not infallible she is not of God; if she is not of God the whole fabric of Christianity is but a gigantic delusion; if there is no infallibility, there is no certainty, no safety against error, no reliance on the Scriptures, no inspiration of man, no heavenly mission, no unerring principles, no Spirit of Truth, in the religion of Christians, no Incarnation, consequently no Redemption. What the Church is to-day, she must have been yesterday, and a century ago, and twenty centuries ago. The definition of Infallibility by no means gave birth to that characteristic, its definition merely shows that it had been denied by the world, and the Church's assertion of its existence was deemed necessary. But at no period in her history could the Church err.

Let us quote once more from the words of Father Fidelis—himself at one time a Protestant and a great disbeliever in this note of the Church. He says:—

"Either there is to-day in the world a Church which is the organ and mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost, and whose teachings are infallible, true, or there is not. If there is not, then there never was; and to search for it in the past may be interesting occupation, but will certainly be profitless. Put the dilemma back to the third century. Either the Church was then infallible, or it was not. If it was not, then what earthly use is there in referring to it? For without infallibility there is no certainty, and it is simply certainty that we are in quest of. If, however, it was infallible, then it could no more cease to be so than God could cease to be God. People who talk about a limited or a suspended infallibility talk nonsense."

Run back over time and mark the action of the Church in each century. Pause when you come to a gap, to a broken link in the chain of succession, to a period, however remote, or howsoever short in duration, when the Church erred in her teachings.

Let us suppose—for mere argument sake—that at some time in the fifteenth, or ninth, or third century you come upon a year in which the Church was not infallible, or ceased to exercise infallibility. If such took place in the third century, then from the days of Christ, during two hundred years, there could not have been an infallible Church; because Christ did not promise to remain only two hundred years with His Church. He promised to remain until the end of time; neither did He send the Holy Ghost to remain a couple of centuries, and then to abandon the institution. If the Holy Ghost were with the Church and Christ abided with her, the infallibility could not have ceased at that period. Therefore, if there were a break of even one second in the continuity of the infallibility; there never was such a thing as an infallible Church, and if such an interruption occurred in the third, or in any other century, who is to tell us when the Holy Ghost returned to take up the broken chain of Divine inspiration? In fact, if the Church is infallible to-day, she must have been so uninterruptedly since the time of Christ; and if she has not been infallible from the beginning, then either Christ did not establish her—or, if He did establish a fallible Church, He was not the Son of God and the Truth itself. There is no escape from this dilem-

ma. If Christ was Divine, and if He established a Church; of necessity that Church must have been infallible; if it was infallible for one moment of time, it could never cease to be infallible for all time; and if it never ceased to be infallible, it is as much so to-day as it was in the days of Christ—no matter whether that dogma had ever been promulgated or not.

As it is with infallibility so is it with every other dogma of Catholicity. But our non-Catholic friends point to the changes of discipline that are necessitated by the fluctuations of time, and the mutability of circumstances, and they say: "See how the Church of Rome changes." This is simply because they cannot be made to understand the difference between a fundamental dogma and a rule of discipline. Here is another argument from the able Passionist, and one that deals with a point to which the Rev. Dr. Hackett made reference in his critical sermon of some weeks ago. The writer says:—

"Let me put into your hands a single, simple argument, which will sweep away like so many cobwebs the labored dissertations of these erudite Englishmen. Look away from the noisy and shifting controversies of our Western Christianity off to the silent and stationary East. There, scattered in patches amid the fossil civilization of the Orient, you will find remains of certain ancient churches, dead churches, which were cut off from the living trunk long centuries before the days of Peter Lombard or the schoolmen, in some of which the names even of Ephesus and Chalcedon are as much unknown as those of Lateran and of Florence; yet existing still, preserved, as De Maistre beautifully says, 'in the midst of Mahometanism as an insect preserved in amber'—preserved by a wonderful providence, it would almost seem for the very purpose of bringing to naught the allegation of more modern heretics. Go there, confront the present with the past. Ask them how many sacraments they hold. Ask them whether they believe that the Son of God offers himself up on their altars in unbloody sacrifice for the living and the dead. Ask them whether they invoke the prayers of the saints, and whether they honor their relics; whether they offer their own prayers, and their alms, for the souls which have not yet entered the abodes of bliss. Though each church has some antiquated heresy of its own, they will tell you, one and all—not Greeks, alone, but Armenians and Nestorians, Jacobites and Georgians, Copts and Christians of St. Thomas—that the particular doctrines and rites which enterprising Protestants have discovered to be the accretions of mediæval Romanism, they received from the Apostles, and that they hold them more dear than life itself."

No, there has never been and can never be a change in the principles of the Church. The "differentia of the Roman Catholic Church," as Protestants call them, are merely as heresy has caused them. When an article of faith is not denied there is no need of undertaking its defence; but when it is called into question then the Church explains, justifies and promulgates it. Until the days of Nestorius no one ever thought of refusing to call the Blessed Virgin the Mother of God, Vigilantius was the first to question the propriety of invoking the saints; before Aërius the offering of the Mass for the souls of the departed was not called inefficacious by any Christian. The moment, however, that any individual arose to dispute a dogma of Catholicity, immediately the Church defended its truth—a truth which had existed undisputed from the beginning and will continue to exist despite all dispute, into the end of time. Take up the unbroken line of Pontiffs, from Leo XIII. to St. Peter; follow the history of the Church back through the ages; take up the different councils from that of the Vatican to the first held at the Last Supper; study the great Fathers of the Church and their works, all agreeing most perfectly; go to the stake of the American savage, where the missionary preached an infallible Church and suffered death for an unchanging faith; go to the catacombs and read the inscriptions recently discovered, and those especially unearthed by the antiquarian Rossi; go to the ruins of the Flavian Amphitheatre and pick up the dust once dampened with the blood of Christian martyrs; go to the archives of the centuries in the treasure house of Rome; go to the banks of the Jordan and enter the sacred precincts of Jerusalem; go walk in the footprints of the Apostles and Disciples; stay along the million by ways of antiquity, and everywhere, on all sides, in books, on walls, on monuments, in cities of to-day, in the ruins of cities long lost in the debris of centuries; before you, behind you, around you, arise like spectres of the past, returning to haunt the present, the irrefutable evidences of the Church's unchanged and unchange-

able doctrines, her unbroken infallibility, her Divine origin and her undeniable immortality.

Let us pause now for one moment; and in presence of the great faith of the past, with its testimonies and its relics, we challenge any Christian sect, outside the Church of Rome, to contemplate the same scene, and to trace for us the antiquity of its foundation and to point out the evidences of its truth and infallibility. Let Protestantism come stand beside us on this same eminence; look back over the desert of centuries, see the caravan of Catholicity moving out of Jerusalem, in the first year of our era, and winding its way, without interruption, down to the present hour. Now, let Protestantism point us out its monuments away back there, in the ages; show us the signs of its infallible Christian truth; tell us of its beginning. When we shall have had all that information we will be the better able to accentuate the arguments that we now reserve for future consideration.

Wouldn't Marry Divorced Man.

With the bridal party approaching the chancel and the church filled with fashionable people, Rev. Dr. James J. Goodwin of Christ Episcopal Church, New Haven, Conn., refused to perform the ceremony and dismissed the guests because in reading the marriage license he found the bridegroom had been divorced ten years previously.

The wedding was to have been that of A. Lincoln Chase and Miss Gladys A. G. Geer, daughter of one of the oldest residents of Hartford, and prominent socially.

Mr. Chase and Miss Geer had started down the centre aisle when suddenly at the rector's call, the party stopped within a few feet of the chancel rail. After a hurried consultation, Mr. Chase and Miss Geer, much embarrassed, turned and hurried from the church. Advancing to the altar, Dr. Goodwin said: "Friends, the wedding has been postponed." This was all the explanation he made. Later Dr. Goodwin said: "The laws of the Episcopal Church forbid me to marry a divorced person. I did not know the circumstances until I read the license while I was in the Church ready to perform the ceremony. I am very, very sorry to have caused the party any embarrassment, but I could not act otherwise."

Miss Geer and Mr. Chase, after leaving the church, were driven to the home of Rev. H. H. Kelsey, a Congregationalist, and were married.

Spicy Remarks on Marriages for Money.

Commenting on the Yarmouth-Thaw wedding in Pittsburg recently the Boston "Herald" says:—

In all the features of the too often shoddy civilization which the acquisition of great wealth has brought into American society, the palm in disgusting evidence, we are inclined to think, is to be accorded to the disposal of American heiresses to, deprecit or impeccunious offshoots of foreign families accounted in what is recognized as the nobility. Let a fortune be squandered at the gambling table or in horse racing, and frequently a physical frame be wasted in concomitant excesses, the resort to reconstitute the means of living for the victim, if nothing further is to be attained, is to quarter him on some American millionaire's daughter in marriage. Indignation here is not first to be visited upon the person pecuniarily benefited by this arrangement. He simply profits by our national weakness, is provided for by the gift of the earnings of those whom he despises, and despises not altogether unjustly. The contemptible creatures are those who bow down before nobility in its debasement and sell their own flesh and blood for its sustaining. We are moved to these remarks by an instance just recorded in which one of these English bridegrooms had sheriff's writs for debt served on him shortly before his wedding, and the ceremony itself was delayed because of the failure to appear promptly of a guarantee of a certain amount of the bride's dowry to that interesting individual.

When God exhorts you to forgive your enemies, He does not profess to excuplate the transgressor; for if the transgressor were innocent you would have no occasion to pardon him.—Bourdalone.

Mr. Devlin To Speak In Quebec.

A general meeting of the members of the Quebec branch of the United Irish League, was held last week in St. Patrick's Hall to make arrangements for the reception of Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., the popular and gifted orator, and member of the British House of Commons for Killenny, who has consented to lecture in that city on the 27th instant. Mr. Devlin, as ambassador from the Irish Parliamentary party, has been travelling throughout the United States for several months past, organizing and strengthening the American branches of the United Irish League. He is one of the most popular and gifted young members of the Irish party, who enjoys the entire confidence of his leader, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., who is responsible for Mr. Devlin's present stay in America. The member for Killenny is now at the end of his work in the United States, and proposes to return to Ireland in the early part of June. The Quebec branch of the United Irish League has prevailed upon Mr. Devlin to visit Quebec, and he will appear in Tara Hall on the night of the 27th instant, when he will lecture on the Irish question.

College Athletics.

The report of the Yale Financial Union for 1902, made recently, shows, by comparison with the report of 1899, the fiscal magnitudes to which Yale athletics are growing:

RECEIPTS.

	1899.	1902.
Football	\$30,317	\$50,219
Baseball	17,450	21,644
Boating	5,931	7,377
Track athletics	2,040	4,220
Total	\$55,738	\$83,460

EXPENSES.

	1899.	1902.
Football	\$19,391	\$24,911
Baseball	12,511	17,089
Boating	12,691	16,716
Track athletics	3,989	8,007
Yale field expenses	6,800	7,900
Total	\$55,382	\$74,614

The gross annual receipts from Yale athletics are now between one-third and one-quarter as large as the income from investments of the university and all its departments. They exceed by about \$33,000 the income of the academic department from investments, are considerably more than one-half as large as the total gross income of the Scientific School, exceed the total gross income of the Theological School by about \$31,000, are almost three times the gross income of the Law School, and about four times that of the Medical School and equal the annual salaries of about thirty full Yale professors.—New York Post.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

AN INSPIRING SCENE.—The entire congregation of the parish of which Rev. Father Curran is pastor, in Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently took the temperance pledge for a year. Over 1,200 persons marched to the church, the girls and women wearing white dresses and carrying flowers, the boys in uniform and the men wearing regalia. They raised their right hands and swore to abstain themselves and to prevent intemperance in other ways.

NO WINE AT SOCIALS.—There will be no wine at the banquet of the Knights Templar of California hereafter. When the members of the Order come together at social affairs no liquor or fermented beverage of any kind will be allowed on the table, and the guests will have to content themselves with only the softest kind of drinks. This was the decision reached by the annual convocation of the Grand Commandery, held last week in San Francisco.

Subscribe to the "True Witness."

The Apostolate Of the Press.

Many valuable suggestions were made with regard to the support of the Catholic Press in England at the annual meeting of the "Catholic Newspaper Guild," held in the Throne Room of Archbishop's House, Westminster, recently. Mr. Lister Drummond, the acting president of the Council, occupied the chair, and amongst those present were the Right Rev. Hedley (Bishop of Newport), the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord (Bishop of Milevis), the Very Rev. Dpm Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., the Rev. Philip Fletcher (Master of the Guild of Ransom), Dowager Lady Loder, Count Moore, and Mr. Dudley Baxter (hon. sec. and treasurer of the Guild).

Mr. Drummond, in his opening remarks, explained the objects of the Guild, which was founded some years ago by Mr. Dudley Baxter, with the assistance of Miss Busk, who from the beginning had been a most zealous supporter of the work. The object of the Guild was perhaps best laid down in its golden rule:

"Never throw away Catholic papers or magazines when read, but always distribute them for the benefit of others." The speaker explained in detail the work of the Guild, which included the supply and dissemination of Catholic newspapers, magazines, books, etc., in free libraries, hospitals, workhouses, and infirmaries, as well as in Catholic clubs, public reading rooms, etc. The only drawback to the development of the Guild, said Mr. Drummond, was the absence of funds. In pointing out the usefulness of the work of supplying free libraries, the speaker said it was very unfortunate that owing to the apathy of Catholic ratepayers those libraries which provided religious newspapers out of the rates were in so many cases without Catholic newspapers.

His Lordship, Dr. Hedley, heartily commended the work of the Guild. There was much talk, he said of the Apostolate of the Press, and the phrase he considered to be a very just one, because not only did the Press do the work of the Apostle, but it was necessary that the gentlemen who were responsible for the Press required the endurance of the Apostle. There were many people who frequented the free libraries of this country. Indeed he did not think they fully appreciated the importance of the reading room in modern life. Such places were resorted to by the lower middle classes to obtain information which they are most anxious to possess. There were many who went there merely to read the daily papers, but there was also a numerous attendance of the public—serious working people—who wished for information, and who went to the reading room to obtain it. It was upon the voting and the action and the conversation of such people that a great deal of the public life of our towns depends (hear, hear). Certainly it was true that Catholic literature was very badly represented in places frequented by such persons he had referred to, and he thought they did not realize the importance of placing Catholic newspapers within the reach of such a class of people (hear, hear). How could they expect to bring Catholic information before the general public without some such means? (hear, hear). Ignorance on Catholic topics had spread all over the country, and it was very difficult to estimate its depth, and therefore any effort by which Catholic newspapers could be placed before their fellow-countrymen was most laudable and most important, and should be well supported.

He (His Lordship) had the greatest possible respect for the Catholic Press. When many of them talked of what ought to be done the men who carried on the Catholic Press set to work to do it, and sometimes under great difficulties. A movement such as that which they were assisting that afternoon brought to mind the conviction that they could not be too particular or too anxious to support the Catholic Press and the conductors of the Press.

When they found they had a public of the description which the Guild was desirous of assisting must understand they were not to confine

themselves to mere theology, or purely Catholic topics, or not to treat things in a slipshod way, but to speak as though they were speaking to the great public of the country, and the proprietors and editors and writers of our Catholic newspapers would be inspired by the thought that there was a society which was determined that their productions should not be hidden away, should not be kept in darkness or in the back-ground, but should be distributed as far as possible amongst those whom it was necessary to influence from the Catholic point of view (hear, hear). That was their object as Catholics and citizens—to bring the knowledge of Catholic principle and practice, as far as they could, before the whole country. Therefore as far as he could he (His Lordship) would consider himself honored in taking a part in the promotion of a society such as the Catholic Newspaper Guild. If they were to do anything for the Press they must try to put their hands to a work of this description (hear, hear). It was a common-place thing to say, but it was nevertheless true, that the most powerful agency in the world at the present moment was the Press. Therefore anything they could do to propagate good Catholic literature—anything they could do to support the Catholic Press was a work of the highest purpose, and would be blessed in every case. He (His Lordship) therefore wished success to the Newspaper Guild.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Milevis, congratulated the founder of the Guild. He thought that the greatest amount of profit to the Catholic Church in this country was to be expected from a Guild of this description. With regard to the circulation of Catholic newspapers, His Lordship was struck with the fact that there were many people who never procured them. When they had been supplied by a newsagent or by a priest to be sold at the church door on Sunday morning a large number were bought. As the society was for the benefit of Catholic newspapers, and as it was to promote the sale of the first copies as well as distributing the used copies, the management of those papers might allow an advertisement of the Guild to be inserted free of charge, or perhaps insert from time to time a brief article on the objects of the organization. His Lordship thought that there should be a member of the Guild in every town. Catholic newspapers had had to labor under great difficulties, often of a financial character. A newspaper was a very expensive and difficult thing to start, but he hoped that by the operation of this Guild the circulation of the Catholic papers would be materially increased, the result being that certain improvements might be carried out, so that no grumbler could possibly find fault.

The Very Rev. Dom Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., thought that the Catholic newspapers had never been properly supported in Catholic England. The correspondents and reporters labored assiduously to collect the latest and most interesting news, but such efforts did not seem to be fully appreciated. If it were only possible to get a Catholic newspaper in the homes of Catholic families throughout the land, in homes where perhaps members of other denominations resided, an increased interest in the work of the Catholic Church would be the result. For years he had taken a great interest in the Catholic Press. Father Higgins expressed his conviction that it was necessary for Catholics to be better educated—to know better the glories of their Church, to learn of her struggles, and to know where she was being attacked. How were they to obtain news about the warfare which was being carried on? How were they to know of their successes or of the surprises, which might be made against their forces? Was it in the secular Press? No, emphatically, no. If they wanted to know of the glories of their fighting men, if they desired to learn something of the heroism of their sisters on the field of battle, or to know of the labors of their missionaries in foreign lands, if they desired to know what laymen were doing throughout the world, they must go to the Catholic newspapers. Catholics had to face a battle over the London Education Bill. How, he asked, were Catholic ratepayers to understand this question, except through the columns of the Catholic Press? They were told by secular newspapers that the new Education Bill meant the restoration of England to Popery, which had been the woe and the misfortune of this country in the past. These statements would send men to the voting stations and make them record their votes, and it was therefore most necessary for Catholics to

support their papers, which provided an antidote to such false statements. This was a work which directly affected the Catholic newspapers. They must be circulated broadcast over the country.

People often grumbled about the Catholic Press, they must remember that if such people only threw themselves into the work and caused the papers to be better known, and to see they were sold wherever possible, the proprietors would feel their duty to spend more money in the production of a better article. Catholics had it in their power to elevate the Catholic Press, as they desired it to be lifted still higher, so that Catholics and Protestants alike knew that there was culture, there was something for the mind in the Catholic newspaper. They knew that progress was to be made, but let them be practical, let them try and provide the sinews of war so that Catholic newspaper proprietors could do better.

Advice About Breathing

Most persons live by throat breathing, very few breathing from the chest. When you consider the human anatomy, and see nature's evident intention that we should breathe from the chest, the wonder is that most of us live at all. How many people do you know who regularly or frequently take deep breaths, completely filling and exercising the lungs? If an organ is unused it grows weak and dull, and tends toward disease. This law applies to the lungs, in fact has a special application; and yet, to put the proportion high, it is ignored by ninety-nine people of every hundred.

This neglect of proper breathing—this failure to take deep, full drafts of air—is producing catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, consumption and various other nasal, bronchial and pulmonary diseases. Every year ten thousand people die young of these complaints, who, if they had spent five minutes a day in painless, yet pleasurable, exhilarating breathing exercise, would have lived to a healthy old age. Some fall thus to exercise their breathing machinery on account of laziness; some, on account of carelessness, lack of a little will, a little system; and many, because they think disease is for other people, and will never come to me. But disease is for all who violate the laws of nature and if consumption, as it often does, can carry off the trained athlete, "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation" of the body?

Whoever fails to practice deep breathing, whether consciously or unconsciously, soon ceases to breathe, in the strict sense of the word, and takes to panting instead. A hundred yards of rapid walking puts him out of breath, so that he wheezes and pants. Such a person—man or woman—is then in hourly danger of attack by some bronchial or pulmonary disorder. Especially, can no reader or speaker afford to allow himself to become short-winded; for it is uncomfortable to get out of breath in the presence of an audience, besides being most unpleasant and embarrassing to the hearer.

Deep breathing—drafts inhaled four or five times a day—is easy, especially if done systematically—at fixed hours. The air so breathed should be comparatively pure, preferably outdoor atmosphere, and should be warmed and further purified by passing through the nose. The person who breathes through the mouth, under any circumstances, thereby gives disease a most cordial invitation to enter. Inhale deeply and slowly through the nose; not however to your utmost limit, as long as convenient; then slowly exhale it without opening the mouth. Repeat once or twice at each exercise. The colder the air, the slower should be the inhalation, in order that the current may be sufficiently warmed before entering the lungs. The breathing can be done lying down, sitting, standing or walking; alone, or in company. Many people who have practiced it for years say they never have cold; others, that it has cured catarrh, asthma or bronchitis; and all, that it has greatly increased their chest expansion, made ordinary breathing easier and deeper, and in other ways added to the happiness of living.

Dr. Zahm On Situation In France.

Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross in America, has just returned to Notre Dame from his trip to Europe, where he spent the last four months laboring in the interest of the Order of the Holy Cross in France. When interviewed, according to the "Catholic Citizen," Milwaukee, Dr. Zahm spoke freely concerning the French friar troubles, and gave new information and important data which thorough investigation has brought clearly to his knowledge.

During his absence Dr. Zahm has been overtaxed with the cares of the order in France, providing for the dispersment of the members who are compelled to leave the country. Many of the community will be brought to America, where they will be sent to Notre Dame and its different branch schools in Cincinnati: Austin, Tex.; Portland, Ore.; Watertown, Wis., and Washington. Several will go to Canada, and provisions have been made for more in the far eastern missions of Bengal, while others will go to the Philippines as soon as arrangements can be made with the bishops there.

When asked on what grounds the French Government attempted to justify the confiscation of all religious property, Dr. Zahm said:

"That is a question that no one is quite able to determine. In fact, the Government does not make any attempt to make an explanation of its attitude. It is simply a question of 'might makes right,' or another application of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. Undoubtedly, it is an attempt to ultimately drive all religion from France. The Government claims it wants the state to control all education and all schools. That is the only explanation offered for closing the schools.

"All the property of the different communities will be confiscated by the Government and sold at public auction, barring, however, any of the religious orders from repurchasing it. Thus the work of a hundred years will be destroyed in a day. Even the libraries will be a total loss. No friar will be allowed to leave with anything but his clothing.

"The loss of our order will be enormous, but I am unable to state just at present what it will be. The proceeds of the sale will go to the Government, but I fear that before the question is settled the French Government will be the greatest loser, for the religious orders have secured the very best legal talent, and the Government will have thousands of suits on its hands, as the legality of the confiscation will be assailed from many points.

"While we are suffering greatly from the loss of property, we will have no trouble in securing homes for our members. Most of them will be taken to our schools, and I am receiving many letters daily from different laymen and others offering homes, lands, money and assistance.

"March 19, the preaching orders were given fifteen days in which to leave. A few went to other missions, but the majority stayed. These are not offering resistance, but the people are sympathizing with them, and I believe the worst is yet to come. There is not so much sympathy, aroused as yet over the expulsion of the male orders as there will be when the decree goes into effect with regard to the religious orders of women, who are very popular in France. The teaching orders will have to leave at the end of the scholastic year, which ends June 1.

"During the last twenty-five years I have visited in France frequently. I know that the Government has no more to fear from the French orders than it has from those that do not belong to any sect. Some favor a monarchy, and many favor a republic. I believe that if the laity have a right to their preferences, that the religious orders have the same right to theirs.

"It would be hard for one not having witnessed those scenes to imagine the pitifulness of it," said Dr. Zahm. "There are thousands of aged priests and nuns who have spent their whole lives in charitable or educational work, and are now too old to begin life anew in a foreign land, and yet must now face the world without that protection which they have known almost since their childhood.

"The expulsion is not so hard on

the younger men and women but to these aged nuns and priests it is indeed a terrible trial. To the nuns, accustomed as they have been to their cloistered life for so many years, to be compelled now to discard their habit and go into the world in the garb of women of the world, entirely dependent upon their friends and the Church outside of France it is especially hard. We shall locate the members of our order in the United States, mostly in the West and Southwest.

"At the new college at Austin, Tex., which I shall immediately begin to rebuild, I can provide for nearly fifty of our fathers. I may also possibly establish a college in New York. Some of my congregation will go to our college at Washington, and a number of them and also the sisters to our university at Notre Dame."

Asked if any of the priest and nuns would go to the Philippine islands, Dr. Zahm said: "The Philippine islands now furnish the richest field of labor in the world, as well as the hardest, for teachers and missionaries. The great dearth of priests there now offer a home for many. I shall arrange for a number of my order to proceed there at an early date.

"I have the authority of the Superior-General of one of the expelled orders to arrange with the authorities for the establishment of his entire following in the Philippines."

BEAUTY'S CHARM

A Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks and Bright Eyes Oompel Admiration.

No woman needs to be told the charm of a clear complexion. No man can be blind to the beauty of rosy cheeks, or the power of sparkling eyes. And every woman—no matter what her features may be—can have a perfect complexion. Bright eyes and a perfect complexion come from pure blood—and pure blood comes from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By enriching the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give vigor, strength, health, happiness and beauty. Here is a bit of proof: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia," says Miss Mary Jackson, of Normandale, Ont., "I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless and I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I doctored a good deal but got no benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had taken them more than a couple of weeks I could see a change for the better, and continuing the use of the pills for some time longer my strength returned, the color came back to my face, and I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak, ailing girl or woman."

These pills are good for all troubles due to poor blood or weak nerves. Don't take any other medicine—see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50.

WOMAN'S WORK.

At a reception tendered last Sunday night by the Catholic Women's National League in the Auditorium parlors, Chicago, to Archbishop Quigley, he paid a high tribute to woman and womanhood. He said they were the inspiration of every movement for good in the history of the Church.

"When St. Paul was establishing missions in Greece the women offered him the greatest encouragement," said His Grace. "They attended in larger numbers than the men and helped to spread his doctrines and plant them in the hearts of all humanity. Then and ever since woman has been behind and inspired all the good work accomplished by the Church. But, while it's true that woman has been the cause of all good works in the Church, I can scarcely recall a schism or trouble or evil result of any nature in the Church that cannot be traced to her. It is necessary that she remain faithful to the teachings of the founders of the true religion and work in harmony with them."

CARICATURIST MUST GO.

Now that a deserved crusade has been organized against the stage Irishman, the good work should be followed up by devoting some attention to the cartoonist, and also to the idiot who manufactures the stories about Pat and Bridget—Chicago Citizen.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS

PRESERVATION OF TIMBER.

That common salt will preserve timber is announced by a correspondent of a Southern paper as an important discovery. "It is well known," he says, "that salt is used to preserve meats, and why not timber?" That the preservative qualities of salt are not limited to meats, however, is no new discovery, as we are reminded editorially by "The Railway and Engineering Review." Says this paper:

"It has been well known for a long time that any metallic salt injected into timber will preserve it from decay as long as it remains in the timber in considerable quantity. Common salt is the chlorid of sodium, and chlorid of zinc is the salt used in the Burnett process of timber treatment, which engineers have applied to structural timber and railroad ties for a long time. In many respects, including those of general appearance, and deliquescence in the presence of moisture, these two materials are very similar. This latter property gives rise to one of the difficulties in the use of metallic salts as a timber preservative. In desert countries, where the atmosphere is very dry almost all the year round, railroad ties and other timbers retain the salt and resist decay for a long time, but in ordinary climates the moisture in the atmosphere, the rains, and the moisture in the ballast will cause the salt to leach out of the timber in a few years, and the antiseptic is thereby removed. Other salts which have been used for timber treatment to a considerable extent are the sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) and the bichlorid of mercury (corrosive sublimate). These also disappear from the timber in the presence of moisture. The problem with engineers has been to devise means to retain the antiseptic in the timber in sufficient quantity to protect it from germs of decay.

"The tendency of the salt to leach out of the timber seems also to have been 'discovered' by the correspondent referred to, for he recommends that the salt be renewed annually, and thinks that if this were done the timber would last indefinitely. He has had experience in applying salt to telegraph poles. This he has done by boring a hole diagonally downward into the heart of the timber, starting about three inches above the ground line and going three or four inches below the surface. The hole is filled with salt and then plugged. He states that after many years of observation this method of treatment has shown good results, and such is about what would be expected by experts in timber treatment. What this man has found out about timber treatment has been well known to engineers who have worked in that line, for a long time. What engineers have been looking for in the way of cheap substances for timber treatment is not so much a cheap material with preservative properties as one which will remain in the timber when once applied, or means to hold it in the timber. One means which has been extensively applied is to force in a solution or glue by hydraulic pressure, after the preservative has been injected. In order to properly impregnate the timber and to protect it from loss of the preservative it has been found necessary to stem the timber, place it in a vacuum, and finally use pressure to secure the desired penetration of the solution, and these various processes are what figure largely in the expense of the treatment. Should it be found advantageous to substitute common salt for other metallic salts used in timber preserving, the treatment would still be expensive, owing to the cost of handling the timber and the various processes necessary to get the material into the timber in the desired quantity, and hold it there."

TESTIMONIAL TO A BISHOP.

Dr. Dougherty, bishop-elect of the diocese of Nueva Segovia, Philippine Islands, sailed from New York for Rome recently.

Dr. Dougherty's departure was preceded by an event eminently calculated to inspire and encourage him in the performance of his new and exalted duties. As many of his most intimate clerical brethren as could be accommodated at St. Malachy's rectory, Philadelphia, met him at a farewell dinner given in his honor by Bishop Prendergast. In the course of his remarks Bishop Prendergast said it was his pleasure and privilege to present to the bishop-elect, in the name of clergy of the diocese, a check for \$11,000. Father O'Connor presented another check for \$550 on behalf of a number of the laymen, friends of the bishop-elect.

THE CO

CHAPTER

HOW THE GENTLEMEN SPENT THE EVENING WHICH PROVE RATHER WARME THAN HARDEN EXPECTE

"Peace!" said Her with a face of drunk "peace to the manes ton."

"Amen, with all my claimed Mr. Cregan, cocks are well rid of better horseman never ter."

"I drink him," Cregan, "although self toast a man who dies

"That's all trash," Cregan," cried Connolly you set upon the flat and roaring for a priest gain."

"Upon my honor as I am serious," said O may talk of the field bloody breaches forer hollow squares, and what is the glory of all! To drag through a whole campaign, with itants of night-watches marshes, and bivouacs ther, and with no bri at the year's end thar ing one among half a fighting fellows who a heap like larks; and meet, not hand to h to cloud, moving abou and waiting your turn allowance of cold lead with your neighbors, glory is there in figur types among a list of wounded? the utmo that a poor sub can Why, a coward is no r than a gallant fellow, often shine together u list. No—my ambition a higher aim. While I lie be that of a fearl when I die, let my ep in a handsome parag head of "Domestic Int the county journal. A

—Yesterday morning meeting took place—H Esquire, attended by 1 —and Captain Blane, tended by Blank, Esqu state—Mr. Cregan—th tally wounded—born ground. The affair, w originated in a disput lovely and accomplish brated as a reigning quarter."

"And the grand-stand," added Hard "to the unhappy gen fate we have just rec

There was a laugh a "Nay, my young fri adjusting his ruffles w a Chesterfield, "the shall mention that must be dated many y

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"Talking of the Devi ton Connolly, "did you that the priest is to h on the altar next Sun count of that little ay the mountains the day

"It may be," said C supercilious smile; "m pas mon affairs. I ha honor to belong to his

"Oh," cried Mr. Cr enough. You belong to religion."

"There you have the me," said Connolly, "Papist. Well, Cregan, to impugn your gallant this: a Papist, to fight quires and possesses t a Protestant ten times

"Pray, will you obli reason for that pleasur

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SCIENTISTS

ON OF TIMBER.

It will preserve timber by a correspondent... is well known, he is used to preserve not timber? That quantities of salt are used, however, is no as we are reminded The Railway and En- Says this paper: well known for a any metallic salt in- er will preserve it long as it remains in considerable quantity, the chlorid of sodi- of zinc is the salt nett process of tim- which engineers have uctural timber and or a long time. In including those of ce, and deliquescence e of moisture, these very similar. This gives rise to one of the use of metallic preservative. In de- where the atmosphere most all the year salts and other tim- salt and resist decay but in ordinary cli- ture in the atmos- and the moisture in cause the salt to the timber in a few antiseptic is thereby salts which have mber treatment to a ent are the sulphate (nitro) and the bich- y (corrosive sublimo- disappear from the presence of moisture, th engineers has been to retain the anti- timber in sufficient ect it from germs of

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AL TO A BISHOP.

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THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN SPENT THE EVENING, WHICH PROVED RATHER WARMER THAN HARDRESS EXPECTED.

"Peace!" said Hepton Connolly, with a face of drunken seriousness, "peace to the manes of poor Dalton."

"Amen, with all my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "although the cocks are well rid of him. But a better horseman never backed a hunter."

"I drink him," said Hyland Cregan, "although seldom I care to toast a man who dies in his bed."

"That's all trash and bragery, Cregan," cried Connolly; "we'll have you yet upon the flat of your back, and rooping for a priest into the bargain."

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, I am serious," said Cregan. "They may talk of the field of battle and bloody breaches forlorn hopes and hollow squares, and such stuff, but what is the glory of a soldier after all! To drag through the fatigues of a whole campaign, with its concomitants of night-watches, marches in marshes, and bivouacs in rainy weather, and with no brighter prospect at the year's end than that of making one among half a million of fighting fellows who are shot on a heap like larks; and even then you meet, not hand to hand, but could to cloud, moving about in a flock, and waiting your turn to take your allowance of cold lead, and fill a pit with your neighbors. Glory! What glory is there in figuring in small types among a list of killed and wounded? the utmost distinction that a poor sub can ever hope for. Why, a coward is no more ball-proof than a gallant fellow, and both may often shine together upon the same list. No—my ambition should have a higher aim. While I live, let my life be that of a fearless fellow; and when I die, let my epitaph be found in a handsome paragraph, under the head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' in the county journal. Affair of Honor—Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock—meeting took place—Hyland Cregan, Esquire, attended by Blank, Esquire—and Captain Blank, Esquire, attended by Blank, Esquire—regret to state—Mr. Cregan—third fire—mortally wounded—borne to the ground. The affair, we understand, originated in a dispute respecting a lovely and accomplished lady, celebrated as a reigning toast in that quarter."

"And the grand-niece, we understand," added Hardress, laughing "to the unhappy gentleman whose fate we have just recorded."

There was a laugh at Cregan.

"Nay, my young friend," he said adjusting his ruffles with the air of a Chesterfield, "the journal that shall mention that circumstance must be dated many years hence."

"Adad, not so far off neither, Cregan," exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "and if you were to go out to-morrow morning I should not like to see you go posting to the Devil upon such a mission as that."

"Talking of the Devil," said Hepton Connolly, "did you hear Cregan, that the priest is to have us all up on the altar next Sunday, on account of that little squib we had in the mountains the day of the races?"

"It may be," said Cregan, with a supercilious smile; "mais ce n'est pas mon affaire. I have not the honor to belong to his communion."

"Oh," cried Mr. Cregan, "true enough. You belong to the genteel religion."

"There you have the whip hand of me," said Connolly, "for I am a Papist. Well, Cregan, not meaning to impugn your gallantry now, I say this: a Papist, to fight a duel, requires and possesses the courage of a Protestant ten times over."

"Pray, will you oblige me with a reason for that pleasant speech?"

"Tis as clear as glass. A Protestant is allowed a wide, discre-

tionary range on most ethical, as well as theological points of opinion. A poor Papist has none. The Council of Trent, in its twenty-fifth session (have it from the Bishop), excommunicates all duellists, and calls the practice an invention of the Devil. And what can I say against it? I know something of the common law, and the rights of things, persons, and so forth, but the canonical code to me is a fountain sealed. 'Tis something deeper than a cause before the petty sessions. 'Tis easier to come at Blackstone, or even Coke upon Littleton himself, than at Manochius or Saint Augustine."

"Well, but how you run on! You were talking about the courage of a Protestant and Catholic."

"I say a Papist must be the braver man, for, in addition to his chance of being shot through the brains on a frosty morning in this world (a cool prospect) it is no joke to be damned everlastingly in the next."

"That never struck me before," exclaimed Cregan.

"And if it had," said Cregan, "I confess I do not see what great disadvantage the reflection could have produced to our friend Connolly, for he knew that, whether he was to be shot yesterday in a duel, or physicked out of the world twenty years hence, that little matter of the other life will be arranged in precisely the same manner."

"As much as to say," replied Connolly, "that now or then the Devil is sure of his bargain."

"My idea precisely, but infinitely better expressed."

"Very good, Cregan, I suppose it was out of a filial affection for the sooty old gentleman you took so much pains to send me to him the other morning."

"You placed your honor in my hands, and I would have seen you raked fore and aft fifty times, rather than let the pledge be tarnished. If you did go to the Devil, it was my business to see that you met him with clean hands."

"I feel indebted to you, Cregan."

"I have seen a dozen shots exchanged on a lighter quarrel. I was present myself at the duel between Hickman and Leake, on a somewhat similar dispute. They fired fourteen shots each, and when their ammunition was exhausted, actually remained on the ground until the seconds could fetch a new supply from the nearest market-town."

"And what use did they make of it when it came?"

"Give me time, and you shall hear. 'Twas Hickman's fire, and he put his lead an inch above Leake's right hip, (as pretty a shot as ever I saw in my life). Leake was not killed through, and he stood to his ground like a man. I never will forget the ghastly look he gave me (I was his second), when he asked whether the laws of the duel would allow a wounded man a chair. I was confident they did, so long as he kept his feet upon the sod, and I said so. Well, the chair was brought. He took his seat somewhat in this manner, grasping the orifice of the wound closely with his disengaged hand. (Here the speaker moved in his chair some feet from the table, in order to enact the scene with greater freedom). There was a fatal steadiness in every motion. I saw Hickman's eye blink, and not without cause. It winked again and never opened after. The roof of his skull was literally blown away."

"And the other fellow?"

"The other gentleman fell from his chair a corpse at the same moment, after uttering a sentiment of savage satisfaction, too horrible, too blasphemous to think of, much less to repeat."

"They were a murderous pair of ruffians," said Hardress, "and ought to have been impaled upon a cross-road."

"One of them," observed Hyland Cregan, sipping his punch, "one of them was a cousin of mine."

"Oh! and, therefore, utterly blameless, of course," said Hardress, with an ironical laugh.

"I don't know," said Cregan. "I confess I think it a hard word to apply to a gentleman, who is unfortunate enough to die in defence of his honor."

"Honor!" exclaimed Hardress, with indignant zeal (for though he was no great devotee, he had yet some gleams of a half religious virtue shining through his character). "Call you that honor? I say a duel-

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

list is a murderer and worthy of the gallows, and I will prove it. The question lies in the justice or the injustice of the mode of separation. That cannot be a just one which subjects the aggressor and aggrieved to precisely the same punishment. If the duellist be the injured party, he is a suicide, and fit the inflictor of the wrong, he is a murderer."

"Aye, Hardress," said his father; "but there are cases—"

"Oh, I know what you mean, sir. Fine, delicate, thinspun" modes of insult, that draw on heavier assaults, and leave both parties laboring under the sense of injury. But they are murderers still. If I filled a seat in the Legislature, do you think I would give my voice in favor of a law that made it a capital offence to call a man a scoundrel in punishment? And shall I dare to inflict with my own hand in the streets that which I would shudder you see committed by the hangman?"

"But if public war be justifiable," said Connolly, "why should not private?"

"Aye," exclaimed Hardress, "I see you have got that aphorism of Johnson's, the fat moralist, to support you; but I say shame upon the recreant, for as mean and guilty a compliance with the prejudices of the world as ever parasite betrayed. I stigmatize it as a wilful sin, for how can I esteem the author of Rasselas a fool?"

"Very hardly," said Cregan; "and pray what is your counter-argument?"

"This public war is never (when justifiable) a quarrel for sounds and conventional notions of honor; public war is at best a social evil, and cannot be embraced without the full concurrence of society, expressed by its constituted authorities, and obtained only in obedience to the necessity of the case. But to private war society has given no formal sanction, nor does it derive any advantage from the practice."

"Upon my word," said Cregan, "you have some very curious ideas."

"Well, Hardress," exclaimed Connolly, "if you have a mind to carry those notions into practice, I should recommend you to try it in some other country besides Ireland; you will never go through with it in this."

"In every company, and on every soil," said Hardress, "I will avow my sentiments. I never will fight a duel; and I will proclaim my purpose in the ears of all the duellists on earth."

"But society, young gentleman—"

"I bid society defiance—at least that reckless, godless, heartless crew to whom you wrongfully apply the term. The greater portion of those who bow down before this bloody error, is composed of slaves and cowards, who are afraid to make their own conviction the guide of their conduct."

"Letting I dare not wait upon whom I would,

Like the poor cat j' the adage."

"I am sure," said Cregan, "I had rather shoot a man for doubting my word, than for taking my purse."

"Because you are as proud as Lucifer," exclaimed Hardress. "Who but the great father of all injustice would say that he deserved to be shot for calling you a (it is an unpleasant word, to be sure)—a liar?"

"But he does more; he actually does strike at my life and property, for I lose both friends and fair repute, if I suffer such an insult to pass unnoticed."

In answer to this plea, Hardress made a speech, of which (as the newspapers say) we regret that our space does not allow us to offer more than a mere outline. He contended that no consequences could justify a man in sacrificing his own persuasion of what was right to the error of his friends. The more general it became to increase the number of its victims. The question was not, whether society would disown or receive the passive gentleman, but whether society was in the wrong or the right; and it the former, that he was bound to adopt the cause of justice at every hazard. He drew the usual distinction between moral and animal courage, and painted with force and feeling the heroism of a brave man encountering alone the torrent of general opinion, and taking more wounds upon his spirit than ever Horatius Cocles risked up-

on his person. He quoted the celebrated passage of the faithful seraph in Milton, alluded to the Athenian manners, and told the well known story of Lucian Anacharsis, all which tended considerably more to exhaust the patience than to convince the understanding of his hearers.

"Finally," said he, "I denounce the system of private war, because it is the offspring of a barbarous pride. It was a barbarous pride that first suggested the expedient, and it is an intolerable pride that still sustains it. Talk of public war! The world could not exist, if nation were to take up the sword against nation upon a point of honor, such as will call out for blood between man and man: The very word means pride. It is a measureless, bloody pride, that demands a reparation so excessive for every slight offence. Take any single quarrel of them all, and dissect its motive, and you will find every portion of it stained with pride, the child of selfishness—pride, the sin of the first Devil—pride, the poor pitiful creature of folly and ignorance,—pride, the—"

"Oh, trash and stuff man," exclaimed Connolly, losing patience; "if you are going to preach a sermon, choose another time for it. Come, Cregan, send the bowl this way, and let us drink. Here, young gentleman, stop spouting, and give us a toast. You'll make a fool of yourself, Hardress, if you talk in that manner among gentlemen."

Without making any answer to this speech (which, however he felt a little difficulty in digesting) Hardress proposed the health and future fame of young Kyrie Daly.

"With all my heart," exclaimed his father and Connolly.

"I'll not drink it," said Cregan, putting from him his glass.

Hardress was just as proud (to borrow his own simile) as Lucifer himself, and, probably, it was on this account he held the quality so cheap. It must be admitted, likewise, that his ambitious love of singularity formed but too considerable a part of his motive in the line of argument which he had followed up; and he was by no means prepared to perform the heroic part which he had described with so much enthusiasm. Least of all could he be expected to do so at the present moment; for while he was speaking he had also been drinking, and the warmth of dispute, increased by the excitement of strong drink, left his reason still less at freedom than it might have been under the dominion of an ordinary passion. He insisted upon Cregan's drinking his toast.

"I shall not drink it," said Cregan; "I consider him as an impertinent puppy."

"He is my friend," said Hardress.

"Oh, then, of course, said Fireball, with an ironical smile, evidently intended as a retort, "he is utterly blameless."

To use a vulgar but forcible expression, the blood of Hardress was now completely up. He set his teeth for a moment, and then discharged the contents of his own glass at the face of the offender. The fire-eater, who, from long experience, was able to anticipate this proceeding, evaded by a rapid motion, the degrading missile, and then quietly resumed his seat. "Be prepared, sir," he said, "to answer this in the morning."

"I am ready now," exclaimed Hardress. "Connolly, lend me your sword, and be my friend, Father, do you second that gentleman and you will oblige me."

Mr. Barnaby Cregan rose to interfere; but in doing so, he betrayed a secret which had till that moment lain with himself; he was the first who fell.

"No, no swords," said Connolly; "there are a pretty pair of pistols over the chimney-piece. Let them decide the quarrel."

It was so agreed. Hardress and Cregan took their places in the two corners of the room, upon the understanding that both were to approach step by step, and fire when they pleased. Hepton Connolly took his place out of harm's way in a distant corner, while Cregan crept along the floor, muttering in an indistinct tone: "Drunk? aye, but not dead drunk. I call no man deal drunk while he lies on the high road, with sense enough to roll out of the way when a carriage is driving towards him."

Hardress fired after making two paces. Cregan who was unhurt reserved his shot until he put the pistol up to the head of his opponent. Hardress never flinched, although he really believed that Cregan was about to shoot him.

"Come," said he loudly, "fire your shot and have done with it. I would have met you at the end of a handkerchief upon my friend's quarrel."

Hyland Cregan, after enjoying for a moment the advantage he possessed, uncocked his pistol, and laid it on the table.

"Hardress," said he, "you are a brave fellow. I believe I was wrong-

I ask your pardon, and am ready to drink your toast."

"Oh, well," said Hardress, with a laugh, "if that be the case I cannot, of course, think of pursuing the affair any further. And he reached his hand to his opponent with the air of one who was exercising rather than receiving a kindness.

The company once more resumed their places at the table somewhat sobered by this incident, which, though not unusual at the period, was yet calculated to excite a little serious feeling. It was not long, however, before they made amends for what was lost in the way of intoxication. The immense blue jug, which stood inside the fender, was replenished to the brim, and the bowl flew round more rapidly than ever. Cregan told stories of the Hell-fire Club in the sweating and pinching days. Connolly overflowed with anecdotes of attorneys outdone, of plates well won, of bailiffs naimed and beaten; and Cregan, whose tongue was the last member of his frame that became accessory to the sin of intoxication, filled up his share in the conversation with accounts of cocks and of ghosts, in the appearance of which last he was a firm though not a fearful believer. Hardress remained with the company until the sound of a vehicle drawing up at the hall-door announced the return of his mother and cousin. He then left the room and hurried to his own apartment, in order to avoid meeting them under circumstances which he well supposed were not calculated to create any impression in his own favor.

We cannot better illustrate the habits of the period than by transcribing an observation made in Mr. Cregan's kitchen at the moment of the dispute above detailed. Old Nancy was preparing the mould candles for poor Dalton's wake when she heard the shot fired in the dining-parlor.

"Run into the gentlemen, Mike eroo," she exclaimed, without even laying aside the candle, which she was paring with a knife, in order to make it fit the socket more exactly. "I lay my life the gentlemen are fighting a jewel."

"It can't be a jewel," said Mike, the servant boy, who was courting a slumber in a low chair before the blazing fire. "It can't be a jewel, when there was only one shot."

"But it isn't far from 'em, I'll be bail, till they'll fire another, if they do not be hindered; for 'tis shot for shot with 'em. Run in, eroo."

The servant boy stretched his limbs out lazily, and rubbed his eyes. "Well," said he, "fair play all the world over. If one fired, you wouldn't have the other put up with it, without havin' his fair revenge?"

"But may be one of 'em is kilt already!" observed Nancy.

"E'then, d'ye hear this? Sure you know well, that if there was anybody shot, the master would ring the bell."

This observation was conclusive. Old Nancy proceeded with her gloomy toil in silence, and the persuasive Mike, letting his head hang back from his shoulders, and crossing his hands upon his lap, slept soundly on undisturbed by any idle conjectures on the cause of the noise which they heard there.

BABY'S HEALTH.

Mothers all over the Dominion will be spared many an anxious hour if they will keep always at hand a box of Baby's Own Tablets and give them to their little ones as occasion may require. These Tablets have saved thousands of little baby lives and grateful mothers everywhere acknowledge the good they have done their little ones. Mrs. E. J. McParland, Wylie, Ont., writes:—"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough. When I got them my baby girl was very bad with whooping cough, and cutting her teeth besides. With both these troubles at the same time she was in a bad way and slept but little either day or night. After the second dose of the Tablets I found there was already a change for the better. She slept well through the day and nearly all night, and this was a great relief to me, as I was nearly worn out losing so much rest at night. She cried almost incessantly before I began giving her the Tablets, but in a short time the cough ceased, she cut six teeth, grew cheerful and began to gain wonderfully. In fact, I believe I owe her life to Baby's Own Tablets, as I do not think she would have pulled through had it not been for them. I can recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a cross, fretful, sickly child.

These Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of little ones: they are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given with advantage to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, at 25 cents a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lack of Public Spirit In Catholic Ranks.

Under the caption "A Belated Community," the Boston "Pilot" says:—

"It is some time since we have heard of any know-nothingism in Massachusetts, but we learn from 'The Messenger,' of Worcester, that it infests the lovely town of Leominster.

This community numbers about 15,000 persons, and the last assessor's list showed that there were 3,795 voters. Nearly one-half of the latter are Catholics, and yet, according to 'The Messenger'—

The water works system is an extensive one, but no Catholic name appears on its membership.

The valuable school property, for which Catholics pay their full share, is handed solely by non-Catholics.

No Catholic is chosen to the library committee, and consequently the list of Catholic books is meager and inadequate.

The selectmen, the town clerk, the collector and treasurer, the auditor, the highway commissioner, the assessor, the constables, the field-driver, fence viewers and pound-keeper are all Protestant.

No Catholic owns, or controls a clothing or shoe store, nor is there an Irish or Catholic clerk in any such business house.

The above facts are as discreditable to the Catholics of Leominster as they are disgraceful to the Protestants. Our co-religionists seem to fail to realize that they have nearly half the votes and consequently almost enough to turn any election—that the determined demand of so numerical a body for a fair showing in regard to candidates for public office would probably be complied with; otherwise there it nothing to prevent those boycotted from nominating a ticket of their own—that a Catholic vote counts for as much as a Protestant ballot—that a Catholic dollar is as much appreciated by the tradespeople as that of a Protestant.

The Catholic citizens would not suffer from this political ostracism if they would show as much enterprise and brains—an easy matter—as their bigoted townsmen. And if the tradespeople will not hire a person, solely because he or she is a Catholic, then the Catholics ought in self-respect to refrain as much as possible from purchasing any of their stock. Merchandise as good and cheap can be procured in adjoining places where such prejudice does not exist, at the expense of a little inconvenience.

We trust that the Catholics of Leominster will wake from their lethargy and secure their rights. If they do not they deserve to suffer from the religious boycott."

There are many cities and towns nearer home where the same sad spirit of indifference prevails in Catholic ranks.

THE FARMER AND STATESMAN

Those who imagine the Irish farmer has a fair chance may be interested in knowing the following facts:

To deliver a ton of eggs from the banks of the Boyne to Leeds, in England, costs more than ninety shillings.

To take a ton of eggs from St. Petersburg to Leeds costs less than thirty shillings, and from the south of France less than twenty shillings a ton.

A member of the British Government, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, was traveling in Ireland. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is a benevolent, conscientious man, and it was his intention, if possible, to awaken the Irish peasants to the error of their ways, from the point of view of political economy. Wherever he went he had the latest reports from the London "Times," showing the market value of eggs, chickens, pigs, etc., and he always impressed on the peasants the value of enterprise.

He found one old Irishman sitting beside a small pool of water, watching some chickens on the bank and some ducks on the water. This conversation took place:

"My good man, what do you do with those chickens?"

"Eat them," said the Irishman.

"What do you do with the ducks and with the eggs?"

"Eat them, too."

"But let me read you the price of eggs, chickens and ducks in London this morning, and you will see how prosperous you would be if you would sell in the big city the things you raise."

"Do you see that pool of water?" said the Irishman. "Well I suppose if I had that pool of water in hell I could get any amount of money for it. The trouble is to get it there."

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is now an ardent advocate of reduced railroad transportation rates in Ireland. — The Gael.

