

The True



Witness

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ST. PATRICK'S PASTOR DIES IN PARIS!



THE LATE REV. JOHN QUINLIVAN.
(Third Pastor of St. Patrick's.)

"Father Quinlivan died last night after having received the last rites of the Church." This was the brief sad message which reached us from St. Patrick's presbytery on Thursday morning, just as we had completed the last form of this issue and placed it upon the press. Father Quinlivan was one, if not the greatest, of Irish pastors known in the history of Montreal.

enthusiastic promoter of undertakings, which had for their aim not only the uplifting of our creed and race in this country during the present generation, but which will also confer a boon upon generations that are to follow. We cannot realize, as we write, that the genial and big-hearted "Sogarth Aroon" whom we shook by the hand scarcely a month ago, in the G. T. R. Station, just as he was entering the car to proceed to New York, where he was to take the steamer for Paris, France—his kindly face wearing a smile as he spoke a few words of farewell, is no more, but it is too true.

Quebec Legislature.

Quebec, March 12.—The House was well filled by members and the attendance of spectators was large, when the Treasurer, Hon. Thomas Duffy, delivered the Budget speech of the session last night.

PAST YEAR.—The following extracts may enlighten our readers upon the subject of the financial operations of the province.

The public accounts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, show the receipts and expenditure to have been as follows:—

Ordinary receipts ... \$4,563,432.18
Ordinary expenditure ... 4,492,092.44

Surplus ... \$71,339.74
The extraordinary expenditure has been... 24,165.18

The surplus, therefore, of ordinary receipts over ordinary and extraordinary expenditure, was ... 47,174.56

ANOTHER YEAR.—The following are the estimates of receipts and expenditure for the year 1902-1903.

They have been carefully prepared from the information obtained from the different departments, and with a due regard for strict economy.

I estimate the total ordinary receipts at \$4,309,916.10
And the total ordinary expenditure at... 4,340,021.16

Surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary expenditure ... \$ 59,894.94

I estimate the extraordinary expenditure at ... 50,000.00

Estimated surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary and extraordinary expenditure, less railway subsidies ... 9,894.94

OUR FORESTS.—In referring to this important subject the Treasurer said:—

The extent of this asset will be appreciated when we remember that it consists of about two hundred million acres, of which there are, in round figures, thirty-six millions now under license, leaving one hundred and sixty-four million acres

vacant for disposal. The question presents itself, shall this vast region remain wholly unproductive for centuries, or shall we try to make it a source of revenue to assist in paying our interest and in aiding education, colonization and agriculture, while at the same time its value as a timber limit shall not be diminished? My answer is in favor of the latter course.

To keep for centuries one hundred and sixty-four millions of acres of forest unproductive would be the height of folly and political impotence.

WATER POWERS.—Touching upon this question Hon. Mr. Duffy made the following remarks:— "We must ever bear in mind that in disposing of our assets there are other questions than that of mere revenue to be taken into consideration. We must so deal with our assets as not only to enrich the Government, but also to enrich, in the best possible manner, the people of our province.

State ownership of real property has been, and is, discussed by theorists amidst an endless maze of intricate reasoning which I shall not attempt to pursue.

Dual interest in real property was the foundation of Feudalism. Once it existed all over Europe, and even in this province.

It has been abolished here, and in France and other countries of Europe. It is to-day the bane of agriculture in England, and slowly drags its loathsome, but dying, form, amidst discontent in Ireland. This system has gone with knighthood and chivalry for ever, and is incompatible with the free institutions of America.

The common consent of mankind has agreed upon the individual ownership of property, and common sense tells us that if you expect a man to expend his capital in developing a water power he must be the owner of it.

The Treasurer in answering the contention that water powers should be held for the future, said:— "Water power, like sunshine and the other best gifts of nature, do not wear out, and are not destroyed by the use made of them.

You may use them for a thousand years, yet they will flow on as powerfully as if they had not been used. For centuries they have served but to frighten the wild beasts of the forests, and to delight and astonish man. Let us harness them to our will. Electricity has come to our aid. That mysterious fluid can seize this mighty power, generated by our water falls, and convey it as upon "the wings of a bird" to the distant cities to propel enormous machinery, to operate our manufactories, to drive our vehicles, street cars, and railway cars, to warm our homes, and to light our cities.

I would not, however, permit our water powers to be sold to persons desiring to hold them for speculative purposes."

Our Federal Parliament.

Ottawa, March 13.

Very little time is being lost in pushing through the estimates. In fact, the wonderful manner in which, day after day, and night after night, the Minister of Public Works, stands there, getting through item after item of the estimates for his department, is a matter of astonishment for all who are present in the House as well as for all who read the next day's "votes and proceedings." That a short session is the aim on all sides, is quite evident. Yet no small amount of time has been lost by the committees in getting down to solid work. Take for example the Committee of Agriculture; with all the important matters affecting the farming industries of the country before them, the members of that committee have had to fold their arms, while Mr. Wilson and Col. S. Hughes were raising a tempest-in-a-teapot about Mr. Devlin's ideas and sentiments concerning Home Rule, and upon the sums spent for immigration literature. But now that these minor and vexatious matters are cleared up, it is easy to see that legislation will

be pushed ahead at a goodly pace.

Some forty bills, about thirty private and ten public, have been introduced. The third of them have been referred to standing committees; and two have been reported on. Of the public bills the most important are, the one concerning a Law Library for Regina, introduced by Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick and one providing pensions for the widows and children of officers in the Northwest Mounted Police Force, introduced by the Premier. The private legislation asked for principally concerns new lines of railway and extension of time to existing lines.

A significant fact is that the Premier has moved to in future, take Thursday as a government day, and another is the proposal of the Finance Minister to deliver the Budget speech on Monday next. Although the House is exactly four weeks in session there has been as much done as usually takes six or eight weeks. This leads your correspondent to conclude that prorogation will likely take place about the first or eighth of May next.

As had been remarked a few weeks ago in these columns, there is no legislation of any importance or of great general interest in view. Unless the working of the Public Accounts Committee be interrupted by unusual criticism, it may be safe to say that one hundred days will be the probable length of this year's legislative efforts.

It is no harm that the work of the session is not very microscopic, for the weather is very metropolitan—a regular London fog prevails, so dense that the electric lights are scarcely able to shoot their rays through its volumes. With the intense dampness outside, and the intense heat within, the atmosphere is in no way calculated to buoy up the spirits of our Federal law-makers. But there is always the hope, at this season, of the fine spring weather coming to us and heating our blood, while shedding a brilliancy upon the complicated and difficult problems that men have to solve in the House.

BUSINESS TALKS.

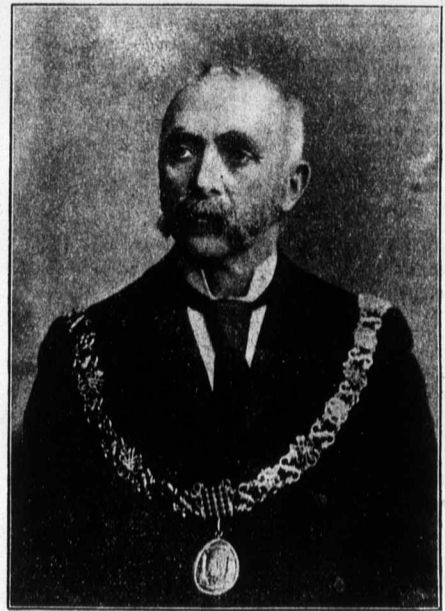
MR. THOMAS O'CONNELL, the well known master plumber and general dealer in house furnishings, has removed to his new premises on Ottawa street, corner of Murray street. Mr. O'Connell is one of our most progressive young Irish business men. By his energy, integrity and attention to business, he has been enabled to erect, on his own account, a substantial and commodious building for the needs of his constantly growing business. Ever since he embarked upon his commercial career, Mr. O'Connell has been an advertiser in the columns of the "True Witness." We wish him all success in his new location.

MR. EDWARD MANSFIELD.—Another advertiser and patron of the "True Witness," Mr. Edward Mansfield, who started several years ago in the retail boot and shoe business, has achieved well merited success. As may be seen by a reference to our advertising columns he announces a bargain sale of his retail stock, and that he intends, after the first of May, devote all his energies to the wholesale trade. Mr. Mansfield is one of our future leaders in commercial ranks. He is a young man of judgment, perseverance and energy, and deserves to reach the top round of the ladder.

STILL ANOTHER.—Mr. Frank Tansey, until quite recently one of the chief salesmen in a leading jewelry establishment of this city, has informed a representative of the "True Witness" that he intends hanging out his sign on May 1st in a central portion of St. Catherine street. Mr. Tansey will deal in optical wares.

KEEP THE BALL ROLLING young Irishmen. The "True Witness" wants to see more signs bearing Irish names over business establishments in Montreal.

Lord Mayor of Cork!



In the department "People in Print," in Donahoe's Magazine, Mr. William Hopkins furnishes the following pen sketch of the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Mayor of Cork:—

Mr. Fitzgerald is a man with rather an eventful career. He commenced life as a carpenter, but the rare gifts of head which he possessed were bound to bring him into public notice, and some sixteen years ago he consented at the request of his friends, to stand for a position as Poor Law Guardian. Though perfectly unknown at the time to public life, and though having to face and wage a stiff fight with the established representatives of the Division which he contested, he was elected at the head of the poll.

Since that time he has been the man of all others in the public eye of his native city. Whatever position he sought he secured it. He was High Sheriff of the city some eleven years ago, and were it not for the unfortunate split which divided all Irishmen at that time, and which, not unnaturally, had its effects on the municipal life as well, he would have been elected Mayor of Cork the following year. Nine years ago he was elected alderman

for the ward he represented, and has held that position since, and now he enjoys the distinction of being the first Lord Mayor elected to that position by the popular vote, which is the predominant one in the Council of the Borough of Cork. He is the representative for the Borough of Agricultural Board in the Department of Technical Instruction for Ireland.

In the deliberations of the Corporation he had frequently to fight as one man against fifty, but he fought with a persistence that was bound to win, and he now stands in the position of being the first citizen of Cork and high in the esteem of his fellow-citizens of all classes who do him honor as the pioneer of a great movement for the industrial development of the country.

The exhibition project was his idea alone, and in bringing it to a successful issue he has gathered around him a number of leading representative citizens to whom he has imparted much of his own tireless energy, with the result that wherever they go all over the country, from the southernmost part in Bantry or Skibbereen to the Maiden city in Londonderry, they have been received with a remarkable display of public enthusiasm.

Canada's Foreign Trade.

According to reports issued for eight months our trade imports for consumption and exports of domestic produce only, amounted to \$263,585,284.

Imports— 1902.
Dutiable goods ... \$94,368,939
Free goods ... 49,452,300
Coin and bullion ... 4,563,824

Total ... \$128,385,063
Duty collected ... 20,492,093
Exports (Canadian produce only)—
Minerals ... \$24,617,043
Fisheries ... 10,793,438
Forest produce ... 22,240,309
Animals and their produce ... 44,203,926
Agriculture ... 21,890,748
Manufactures ... 11,424,953
Miscellaneous ... 24,504
Coin and bullion ... Total ... \$8,862,727

Total ... \$135,200,221
The exports of foreign produce for the eight months amounted this year to \$12,362,572, and last year to \$13,926,805. For the month of February alone the figures are as follows:—

Imports— 1902.
Dutiable goods ... \$ 8,485,819
Free goods ... 5,123,712
Coin and bullion ... 57,681

Total ... \$13,667,162
Duty collected ... 2,577,740
Exports (domestic produce only)—
Minerals ... \$1,166,478
Fisheries ... 907,771
Forest produce ... 819,552
Animals and their produce ... 2,472,414
Agriculture ... 1,885,057
Manufactures ... 1,105,876
Miscellaneous ... 6,579
Coin and bullion ... Total ... \$8,862,727

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTICE.

Real & Southern Counties Company will apply to the Court of Canada at its present place, for an act extending to the construction of the enabling the Company motive power; to make with other railways on of Montreal and elsewhere agreements with companies; to construct, maintain, operate, vessels, warehouses, docks, other buildings, and to same, and amending the Act in such respects necessary for its purpose.

NOTICE.

will be made to the Canada at its present place the Lake Champlain Ship Canal Company declaring the construction of the Company to be and extending the competition of the canal and amending the Act in such respects necessary for its purpose.

CHURCH BELLS.

Church Bells and Poles, Baltimore, Md.

BELL COMPANY.

NEW YORK CITY

CHURCH BELLS.

Church Bells and Poles, Baltimore, Md.

RILEY.

Church Bells and Poles, Baltimore, Md.

FURLONG.

Church Bells and Poles, Baltimore, Md.

MUTTON and POOL.

Church Bells and Poles, Baltimore, Md.

The training of children is one of the questions of the day which Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., discussed in an article recently published in Donahoe's Magazine. Father Gasson treats the subject in a most entertaining and practical manner. It runs thus—



"My Dear Kitty."

Many decades of years ago, a sweet-voiced singer sang the lament of the little ones in the following pathetic lines:

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young hearts
Against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears,
The young lambs are bleating in
The meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the
nest,
The young fawns are playing with
the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing to-
ward the west—
But the young, young children, O
my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of
the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and
sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws
and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy,
"Your old earth," they say, "is
very dreary;
Our young feet," they say, "are
very weak!"
Few paces have we taken, yet are
weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek,
Ask the aged why they weep, and
not the children;
For the outside earth is cold;
And we young ones stand without,
in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

SHIFTING SCENES.—Gazing out upon the shifting scenes of modern civilization, with its garish colors here, its deep shadows there, with its bright sunshine in one land, and its lowering clouds in another, we must be struck at the sadness which surrounds the lives of many children. The days of childhood should be days overhung by bright colors, sweetened by fragrant flowers, and made cheery by blithesome music; yet for how many



Mothing.

little ones these are days of dreary blackness, of horrible discord, and of heart-rending grief. Even here in Boston, the acknowledged home of enlightenment and progress, we meet scenes that sicken the heart and bring tears to the eyes. Journey through any of the congested districts of the city, and you will be startled at the squalor, filth and repulsiveness that environ the children of the poorer classes.

Look into some of their homes, miserable hovels, with begrimed walls, dirt-covered floors, creaking doors, unwashed windows, broken window-panes stuffed with rags, rickety chairs and tables, mouldy beds and tattered bed-covering, and you will not be surprised at the diseased, pale, gaunt children who seem to spring out from every corner, and who crowd the stairways and the hallways. In summer it is still more saddening to watch these misshapen masses of humanity, scurrying around to catch a breath of fresh air, or rushing after a lumbering ice-cart to snatch furtively a small

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN!

piece of the cooling mass which will be generously divided among several claimants. For these little people are extremely generous, and no matter how small or how trifling the treasure, it will be divided among friends and companions. Is it any wonder that the girls are slovenly and that the little fellows swear and use vulgar language with a readiness and a proficiency perfectly appalling? How difficult for Christian virtue to flourish in a soil so unsuited for it!

PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS.

By the side of these woeful scenes we shall notice much that is pathetic, much even that is humorous. It is touching, for example, to note the affection which will be almost ceaselessly lavished upon wrecks of toys, upon dolls crumbling away, away, upon stray fragments of carts and of tops, upon a sad-looking kitten, a lean, wild-looking cur, or a feeble, dyspeptic canary. The wealth of love, the extravagant expressions of attachment showered upon these relics of bygone glories, convey a clear proof of the depths of feeling locked up, for the most part, in these tiny hearts.

It is doubly pathetic to watch the elder sisters as they act the part of nurse to the younger members of the family, and strive either to amuse the wayward, restless babies, or to keep the scalding tears away from the eyes of those whose tender frames are racked by pain and disease.

There are humorous sides also to the picture. The important swagger of the bootblack, who is, for the time being, playing the gentleman, while his companion blackens his decrepit foot-covering, the earnest attempt to acquire the latest curve in ball throwing, the desire to win supremacy in clever boxing, the intensity displayed in feats of balancing, all these are pleasant traits which bring a smile to the face.

OUTLOOK DREARY.—But even when all the pleasing incidents have been enumerated, we are forced to confess that the outlook is dreary indeed, and that the problem of uplifting these neglected children is one that calls for united action on the part of all to whom religion is something more than a day-dream or emotional poetry. That all those who profess the saving religion of Christianity have serious duties in the matter—duties above and beyond mere philanthropy—is a truth that admits of no controversy. Even reason requires that we love all members of the human family without distinction as to age, sex, rank, or nationality, but Christian charity demands that we love ourselves and neighbor in view of our coming from God and going to God. "Charity differs from philanthropy in looking beyond the present life, and above creatures. A materialist and atheist may possess philanthropy, but not charity." Our duty, therefore, is to help those struggling children to better themselves, to rise above their conditions, and to become sound, upright, religious men and women.

HOW ACCOMPLISHED?—Only by securing the assistance and the personal service of those who have had the advantages of excellent home training and of a thoroughly Catholic education, and who know, consequently, how to give practical advice upon the important duties of life. The workers must be intelligent, devoted, and unreservedly zealous for the welfare of children. The girls must be taught the useful arts of sewing, cooking, and of house-keeping; the boys, the rudiments of the trades. It is astonishing how deficient many of the little folks are in the most elementary branches. Many of the boys do not know how to drive a nail into a wall, many of the girls are unable to thread a needle properly, while as to the patching of a rent, their clumsiness is frequently most distressing. With these facts confronting us, there is no time for the dreams of poetry, we need the prose of action. Guilds and similar societies for the industrial training of children are an indispensable need of the day. All the girls should be thoroughly drilled in plain, substantial cooking by a person thoroughly competent to teach this important art. How many men are driven to the saloons and to pool-rooms by the unsavory, unpalatable messes served up to them at home!

Then, too, it is essential to instruct the little ones in the details of house-keeping. There are many modern methods by which this

knowledge can be communicated both pleasantly and profitably. Here, again, is a point wherein much misery is caused to the working classes. Money is frequently squandered on useless articles, which, if wisely spent, would render the home attractive and useful. Sometimes an expensive piano is purchased, where not one member of the family can play; at another time, a dozen teakettles will be bought, because they can be had cheap; while the flamboyant advertisements of the bargain stores lure unwise housekeepers to empty their purses for no pos-

sible advantage, either to themselves or to their families. If the children are schooled in the wise and thrifty management of a household there will be fewer homes wrecked by extravagant and bargain-seeking wives. Practical lessons must also be given in needlework, millinery and dress-making, and for these branches nothing can be accomplished if the classes are large. The pupils of each division must be few in number so as to insure individual

lines laid down by the apostolic Dr. Dolan of the Cathedral in his address to mothers, spoken a few weeks ago. The mothers could be invited to the Guild or Association House, where a pleasant and instructive talk could be given them on home topics, especially on the care of sick children. The field is a wide one and there should be no lack of subjects for discussion.

ABOUT PLANS.—It might be asked whether these plans are feasible or not? Most assuredly they are. The good results accomplished by



Loyal Friends.

the various Sewing Societies, by the Italian Society, by St. Elizabeth's Guild, and by kindred associations are an unanswerable proof that these ideas are not the phantom ravings of a visionary. By way of illustration of the work actually accomplished, let me refer to the following extracts from the second report of St. Elizabeth's Guild:

The Sewing School.—The second term of the Saturday morning sewing school has been even more suc-



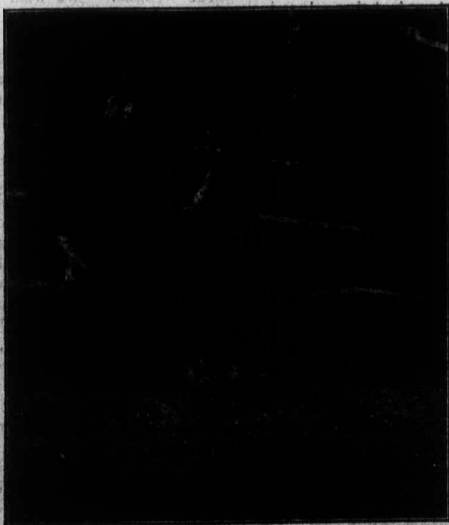
Balancing Feats.

cessful than the first, the average attendance being 134, making the aggregate attendance, since 1899, 5,400.

The drugery of samplers is confined to the lower grades only, the elder girls making clothing for themselves.

The boys must be habituated to quickness of eye and to readiness of hand in the varied forms of mechanical labor. For this purpose it is likewise necessary to have the services of an experienced mechanic,

Classes in dressmaking and millinery have proved very popular. The Kindergarten.—A Saturday morning kindergarten, in charge of



Sitting For a Picture.

a professional teacher, relieves the mothers of the younger children during part of their busiest day, besides making possible the attendance of many of the girls in the sewing classes.

The Club.—Almost every afternoon, from four until six, several clubs hold their weekly meetings in the Guild House. Each club is in

The pictures which illustrate this article were taken by members of the Guild, the subjects being "our" children.

The Cooking Course.—Through the generosity of a student from the School of Domestic Science, the Guild has been enabled to open a course in cooking. A dozen little girls meet once a week to be instructed in the art of preparing nutritious food from economical materials.

Library of the Guild.—One of the most important and interesting features in connection with the Guild is the Library, which was opened in September.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Langdon L. Ward, of the Boston Public Library, two hundred books were secured for us, thus establishing a branch of the Public Library at the Guild house. All children whose names are on the Roll of the Guild have the privilege of withdrawing these books. One hundred and fifty cards have already been applied for, and the number increases each week.

On presentation of her card any child is allowed to take home a book to be kept one week. This system has proved to be very popular, and the children show their appreciation by the enthusiasm with which they embrace the opportunity. In two months five hundred and three books have been withdrawn.

In addition to these there are about seventy-five books of various kinds for children, and about two hundred magazines, which have been sent by interested friends. To these books, and to all the magazines, the children have daily access.

The advantages of having a branch so near to the homes of the children are obvious. It relieves them of the necessity of traversing such a distance to the main library, and encourages them to become better acquainted with some of our good books.

The reading room is open every afternoon from half-past three to six o'clock, when all children may come and read to their heart's content, and something may be found to amuse or entertain all, from the tiny tot of the kindergarten, who cares only to look at the pictures, to the young lady of fourteen who prefers Dickens or Scott.

Stamp-Saving Society.—When the idea of saving their money was first



The Untrained Nurse.

suggested to the children of the Guild, it met with almost unanimous approval. A few announced that they never had any money to save, but these, being very often the possessors of large stores of chewing gum and candy, were not entirely to be believed.

On the first day twenty-eight children applied for cards, and deposited from one to fifty-five cents apiece. The number steadily increased, until now there are sixty-six, and new ones are being added each week. In some cases the children have taken out cards for their mothers or brothers and sisters at home.

The deposits average about ten cents, a few children bringing in twenty or twenty-five each week, but these are, of course, exceptions. The branch was opened on the sixth of October, and so far no child has drawn out her money.

The Clubs.—Almost every afternoon, from four until six, several clubs hold their weekly meetings in the Guild House. Each club is in

Various Notes.

VICTIMS OF ELECTRICITY.

A table has been compiled by the insurance companies of the losses by electricity during the nine months of last year. Some 246 persons were electrocuted, or an average of almost 30 a month; 515 were maimed, 112 horses were killed, and there were 442 fires. No account has been made of the indirect accidents through the use of electricity, such as the trolley car accidents, electric mobile accidents and the like, but only where the direct electric shock caused the death or maiming or the fire.

The losses by electric fires alone have averaged over a million dollars a month. These losses have become so serious that the accident, life and fire insurance companies are considering the advisability of taking united action against them. The insurance rate in these companies was fixed before the great and increasing use of electricity and the electrical risk was not figured in, so that the rates are upset and require a readjustment through these additional losses.

If added to the direct deaths by electricity the indirect deaths were included the total is sufficient to make an appreciable change in the death rate.

PROFIT SHARING.—The directors of the Bourne mills, Fall River, Mass., have just announced a dividend to the operatives of 3.24 per cent. on the last six months' wages. This mill has worked under the profit-sharing scheme for 12 years, and it seems, with great success. The wages are as high as the highest in Fall River; the mill is also one of the most prosperous for the stockholders.

ABOUT BARBERS.—The new commissioner of health in New York city, Dr. Lederle, has announced his determination to institute certain reforms in barber shops. The prohibition of the use of the sponge on the face after shaving, of the use of the powder puff, of the use of alum in stick form, and of the use of a towel more than once are among the proposed changes. The new regulations are to be posted conspicuously in every barber shop, and the customers are relied upon to see that they are enforced.

CIGARETTES.—We are pleased to see that the law against tobacco and cigarettes, etc., to children is being enforced in one of the Cape Breton towns. This law is a salutary one. We are not anti-tobacco cranks. We do not, as some of our friends, believe that tobacco ought not to be sold at all; but the law is sound which says it must not be sold to children.—Antigonish Casket.

CATHOLIC BOOKS.—The secretary of the American Federation of Catholic societies says:—

A movement is being inaugurated among the local federations of several of our larger cities to petition the public librarian of their centres to place more books of Catholic writers on the shelves of the public library, and to keep on file copies of Catholic papers recommended to them. The public librarian of Cincinnati has granted the request and a list is being prepared.

IRISH ENVOYS.—Arrangements are in progress in Chicago to tender a reception to William K. Redmond and Joseph Devlin, who are expected to arrive in Chicago on March 17. It was decided to hold a series of mass meetings in different sections of the city, beginning with St. Patrick's night, when Messrs. Redmond and Devlin will speak. They will remain in Chicago two weeks, and will address meetings in various places.

THE DAY IN NEW YORK.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians of the city and county of New York will hold their usual street parade in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The First Regiment, Irish Volunteers, and the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., will act as an escort, and there is every promise that the celebration and parade this year will be the best in years.

IN MANCHESTER.—Arrangements are now in a very forward condition so as to enable Irishmen resident in Manchester and Salford to celebrate the great national feast of St. Patrick. On Sunday afternoon, March 16th, a mass meeting of Irishmen will be held at the Free Trade Hall, at which Mr. John E. Hugh, M.P., will speak. Mr. Councillor D. Boyle will be the chairman. On Monday evening a banquet will be held in the Grand Hotel, over which Councillor D. McCabe, J.P., will preside. The leader of the Irish Party and the member for Sligo will be present.

THE THE CON FRO PAG

charge of a Guild whom the children ta ery, lace-making, pa tic art (1), and lite clubs have been forme the little ones, and t to be able soon to p room for their pleasu

Distributing Station the co-operation of Hand Society and the friends the Guild Hou a distributing station vegetables. The possi department are pract ed, and the pleasure recipients out of all the slight trouble inv

Mothers' Meetings.— most important form is shortly to be taken guring a series of thers' meetings. Seven dren's mothers have b bring their needlewo babies to the mothers

found that the arrests creased almost fifty pe the quarter (June 15 15) which includes the tion. It must be also that every arrest enta self-respect out of all the gravity of the offe

For years various associations have con tion schools, and their serving of all praise. tuating attendance at dens seems to prove th ated play falls to hold of the older children hand, manual training

ONTARIO LEGIS

The question of pro under discussion on Ontario Legislature, of Premier Ross was committee. The first c bill stating that the printed on the ballots favor of the Liquor Act was carried without m The second clause, in date of the referendum to stand.

The third clause wh those who are entitled also, on Mr. Marter a so asking, allowed to Dr. Pyne, said that Judges and registrars s on the privilege of vot referendum.

The Premier said al were not more than Judges in the province large number of regist Mr. Carscallen, Ham the Premier if the Gov considered the propriety the women who had th vote at municipal elect

Notes.

ELECTRICITY.—
been compiled by the
panies of the losses
during the ninemonths
Some 246 persons
ted, or an average of
month; 515 were main-
were killed, and there
No account has been
a indirect accidents
se of electricity, such
car accidents, electric
ts and the like, but
e direct electric shock
th or maiming or the

y electric fires alone
over a million dol-
These losses have be-
as that the accident,
insurance companies are
e advisability of tak-
on against them. The
e in these companies
re the great and in-
f electricity and the
was not figured in,
ates are upset and re-
stement through these
es.

the direct deaths by
indirect deaths were
total is sufficient to
ceivable change in the

ARING.—The direct-
rme mills, Fall River,
st announced a divi-
eratives of 3.24 per
st six months' wages,
worked under the pro-
me for 12 years, and
a great success. The
high as the highest in
a mill is also one of
perous for the stock-

BERS.—The new
of health in New York
erle, has announced
ion to institute cer-
a barber shops. The
the use of the sponge
ter shaving, of the
der puff, of the use
ck form, and of the
more than once are
posed changes. The
s are to be posted
in every barber shop,
ners are relied upon
y are enforced.

S.—We are pleased to
law against tobacco
etc., to children is
in one of the Cape
This law is a salu-
are not anti-tobacco
not, as some of our
that tobacco ought
at all; but the law
says it must not be
.—Antigonish Cas-

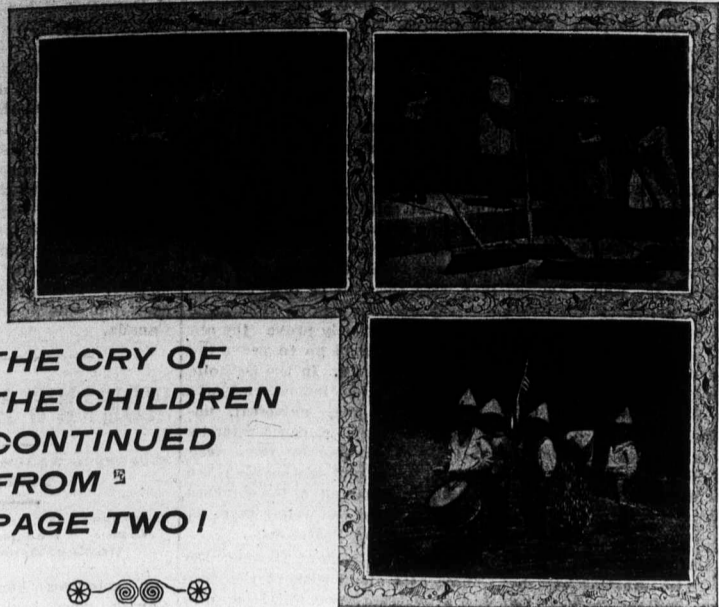
BOOKS.—The secre-
merican Federation of
ies says:—
is being inaugurated
al federations of sev-
er cities to petition
arian of their centres
re books of Catholic
shelves of the public
keep on file copies of
s recommended to
ic librarian of Cin-
nted the request and
prepared.

YS.—Arrangements
in Chicago to tender
William K. Redmond
lin, who are expected
icago on March 17.
to hold a series of
in different sections
inning with St. Pat-
ren Messrs. Redmond
speak. They will re-
o two weeks, and
etings in various

NEW YORK.—The
of Hibernians of the
y of New York will
il street parade in
il's patron saint. The
t, Irish Volunteers,
ninth Regiment, N.
ct as an escort, and
promise that the cele-
ade this year will be
rs.

ESTER.—Arrange-
in a very forward
to enable Irishmen
chester and Salford
great national fest-
k. On Sunday after-
th, a mass meeting
l be held at the Free
hich Mr. John E.
ll speak. Mr. Coun-
will be the chair-
y evening a banquet
in the Grand Hotel,
ncillor D. McCabe,
ide. The leader of
and the member for
resent.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO!



charge of a Guild member with whom the children take up embroidery, lace-making, painting, dramatic art (1), and literature. Game clubs have been formed especially for the little ones, and the Guild hopes to be able soon to provide a toy-room for their pleasure.

Distributing Station.—Through the co-operation of the Helping Hand Society and the generosity of friends the Guild House has become a distributing station for fruit and vegetables. The possibilities of this department are practically unlimited, and the pleasure of the small recipients out of all proportion to the slight trouble involved.

Mothers' Meetings.—A new and most important form of Guild work is shortly to be taken up by inaugurating a series of monthly mothers' meetings. Several of the children's mothers have been invited to bring their needlework and their babies to the mothers' club. While

a Guild member amuses the babies, the mothers will have an opportunity to talk with each other, and with the city hospital nurse, who has kindly volunteered to give a course of demonstration lectures on the care of children.

The Flower Mission.—Through the generous co-operation of the "Mutual Helpers' Flower Mission" the Guild was enabled to establish a distributing station at its rooms during July and August. Here large baskets of flowers were received twice a week, and were given to the children for distribution amongst their friends and neighbors. In this way fifteen hundred bouquets were distributed.

The Hospital Work.—Members of the Guild visit the hospital and almshouse on Long Island, bringing with them books and flowers, and a corps of volunteer musicians who give an attractive entertainment for the two hundred aged women in the dormitory.

The Play School.—Early in the history of the Guild the subject of summer work among the children was taken up. The play school was the result of much theorizing.

With the closing of the city's schools for the long vacation, thousands of children, whose interests centre largely about the schoolhouse are forced to make a playground of the streets. It is hard for outsiders to realize that through whole wards of the crowded quarter the coming of the ambulance or police patrol is a welcome break in the day's monotony. Under such conditions it is to be expected that the heat, improper food, and unsanitary surroundings unite to cause a dangerous lassitude in the children. The moral tonic of a healthy interest is too little considered, although it has passed into proverb: Who it is finds work for idle hands to do. From statistics furnished the Guild by the Police Commission, it was



The Coming Merchant.

Playing the Gentleman.

found that the arrests of minors increased almost fifty per cent. during the quarter (June 15 to September 15) which includes the school vacation. It must be also remembered that every arrest entails a loss of self-respect out of all proportion to the gravity of the offence.

For years various philanthropic associations have conducted vacation schools, and their work is deserving of all praise. But the fluctuating attendance at the sand gardens seems to prove that unadulterated play fails to hold the interest of the older children. On the other hand, manual training presupposes



Who Minds the Rain?

both an establishment and an endowment.

Some of the pictures which accompany this article were taken by a Guild member while the children were at work.

We shall never succeed in banishing poverty and misery entirely from the world, but we can do much to better existing conditions, and we can, in many instances, break through the clouds hanging over the little ones of to-day, thus bringing the cheery sunlight of heaven and the brightness of Christian charity into the lives of those who are the special care of the Christ Child.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The question of prohibition was under discussion on Monday in the Ontario Legislature, when the bill of Premier Ross was taken up in committee. The first clause of the bill stating that the question to be printed on the ballots: "Are you in favor of the Liquor Act of 1902?" was carried without much comment.

The second clause, in regard to the date of the referendum was allowed to stand.

The third clause which deals with those who are entitled to vote, was also, on Mr. Marter and Dr. Fynde so asking, allowed to stand. Dr. Fynde, said that he thought judges and registrars should be given the privilege of voting on the referendum.

regard to the prohibition bill. The Premier replied that the Government wished the opinion only of the men who elected the Legislature. Some discussion took place on the clause which gives the hour of voting from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m.

Mr. Marter argued that the time should be extended until seven o'clock, thus giving the working men an opportunity to vote after six o'clock.

Mr. Crawford, West Toronto, said the employers did not like the men taking extra time to vote, some docking the men for it as time lost.

The Hon. J. M. Gibson, Attorney-General, stated he would like to ask the honorable gentleman if employers really did, in Toronto, dock their men for time lost in voting. If they did he did not think it was done in any other part of the province.

Mr. Carscallen, pointed out that as a large number of men in the factories were employed on piece work and as each one's work depended on the other's for their supply of material, it meant both money and confusion for an employee, under such circumstances, to leave work to vote. He considered the hours should be extended to seven o'clock.

The Hon. J. M. Gibson positively refused to change the clause, and it passed without amendment.

Mr. Foy, South Toronto, said the bill was ridiculous in some respects. It did not mention the question of compensation; and should not be submitted to the people anyway.

Mr. Carscallen thought the Government should resume responsibility. In regard to compensation he stated that many of the voters would decide which way they voted if they knew whether or not compensation was to be given.

There were in Cuba in 1889, 60,711 farms, with an average size of 143 acres and an average cultivation of 18 acres.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. ON HAND SHAKING!

If the compositor finds my manuscript hard to read, and should some of my expressions have to be a matter of guess-work for him, I have no person to blame, save a friend from New York, who has just met me on the street. He was evidently glad to see me, if I am to judge from the manner in which he shook me by the hand. He actually took my not very large hand into the grasp of his elephantine paw, and gave it two or three squeezes that were well calculated to crack every bone and joint in my fingers. Through politeness I was obliged to smile and express my delight on seeing him—the delight actually commencing from the moment he ceased his formal greeting and allowed my hand to drop. The only fear I had was that he might want to shake hands again, on parting, in which case I fully intended to give him my left hand. I argued with myself that it would be better to suffer in both members for a short while than to have one of them disabled for the rest of my natural life. However, I got over the difficulty by suddenly calling a passing acquaintance and waving an "au revoir" to my New York friend.

THE GENTLE HAND SHAKE.—I have thus given the reader a sample of the regular, genuine, hearty, masculine, steam-vice form of hand-shaking. It may be indicative of a great amount of friendly enthusiasm; but it is nonetheless something to be dreaded. And my advice to gentlemen so afflicted is to cultivate something milder and less demonstrative in the line of giving hand-shaking expression to their sentiments. On the other side, I have met—only the other day an instance—men who shake your hand as if they were infirm, unable to lift their arms, or bend their fingers, and wished to have you do that work for them. Such a man allows his soft hand to rest in a baby-like fashion in yours, and seems not to possess even the energy to withdraw it again. He is apparently desirous that you should hand him back his hand—so languid is his motion, and so delicate his touch. There is a feeling that comes over one, when shaking such a hand, as if it were unsafe to touch it too strongly, in case it might melt or go to pieces. There is something so very feminine about the formal manner of the gentleman (gentle in too many senses) that you hesitate whether to talk to him about stocks or about

spring bonnets—not knowing which would the more interest him. In a case like this one would simply have to prescribe for the patient the very antidote of the prescription given to the man of the cast-iron grasp. If extremes be dangerous, as a general rule, decidedly in the case of hand-shaking the extremes of vigor and languor are to be avoided.

THE IMPLIED INTENT.—The fact of shaking a person by the hand implies, in itself, a wish to acknowledge that person's acquaintanceship and to accentuate your personal friendship for him or her. The object of the action is to afford pleasure to another person. It is therefore a contradiction of oneself, to give actual physical pain—as in the case of the vigorous hand-shaker—or to give mental anxiety—as in the case of the delicate hand-shaker. There is a medium in all things, and there should be one in the matter of hand-shaking as well as in all others. It seems to me that, while no positive rule could well be laid down, the manner in which a person shakes hands is an index to that person's disposition, or character. And as we are all anxious that our neighbors should hold a good opinion of us in this regard, it is to our own interest to so govern ourselves in such matters that we may not create a feeling in the breasts of our friends that is very undesirable—that is a feeling that we are to be avoided as much as possible. This is certainly a subject upon which a man might go on writing by the column, for there are as many kinds of hand-shaking as there are hands and as many kind of hand-shakers as there are different characters in the world. My sole object in drawing attention to the subject is not so much to preach a lesson to people whose habits and manners are formed, as it is to insist that parents should so train their children that, in after life, they might find it more pleasant and more to their ultimate advantage to observe these minor details of social etiquette. None of us can afford to be impolite. It is just as easy to say a kind word as a harsh one, just as easy to do a graceful act as to perform an injurious one, a smile fits better than a frown on the face, and a friendly, unobtrusive, but evidently sincere hand-shake frequently tells more in one's favor than would the most elaborate bowing and unnecessary demonstration of sentiment.

ance. You have collected over 100,000 (one hundred thousand) pence during the course of each Lent, and you have, therefore, brought me over \$2,500 for our orphans and abandoned children on Good Shepherd Sunday; I hope you will be able to do the same thing this year.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC MAYOR.—Mr. Daniel Sheehan, an Irish Catholic, has been elected Mayor of Elmira. The "Catholic Union and Times" in recording the event says: When it is considered that Mr. Sheehan had no long line of family or corporation connections to aid him, and the Masonic and other secret society influences were necessarily denied him, his victory is most significant.

A BISHOP'S REQUEST.—Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, recently asked the board of managers in charge of the Government home for veterans of the civil war in Bath, N. Y., for a Catholic chaplain and for the privilege to build a chapel and residence on the grounds of the home, and his request was granted unanimously.

BLIND NUNS.—There is a community of blind Sisters in Paris, the Sisters of St. Paul, founded in 1853 by Mlle. Anne Bergunion. Each sightless sister has as her companion a sister who can see. They sit side by side in the chapel, go to Holy Communion together and travel together, if need be. The community receive blind people of all ages into their house, and divide them into various classes. All the inmates have employment of some kind.

A MEMORIAL.—At Plattsburgh, Mo., last week, the Very Rev. Dean Graham, of St. Joseph, dedicated a fine, sweet toned, new organ, presented by Mrs. A. I. Abend to St. Ann's Church, in memory of her deceased mother, Mrs. Margaret Downey.

A MISSION, under the direction of Redemptorist Fathers, opened in St. Patrick's Church, Butte City, on March 2. An immense congregation greeted the missionaries.

Catholicity in New England!

(Lecture by Rev. James Lacey, of Cambridge, Mass., delivered under the auspices of St. Patrick's Literary Society of St. Laurent College.)

THE Catholic Church is the wonder of the world. It is the epitome of history, the glory of the past, the pride of the present and the hope of the future. It has seen the mighty monarch, fall in lowly submission at its feet, to beg the regenerating waters of eternal life which open the way to a kingdom whose like is not of earth; it has seen the uplifted hand of the barbarian already dyed with the blood of the murdered weaklings fall in astonishment before the subduing influence of that glorious culmination of all that is pure, and beautiful and good.

There is scarcely a land to-day, where the vesper bell has not sounded forth its gentle summons to come to Him, who is ready to refresh the wayfarer of the earth's rude journeyings; there is scarcely a hamlet in which there is no morning offering of the clean oblation to bring upon the human race the copious benediction of Him, who deigned to die for the salvation of an ungrateful people. What wonder then that we find the marvelous success of the City of God. What wonder that Macaulay was obliged to break forth in sentiments of admiration, and see for the future of the Catholic Church a success unparalleled in the history of nations. What wonder, indeed, that we find the poet, glorifying his muse and bidding her sing of the beauty of the milk white Hind or the painter, lavishing all the ornaments of his brush, in faint attempt to do justice to the marvel that can inspire only what is sacred and sublime. I need not tell you this, I need not bring you across the seas to gaze enraptured on St. Peter's dome, to see the crumbling ruins of the Coliseum, where the fight was won for Christianity and lost for paganism.

All this you long have heard expatiated upon and have loved to look back upon to gain from frequent meditation thereon increasing love and reverence for the inheritance to which through the mercy of God you and I have fallen heirs.

Nor is there need for you to retreat into the memories of the past. If you seek for proof of the

(Continued on Page Six.)

What Catholics ARE DOING ELSEWHERE.

LADIES OF CHARITY.—The Catholic Club of New York was the scene of an influential conference of ladies of the various Catholic charities. The subjects discussed were: "Homeless Women and Children," "Dependent Families," "Care of the Sick Poor," "Social Works" and "Missionary Work."

A UNIQUE GIFT.—In St. James' Church, Chicago, most artistic stations of the Cross were completed recently. They are the gift of Miss Minnie C. Mulvell, a wealthy young parishioner. The stations are chiseled from the finest white marble. Each is three feet high and two feet wide. This latest gift to her church cost the donor \$10,000. Miss Mulvell is but nineteen years old, yet she has been the benefactress of St. James' Church to the extent of \$25,000 since coming into possession of her fortune by the death of her father and uncle.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—The will of a contractor of Cincinnati—John H. Geithaus,—who died some time ago, provides for the following charitable bequests: \$200 to St. George's Church for Masses for his soul's repose; \$1,000 to the Boys' Protectors at Delhi; \$1,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, on Riddle Road; \$1,000 to Bette's street hospital; \$500 to St. Mary's Seminary, Price Hill; \$500 to St. Francis' gymnasium, Bremen street; \$500 to St. Joseph Maternity Hospital and Foundling Asylum; \$500 to St. George Church, Coryville; \$500 to St. Vincent de Paul Conference of St. George Church; \$500

to St. Aloysius Orphan Asylum and the residue to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary.

IN HONOR OF LEO XIII.—The dawn of the twenty-fifth year of Pope Leo's pontificate was celebrated March 3 at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving was sung by the Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D.D., of Rochester, in presence of Bishops Burke of Albany, McDonnell of Brooklyn, Quigley of Buffalo, O'Connor of Newark, Gabriels of Ogdensburg, McFaul of Trenton, and about 400 priests and members of religious orders. The Rev. William O'B. Fardow, S.J., delivered a sermon. In the evening a reception was given to the seven visiting prelates at the Catholic Club.

HAYDN'S IMPERIAL MASS.—In Bolton, England, the various Catholic choirs have united for the purpose of rendering Haydn's Imperial Mass, shortly after Easter.

CARDINAL LOGUE has presented a 50-guinea prize, consisting of art ware, to the bazaar in aid of paying off the debt on the Cathedral of Queenstown.

RESCUE WORK.—In a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop to the members of the Catholic Children's Crusade, His Eminence says: I must write again to the members of the Catholic Children's Crusade, again to ask for their generous and active help. I write, my dear little ones, because I am the father of more than 50,000 children, counting infants in arms as well as those of school age. What a huge family! We have now got in our Homes between 800 and 900 little boys and girls, who are being brought up in safe and happy homes as good Catholics. You, my dear children, are educating no less than 50 of these little people by the collection which you make every year for their mainten-

MISSION AT ST. PATRICK'S.



THE MISSION under the direction of the Passionist Fathers, at St. Patrick's Church, opened on Sunday last at High Mass, when the impressive ceremony of placing the mission cross in the sanctuary was held.

Rev. Father Mark, superior of the mission, preached the sermon. He said in part:—You are again called upon to make a mission, a religious experience to which few of you are strangers; it appears to be the ambition of the Rev. Fathers who are in charge of this Church to keep you well supplied with the opportunities of graces and blessings which are the fruits of a mission. An efficacious means of helping to make a mission a success is for you to come in contact, so to speak, with Jesus Christ; and this you can do by coming frequently into his sacramental presence at Mass. I therefore ask you to attend Mass every morning.

WHAT IS A MISSION. — Every man and woman here has a definite individual idea of which is the object of a mission. Some take it to be a time, or an occasion, on which it is necessary to attend Church oftener than usual, for a certain time. Some have a notion that it is a time when there is a good deal of preaching. Others have an opposite idea. They say to themselves: A mission is a time when we should square our account with God, and begin a new life; when we should begin to be Catholics not in name only, but in our daily conduct; honest uncompromising Catholics in practise. But no matter what ob-

ject you place before your minds as to a mission, you all know it means the living of a better life, a life in accordance with the will of God. No one who has the faintest idea of what it means to be a Catholic thinks that it signifies the passing of an hour or two at Church once a week, or having one's name inscribed on the parish roll. It means much more than that, just as does a mission mean much more. It is something which takes hold of your whole soul, heart, and being. It means an awakening of the soul to a sense of its mysterious relationship to God, and of its constant duty towards God.

LOYALTY TO JESUS CHRIST.— It is the awakening in your souls of the spirit of Jesus Christ, the Son of God—that spirit which enters your minds and hearts and affections, and forces upon you a knowledge of the fact that you have no other master than Jesus Christ, and makes you feel that there is no sacrifice that you are not willing to make for him. You may say why strangers like us come to assume to preach to you bluntly and freely. We do not speak without authority. We are commissioned to preach, to do our best to awake you to your spiritual state, to your duty towards God and yourselves. We simply speak. It is for you to attend the devotional exercises, to pray to God for grace to repent, to amend your lives, to persevere in doing your religious duties, to be truly loyal to Jesus Christ.

MUST CHOOSE SIDES. — Note and consider this truth. You must choose sides. You must be for Christ or against Him. You must either gather with Him, or scatter. There is no middle course. "He that is not with me is against me." Do not come to this mission merely to be able to say that you have made the mission. That would be an unworthy motive. But come because you feel it is your duty to come, penitent to the feet of your Redeemer, to lead a new life in the future, to do your best to be able to repeat that beautiful saying: "It is not I who live, but Christ in me."

IN THE EVENING the sacred edifice was thronged to overflowing by the women of the parish, married and unmarried. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Robert. The mission for men, married and unmarried, will open to-morrow evening at 7.30 o'clock.

tion, but of course he could not legislate without Parliament. Parliament, on the other hand, could not legislate until it had met the King, and the King could not meet it until he had made the declaration. The repeal of the statute requiring the declaration was expressly forbidden by the precaution of the statute of Charles II. Hence the King was 'forced,' as Lord Salisbury expressed it, to make the declaration, for otherwise the entire machinery of government would have to come to a standstill. It is somewhat amusing to picture to one's self all the branches of government, King, Lords, and Commons, assembled and facing one another, yet unable to perform the slightest legislative act until certain silly words, which they all regretted, had been pronounced. Fancy a person sitting down to dinner, with all the dishes before him, yet utterly unable to eat because he has no napkin!"

The forbearance of the Catholic subjects of Great Britain, during the past, and their outspoken protests of to-day are thus clearly explained—and this is a remarkable passage:—

"Great credit must be given to the Catholics because, recognizing all this, they neither agitated the question during the Queen's lifetime nor raised objections to the declaration before it was made nor blamed Edward VII. for uttering words which the necessity of the situation put in his mouth against his wish. When, however, the declaration had rendered what was probably its last service in setting the wheels of legislation turning again, there was no longer any reason for silence. From all parts of the globe-embracing empire, petitions, resolutions, protests poured in, expressing the indignation and grief of twelve million Catholics at the outrage offered to their dearest beliefs. Bishops ordered days of fasting and prayer 'to atone for what they regarded as a heinous blasphemy. A coarse mind, indeed, must have been his who is responsible for the wording of the declaration, gibbering, as he did, the very two beliefs on which Catholics are most tremblingly sensitive; the sacrament of the Eucharist and the veneration of the Mother of God. The Legislature of the Dominion of Canada, by a nearly unanimous vote, adopted a protest; the complaint of the Catholics of Australia was indorsed by the government of the Commonwealth; South Africa, Malta, Mauritius, in touching words, English, French, and Italian, prayed that the offensive phrases be removed."

Another most interesting historical point, and one illustrated in a very original manner is the following:—

"One naturally asks how England, for centuries regarded as the nursery of liberal ideas, ever happened to adopt this strange device, which raises a smile all over the continent. The inquiry is not calculated to increase one's respect for the formula. It was adopted as a test to exclude Catholics from Parliament in 1679, at a time when the nation was frenzied by the impostures of the infamous Oates. A viller origin can hardly be imagined, and one cannot but wonder how the nation can bear to keep up this reminder of one of the most shameful incidents in its history. The declaration was afterward imposed on William and Mary in 1689, again at a moment when the mental balance of the nation had been disturbed by the eruptions which resulted in the expulsion of the unspeakable James. But for these two incidents, one a huge blunder, the other constituting the very proof that the King is powerless to make England Catholic against its will, no one would ever have imagined the necessity of such a declaration. This double origin reminds one of the story which is occasionally told in Germany to illustrate the Prussian army methods before the days of William I. A new commander being placed in charge of a certain town, found a sentry placed at a point where there was no apparent reason for it. On inquiry, the record showed that, many years before a trench had been dug at that point and the sentry placed there to keep pedestrians from falling in. The trench had long been filled up and paved over, but as the order had never been countermanded, sentry had relieved sentry year after year. The parable needs no interpretation."

A remedy is thus suggested. "To forestall this unhappy agitation, there seems to be only one means; the matter ought not to be left to Parliament. There is said to exist in England a feeling that the Crown has not enough power. The 'South African Magazine' (Catholic) says: 'The Crown cannot move in the matter.' This, to a foreigner, seems surprising, since it is the King whose conscience and self-respect are vitally interested in

the matter. 'King' used to mean 'leader;' has it come to pass that the King must always be led? Here is an opportunity to restore to the word its ancient meaning. The Heir Apparent, sharing his father's repugnance to anything ungentlemanly, is said to have referred, 'with generous indiscretion,' to 'that horrid oath.' If he were to announce before some assembly (preferably in Ireland) that he intends to make no declaration whatever on his accession, the results (so it seems to a cis-Atlantic observer who knows precious little about the British constitution) could not fail to be the happiest. At the risk of appearing ignorant and 'out of order,' one may venture to suggest that all petitions for the abolition of the declaration should be addressed not to Parliament or to any Minister, but to the Prince who is expected in the course of time to make the declaration."

"His Royal Highness is perhaps the only person in England who has it in his power to turn this stumbling-block into a stepping stone to concord. The oath must go in the end—there can be no doubt of that; then do not waste time over it but drop it at once, and let it do as much good as possible in dropping."

After describing all the pleasure this action would create in Canada, Australasia, and over Europe, the author thus closes: "All these happy results, however, will be small compared to the conciliation of Ireland. That a nation of three millions, constituting an integral part of the British empire, should be as hostile to it as any foreign foe, is the darkest cloud on Britain's title to greatness. It is the perpetual ghost at the imperial Anglo-Saxon feast. To an Englishman possessed of feeling it must be a veritable stab to hear Irish leaders speak of 'the English enemy.' To allay this hostility, what better means could be devised than the measure here proposed? If the Heir Apparent, as above suggested, were to announce before an assembly of Irishmen his determination not to submit to the foolish statute that would force him to insult their religion, it would startle the Irish nation as the 'sweet bell' which, according to the legend, is to proclaim to their isle a reign of 'peace and love.' The young Prince would be greeted with such a burst of loyalty as would go far to convince the predominant partner that the sister nation may safely be trusted with self-government (a measure which seems almost an indispensable prerequisite to the Anglo-American alliance). Thus the Crown would achieve in a moment what Parliaments have labored in vain for a century to achieve. Can any one doubt that royalty would from that moment take one new life? Courage is admired the world over; it used to be the foremost quality of kings. After such an exhibition of courage, the Heir Apparent, even before his accession, would be 'every inch a king.'"

What the result of Mr. Stein's suggestion will be we have no means of knowing; but it is quite evident that every honest well-wisher of the British Empire is both an abolitionist, as far as the coronation oath goes, and a Home Rule as far as Ireland is concerned.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA AGAIN.

Bishop Potter, of New York, has outlined many innovations in connection with his new Cathedral; the principal amongst which may be said to be the effacing of all lines of class distinction. The "Saturday Globe" has an editorial on the subject and goes into a state of delight and admiration over the very Christian ideas of the Bishop—evidently oblivious that such ideas have found practical application in the Catholic Church for long ages back. Dealing with Bishop Potter's reforms, the writer commences with the pew question, and says:— "First of all no pews will be allowed in the cathedral and first come first served will be the rule in getting advantageous positions within the church. This will do away with pew rents, with the collection of money at the entrances for sittings in lieu of pew holding, with other objections growing out of difference in the wealth of those who seek the temple of worship. He will have chapels opening into the main edifice where services will be conducted in eight of the foreign languages most spoken in our country. The cathedral will be cosmopolitan as well as democratic and will speak for adherents among every race."

As far as the pews are concerned we find that in more than one church, even in this city, the system of charging a certain small sum for admission has long since been the practice. But pew system or otherwise, the main idea is to have the Church equally open to all men of all conditions. This has been the

case, from all time, with the Catholic Church, even in the temples where pews are rented. The pew-holder, as a rule, only takes exclusive possession of his pew at High Mass, or at some very special service. At all other Masses, and they are the most numerous and most largely attended, every person can find a seat, and can occupy that which best suits his inclination. As far as the various languages, in the 'different chapels of a Cathedral, may be considered, we can only say that were there to be one hundred different dialects spoken, inside the edifice, it would only prove the absence of unity, and go to prove the lack of Catholicity. In the Catholic Church, from time immemorial we have had the one, universal, unchangeable language, consecrated by centuries of use and by the very spirit of union and truth within the Church. In speaking of the churches of the old world the writer says, on behalf of Bishop Potter:—

"On the continent of Europe the Church gets along without the pew and attendance upon religious services there is not so general as in the United States."

Here again have we the Catholic idea; for he refers to those Catholic churches and cathedrals of Italy, Spain, Austria, France or Germany, through whose sombre and glorious twilight Lamartine so loved to roam and meditate. The enunciation of the most noteworthy Catholic principle of all ages do we find in the following:—

"At God's altar there should be no distinction; and the Church which persists in keeping up these obnoxious and unchristian divisions is the one that the seeker after salvation will avoid and which will exercise little influence in the community."

HISTORIC SPOTS IN CANADA.

They tell us that our country is young. That may be so; but in her two centuries and a half she has accomplished more, experienced more, and felt more than many a nation of Europe in five times that space of time. We have historical monuments far more wonderful and eloquent of a marvelous past than many of those that the people of the Old World boast. When Robertson James wrote his article upon the "Province of Quebec," he said:— "If one chooses to, one may find domicile in Quebec in a dozen different lodgings the walls of which have witnessed episodes almost as important as have been witnessed by the walls of the Tower of London. You will climb up and descend narrow streets, and when the wintry nights close in you may fancy you are in the company of long-buried Indian chiefs and princes or hearing the footfall of French regiments as they hurry to the defence of the fort. History is all about you. The houses built of stone resemble diminutive fortresses. Now and then on the thoroughfare you will meet an ecclesiastic with a certain high-bred look."

And then he asks a pertinent question, adding thereto, in the following words, a very positive fact regarding the Catholic Church:— "What is the final role which French Canada is to act in the moulding of Government in North America? It is a great question. Nowhere on the American continent is the principle of democracy so strongly entrenched, and nowhere, whether for weal or woe, is the influence of the Catholic Church more resolute."

As to the influence of the Church, the writer of the foregoing has, himself, proven that it has ever been for God, and that the beneficial results thereof are to be found in every phase of Quebec life—social, political, national and religious. But what most attracts us in these remarks is the reference to the historical relics of Quebec. While the city of Quebec is pre-eminently the historical conservatory of Canada, the city of Montreal is almost equally as replete with monuments and relics that carry the mind back to the days of the Huron and the Iroquois, to the days when Cartier first set foot on the island, and to the times that extend down from de Maisonneuve till we reach the Confederation of our provinces. The history of Canada is yet to be written.

In fragments it has appeared; but the complete story of this young Dominion is yet to be told. And when the future historian undertakes his work—one that must be gigantic in its proportions—he will have no end of monuments and of documents whereon to base his account of the past. And the governments of this country, ever since Confederation, have been doing very much to disinter all the most precious information that the bygone holds. "A land without relics is a land without a history," said an eminent writer once; but this does not apply to Canada.

WOMAN'S AILMENTS

SUFFERING WHICH DOCTORS FAIL TO CURE.

Thousands of Women Throughout Canada in a Similar Condition—Words of Hope to Sufferers.

In countless homes throughout Canada, where health and happiness should reign supreme, the peculiar weakness and diseases of women are responsible for an atmosphere of hopelessness and despair. This awful condition is largely due to a misunderstanding of the proper manner in which to effect a cure for female troubles of all kinds. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been more successful in cases of this kind than any other medicine, and they should be used by every woman who is not perfectly hearty and strong. Mrs. Fred. Murphy, a well known resident of Pubnico Head, N.S., cheerfully bears testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in woman's ailments. Mrs. Murphy says:—"A few years ago my health was completely broken down, my troubles beginning in one of the ailments which so frequently afflict my sex. I was a great sufferer from violent attacks of pain which would seize me in the stomach and around the heart. It is impossible for me to describe the agony of the spasms. Several times the doctor was hastily summoned, my friends thinking me dying. I was wholly unable to perform my household work, and was under medical treatment all through the summer, but without benefit. My appetite left me; my heart would palpitate violently after the least exertion, and I was pale and emaciated. My husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured me a supply. After using the pills a couple of weeks, I could feel that they were helping me, and after using seven bottles, I was fully restored to health. From that time until the spring of 1901 I enjoyed the best of health, but at that time I felt run down, and suffered from pains in the back. I at once got some more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon put me alright, and I am now feeling better than I have done for years. I cannot praise these pills too much, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of disease by making new, rich blood, and restoring shattered nerves. In this way they cure such troubles as the functional ailments of women, restore the glow of health to sallow cheeks, cure palpitation of the heart, anaemia, headache, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, etc. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every box. If you do not find them at your dealers, they will be mailed postpaid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR IRISH QUARTETTE.

The popular Orpheus Vocal Quartette of this city have been engaged by the St. Patrick's Society of Ottawa for their grand concert on St. Patrick's night. The society is putting forth every effort to make their entertainment one of the best that will be held in Canada on that occasion.

The quartette is now in existence close on five years, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, and have always been in demand for various entertainments, notably on St. Patrick's nights. Their versatility is demonstrated by the fact that they have on two occasions been engaged by the Caledonian Society of this city, for their concerts, as well as filling several engagements with the atrical companies in the city theatres. Their repertoire consists of upwards of thirty numbers, embracing national, sentimental, humorous and popular selections. The composition of the quartette is as follows:—First tenor, W. Murphy; second tenor, M. C. Mullarky; baritone, J. Penfold; basso, A. Hamilton.

ST. PATRICK DAY.

Throughout the year every lover of Green Isle seeks, in some sphere, to advance the cause of legislative freedom that Old Land, and in some way to contribute to the relief of its recurring difficulties. It is permissible for a few hours, stern logic of circumstance to allow the sear of the heart to be calmer and colder calculations of judgment to be set aside. It seems to the atmosphere of grand day is so suffused with feeling that it is more than human to see the children of the "Race" to quietly study the intricate politico-national situation in Ireland. Three hundred and days of the year, it is not asking too much to be allowed one day to lay aside the cares of the world, to forget the actual moment, to turn to the book of comfort, professional, or otherwise, with which we are supplied, to trace the glory and the rows of Erio's past, to draw therefrom inspiration for the future.

On such a day two predominant elements that swell the Celtic breast, glow upon the face of the land's children, fresh pulsations of heart and noble as to the soul; they are the elements of Faith and of Hope. As the name implies, St. Patrick's day is above all a religious festival; but knitted to it is the sentiment of love for the "Song." Hence it is all the celebration of 17th March, be it in the city or elsewhere, the one marked, in its very stage, by the religious sentiments in the hearts of God. Only after the things of God have been evoked, and one of the glorious saints has been tingly honored, a star, do the children of Erin commence their and patriotic celebration of their national day, something touching, suggestive of the history of Ireland, the days of the Island's mission down to this blending of the religious and the national is not our intention to draw our readers into long and hard-battled way that writers of the past have had to traverse decade after decade, ever the season around the seventeenth of March. But we feel duty to remind our countrymen and countrywomen, that the gradually become practical, and exacting, as time has past and as circles of life have changed to-day, look more than to words, to speak louder and more nobly than the more recent expressions.

Our conduct as individuals and our union as a people, that we can alone respect, that weight that influence so both for our advancement as an important element of the population of the land, and for the success of the cause that we have at heart, in connection with the old

ERIN GO BRA.

"Oh, many a man, on steeled, has ridden it success, And feet that grow stumble and bleed, mits of happiness I The man that is certain first place is the man he will win. —Alfred J. Waterhouse.

Some Notes

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE

BY CRUX.

Before the British Royal Institute a few weeks ago, the well known English novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells, delivered a lecture upon "The Discovery of the Future." It is not my intention to go into all the details of the lecturer's peculiar deductions, but I was forcibly impressed with the sufficiently sane basis from which he sets out and the groping in the dark that follows. He starts out with assuming the thinking world to be divided into two types of mind—one that dwells on the past and thinks and cares little for the future, the other that reflects by preference on things to come, leaving the past at rest. Of the former type of mind an example in the lawyer, who basis all his action upon existing laws and on past precedents, regardless of what the legislation of the future may produce; the other he sees in the legislator who seeks to create, to originate, to establish for the future that which will replace the legislation of the past. But he ignores entirely the millions of human minds that are concerned with the past, the present and the future. He, as will be seen, permits himself to ignore, or to suppose that humanity ignores everything, from creation, inclusively, down to the futurity of the soul. This is so, because he studies the question purely from the materialistic standpoint. He leaves aside, as non-existent that vast world of human beings, each of which draws inspirations of faith and morals from the teachings of the past, puts them into practice during the space of the present, for the purpose of benefiting by them throughout the unmeasurable future. Having said so much, by way of introduction, I now come to some of the lecturer's reasoning.

FALSE IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.—"After going into details to show that the reason why the retrospective or legal habit is so dominant, tersely saying that it is simply following the fundamental human principle of what we can get, and showing how modern science has absolutely destroyed the conception of a finitely distant beginning of things, and abolished such limits to the past as a dated creation set, Mr. Wells said that it was the perpetual insistence upon why? which had constructed the serachlight of inference into the remote past. He then asked if it was, after all, such an extravagant and hopeless thing to suggest that, by seeking for operating causes instead of fossils, and by criticising them as persistently and thoroughly as the geological record has been criticised, it may be possible to throw a serachlight of inference forward instead of backward, and to attain a knowledge of coming things as clear, as universally convincing, and infinitely more important to mankind than the clear vision of the past that geology has opened to the world during the nineteenth century. He declared that he believed that an inductive knowledge of a great number of things in the future was becoming a human possibility."

FACTS CONFOUND REASON.—"In the first place, science instead of destroying the conception of a creative beginning, has established more and more positively, as the years progressed, the truths of the faith that has been inculcated into every Christian and of which every child, who knows his catechism, is fully aware. To destroy the idea of a finite term at which time began would mean to bring about the idea of an infinite, or eternal duration. And this science, as far as creation is concerned, flatly contradicts. Science proves that in the material order there must have been a commencement; and this is precisely what the lecturer denies—or else he means nothing. If he means anything, his basis is absolutely false, therefore, the conclusions flowing from defective premises must be erroneous. His idea of penetrating the future with any serachlight of the nature of that with which men sound the past, is also untenable. The past is positive, the future speculative. The only ground work we can have for gauging the future is that which has been handed to us by the teachings of the past."

MAN'S ADVENT.—He then says, "Well, so far and until we bring the prophecy down to the affairs of

man and his children, it is just as possible to carry induction forward as back; it is just as simple and sure to work out the changing orbit of the earth in the future until the tidal drag hauls one unchanging face at last towards the sun, as it is to work back to its blazing and molten past. Until man comes in, the inductive future is as real and convincing as the inductive past. But inorganic forces are the smaller part and the minor interest in this concern. Directly man becomes a factor, the nature of the problem changes, and our whole present interest centres on the question whether man is, indeed, individually and collectively, incalculable, a new element which entirely alters the nature of our inquiry and stamps it at once as vain and hopeless, or whether his presence complicates, but does not alter, the essential nature of the induction. How far may we hope to get trustworthy, inductions about the future of man?"

TOO DEEP FOR HIM.—Here is a man wading aimlessly through a very morass of speculation, without a single loadstone to attract, to guide, or to aid him. Why all this vain theorizing about man's arrival on the scene and his crowning the creative work, as long as man is simply considered as an animal, and therefore perishable? When Hugh Miller described the wonder of the fallen Angel, on beholding the union of what the experience of untold ages had taught him to consider as incompatible—the mortal that must die and the immortal that must live—the great geologist pronounced the most powerful refutation that could be advanced against the vague ideas of this novelist-lecturer. The union of the body, that is mortal, with the soul, that is immortal, in the formation one being was something that baffled the Tempter; and it was only when the reality began to dawn upon him—in the contemplation of man, the final object and the last effort of creative miracle, that he admitted the power of the Infinite, which calmly challenged him to understand or to know. And yet this union, wonderful as it was, most certainly was only the figure of a still more astounding miracle of union in the Divine—that is eternal—and the Human—that is mortal—in the Person of Christ. It is this conception that is lacking to Mr. Wells.

AN ADMISSION.—Like all speculators upon man and his future, whose ideas are not based on the certainties of revelation, the lecturer has had to finally admit his incapacity to solve the problem. And he does so thus:—"Well, I think, on the whole, we are inclined to underrate our chance of uncertainties in the future just as I think we are inclined to be too credulous about the historical past. The vividness of our personal memories, which are the very essence of reality to us, throws a glamor of conviction over tradition and past inductions. But the personal future must in the very nature of things be hidden from us so long as time endures, and this black ignorance at our very feet, this black shadow that corresponds to the brightness of our memories behind us, throws a glamor of uncertainty and unreality over all the future."

LITTLENESS OF MAN.—Here is another significant admission, according to the report of the lecture before me. It reads:—"In conclusion, he said that, considered as a final product, he did not think very much of himself or his fellow-creatures. He did not think he could possibly join in the worship of humanity with any gravity or sincerity." Decidedly, as long as man is merely considered as an atom of mortality in the plan of creation, there is naught deserving of any special veneration or worship—to use his words—in him. But when man, as an entity is taken, with his soul emanating from God, the Eternal, and returning to its Infinite source, after having performed its part in the workings of this universe, is considered, there is another aspect upon the subject. But it is useless to argue with the person who begins by denying a finite limit to the be-

ginning of the world, and at the same time wishes to make science prove the impossibility of creation—that is to say, an Eternal first principle that had no commencement. The contradiction is so flagrant that we need not lose time in its consideration; and what is so false as a system of reasoning regarding the past, is doubly false, as a speculation, concerning the future. In a word, this lecture merely proves two axioms—that man is important without the omnipotent aid of God, and that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Notes for Farmers.

BLACK TONGUE EPIDEMIC.—An epidemic of black tongue, more virulent in character and more widespread than any similar epidemic known in the last fifteen years, has appeared in Amelia County, Va. A despatch says:—It is not an exaggeration to say that hundreds of animals from buzzards to horses have died of the disease in the last few weeks.

Apparently no animal, wild or domesticated, is immune from black tongue. That the present outbreak had its origin in the canine family there seems to be little doubt. As in cases of hydrophobia a victim of black tongue, unless confined, will invariably run amuck. When this occurs the harm left in the animal's wake can be measured only by the distance it runs before being destroyed. An illustration of what might almost be called the arithmetical progression of the plague is afforded by a case which occurred at Jeffersonville, a small village ten miles from that place.

A week ago a small cur owned by a negro farmhand showed unmistakable signs of black tongue. The animal was shut up in an outbuilding, but on the fourth day of the disease escaped and started straight across-country.

At Nottoway County the dog bit a living cloud of white as the man starts out from the feed house with horse and sled and make the round of the tiers of houses, scattering feed and gathering the harvest of eggs as he goes. The length of this trip varies, of course, with the amount of land occupied, but the feeding sled sometimes makes a circuit of a mile.

The hens are fed generally 'only once a day, with the addition of a lunch of green feed at night. The sled is loaded with four barrels of water, five sacks of wheat and a mash composed of three sacks of coarse middlings and forty pounds of either cut green bone or ground fresh meat, which is mixed with skim milk that has been allowed to sour. On a big ranch it takes from 6 a.m. until 11 o'clock to complete the feeding and watering and a sufficient quantity is put out to last twenty-four hours. Seventy-five hens are roosted in each house, and the houses are built on runners.

The colonies are from 400 to 500 feet apart, and the hens being well supplied with feed, are content and do not wander from one colony to another.

An interesting feature of this open colony system is that each fowl knows and goes unerringly to its own particular colony house for roosting at night.

In 1900 \$20,000 was spent with the merchants of the town for chicken feed. This was outside and above the feed stuff which some of the large poultry raisers import from San Francisco. Small oyster shells are bought in this town of hens by the schooner load to furnish the biddles with eggshell. The cost of feeding one hen well, and strike the happy medium of success in feeding, is about 65 cents per year—from that to \$1. A man will go into a store in Petaluma and buy \$500 worth of chicken feed and pay cash for it as readily, and perhaps more so, than he would buy his wife a silk gown.

The best argument as to profits is the fact that everybody in the town is in the poultry business in some form, and they all stay in it and enlarge each year. The average profit per hen is \$1 to \$1.50 net per annum. One man about three miles from Petaluma has succeeded by special care, neatness and good selection of fowls, in making his hens pay a trifle over \$2 each per annum. If the eggshells were only as valuable as the eggs, what a duplicate store of riches would accrue to many. The incubators leave behind them a vast number of shells, which are carted away by the wagon load for use in the tanneries, or are crushed and fed to their near relatives, the chicks. Perhaps the best wagon load on record was made by the shells left by 45,000 chicks hatched by incubator. Incasement in wire netting, they resembled a case of huge pop-corn.

HALF A MILLION HENS.—The town of Petaluma is ruled by 500,000 hens. This is the opening sentence of an article which was recently published in the "San Francisco Call," and from which we take the following extracts:—

But for these half million of hens the town would never have been what it now is, and the egg and poultry raising industry of Petaluma would never have hatched, so to

speak, and reached its present immense proportions. The hens know it, and hence there is no spot in the place that is forbidden to them.

Twenty-three years ago there were not more than a hundred or two chickens to be found in or around Petaluma. Now more eggs and poultry are shipped from that point than from all the other towns of the State combined, and the poultry ranches vary in size from a back yard to a hundred acres or more. No person having a scrap of land to spare is without a flock of hens.

The few figures following make the eggs business appear a very much more dignified occupation than it is popularly supposed to be:

The shipments from Petaluma last year were 2,600,000 dozen eggs and 30,000 dozen of poultry. As high as 14,000 dozen eggs have been shipped out in one day from the Petaluma market alone.

Petaluma's proud position as the egg centre of the Pacific Coast is not the result of accident, but is due to a combination, viz.: right soil, cool summers and favorable location. Nearness to the San Francisco market and the extremely low freight rates afforded by reason of the competition between water and rail transportation are other important factors in its development.

The poultry industry has been the means of making much otherwise worthless land much more valuable. The big Cotati rancho of 10,000 acres has recently been subdivided and sold out in small holdings. To drive through it now is to find a veritable poultry city.

The White Leghorn fowls, among the best layers known, are kept to nearly the entire exclusion of other breeds, for the egg business is really more promising here than the poultry side of the industry.

It is a pretty sight at the feeding time of 6,000 or 7,000 hens on a many-acred ranch. Perhaps the chicken houses, each with its nearby colony of 100 or 150 chickens, are scattered over many acres, sometimes amid the green of a foothill orchard.

There is a rush and a flutter of a living cloud of white as the man starts out from the feed house with horse and sled and make the round of the tiers of houses, scattering feed and gathering the harvest of eggs as he goes. The length of this trip varies, of course, with the amount of land occupied, but the feeding sled sometimes makes a circuit of a mile.

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Catholicity in New England

(Continued From Page Three.)

eternal youth and vigor of our Holy Church there is in this country and in the States to the southeast of it a superabundance of glorious evidences to make us sure that the Church of Rome is the hope of civilization and the surety of the future; evidences indeed, that the hand of God is stretched forth in paternal protection over the beloved spouse of His Heart. It is of these evidences I wish to speak to you tonight, to tell you in a short space of time some of the history of the Catholic Church in New England, principally in Massachusetts, of its small beginnings and wonderful development and the outlook it has of future increase in glory, in strength and in utility.

To-day we are living among the children of a sturdy race who came before us into the broad field of the United States. The Puritans who ever looked back with a certain pride to the now hallowed pilgrims who raised their voices continually in crying forth what a glory it was for them to leave the home of persecution to come to a new land of holy freedom where they could worship their God according to the dictates of their conscience. This band of ambitious immigrants has left its ineffaceable mark on the shaping of our country, on its early poetry and prose, yet for all that however much we may praise the virility of these our predecessors in the field we, as Catholics, have little to be grateful for to them. Leaving the old world which was prejudiced towards them they themselves had come to the new world with no less violent prejudices, no less bitter feelings of dislike of groundless suspicion against the despised adherents to the old Faith of Rome—and thus they, who are lauded for their firm adhesion to the principles of their conscience, for their braving of obstacles of sea and hostile foreigners, were in their turn most hostile to the men and women who followed their conscience too, but who were deemed so ungodly, because their tenets were of a different kind. Yes, we need not wonder at this. It has been the history of the Church throughout all its existence in this country. No matter how widely divergent are the doctrines of Protestant sects, no matter if their articles of faith are opposed to the other, as black and white, there is one thing that all have been united upon, and that is the total aversion for the Church of Rome. Strange, indeed, but by no means new.

It is only the old antipathy of European reformers brought in time to Plymouth Rock and propagated wherever the religion of the reformed Gospel had found its way. So it is that even as late as 1756 in the city of Boston which has since become so Catholic, we find the utterly obnoxious statement made, (and, alas, those times have changed so little that even to-day are found men who do not blush to repeat the old falsehood) that the Catholic Church was subversive of society—subversive of society indeed. The tenets of our holy faith are ever open to inspection. We have no secret doctrines to entrap the unwary, we have no hidden political machines to use against the government of our nation and bring it in subjection to the Court of Rome to make it a tool in the hands of the Pope. All such charges which we expect day after day, but with increase of violence, display to the cultured mind the folly of many a supposed seeker for the truth of God, the ignorance which must indeed be design to receive as truth the wild imaginings of new reformers.

But the Puritans have seen our rapid growth, they have stood amazed as they beheld us daily increasing in strength and numbers, and while we have been on the increase they on the contrary have been on the decrease until at the present day only two out of six millions in New England can trace their lineage back to revolutionary days. But it is not our purpose to tell the story of our neighbors whose only boast can be that they got here just a little before us. It is a story that we cannot grow enthusiastic over for we are not generally bent to the habit of making eulogies upon those whose great ambition was to see the Catholic Church fall upon this soil of New England. It is not of these that we wish to speak, but of that other sturdy race, who, amid all the trials and persecutions, heaped upon them, have advanced with astounding rapidity toward the goal of complete success which is now within reach of that race that has prized its religion more than all the earth at home and abroad and has not hesitated to sacrifice things temporal when there was danger for the eternal. It is a disposition, it is a virtue, which has been rewarded and

which is still to receive a reward which is wondrous great.

If we would seek an example of the marvellous growth of our Church in New England we may look at a tiny seed and to-morrow spreads its branches in every direction. And it was surely a small seed that gave rise to the vigorous vine that we now behold extending its branches all over this broad country. Even as late as 1689 the Puritans boasted there was not a Papist in all New England, though the statement seems somewhat exaggerated, for we do not doubt that wanderers from Catholic Ireland, and especially France, had at this time taken up their abode in the land that was presumed to be sanctified by Plymouth Rock and its memories.

As early as 1620, indeed, we find in New England some Irish immigrants, who, are worthy of recognition from the fact that they were the pioneers of the great tide of Catholics that in future years were to exercise an influence on the formation of the new nation. Whatever may have been the number that professed the Faith at that time, it is certain that at that period we find the poor missionary priests striving to bring to the scattered sheep the sweet and holy consolation of the Good Shepherd. Such an act, however, was considered a crime, and in 1647 we see priests forbidden to enter the colony, with the assurance that on a second offence death would be the penalty. It was this same spirit of bigotry of bitter cruelty that occasioned the death of the saintly Father Ruellet at the hands of the English in their struggle against the Abenaki Indians. The aged priest, three score and ten, who had given so much of his life to the labor of love in the wilderness was ruthlessly shot down and his body mangled. It is a scene that makes the eyes grow dim that moves the heart with indignation against the cruelty that could bring itself to slay the poor helpless child of the wilderness whose only offence was his bringing the light of faith to the benighted Indians.

In 1717 the great immigration movement began. From the land which they called home, the poor children of Erin came by force of persecution. These new immigrants scattered through the different cities and large towns finding therein the best opportunities to obtain a livelihood. In such a condition it is only a natural that their Faith should suffer, for thrown upon their resources they were thus in a large measure deprived of the saving helps to which they had been accustomed from their childhood.

Moreover, an object of suspicion of hatred and of animosity the force of circumstances was pressing hard against the poor children of the Church. Yet in all their trials they remained faithful in a great entirety. Now and then the saving voice of the missionary reached them and filled them with strength, with words of encouragement to continue in the path of duty. Little, however, could be done for these scattered children of the flock, for the number of priests in the whole country was very small and little attention could be given to any one special group of Catholics. Father Druillet, a French priest, had passed through the country in 1720, and it is said that he met the sturdy Elliot, the friend of the Indian.

Later on in 1732, an Irish priest of my own name was said to have been there, and now and then others found their way to minister to the stray Catholics, but the antipathy to the black gown was still strong in the land of the lovers of freedom of conscience. The immigrant Catholic population was about this time increased to a great extent by the sad expulsion of the Arcadians from the homes they had learned to love. Who does not read and study the beautiful description of the land of Evangeline as Longfellow has so well given it.

There in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village. Solemnly down the street comes the parish priest and the children, Pause in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them, Anon from the belfry Softly the Angelus sounded and over the roofs of the village, Columns of pale blue smoke like clouds of incense ascending Rose from a hundred hearths the homes of place and contentment.

(To be continued.)

France has 16,000 physicians; their incomes average but \$600 a year.

France usually produces about 143,299,000 pounds of chocolate and bonbons in equal quantities. Maryland's industry employing the greatest number of persons is the canning of fruits and vegetables.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE, 100 N. BROAD ST., PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

FOUNDARIES OF PATRICK'S PARISH extends from Grant streets to Mountain and McCord streets. Above Sherburne street runs from Amherst street west beyond the limits west beyond the corner of McGill street to McGill street to river and along east as far as Grant; the limit is the old city boundary line between the east and St. John the Baptist and running from the corner of Duluth Avenue line about midway between Napoleon streets. A Ward lies in St. Patrick's parish.

WHO ARE PARISHED in St. Patrick's parish are all Catholics residing in the city, and whose language is French, Irish, or of all other languages but English. The French families where French is equally spoken, the families of the head of the family, when the mother tongue of the family is French, and the families of the French family belongs to the French and to St. Patrick's parish. The French tongue of the head of the family is English. In cases especially on occasion of parties should consult one of the pastors of the territory which they live.

HOURS OF SERVICES ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS: Low Masses, at 6, 7, and 8 o'clock; High Mass, at 10 o'clock.

Death of Father Ryan

(By an Occasional Contributor)

Toronto, March 14.—Seldom has Toronto been in grief so profound and so occasioned by the death of Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. A favorite of all classes and creeds, and by all for his many graces of heart and mind, his death left a void apparently impossible to fill. From the time of his arrival in Toronto, some eleven years ago, Father Ryan stood out as a noble and colossal figure, the greatest of the Church's champions when necessary; son always; the earnest exponent of her doctrine of the most gifted and able ministers; a man profound thinker, as a philosopher; one to whom all things were easily because of the vastness of his knowledge, the peer of our scholars, he was by none; the genial companion in their joy, the pathizer in their grief; that all rich and poor alike; it was "all things to all men" and "love of God."

For over a year Father Ryan has been failing in health, and occasional periods of improvement gave hope to his friends for complete recovery. Father Ryan knew that his summons was near. Two weeks before he made his final disposition of his worldly goods, he preached, not to delay us, but to prepare us for the day when he would be with us. On the Tuesday before his death, Father Ryan was stricken with paralysis, and conveyed to Michael's hospital, where he lay in an unconscious condition until the end on Saturday last. At the last moment, Father Ryan, who had been a priest for several years, died in St. Michael's Cathedral, and his dis-

OUR WEEKLY PARISH CALENDAR.

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

AN ACCURATE CHRONICLE - BRIGHT NEWS NOTES.

OPEN TO ALL OUR PARISHES

ST. PATRICK'S.

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

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

HOURS OF SERVICE.

ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.—Low Masses, at 6, 7 and 8 o'clock; High Mass, at 10 o'clock; Vespers

and Benediction, at 3.30 p.m.; evening service, (except during July, August and September) consisting of Rosary, congregational singing in English, sermon and solemn Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

ON WEEK DAYS.—In summer, Masses at 5.30, 6 and 7 o'clock; in winter, Masses at 6, 7 and 7.30 o'clock.

PARISH SOCIETIES.

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

SECOND SUNDAY.—Meeting of Temperance Society, instruction and giving of temperance pledge, after Vespers in Church. General Communion of Holy Name Society at 8 o'clock Mass, recitation of office of Holy Name at 7.30 p.m.

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

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

Promoters of Sacred Heart League hold meeting in large sacristy at 2.45 p.m., distribution of leaflets, etc., in library, 92 Alexander street; on 4th Sunday, 3 to 6 p.m., and after evening service, and on 1st Friday, after evening service.

FIRST FRIDAY DEVOTIONS.—The Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed all day in St. Patrick's on every first Friday, solemn Benedic-

tion and Act of Reparation at 7.30 p.m., followed by short instruction.

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

PARISH REGULATIONS.

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

MARRIAGES.—Parties intending marriage should see the priest in charge before deciding on the day and hour for the ceremony. In this way many inconveniences can be avoided.

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

Dauns are received any day from 4 to 5.30 p.m., except on Saturdays, Sundays and eves of holydays. Outside of these hours they are received only by appointment arranged beforehand.

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

Those who are to be married should go to confession some days at least beforehand, and tell their confessor of their intended marriage, so that he may give them advice

and direction suitable to the occasion. They should also ask him for a certificate of confession, which they have to present to the priest who marries them.

CONFESSIONS are heard on Saturdays and eves of feasts, from 3.30 to 6 p.m., and from 7.30 to 10 p.m. On ordinary days, except Tuesday afternoons in summer, and Thursday afternoons in winter, confessions are heard from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

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

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

The following are the classes with tariff of funeral services in St. Patrick's:—

1st class, full draping of entire Church, deacon and subdeacon, 4 chanters, two bells rung, price, \$125.00; hour, 9 o'clock.

2nd class, full draping of Sanctuary, lower gallery and pulpit, deacon and subdeacon, 4 chanters, two bells rung, price, \$75.00; hour, 9 o'clock.

3rd class, draping of 3 altars, stalls, chanters' and celebrant's bench and pulpit, 3 chanters, deacon and subdeacon, two bells rung, price, \$50.00; hour, 9 o'clock.

4th class, half draping of high and side altars, chanters' and cele-

brant's bench and pulpit, without deacon and subdeacon, 2 chanters, one bell rung, price, \$25.00; hour, 8 o'clock.

5th class, half draping of high altar only, 2 chanters, celebrant only, one bell rung, price, \$18.00; hour, 7.30.

6th class, mourning altar fronts 3 altars, 2 chanters, one bell rung, price, \$11.00; hour, 7.30.

Fifteen minutes grace is allowed for the first four of these services, but not for the two last.

The organ alone costs five dollars extra.

Full choir and organ cost \$25.00 extra in each case.

CATECHISM CLASSES are held at St. Patrick's every Sunday, from September till the summer holidays. They begin at 2 p.m. sharp, and are conducted by two of the Fathers, assisted by the school teachers and a staff of some 65 catechism teachers.

Order of Exercises—2 o'clock, opening prayer, recitation; 2.20, discipulary remarks or short exhortation on the feast of the day, hymn; 2.30, instruction followed by Hymn; 2.40, dismissal.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CATECHISM CHILDREN.—Father Robert McNamara is already a favorite with all our people, but he completely won the hearts of the "Little Ones" on Sunday last when at the conclusion of the catechism class he opened the children's mission.

The boys and girls must have given glowing reports at home of Father Robert, of his amiable manner

and lovely stories, for the big people came in such crowds in the evening that the Church could hardly hold them all.

On Monday the little mission continued, and our children had the pleasure of being joined by a number of their little friends from the different schools and academies. Pupils from these sister institutions will always be heartily welcome at St. Patrick's catechism.

MISSIONERS AT SCHOOLS.—On Tuesday Rev. Fathers Robert and Mark visited all the classes of St. Patrick's girls' school and the English-speaking pupils of St. Patrick's boys' school. On account of the visit a holiday was given the boys.

MISSION ATTENDANCE.—It is estimated that 3,000, married and unmarried women, attend the exercises of the mission.

NOTES.—Tickets for seats at the ladies' mission do not hold good for the men's mission, nor for High Mass on Sunday.

Seats for St. Patrick's Day celebration should be secured now.

Tickets for the men's mission hold good for High Mass on St. Patrick's Day.

DEATHS.—Bridget Nolan; Alice Clancy, widow of Joseph Morris; William McNally; Margaret Frances McMillan, wife of Anthony McKeand.

NOTE.—Owing to their many duties the priests of the parish can attend none but cases of sudden illness or accident from 3 o'clock on Saturday until the afternoon of Sunday.

Notice of funerals should be given as early as possible, and the time appointed for each adhered to strictly.

WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

J. K., Jr., writing on behalf of his father, an old subscriber, on January 31st, says: "The 'True Witness' is more welcome than ever; all Catholics should be proud of it."

In response to the request of an old subscriber we reproduce the poem, "Kelly, Burke and Shea" in this issue.

L. H. writes under date of the 10th inst., as follows:—"Let us congratulate you on the improved matter and quality of the 'True Witness;' it is most pronounced."

An esteemed French-Canadian patron of the "True Witness" writes: "Make an effort and issue the 'True Witness' daily." We would be delighted to do so, if we had \$100,000 under deposit in the City and District Savings Bank.

J. K., under date of Feb. 7th, writes: "The 'True Witness' is a welcome guest every week. We are nearly forty miles from a priest, whom we only see about twice a year."

Pastoral Visitation.

The pastoral visit of His Grace Archbishop Bruchet will this year extend from May 19 to July 11. The following parishes will be visited:—St. Pierre aux Liens, Lachine, Dorval, Pointe Claire, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, St. Elzear, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francois de Sales, Terrebonne, Ste. Anne des Plaines, Ste. Sophie, St. Hyppolite, Ste. Marguerite, Ste. Lucie, Ste. Adele, St. Sauveur, St. Jerome, St. Canut, St. Columban, Ste. Scholastique, St. Hermas, Lachute, St. Andre, St. Placide, St. Benoit, St. Augustin, Ste. Monique, St. Janvier, St. Laurent, Ste. Genevieve, Ile Bizard, Ste. Dorothee, St. Martin, Ste. Rose, Ste. Therese, St. Eustache, St. Joseph and Oka.

When we reflect upon the amount of labor, that this simple itinerant expresses, it becomes a matter of wonder, how our zealous Archbishop could perform the duties that such a visitation imposes.

Death of Father Ryan.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Toronto, March 11.

Seldom has Toronto been steeped in grief so profound and universal as that occasioned by the death of Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. A favorite with all classes and creeds, and admired by all for his many grand qualities of heart and mind, his death has left a void apparently impossible to fill. From the time of his coming to Toronto, some eleven years ago, Father Ryan stood out a conspicuous and colossal figure amongst the greatest of the Church's sons; her champion when necessary; her loyal son always; the earnest and eloquent exponent of her doctrines; one of the most gifted and brilliant of her ministers; a man profound as a thinker, as a philosopher and preacher; one to whom all things came easily because of the versatility of his knowledge, the peer of the greatest of our scholars, he was excelled by none; the genial companion of his people in their joy, their sympathizer in their grief; the friend of all rich and poor alike; in short, he was "all things to all men" for the love of God.

For over a year Father Ryan had been failing in health, and while occasional periods of improvement gave hope to his friends for his complete recovery, Father Ryan himself knew that his summons was near at hand. Two weeks before his death he made his final dispositions, thus leaving up to what he had always preached,—not to delay until death was at the door before making preparations to receive him.

On the Tuesday before his last call Father Ryan was stricken by paralysis, and conveyed at once to St. Michael's hospital, where he remained in an unconscious condition until the end on Saturday afternoon last. At the last moment Rev. Doctor Tracey, who had been his associate priest for several years at the Cathedral, and his director and

friend during his last illness, was by his side to receive his last sigh and to accompany the departing soul with the blessing and prayers of the Church.

The remains were removed to St. Michael's Palace, where the reception room had been transformed into a temporary mortuary chapel. Heavily shrouded windows closed out the light of day; mourning drapings hid the pictures and brightly colored walls, lights from six tall candlesticks mingled with the lesser gleams from silver candelabra; the emblem of salvation and the signs of the priestly office were all about and clothed in alb, chasuble and birretta, his hands clasping the cross and beads, Father Ryan lay while people passed in a continuous procession to say a last farewell, to recite a last prayer, to take a long, last look.

On Monday afternoon the body of Father Ryan was moved to the Cathedral and laid in state in the midst of the chancel. The large and beautiful Church was in full mourning garb. The back of the altar and lower large windows were completely veiled in black drapings, upon which the tall white crosses showed out in bold relief. Long lengths in black and white caught and held in position at regular intervals by drooping funeral scarfs, stretched the whole length of the vaulted ceiling. Pillars, pulpit, altar-railing and gallery were all heavily draped, the funeral darkness being relieved only by the occasional white and the gleam of the waxen tapers.

In the evening the office for the dead was sung by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, assisted by many of the priests of the diocese and the Brothers of the schools, while a fine choir assisted from the gallery. The Church was crowded, and the solemn stillness of the great congregation, the earnest and broken voices that answered the beads when Rev. Doctor Tracey said them from the pulpit, the thousands who afterwards crowded the aisles and approached the sanctuary to gaze for a last time on the once animated feature, now cold and silent, spoke more eloquently than words of the great grief and loss.

On Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock,

the Mass of Requiem was sung; the celebrant was the Vicar-General of the diocese, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, assisted by Rev. Father Roh-Joder and Rev. Father Trayling as deacon and subdeacon. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor was present in the sanctuary, in cope and mitre officiated at the Throne. Rev. Doctor Tracey was master of ceremonies. The priests of the diocese, robed in their black cassocks and white surplices, filled the sanctuary, rising from its sides tier upon tier, testifying by their presence—many having come a considerable distance—of their love and respect for their dead brother. The scene particularly at the Gospel and Communion, was most solemn and impressive. The semi-darkness of the vast building, for even the sun refused to shine and came in but fitfully, the huge and silent throng of worshippers, the banks of white robed priests each holding a gleaming silver light, the gorgeous yet sombre vestments of the Archbishop and officiating priests; the solemn tones of the organ; the dirge-like cry of the "Dies Irae," the cry to heaven for mercy and—the silent figure, the cause of all, yet itself takes no part, save what the eloquence of its silence taught.

According to the wish of Father Ryan no sermon was preached, but the Archbishop while complying with this request, asked the people, particularly the Sacred Heart League, and other societies for which Father Ryan had been director, to remember him in their prayers, and to offer special communion in his behalf. Many kind things, said the Archbishop, might be said of Father Ryan, but his last wish must be respected, and they must remain unsaid. The Archbishop then gave his last absolution, after which amidst the prayers and tears of those present, the procession was formed and guarded on either side by his brother priests, the remains were borne down the aisle, followed by the large concourse of mourners. The long funeral cortege to St. Michael's cemetery was taken part in by members of the O. A. H.; C.M.B. A.; E. B. U., and other societies, with which the late rector had been connected. The rain was falling

gently as the procession left the Church, even nature seeming to join in the general mourning for the dear dead priest. May he rest in peace.

Gifts By Parishioners.

His Grace the Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston, says the Kingston "Freeman," on Sunday, 2nd inst., after High Mass in the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Cusheendall, blessed the stained glass windows recently put in place. The Archbishop prefaced the ceremony by delivering a discourse on "Art as a stimulus to piety," which was listened to throughout with marked attention by the congregation. His Grace also spoke very feelingly of the late Father Higgins, to whose memory the large window over the altar is erected, his humility, his piety, his zeal for the salvation of souls. The Archbishop was attended by Fathers McKernan, of the Cathedral, and Collins, the local pastor.

The windows are seven in number, exclusive of the miniature quarter-foils. The large window over the altar has for its principal subject the charge to St. Peter; seven beautifully executed figures, both in design and coloring, representing our Lord and St. Peter with five of the other apostles. The tracery portion of the window has figures of the Holy Ghost descending in the form of a dove and our Lady of Good Counsel, as also St. Joseph. This window has the following inscription: "Sweet Jesus have mercy on the soul of Father Bernard Higgins who ministered with indefatigable zeal to the Catholics of the parish for nearly half a century. This window is a tribute of his people's love."

St. John Baptist—Donated by Mrs. Richard Draper, Sr., in suffrage for the soul of her husband.

St. Anne—Donated by Mrs. Richard Draper, Jr., in suffrage for the soul of her daughter, Ellen Gertrude.

St. Anthony—Donated in suffrage for the souls of James Dowling and Eleanor, his wife, by their children.

St. Charles Borromeo—Donated by John Draper in suffrage for the souls of his wife and son.

St. Francis of Sales—Donated by Terence M. Garvey in suffrage for the soul of his wife.

St. Brendan of Kerry—Pray for the donor, James Joseph Collins, a native of Kerry, and 3rd pastor of this Church.

The quarterfoils have each one of the following emblems: The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Archiepiscopal Coat-of-Arms, the Papal Tiara.

St. Mary's Parish.

The two weeks' mission, under the direction of two Redemptorist Fathers from Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Rev. James Feeney and Rev. James Connolly, which will close to-morrow, has been one of the most successful held in the parish for many years; and all, despite the fact that Father Brady and his parishioners have lost their magnificent Church only the other day. The exercises, which were held in the basement of St. Bridget's Church, were crowded each morning and evening. A new feature, at least to us in Montreal, was that of holding two special sermons upon the same evening for the men; for the married men between 7 and 8 o'clock, and for the unmarried men, between 8 and 9 o'clock.

Immaculate Conception Church.

The English retreat at the Immaculate Conception Church, corner of Rachel street and Papineau avenue, which will be preached by Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.J., will open to-morrow evening, at 8 p.m. The order of exercises, during the week, will be as follows:—

8.00 a.m., Mass and short instruction.
8.00 p.m. Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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OUR GROCERS

FROM
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The Last Historical Abduction In Ireland!

By A. M.
 Sullivan.
 ✱ ✱ ✱

ON Sunday, the 2nd of July, 1854, I was standing with some friends outside the walled gateway of Holy Cross Abbey, County Tipperary. We were examining a curiously sculptured stone of the sixteenth century, built into the wall close by the northern end of the bridge which here spans the Suir, when a cry or shout on the other side of the river, and the noise of a horse in rapid gallop attracted our attention. Looking quickly around, we had barely time to get out of the way when there dashed by us at furious speed a police orderly, his horse all flecked with foam, and mud spattered to the top of his shako. What was it? Not another "rising," surely? "A landlord shot, as sure as we live," exclaimed one of our party; and, standing where we did, on Tipperary soil, in the midst of a famous shooting district, no guess could have been more natural under all the circumstances. After a while we turned into the abbey, and, having spent an hour amidst the ruined aisles of King Donald's Church and the shattered tombs of prince and lord, we forgot for a moment the hurried horseman, and came away. It was only when we returned to Thurles, after a brisk walk of three miles we had an explanation of the incident at the bridge. "Did you hear the news, sir?—did you hear the news? Carden of Barnane—the country is up in pursuit of him; all the police are out, and the mounted men are giving the alarm."

"But, what has he done?"

"Done, sir! Didn't you hear? Miss Arbuthnot—the young English lady, a sister of Mrs. Gough, that he was mad in love with, they say—sure he tried to carry her off; and there was a bloody battle between his men, and the people defending her, and he was beat; but an orderly has brought word to our sub-inspector that they say he was took an hour ago, on the road below at Farney."

Could we credit our ears? An abduction! Had the worst days of the last century come back on us once more? An abduction, and by Mr. Carden of Barnane, one of the magnates of the county, a great landlord, grand juror, magistrate, deputy-lieutenant. Before nightfall the town was all excitement over the story, which was told in a hundred versions. True it was that an event destined to startle the kingdom from end to end had just befallen within a few miles of—where we stood. "For years past," said the "Times" two days subsequently, "no event of any political cast has created greater excitement than the adventurous attempt of the lord of Barnane to possess himself by means beyond the pale of the law, of a bride possessed of all the requisites, personal and pecuniary, which were but too frequently irresistible for the philosophy of the Celtic temperament."

About three miles from Clonmel, the beautifully envired capital of Southern Tipperary, stands Rathronan House. The road to Cashel leads due north for two miles, when at Rathronan Church it turns sharply to the left and west. Here it skirts for a mile the southern boundary of Rathronan demesne, after which it turns again northward. On this road is the avenue entrance to Rathronan House, the gate-lodge being half a mile from the little church already referred to. In 1854 Rathronan was the residence of Captain the Honorable George Gough, eldest son of Field-Marshal Lord Gough, the hero of Sobraon. Captain Gough had married an English lady, daughter of Mr. George Arbuthnot, of Elderslie, Surrey, and at this time two sisters of Mrs. Gough, Laura, the elder and Eleanor, the younger, resided with her. The fame of these fair Saxons filled the county. They were young, handsome, and accomplished. When I add that they were heiresses to considerable fortune, it will be at once admitted they were fascinating and irresistible. So at least, thought all the young gallants of the "upper ten" in Tipperary. Eleanor fairly turned the heads of several of them; yet her heart was obdurate; she was impartially civil and cold to all. Among these suitors was "the lord of Barnane," Mr. John Carden. He had met her at Marlfield, the charming residence of Mr. Bagwell, long time member for Clonmel, and soon the North Riding squire was the most desperately in love of all. He followed her everywhere. Wherever she appeared—at archery meet or at flower show, at concert, evening party, or county ball—there was he, like one under a spell, having eyes for noth-

ing and nobody but her. Between him and Captain Gough there existed the friendly and social relations of one county gentleman with another constantly met in the hunting field and the grand jury room; but the families were not intimate in their intercourse. At length Mr. Carden formally proposed for the hand of the English maiden. He was refused—refused under circumstances that not alone wounded his feelings, but caused him to believe that he owed his repulse not so much to any aversion on the part of the young lady as to unfair opposition on the part of her family. Once this idea took possession of him, there was no displacing it. Trifles light as air were viewed as corroboration; a fancied glance as she passed him in the street, a flourish of her whip as she drove by in the pony-phaeton, were embraced as so many signals that she really loved him, but was under restraint. The plain truth was, she cared not a jot for the lord of Barnane. Very likely she may have been for a while a little pleased with or vain of his attentions; but she did all that a young girl could well do, without being painfully rude, to repress any closer advances once things became serious.

The ladies of Rathronan House were in the habit of attending divine service on Wednesdays at Fethard, a town distant northward six or seven miles. On Wednesday, the 28th of June, 1854, from one reason or another Miss Eleanor and Mrs. Gough stayed at home, and the elder, Miss Arbuthnot, Laura, and a young lady friend, Miss Linden, were driven to the Church at Fethard, by a servant name Hoare. While he was engaged in stabling the horse during the time of service, Hoare was accosted by Mr. John Carden's confidential "man," Rainsberry, who was very inquisitive, and asked quite a number of pumping questions about the young ladies. He elicited from Hoare, at all events, the fact that Miss Eleanor was not of the party. Returning home the ladies encountered on the road, at a place called Market Hill, Mr. Carden, who was on horseback, and it was observed that drawn up close by was a carriage. Furthermore, Hoare noticed that soon after the Rathronan phaeton passed a car drove up, containing Rainsberry and four other men, who joined the attendants of the carriage in the by-way. These circumstances, however, seemed to have aroused no particular suspicion at the time.

Next day there was the Midsummer Flower Show at Clonmel, the favored annual rendezvous of the county gentry, or rather of the county ladies. Mr. Carden was early on the ground. He sauntered through the marquees, and strolled along the stands; but the bloom of June roses had no charm for him. His eyes sought only the flower of Rathronan. In the afternoon she appeared. He accosted her; asked how her sister was. She bowed, answered that her sister was very well, and passed on. All efforts to engage her in conversation was baffled.

On the following Sunday, 2nd of July, 1854, Mrs. Gough, Miss Arbuthnot, Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and Miss Linden attended divine worship at Rathronan, Captain Gough being all this time absent in Dublin. The party were driven to the Church on an Irish "outside" car. As they entered the Church-yard they saw standing behind a tombstone, as if idly waiting the commencement of the service, Mr. Carden of Barnane. Considering the incident of Wednesday, the meeting at the flower show, and above all, the fact that Rathronan was not the Church which ordinarily he would attend, they must have felt his presence to be only a new demonstration of that "haunting" process of which they had by this time become painfully conscious. As a matter of fact, he attracted general notice, nearly every one understanding that he came to have a look at "Miss Eleanor." During devotions he exhibited not a trace of nervousness, excitement, or anxiety. He withdrew at the close of the regular service; but as this was Sacrament Sunday the Rathronan ladies waited to communicate and consequently, did not leave at the same time.

The morning had been so fine that the ladies had left home, as I have mentioned, on an open vehicle; but scarcely had they entered the Church when heavy showers came on. The coachman, James Dwyer, quick in thought, drove back to Rathronan (distant three-quarters

of a mile), put up the outside jaunting car, and returned with what is called a "covered car" in its stead. This is a description of vehicle which is entered at the back, the passengers sitting on each side vis-à-vis within. Dwyer little dreamt how much was soon to turn on this change of "traps."

There had meantime drawn up outside the Rathronan demesne gateway a carriage, to which were harnessed a dashing pair of thoroughbreds. Six strange men were observed loitering about close by; and on the road outside the entrance to the church-yard a groom led two saddle horses. When Mr. Carden quitted the Church he mounted one of them, and rode up to where the carriage stood. He spoke a few hurried words, on which the coachman gripped his reins, and the six "guards" or attendants, at once closed in. Mr. Carden got off his horse, and earnestly examined the housings of the two magnificent animals yoked to the carriage. Every strap and buckle, band and trace, was minutely and carefully scrutinized and tested. The examination concluded, he again mounted and rode back toward the Church. He met Captain Gough's covered car returning with the ladies. He at once wheeled round and closely followed it, his horse's head being barely a few feet from the end of the vehicle. Dwyer, the coachman, as he neared the gateway saw the strange carriage and the attendants, and knew that behind was riding Mr. John Carden of Barnane, the importunate suitor of "the young mistress." Some thought that all was not right flashed like lightning through his mind. He had not time to work the problem out to any very clear conclusion; but as he neared the gate, he, with a sort of instinctive alarm, shook the rein and cried to his horse. Before a touch of his whip could fall the six men dashed forward, seized and stopped the car. Then first he recognized in their leader Rainsberry, and divined what was up. He sprang from the driving seat, exclaiming, "Rainsberry, you villain, let go my horse; you'll pay dear for this!" A blow on the head from a skull-cracker tumbled Dwyer to the ground. Rainsberry shouted out, "Cut, cut! Knives, knives!" One of the hand pulled from beneath his coach a large garden knife, freshly sharpened, and with one stroke severed the reins of the Rathronan horse; another and another, and the traces hung on the ground. This was but the work of a few seconds; years of terror and agony they seemed to the screaming victims in the car. At the instant the vehicle was stopped, Mr. Carden jumped from his horse, rushed over and grasped at Eleanor Arbuthnot. But the whole chapter of accidents was in her favor that day. She happened to be farthest in; he could touch her only by reaching across Miss Linden, who sitting on the same seat, was next the door. Had the ladies been on the outside car which bore them to Church in the morning, one pull from their assailant would have brought any of them to his feet. But, placed as they now were, they were considerably sheltered from attack, and before Eleanor could be reached the other three had to be pulled out and disposed of. All four showed fight in the most determined manner, fully realizing what was on foot. Mr. Carden succeeded for a moment in gripping Eleanor. With desperate energy he pulled and strained to drag her out, Laura held her back, and Miss Linden, drawing her clenched fist with all the force she could command, struck the undefended face of the deputy-lieutenant a smashing blow. Blood spouted from his nose and streamed down his face, covering his shirt-front and vest. He loosed his hold and turned sharply on his lady assailant. In vain she shrieked and struggled; he tore her furiously from her hold, and flung her on the side of the road. Mrs. Gough, whose condition of health at the time made a scene like this almost certain death for her, sprang as best she could out of the car, and rushed through the avenue toward the house, screaming for help. A young peasant, named McGrath, was the first to arrive on the scene. He saw Captain Gough's herd at some distance and shouted to him to hurry, that there was murder going on. Then, with genuine Tipperary vehemence he dashed into the fray. Had it been a struggle altogether between men, McGrath would doubtless have been perplexed which side to espouse lest he might by any mischance be striking on behalf of

"law and order," the police, the magistrates, the landlords, or that concatenation of them all "the Government." But he saw women attacked, and he could make no mistake in hitting hard at their assailants. Mr. Carden returned to the car after hurling Miss Linden aside, and renewed his endeavors to drag Eleanor Arbuthnot from her seat. "Eleanor! Eleanor!" he exclaimed, "it is you I want. I know I shall hang for this. My life will be the price!" Laura yet remained with her; and he found he must get rid of the elder sister as he had disposed of Miss Linden. After a long contest he succeeded, and there now remained in the vehicle, but the one whose capture was the object of all his efforts. The hapless girl had seen her companions and protectors, one by one torn from her side, and now her turn had come. Bravely, nobly, all undaunted, would she fight to the last! She put her arm through a leather hanging-strap that was fixed outside the window, and held on for dear life. She struggled frantically against the powerful savage, who wildly pulled and tore at her with all his force. Several times had he succeeded but for the interference, at the most critical moment, of some one of her few defenders outside; for all this time a deadly encounter was proceeding on the road. McGrath, his head literally gashed with wounds, Dwyer, the coachman, and Smithwick, the herd, also bleeding profusely, were, ever and anon, despite the greater numbers of their foes, able to make a dash at Mr. Carden, and drive him from his hold. But by the testimony of all who saw the scene, not one of them fought so daringly as Miss Linden. Again and again she was flung to the ground by Mr. Carden; as often did she spring to her feet and clutch him by the throat, tear his hair by the handful, and pound his face till it bled anew!

Gasping, breathless, almost fainting, he had received a fearful blow of a stone on the temple from McGrath, Mr. Carden cried to his followers, "Cowards! cowards! come on. Why don't you fire? why don't you fire?" But happily they would not fire, though in the carriage close by fire-arms had been provided. The only one of them who seemed ready to proceed to extremities was Rainsberry. The others, as they subsequently complained, had been told that Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot was to be a consenting party to the abduction. When they saw the turn the affair had taken, they wished to be well out of it. Every moment showed them more clearly that their necks were being run into halters, and every moment also lessened their chance of escape. Help was now approaching; shouts were heard in the distance. The maddening thought forced itself on Mr. Carden that he had failed and must fly. Not readily, however, could he be got to realize the astounding fact. His attendants almost forced him into the carriage, and, like arrow from the hended bow, off it flew, two of the finest blood horses in all Munster straining in the traces.

Clonmel was the first to receive the alarm, and quickly Mr. Gould, the resident magistrate, Mr. Fotherby, the sub-inspector of police, and a strong party of constabulary were in full chase. They rightly guessed that the fugitives would make for Templemore, and they dashed away northward. Meanwhile the Rathronan farm steward had taken horse and galloped to Cashel, where, on receipt of the astounding news which he brought, Mr. McCullough, the sub-inspector, with all the mounted officers of his force, soon took saddle and gave pursuit. About three or four miles north of Holy Cross, and within four or five miles of Branane gate, is Farney Bridge, close by Farney Castle, the picturesque residence of Mr. Armstrong. Here, after a ride of ten miles at full gallop, they sighted the carriage going at a desperate pace. But Mr. McCullough's horses were fresh, and the run of twenty miles from Rathronan, over very heavy roads, had told severely on Mr. Carden's. The officers soon overhauled the vehicle and summoned the occupants to pull up and surrender. The answer was a shout of defiance. Instantly springing from the stirrup, Mr. McCullough rushed at the horses, managed to seize them, and by turning them slightly ran the carriage into the ditch. Two attendants jumped from the "dickiey," and showed fight, but they were at once overpowered. In fact, Farney police barrack was quite close at hand, and on the first noise of the affray the men turned out.

arriving in time to assist in the capture and disarmament of the whole party. Mr. Carden was discovered to be severely wounded about the head and neck. There were found upon him a loaded six-barreled revolver, a loaded double-barreled pistol, a belt containing three hundred and fifteen pounds in gold and English notes, a memorandum book, and a lady's lace veil. With the prisoner were taken three "life-preservers," one stained with blood, a large knife, and a pouch of revolver ammunition. In the carriage were a coil of rope, coats, rugs, shawls, quite a variety of clothing, and a black leather bag. On opening the bag it was found to contain two bottles of chloroform, one bottle of mixture, a sponge, a bottle of smelling salts, a bottle of tincture of valerian, a small goblet, some ladies' gloves, a pair of ladies' slippers, a crochet vest, a wig, some bandages and lint, besides minor articles. One of the chloroform bottles was marked "A teaspoonful to a cup of water." From the following entry discovered in the memorandum book it would seem that Mr. Carden meant to drive through his own demesne without stopping, dispatching this written message to some trusted agent there:

"Lock the main gate; bully and baffle all pursuers; but don't endanger life. Lead pursuers to suspect that I'm shut up in the tower. Rake the gravel at the house, and remove tracks. Give a hint to Johnson to be a friend and mislead the pursuers. Do not forward my letters, but write yourself to St. James', and protect the men who were with me."

All, however, was over now. His desperate game was played and lost. He was led a prisoner to Cashel jail.

So incredible did it seem that such an outrage as this could happen in our country in the middle of the nineteenth century, that when the first reports appeared in the Dublin newspapers there were many readers who derided the story as a sensational fiction. It was only when every day and hour subsequent brought irresistible corroboration that men universally accepted as a fact the astounding narrative. The particulars that came later to hand intensified the general excitement. It became known that the measures Mr. Carden had concerted for the abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot had occupied his attention for a long period, and had involved a considerable expenditure. He had, it was stated, decided upon conveying her to the shore of Galway Bay (distant some fifty miles), where he had a steamer chartered for the purpose of taking her off to sea, relays of horses being placed along the entire route from Templemore to Galway. The vessel with steam up was lying off the shore, and it was stated to be his intention to sail direct for London. These preparations cost him a sum about seven thousand pounds.

On Thursday, the 27th of July, 1854, the Tipperary South Riding assizes were opened in Clonmel by the Right Honorable Judge Ball. Hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant was there such a throng of the county families as filled the town upon that day; for the sensational trial of Mr. John Carden was to be the great item of the calendar. The Honorable George O'Callaghan, high sheriff, was in a state bordering on frenzy for several days previously. Ladies, young and old and neuter, hunted him remorselessly from post to pillar with unappealable demands for admission tickets. He piteously explained that a considerable enlargement of the county court house was impracticable at such short notice, and that he feared the judge would not listen to the idea of conducting the trial on the race-course or in the fair-green. All to no purpose. Every fair persecutor was very sure she would take up little room,—"hardly any at all,"—and could easily, "if he pleased," be provided with a nook whence she could see that poor mad creature, Mr. Carden, dear soul, who had, "loved not wisely but too well," and so forth; and it was nothing but downright ill nature, to be resented to the day of his death for him, the high sheriff or Sam Going, his surly "sub," to say the places were already assigned. He fled the town,—was "not at home," to his inquirers,—but they pushed their way into his study all the same. Then he took to his bed, and gave out that he was very ill, a combination of measles and

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Irish Folk Songs

By
C. M. FOX.
From Donahoe's Magazine.



KELLY, THE BLIND PIPER OF TRALEE.

"Oh, dear old airs of Ireland,
Fresh from the heart you spring!
Oh, grand old airs of Ireland,
Your spell around us fling!
The ear may be untuned, untaught,
The eye unused to glisten!
But yet when these sweet strains
Arise,
The heart keeps still to listen.
Old airs, old airs, ye raise the dead,
Ye bring the past before me;
The very winds that swept the hills
In youth are blowing o'er me!
They rustle through the bearded
grain,
Amid the trees they dally;
They stir the primrose in the mead,
The shamrock down the valley.
I'm home again: The Irish earth
And Irish sky are meeting,
And these old airs on Irish winds
Go by me like a greeting,
How sweet they are! How grand
they are!
How tender and how glowing!
How weirdly sad, how wildly glad,
How full to overflowing!

With memories of olden days,
With Ireland's grief and glory—
The pride and pathos, love and hate
That chequer her sad story!
The burning sense of bitter wrong,
The scorn of base compliance
That flings even in the face of Fate
Its deep and stern defiance.
Tell me not of Italian airs,
To sense, not heart, appealing;
Was ever sound so full of soul
Or notes so strung with feeling
As in those dear old airs that spring
From passion or devotion,
Or love that hides within the heart
Like pearls within the ocean?
Old airs, old airs, how gracefully,
Each changing mood ye render,
The sad, the proud, the fierce, the
gay,
The martial and the tender,
Fresh as the breeze from Connacht
to Kinsale,
And sweet as the hawthorn hedge
in bloom
Old songs of Innisfail."



TURLOUGH MacSWEENEY, Donegal Piper.

COLLECTING folk songs be-
longing to one's native land
is a pursuit which gives the
collection an infinite amount
of pleasure as well as trou-
ble, in spite of the difficulty of un-
earthing the native folk-song sing-
er,—sometimes hidden far away in
remote country villages, or, strange
to say, sometimes living quietly
among us,—until some words of per-
suasion and gentle encouragement
will bring us quite a treasure trove.
It was by rare good luck last year
in Ireland, while walking through
the little town of Bangor, Co. Down
that I noticed an old man playing
on a little wooden whistle. Round
his neck hung the following inscrip-
tion, "Blind From Earliest Age of
Life."

"Over fifty years a flute did play,
But now my teeth are in decay,
Dear kind friends in your charity
Please will you remember me."
I noticed that the air he was
playing was an old Irish modal
strain, so going up to him, I asked,
"What is the name of the air you
are playing?"
"Shure then, ma'am, its called
Dobbins Flowery Vale in the North,
'Lisnavogue' in the South, and
'Pastion Fionn' in the West," and
he commenced to recite d'Altin's
beautiful version from the Gaelic,
which one can read in both lang-
uages in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy."
I was much surprised by his flow of
oratory, and realized I had come
across a rare find. When I asked
him if he could find his way to my

house (which was situated on a high hill), he said humorously, "Troth, an' of course I can, for haven't I tramped all over the North and South and East and West with nothin' but my whistle in my pocket and my blackthorn in my hand?"
The next day the blind man promptly made his appearance, and as he was walking up the avenue, my brother took a snap shot of him, and later on photographed him playing on his whistle. Needless to say he played me many beautiful and wonderful old airs. One on which I set particular value was called "The Witches' Lament for King O'Connor" (last king of Ireland). This wonderful old piper told me he was born in Tralee seventy years ago, and his name was Kelly, and that he had learnt most of his old airs from another piper called Joyce, who attended Bunting's meeting of harpers in Belfast. He took leave of us, saying he would look in again on us next summer, and would bring me another wallet full of good old tunes.

Another interesting personality is Turlough MacSweeney, the Donegal piper. This grand old man, whose photograph figures in this article, is a thorough Celt and proud of his royal origin, for in ancient days his ancestors were kings of Ulster. I had the pleasure of taking down from him "The Yellow Bittern," and "Easter Snow." Turlough played at several of the Feis Ceoil competitions, and it was at these festivals I made his acquaintance. When at home in Donegal he works on his farm during the summer and pipes to the country people during the winter evenings. The people gather round the cheery peat fires and listen to the sad and moving strains of Turlough's pipes. At all the merry-makings and weddings in Donegal the piper plays an important part, for who but Turlough can clear the floor and set the feet a-jiggling merrily to "Maggie Picky," or "The Trip to the Cottage," or some other merry jig and reel.

Yet another interesting folk-song singer rises up before my memory, merry, laughing Bridget, employed in my parents' home in Co. Down. From her I collected "My Love Nell," "Kelly's Cat," and "The Ramblin' Irish Man," all three published in New York and sung in America by the great baritone singer, Mr. David Bispham. This light-hearted child of nature would suddenly throw down her kitchen utensils, much to my mother's consternation, and sometimes while holding a broom in her hand would exclaim, "Och ma'am, get yer pencil quick. I mind another grand tune and do take it down as quick as ye can before it slips right away."
Annie Young, a native of Dro-moore, Co. Down, was quite another type of folk-singer. She was much more self-contained and painstaking, and would go over and over the air until I took down the tune, and my sister wrote out the words. Her mother was a hemstitcher, and in the summer evenings sat outside her cot-tage, where other hemstitchers would join her, and together they sang the old songs. Little Annie used to sit and listen to her mother and the women singing, and she certainly listened to good account, for she gave me more than twenty beautiful Ulster songs, among them "The Cavan Recruit."

I will now turn to folk song singers on the concert platform, beginning with Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who, born in San Francisco, is of Irish parentage. He created the part of "Shemus O'Brien" in Stanford's opera, and in 1898 commenced a series of song recitals in his native California. He then appeared in London and gave a song recital which was most favorably comment-ed on by all the critics of the Lon-don press. He returned to America and created the part of "The Little Corporal." Last year he went to London, and his artistic career has been a veritable triumphal progress ever since. His recital in November was a most remarkable display of a singer who can go "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with consummate art, striking responsive chords in the hearts of his listen-ers. His singing of "The Lark in Clear Air," "Mollie Machree," "Wi-dow Malone," "Owen Roe's Lam-ent," and the "West's Asleep" is never to be forgotten.

Miss Madeleine O'Connor, who made her debut as a singer of old Irish airs is a daughter of the late Dr. Francis O'Connor of Limerick. She has been heard in the Beltaine Festival and several Gaelic concerts. She is studying Gaelic and hopes to sing the Gaelic songs in public shortly.

Miss Lucie Johnstone is a well known Ulster singer, and has lately taken up Gaelic songs. She can well claim to be the most distinguished Irish contralto of the present day. She has sung at every Feis Ceoil, and appears at all the St. Pat-rick's Day concerts and Gaelic Oir-eachtas. Her favorite Gaelic songs

are "Lough Lein" and "Granna Weale."

Mrs. Kate Lee is the popular and energetic Hon. Secretary of the Folk Song Society in London. Mrs. Lee is of Irish descent on her mother's side, and she inherits a truly Irish temperament. The Folk Song Society under her management has been most successful. A delightful lecture by Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, on "Irish Folk Songs" was given last season at the Marchion-ess of Londonderry's. Mrs. Lee has a special gift for singing folk songs in the "old style" and without any accompaniment, and she has also made a collection of Sussex songs which she will shortly bring out.

Mr. Gabriel Thorp of Listowel has taken up folk songs with great suc-cess. Humor is his special gift, and though for many years a resident in London, he has never lost his deli-ghtful brogue.

Mr. O'Shea is a purely Gaelic singer, and sang several songs in his native tongue at the London and Dublin Oireachtas.

Miss Drury is another singer of Gaelic songs and a most active member of the London branch of the Gaelic League. Miss Drury conducts classes for the singing of Gaelic songs, and is to be found at every meeting connected with the Gaelic movement in London.

Before bringing this article to a close, I must mention Mr. Floniam MacCollum, an ardent worker for the Gaelic movement in London. It was through his singing a few old songs in Gaelic that I conceived the idea of bringing out the book of Gaelic songs. Mr. MacCollum was educated at Mount Mellera, and used to hear the good monks sing-ing "The Spalpan Fanach." Apropos of the appropriation of our songs by other countries, I may state that "Robin Adair," "The Campbells Are Coming," "The White Cock-ade," "Lochaber No More," and many others are of purely Irish or-igin. One collector of the name of Oswald put a lot of our beautiful tunes into his "Caledonian Pocket Book."

The Gaelic Renaissance has brought about the annual Feis Ceoil, the Oireachtas, the revival of the Irish drama and Irish liter-ature, and last but not least, our Irish music, and readers of this lit-tle article who many years ago left home for "the land beyant the sea" may feel in their hearts the mem-ories of their early years stealing back to them in the old songs of beloved Erin.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

When a Catholic is so deaf to the teachings of the Church as to go before a civil magistrate or a non-Catholic minister, there is every reason to fear that his faith is so weak that the rude blasts of tempta-tion and adversity will be more than sufficient to ex-tinguish it. The children of such a Catholic may learn to use a phrase often heard in many parts of this coun-try: "I am a friend of the Catholics, for my father was once a member of the church," or "My mother ought to be a Catholic." Expressions of that kind tell of an immortal soul bartered to satisfy the crav-ings of an unholy love. A Christian marriage invokes a blessing on the husband, wife and children; unchrist-ian nuptials entail male-diction and misfortune. Much of the misery which haunts the footsteps of the married couple proceeds from such a difference of nat-ural disposition in the man and woman as will not coale-sce to form an agreeable companionship. If human weakness and folly can mar the beauty of the Christian nuptials, over which the Church extends the mantle of her protection, it viti-ates much more those in which religion has no part. The Protestant does not re-lect as a Catholic, and, however well his conduct may seem to accord with the maxims of human pru-dence, he cannot be a good Christian husband. He dif-fers essentially from his companion in his manner of thinking. Both the present and the future are viewed from a different standpoint. What should be all to his wife is of little importance to him; he lives for time and the world, she for eter-nity and God. In a word, they remain, as before mar-riage, not one, but two.—*Sacerdos, in the Sunday Democrat.*

With the Naturalists. Point Euchre Now!

A MARVELLOUS TREE. — Un-doubtedly the most marvellous tree in the world grows in Brazil. It is the carnauba palm, and can be em-ployed for many useful purposes. Its roots produce the same medicinal ef-fect as sarsaparilla. Its stems af-ford strong, light fibres, which ac-quire a beautiful lustre, and serve also for joists, rafters, and other building materials, as well as for stakes for fences. From parts of the tree wines and vinegar are made. It yields also a saccharine substance, as well as a starch resembling sago. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. The pulp has an agreeable taste, and the nut, which is oleaginous and emulsive, is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes, and pumps are made. The pith is an excellent substitute for cork. From the stem a white li-quid similar to the milk of the co-coanut and a flour resembling ma-izena may be extracted. Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms, and mats are made. A considerable quantity of this straw is shipped to Europe, and a part of it returns to Brazil manufactured into hats. The straw is also used for thatching houses. Moreover, salt is extracted from it, and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.

THE NATIVES ABOUT GORIL-LAS.—Natives in the countries in-habited by great apes regard them

Advocates of progressive euchre re-form are now advocating a change in the system of scoring the game. They believe that the score should be computed by points and not by games, as is generally done now.

Point euchre, they say, is recog-nized by euchre players as the only fair way in which the game can be played, as each player receives cred-it for all points made at each game.

It can be played at any progress-ive euchre, either at home or in clubs. Excitement begins with the first hand and continues until the last hand is played. Many objection-able features of the old game are overcome in point euchre, as fast playing is one of the essentials of the game.

A point euchre tally card is num-bered from 1 to 120. Each player has a tally card and each receives the number of points made at the end of each game.

For example, in the first game at the head table one couple make 5 points, the other side 4 points. The cards of those having 5 are each punched 5, and the others are punched 4. Winners move as in the older game.

All other players receive punches for the number of points they have made, while the head table players were making their 5 and 4 some players at the other tables may have made as many as 10 points. Should the head table players at



William Ferguson

(See article "Irish Litterateurs.")

always as human beings of inferior types, and it is for this reason that for a long time it was found impos-ible to get hold of an entire goril-la skin because the savages consid-ered it religiously necessary to cut off the hands and feet of the animals when they killed them, just as they do with their enemies, possibly for the purpose of rendering them harm-less in case they should by any chance come to life again.

WOLVES IN FRANCE. — We are accustomed to thinking of France as a country every inch of which is settled and cultivated, and to re-gard the wolves which once swarm-ed in that fair country as having vanished long ago. But it seems that wolves still are numerous and de-structive to life and property. So rapidly did the wolves increase af-ter the war with Germany that in 1882 a law was passed offering a reward for every one of these fierce animals killed. Since the institution of these premiums nearly 9,000 wolves have been killed, and over £26,000 has been paid out in pre-miums. Last year there were one hundred and fifteen wolves killed.—*Catholic Times.*

A PRIEST'S FARE.

The venerable Father Rafael Che-ca, of San Angel, where he is the parish priest, has reached the great age of eighty-two years in excellent health, which he attributes in a large measure to his invariable cus-tom of eating fruit for supper, his custom for half a century.—*Mexican Herald.*

any time score more than 5 points they get credit for all they make over 5, as for instance, if low hands are played to count 4, two low hands would make a possible 8. The head table players should al-ways play as rapidly as possible to prevent the other tables from mak-ing high scores. All rules of euchre apply to this game.

At the end of the two hour's play-ing the highest number of points made would determine the winners of prizes.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

The maidens of Denmark never re-ceive a diamond engagement ring. They are always presented with a plain gold band, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom changes the ring to the right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country.

THE 'MAINE' VICTIMS.

The families of the victims of the "Maine" disaster in Havana Har-bor, Cuba, have not yet received compensation for the loss of their relatives. Claims aggregating two millions, five hundred thousand dol-lars have been made. Will Cuba pay or will the United States have to foot the bill?

ST. PATRICK'S POT.

M. C. D. Borden created a sensa-tion in Fall River, Mass., on Feb. 27, by posting notices in four iron work mills announcing a 10 per cent. advance in wages to take ef-fect on Saint Patrick's Day.

CATHOLIC PIONEER DAYS IN MONTREAL

FROM THE FI-
OF THE
TRUE WITNE-
OF THE
YEAR
1851.

On Sunday, August 2
pers, we had the satisfi-
sisting at one of those
touching ceremonies, w-
occur so often in Mon-
mean the consecration o-
stone of the new Catho-
Griffintown. The proc-
in front of St. Patr-
and was composed of
Men's St. Patrick's and
Societies, accompanied
spective bands, and he-
ropriate banners. A
course of our Cathol-
zens, of all origins, co-
well its ranks. His L-
Bishop officiated. The
preached by the Rev. I
S.S.

In opening, the rever-
alluded to the large as-
people upon the Lord's
said, it were meet tha-
tion of the Temple of
should be celebrated w-
and so great rejoicing
clamor of trumpets, an-
of the assembled thous-
rael—with the songs of
and the singing man, to
their sons, and the
clothed with fine linen,
cymbals and harps, and
how much more is it b-
we, under another and

Euchre Now!

of progressive euchre re-
advocating a change
of scoring the game,
that the score should
be by points and not by
generally done now.
re, they say, is recog-
chre players as the only
which the game can be
each player receives cre-
points made at each
played at any progress-
either at home or in
ement begins with the
nd continues until the
played. Many objections
of the old game are
point euchre, as fast
one of the essentials of
chre tally card is num-
1 to 120. Each player
card and each receives
of points made at the
game.
le, in the first game at
ole one couple make 5
ther side 4 points. The
se having 5 are each
and the others are
Winners move as in the
players receive punches
er of points they have
the head table players
g their 5 and 4 some
e other tables may have
y as 10 points.
head table players at



ST. JOSEPH
Pray For Me!

When hope and strength are failing,
And, with each passing day,
The sun of life is palling
With fast-declining ray;
My spirit fortifying,
Though I unworthy be,
Dear Patron of the dying,
St. Joseph pray for me!
A sweet and blessed shielding
In which our trust may rest,
Thy strong protection yielding,
To him who loves thee best,
A pilotage to Jesus
Across life's stormy sea,
When earth's last struggle ceases.
Do thou remember me!
Amadeus, O.S.F., St. Anthony's
Messenger.

It is sufficient proof of the charit-
able fervor, with which the assembly
was animated, to add that the col-
lection amounted to the sum of
\$453.

- Some of the agents of the
'True Witness' in 1851.
Alexandria, D. McGillis.
Aylmer, Jas. Doyle.
Buckingham, John Newman.
Brantford, John Comerford.
Bytown, Edward Burke.
Carillon, A. E. Montmar-
quet.
Chambly, John Hackett.
Cornwall, A. S. McDonald.
Kamouraska, Rev. L. A.
Bourret.
Dundas County, Alex. Mc-
Donald.
Eastern Townships, Patrick
Hackett.
Lochiel, Owen Quigley, P.M.
Mosa, Thomas Fitzpatrick.
Norwood, Rev. Bernard J.
Higgins.
Norton Creek, Hugh McGill.
Oshawa, Rev. J. B. Proulx.
Pembroke, Thomas Lee.
Perth, John Doran.
Picton, Rev. Mr. Lalor.
Prescott, B. White.
Quebec, Matthew Enright.
St. Hyacinthe, Patrick
Flynn.
Sherbrooke, Thomas Grif-
fith.
St. Thomas, Patrick Bobler.
Danville, A. Donnelly.
Terrebonne, M. Prevost, N.
P.
Three Rivers, John Keenan.
Toronto, Thomas Hayes.

the very camp of his opponents and
of the enemies of truth. Never per-
haps has the influence of any mor-
tal been greater or more universal.
It may be said that Leo XIII. has
now his place in history together
with the men of renown in whom
the world glories and with the holy
Pontiffs of whom the Church is so
justly proud. Filled with these
thoughts we shall eagerly unite
with the Catholics of the world dur-
ing this memorable year and give
expression to our sentiments of re-
spect and filial piety towards the
Sovereign Pontiff.

The archdiocese will be faithful to
the traditions which have always
characterized the Church in Mont-
real in all its relations with the
Holy See. After the pastoral visita-
tion I shall leave for Rome to lay
at the feet of Our Holy Father the
tribute of my personal attachment
and unalterable submission. I shall
offer him likewise the congratula-
tions and best wishes of the clergy,
the religious communities and the
Catholic families of the archdiocese.
In the meanwhile I exhort you to
thank Almighty God and to pray
fervently in anticipation of my pil-
grimage to the threshold of the
Apostles.

When Peter was a prisoner in Jeru-
salem "Prayer was made without
ceasing by the Church unto God for
him." Acts xii, 5.

The event is calculated to fill our
hearts with joy. As a first token
of our gratitude to Heaven a "Te
Deum" will be chanted, next Sun-
day, March 9th, in all the churches
and public chapels, during the sol-
emn benediction of the Blessed Sac-
rament.

The authority of the successor of
Saint Peter is denied. Leo XIII. is
still a prisoner. Numberless defec-
tions and persecutions sadden the
heart of the Venerable Pontiff. "Let
us pray for our Pontiff Leo." "The
Lord preserve him and give him life
and make him blessed upon the
earth; and deliver him not up to
the will of his enemies." Psalm xl,
3.

May these prayers of our Liturgy
and of the Sacred Scriptures be re-
peated every day of the present year
by the faithful in union with the
priests of the archdiocese who shall
continue to say at the Mass the
prayer Pro Papa. We are confident
that such prayers will be heard, and
that God in His mercy will hasten
the hour of deliverance for the honor
of His name and the good of souls.

On the occasion of Our Holy Fa-
ther's pontifical Jubilee the Catholic
Nations of the world will not fail to
relieve his indigence. I thought that
the Catholics of this archdiocese
would gladly be among the first to
follow the impulse and thereby re-
spond to the appeal which His Emi-
nence the Cardinal-Vicar of His
Holiness has made to all the dioc-
eses of the Catholic world.

Consequently a special collection
shall be taken up in all the
churches and public chapels of the
archdiocese on Sunday, the 16th of
March.

The proceeds must be sent to the
archbishopric as soon as possible.

I shall add to Peter's Pence
which I shall be happy to offer the
Sovereign Pontiff during my stay in
the Eternal City.

We are commanded by Holy Writ
to honor our father and assist him
in the hour of distress. In return
we are promised God's choicest
blessings even here below. The Pope
is on earth the most august repre-
sentative of our Heavenly Father;
the burdens of the spiritual govern-
ment of the Church are enormous,
and since the loss of the temporal
power the source of his revenues is
exhausted. Let us offer him then
our alms generously and cheerfully
as a tribute of our filial affection.
Let us unite our prayers and our
mite and we shall receive with the
blessing of the venerable nonagenar-
ian of the Vatican the most pre-
cious favors of Heaven.

Accept, dearly beloved brethren,
assurances of my devotedness, and
believe me,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
+PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

CATHOLIC
PIONEER
DAYS IN
MONTREAL.

FROM THE FILES
OF THE
TRUE WITNESS
OF THE
YEAR
1851.

On Sunday, August 3, after Ves-
pers, we had the satisfaction of as-
sisting at one of those sublime and
touching ceremonies, which happily
occur so often in Montreal, - we
mean the consecration of the corner-
stone of the new Catholic Church in
Griffintown. The procession formed
in front of St. Patrick's Church,
and was composed of the Young
Men's St. Patrick's and Temperance
Societies, accompanied by their re-
spective bands, and headed by ap-
propriate banners. A large con-
course of our Catholic fellow-citiz-
ens, of all origins, contributed to
swell its ranks. His Lordship the
Bishop officiated. The sermon was
preached by the Rev. Father Dowd,
S.S.

pensation, who possess the sub-
stance, and the reality of those
good things, whereof the old law
was but a type and a shadow,
should meet together, to shout with
joy before the Lord, to praise Him,
and to give glory to His Holy
Name—because He is good; because
His mercy endureth for ever.

The preacher then pointed out the
many mercies for which the Irish
in Canada have abundantly cause to
be thankful. After contrasting the
position of the Irish Catholic in
this country, with that of his fel-
low-countryman and co-religionist
in many countries. He referred par-
ticularly to Ireland where, he said,
Catholics were starved—persecuted—
with all manner of temptations to
apostatize, and yet ever faithful,
ever preserving, inviolate the alle-
giance which they owe to the
Church. Yes, though poor in the
eyes of men, as before God Ireland
is rich—rich in her children marty-
red, exiled for their faith;—her
children too are rich; rich in the
possession of one thing needful—
the pearl of great price—the One,
Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Faith.

And it was to consecrate the cor-
ner-stone of a temple, erected for
the worship of that Faith, that
Catholics were then assembled. For
so the Church willed; that in the
commencement, during the progress,
and in the completion of the work,
in every one of these stages, the
blessings of the Almighty should be
invoked thereon. Nor would the care

ARCHBISHOP
BRUCHESI
ON LEO XIII.

The following circular letter, of
His Grace the Archbishop of Mon-
treal, was read in all the churches of
the archdiocese on Sunday last:—
Archiepiscopal Palace, Montreal,
4th March, 1902.

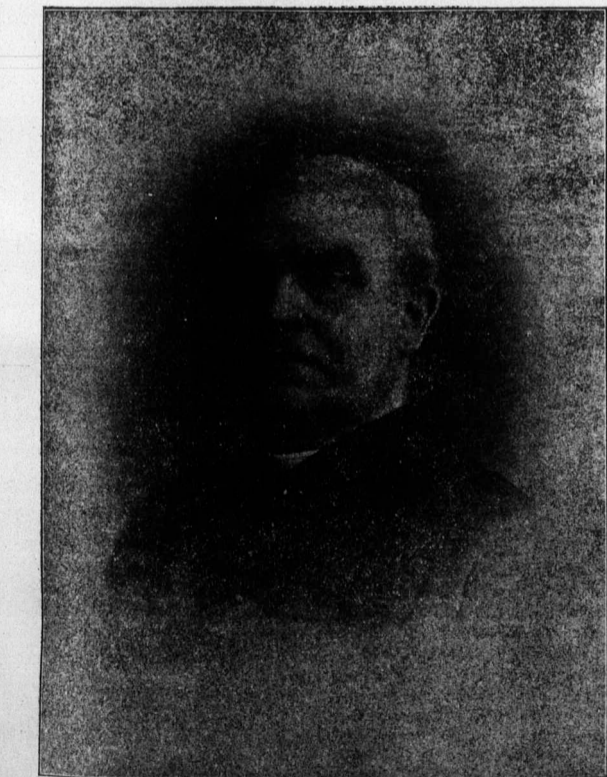
Dearly Beloved Brethren, - On
Thursday, February 20th, the su-
preme ruler of the Church, Our Holy
Father Pope Leo XIII., entered up-
on the twenty-fifth year of his glo-
rious pontificate.

The event will form an epoch in
the annals of Christendom. From
every point of our globe, from every
Catholic diocese and parish a hymn
of thanksgiving will ascend to the
throne of the Most High, and the
Vatican will resound with the reli-
gious homages of the Sovereign
Pontiff's spiritual children. Our
voices and our hearts will partici-
pate in the twofold demonstration.

Almighty God is justly entitled
to our meed of praise for a reign
which has been so beneficial to our
holy religion and a source of light
and grace for the world at large.
Filial piety should prompt us to re-
joice at the exceptional longevity
which Leo XIII. has been privileged
to attain. His dignity as well as
his wisdom, his prudence and energy
in the guidance of the Bark of Peter
are admired by even them that do
not belong to the household of the
Faith.

When Leo XIII. succeeded Pius
IX., he was in his sixty-eight year.
He is 92 to-day. Though far ad-
vanced in years he still possesses in
a somewhat prodigious manner all
the keenness of perception and all
the energy of a marvellous intellect.
Does not the silver Jubilee of Leo's
pontificate appear to be one of the
many arguments chosen by God to
clearly demonstrate the fact of the
assistance of the Holy Ghost in the
government of His Church?

The august Pontiff has never left
the precincts of the Vatican where
he is virtually a prisoner. He has
no human agencies to rely upon, and
he has to contend with the worst of
influences. Nevertheless, owing to
his utterances, his Encyclical let-
ters, his lofty and noble ideals and
the mysterious power of his virtue
and genius, amidst the evils that
are undermining modern society,
Leo XIII. is the only guide, the only
master whom the nations heed
and follow. The Church was suffer-
ing and bleeding when Leo assumed
the reins of government. The ascen-
dancy of the Papacy was on the
wane and the moral action of Rome
seemed to be paralyzed for a long
time to come. During the twenty-
four years of his pontificate, Leo
XIII. has recovered the lost ground
and added other triumphs to the
glories of the past. He has devel-
oped the social and spiritual influ-
ence of the Catholic Church. He has
won the admiration of the masses
and of the elite of society. Rulers
and their subjects reverence him
alike. His prestige is so irresistible
that he is the recognized leader in



REV. P. DOWD. (In Memoriam.)

In opening, the reverend preacher
alluded to the large assemblage of
people upon the Lord's Day. If, he
said, it were meet that the dedica-
tion of the Temple of the old law
should be celebrated with so many,
and so great rejoicing—with the
clamor of trumpets, and the shouts
of the assembled thousands of Is-
rael—with the songs of the Levites,
and the singing men, together with
their sons, and their brethren,
clothed with fine linen, sounding the
cymbals and harps, and psalteries,—
how much more is it becoming that
we, under another and a better dis-

which the Church always has for
the spiritual welfare of her children,
cease with providing them a temple
wherein to worship. Father Dowd
announced the intention of soon
commencing the building of schools
for the education of children of both
sexes, the buildings to be in con-
nection with the Church, thus affording
to the rising generation the means
of a secular and religious educa-
tion, without exposing their morals
and principles to the danger of being
corrupted and contaminated by evil
communication.

In Remembrance of the Mission



Given by the Passionist Fathers

St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Que.

MARCH 9TH TO 23RD, 1902.

"He that shall persevere to the end, he shall be
saved."—ST. MATT. xxiv. 13.

To Persevere to the End in God's Grace.

I Never omit your Morning and Evening
Prayers, since prayer is necessary for salvation.

II Remember the presence of God—He sees
you at all times and places.

III Attend Mass devoutly on Sundays and
Holy-days. It is a mortal sin wilfully to lose
Mass on Days of Obligation. Remember the
sacred Jesus who once offered Himself for our sins
on Mount Calvary, again offers Himself on the
altar, as on a new Calvary, for our salvation. If
possible hear Mass on week days also.

IV Try to go to Confession and Communion
once a month. By Confession your soul is washed
in the Precious Blood of Jesus. By Holy Com-
munion you are united to Jesus. The Sacraments
are fountains of grace, and without grace we can
do nothing.

V Avoid the occasion of sin. "He that loveth
the danger shall perish in it."—Eccii. iii. 27

VI Visit frequently the Blessed Sacrament.
Pray for the conversion of sinners, for these in
their agony, and for the souls in purgatory.

Meditate every day, for at least a quarter of an
hour, on the eternal truths.

"Remember thy latter end, and thou shalt not
sin." Think often on the bitter passion of Jesus.
People sin because they do not meditate.

Points of Meditation on Eternal Truths

I. O Christian! thou hast but one soul; if that
be lost, all is lost: there is but one death; if bad,
all is bad.

II. Thou hast only one Judge: from Him there
is no appeal.

III. Thou hast only one sentence to hear: it
will be either "Come ye blessed; or "Depart ye
cursed."

IV. Thou hast but one eternity awaiting thee;
if this be not happy, then thou shalt be unhappy
forever.

V. There is but one HEAVEN: excluded from
this, HELL will be thy inevitable doom.

Points of Meditation on the Passion of
our Lord.

Reflect, that Jesus agonized and sweat blood in
the Garden at the sight of your sins, and the tor-
ments He was about to endure for them.

Reflect, that for sins of impurity the sacred
body of Jesus was terribly scourged. How many
lashes did you give? . . . Think.

Reflect, that the sacred head of Jesus was
pierced with thorns to atone for bad thoughts.
Think.

Reflect again, on His being mocked and spit
upon and a robber preferred to Him. Have you
ever done this, by despising the blessings of re-
ligion, and by choosing the robbers, the devil and
sin, in preference to your loving Jesus? . . .
Think.

Reflect, that He carried the heavy Cross, with
all your sins on it, for love of you. Did you
patiently carry the crosses which your sins de-
serve for the love of Him? . . . Think.

He received gall to drink, to atone for drunken-
ness. Oh, think on this. On the Cross He for-
gives His enemies, and prays for them. Do you
imitate Him in this? If you forgive not, neither
will you be forgiven. "Forgive, and you will be
forgiven."

ACT OF FAITH.

My God, I believe in Thee, and all Thou hast
revealed to Holy Church, because Thou art in-
fallible truth.

ACT OF HOPE.

My God, I hope in Thee for grace and glory,
because of Thy promise, Thy mercy, and Thy
power.

ACT OF CHARITY.

My God, because Thou art infinitely good, I
love Thee with all my heart; and for Thy sake,
I love my neighbor as myself.

ACT OF CONTRITION.

O my God, I am very sorry that I have sinned
against Thee, because Thou art so good, and I will
sin no more.

SPECIAL ADMONITIONS.

- 1. TO THE HEADS OF FAMILIES.—Instruct, cor-
rect, watch over your children; above all, give
them good example, and have prayer in common.
2. TO SERVANTS.—Be obedient to your masters,
and faithful in all things under your charge.
3. TO HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Cherish mutual
affection, forbearance, union and peace.
4. TO THE CHILDREN.—Love, respect, and obey
your parents; do not quarrel among yourselves.
5. TO MEN.—Have a horror of blaspheming,
cursing, swearing, gambling, drunkenness; pardon
injuries.
6. TO WOMEN.—Be meek, patient, charitable,
and diligent in your household duties.
7. TO YOUNG PEOPLE.—Avoid dangerous occa-
sions, dances, company keeping, and anything
contrary to modesty. Read pious books. Join
the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
8. TO ALL.—Never speak against your Pastor,
but always assist and uphold him to the extent of
your power.

HEAVENLY TREASURES

Repeat these ejaculations fervently, with the
intention of gaining all the indulgences
attached to them.

I. O my Jesus, I thank Thee for having died
on the Cross for my sins.

II. My Jesus, have mercy on me and save my
soul.

III. Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious
Blood of Jesus for my sins; for the wants of the
Church, for the conversion of sinners, and for the
suffering souls in purgatory.

IV. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray to Jesus
for me.

V. O sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I
may ever love Thee more and more.

VI. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my
last agonies.

VII. My God, give me the grace rather to die
than to commit one mortal sin.



Historical Abduction in Ireland Continued.

whooping cough, with a touch of scarlatina the "Chronicle" newspaper said it was; but the delightful beings would penetrate to the side of his couch, and while he groaned out from under the counterpane, that except the dock there was not an inch of space undisposed of, they gave him "bits of their mind" in return, which they assured him he would never be allowed to forget.

It is not to be concluded that the sterner sex were at all less earnest in their persecutions. But it was not Mr. Carden they wanted to see. One glimpse at that lovely, that heroic girl, was begged and scrambled for with wild enthusiasm. "Sure you can see her some other time," expostulated poor Mr. Gough. The result of such observations on his part was his exclusion from "society" in the South Riding for several seasons afterward.

Jamque dies infans aderat. Old Judge Bull, grandly preceded by halberdiers and pikemen and trumpeters, and attended by the truly unhappy sheriff "in state," went down to the court house. The Honorable Cornwallis Maude, foreman of the grand jury, having listened to his lordships opening address, retired with his brethren for a while. Soon they returned into court with a "true bill" against their long-time friend and fellow-magistrate, Mr. John Carden, for the forcible abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot of Rathronan. It was known that great legal contention would arise as to whether Mr. Carden could be said in law to have effected the "abduction," as he had not succeeded in removing the young lady from the car. To guard against mishap the Crown sent up minor indictments for attempted abduction and for aggravated assault. On these also true bills were returned. The jury acquitted the prisoner on the charge of abduction. Next day he was arranged for the attempt to abduct, and was found guilty. A third time, on the following Monday, he was put on trial for a felonious assault on Smithwick, the Rathronan herd. This was very generally felt to be an overdoing of the business by the prosecution, and sympathy with the prisoner was openly expressed on all sides. When the jury this time handed down a verdict of "not guilty," there was "loud cheering" in the court, "the ladies waving their handkerchiefs."

More astonishing was the fact that the crowd assembled outside the building—belonging to a class with whom Mr. Carden, as a landlord, was no great favorite—gave vent to like demonstrations. Before sentence was passed he obtained permission from the judge to make some observations, and he addressed the court with great ability, exhibiting considerable tact, delicacy, and judgment in all he said. He disclaimed earnestly, and I verily believe with perfect truth, the unworthy motives as to personal resentment, malice or gain that had been imputed to him. He solemnly declared that he had not "the slightest idea or knowledge of the delicate state of Mrs. Gough's health." "If I had been aware of it," he added, "I certainly would have forbidden the making of any such criminal attempt." Lastly, he indignantly repelled the idea that the drugs found in the carriage were intended for the purpose of producing insensibility.

This address was listened to with breathless attention, and beyond all question elicited much feeling for the man against whom but a brief week before every voice was raised. The judge, however, took a justly stern view of the facts, and sentenced Mr. Carden to two years' imprisonment with hard labor in the county jail. On the following day the Tipperary "Free Press" announced that already the unfortunate "Lord of Barnane," clothed in prison garb, had commenced the dreary expiation which even this ordeal was not to extinguish.

Three years rolled by. Every one seemed to have forgotten the Rathronan episode, when suddenly in the newspapers there appeared the startling heading "Mr. John Carden again! Further attempts on Miss Arbuthnot!"

In these sensational announcements he was somewhat wronged: yet the story was strange enough in its simple truth. Imprisonment, humiliation, mental and physical suffering, public scorn, the relentless hostility of her friends, had failed to shake Mr. Carden's infatuation for Miss Arbuthnot. He followed her unseen. He inquired about her movements, and seemed happy only when, at all events, near the spot of earth which she irradiated. The

young lady, on the other hand, suffered the exquisite torture of ever-present apprehension. She knew her tormentor was around. He had managed to reach her presence and speak to her once at least subsequently to his release, having followed her to Elderslie in Surrey. On this occasion his excited manner quite frightened her. In October, 1858, she was staying with her sister, now Lady Gough, at St. Helen's, near Blackrock, County Dublin, when the woman who kept the gate-lodge one morning reported an alarming story. For two or three days consecutively a well-dressed female had been calling at the lodge, inquiring as to Miss Eleanor's movements,—at what time she went out, and whether she ever walked by herself in the demesne. At length—so the lodge-keeper averred—the mysterious stranger revealed that she came from Mr. Carden, and that a large sum of money would be given if he were assisted to an interview with the young lady in the house or grounds. This was not the only story that reached Miss Arbuthnot. She was told her demented persecutor had declared that when the Gough family went to live at Lough Cooter Castle (recently purchased by them), "which was a lonely place, he could easily carry her off."

Things seemed to be getting serious; so on the next visit of Mr. Carden's female ambassador to the gate-lodge she was seized and handed over to the police. Informations were sworn against Mr. Carden who was forthwith arrested and called upon to give substantial securities that he would not molest or annoy Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot. Once more we were in the midst of the old excitement. The Police Court at Kingstown was this time the scene of a protracted trial. It became evident there had been a good deal of panic exaggeration on the part of the lodge-keeper. It was equally clear there had been much crafty duplicity practiced by the female ambassador. She had been formerly a domestic in the employ of Miss Arbuthnot's family, and recently saw her advantage in engaging as housekeeper to Mr. Carden. She knew his weakness, and flattered it. She pretended to have interviews with Miss Eleanor, and brought him cheering messages. In short, the magistrate saw that on this occasion Mr. Carden was very nearly "as much sinned against as sinning." Nevertheless, he deemed it prudent to bind him in heavy penalties to be of the peace the space of one year, a requirement which he resignedly fulfilled. That year flew by, and many more, end still he trod his solitary path through life unshaken in the conviction that Eleanor Arbuthnot loved the man she publicly spurned. The fact that she never married another, perhaps strengthened his hallucination. It is said he more than once traveled secretly to Lough Cooter, to catch, unseen, one glimpse of her on the road or in the grounds, and then returned as he went.

Tipperary, the North Riding especially, is full of the most astonishing stories of this remarkable character. At the time of the abduction he was about fifty-four years of age. He was a compactly built, muscular man; about five feet six inches in height; haughty, perhaps it might be said overbearing with strangers, and not given to forming friendships. Yet he was warmly regarded by his dependants; and, fiercely stern as was his dealing with those of his tenantry, many of them—who who experienced his better qualities—spoke and speak of him in the highest terms. He was educated in England, and on attaining his majority found his property had been "under the courts," as the people say,—under a Chancery receiver,—for several years, owing to litigation. The tenants making some pretext out of this state of things, thought to escape paying him the rent. He came home to Barnane, summoned them all to meet him on a given day, and announced to them his ultimatum,—rent or land, pay or quit. They had the repute of being a desperate lot, and they apparently replied on this to intimidate him. The rent they would not pay; the land they would keep; having reasons, they said, to justify the former resolve, and determination to maintain the latter. But they knew not their man. He said nothing more just then, but forthwith proceeded to put Barnane Castle into fortress condition. Blacksmiths and carpenters were set to work to make the doors and window-shutters bullet-proof; and when this was done a goodly stock of provisions was laid in. Local tradition asserts that he had the stairs cut away, and the interior of the castle so arranged that if the first story was forced he could retreat to the next, and, by pulling up a ladder, cut off all communication. He now commenced operations in the law courts. Ejectment decrees were

taken out against the tenants, and the work of eviction began. It was open war between him and them. I am told that when any of "the enemy" surrendered he not only restored them to their land, but treated them liberally as to terms. Those who refused to submit were remorselessly expelled. Of course, he was shot at, again and again; but, with miraculous good fortune, he always escaped. His pluck, his daring, extorted the admiration of friend and foe. One day, as he was riding along the road toward Nenagh, he was fired at by two men in an adjoining field. He faced his horse round, and, although it was truly a stiff jump, cleared the fence at a bound, galloped after his would-be assassins, struck one of them senseless with a blow from his loaded riding-whip, then overtook the other, dismounted, and, after a desperate struggle, captured him. He deliberately took off the strip-leathers, and with them bound his prisoners and marched them to Nenagh jail. They were tried for the crime, convicted on his evidence and hanged. It was, I believe, during this "war" that the insurgent tenantry in a body marched on the castle, but found him so securely barricaded that he could not be got at. They, however, had prepared to take revenge on him in another way. They had brought with them a number of horses and plows, and now commenced to plow up the beautiful and extensive lawn before the hall door. Mr. Carden had a swivel mounted cannon on the top of the castle; he loaded it with grape-show in view of the plowing party, and then sang out to them that he had ten minutes to depart. They unyoked in five and galloped off.

In the last few years of his life his eccentricity took a curious turn. He converted the castle into a vast hotel, and erected very extensive and costly Turkish baths. I am not sure that he ever threw the establishment open to the public in the ordinary way, but, visitors or tourists passing the way were, I am told, very hospitably received. Some six years ago he was attacked with apoplexy, and never rallied. His death once more recalled his name to public notice; and, with all his failings, the general sentiment was one of compassion and regret for one so strangely compounded of merit and demerit. I know not who succeeded to his estates or whether the castle and its beautiful grounds are visited as of yore; but for many a generation yet to come the story of his life and adventures—most of all the Rathronan—will thrill listening groups around the firesides at Tipperary.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES!

Possibly the subject is not as new to us as it is to the good people of Philadelphia; but all the same it has its fund of interest and instruction, of amusement and edification, which, like the ocean, is inexhaustible. When Rev. P. H. Quill, S. J., delivered a lecture on this entrancing subject, under the auspices of the "Celtic Association of Philadelphia," a couple of weeks ago, he opened the eyes and minds of his audience to the grandeur of the theme. We would gladly reproduce the entire lecture, but we do not think it necessary, at least for the readers of the "True Witness," to go over the list of historians—Protestant and Catholic—upon whose works the lecture is based; nor again to make any lengthy reference to the "Relations of the Jesuits"—that unending mine of historical wealth, which has recently been given to the world in the English, as it had been in the French.

The lecturer tells that from 1611 to 1800, the French missionaries who labored in the field of American civilization—Christianization and civilization—numbered 320. Beginning with Pere Biard, in 1613, and following with Pere Druliet, in 1650, the rev. lecturer came to the oft-repeated story of Father Rale, the enemy of the Puritans towards him and his final martyrdom. We can best give the balance of the lecture in the words of the report before us of the "Catholic Standard and Times."

THE HURONS.—After sketching the character and condition of the Hurons, the speaker dwelt on the heroism of Father Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, who had labored in the western part of what is now the Empire State. Father Brebeuf was held up as the most eminent of the French mission-

ary was proved to be noble in blood, exalted in character, grand in achievements and heroic in death. To him it was given to be the founder, promoter, director and glory of the Huron mission.

After describing the capture, mutilation, torture and death of Father Jogues by the Iroquois in 1646, the thrilling martyrdom of Father Brebeuf and Father Lallemand on the 16th of March, 1649, by the same tribe was sketched at length. "They were the astonishment of their executioners."

Next followed a description of those "tartars of the wilderness" the Iroquois nation and an account of their conversion.

"Is it not the astonishment of the thinking world to find that many of the executioners of Brebeuf and Lallemand were made to forget their ferocity and embrace Christianity? The Iroquois were the most dreaded children of the forest. They were constantly warring on the French colonies, they had carried havoc far and near among the Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Petuns and the Neutrals. They had scattered and almost exterminated the Hurons and cruelly butchered their missionaries. For all that, Le Moyne, Danlon, Chaumonot and a score of others took their lives in their hands and ventured into the Iroquois cantons. In time they converted thousands among the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks. In 1708, when these French missionaries were forbid by English law to reside in the land of the "Five Nations," as the Iroquois were called, they could point to an Iroquois saint—Katerin Tagaguita—to Iroquois men and women fashioned to fixed habits of Christian virtue, to communities of Christians among the various tribes and to some thousands who had receded into Canada before the missionaries to form Christian communities there."

THEIR SACRIFICES.—Banished from English territory, the missionaries could go elsewhere and hazard their lives, as they had been doing daily for years. "Men defying the severity of climate, wading through water or through snows, without the comfort of fire, having no bread but pounded corn and often no food but the unwholesome moss from the rocks, men laboring incessantly, exposed to live, as it were, without nourishment, without a resting place" were not the men to turn back and give up disheartened. baffled at one point, they pushed forward in another direction.

"In the march of civilization advancing from the North towards the Great Lakes and the great valley below where were these intrepid French missionaries? Did religion follow at the heels of cupidity? Did the pioneer of Christianity keep up with the pioneer of trade and commerce? Did the missionary go hand in hand, side by side with the trader, or did he outstrip him? Bancroft claims that the missionary took the lead. 'Not a cape was turned, not a river entered but a Jesuit led the way.' That much at least can be said for one Jesuit. Far in advance of the oncoming columns of humanity slowly moving hitherwards marched James Marquette in solitary grandeur. He it was that kindled the torch whose beams, piercing the forest and flashing over lake and river, enabled those venturing amid the perilous glooms to pick their steps in the gray dawn of our American civilization."

FATHER MARQUETTE'S character, purpose and plans for the discovery of the great river were drawn from copious extracts of Father Marquette's letters written from La Point and St. Ignace, missions on Lake Superior, a thousand miles away from the habitations of civilized man, and also from the journal that Father Marquette kept of his famous exploration. The death of the missionary at Mackinaw and the solemn funeral that took place two years later, when some Ottawa Indians with a flotilla of thirty canoes conveyed the remains to their final resting place at the mission of St. Ignace at the head of Lake Michigan, were described.

"Our great historian predicted that the West would one day build a monument to Marquette. The West has built his monument. Under the dome of our glorious Capitol in the nation's Hall of Fame, among the worthies illustrious for historic renown," go and single out among the circling figures the grandest marble—it is James Marquette to the life, "a noble man, with a soul lifted up to God, a mind inflexibly bent to duty, a heart swelling with tenderness towards his fellow-creatures, so surely treading the pathway lighted to him by education and conscience that suffering, privation, danger, death could cause no shadow of turning it in; yet still the gentle, enthusiastic, generous man, beloved

among his fellows, the man to dare without flinching, to do without boasting the deeds that heroes do when heaven calls."

"In describing the famous statue Senator Vilas has delineated the character of Marquette. The State of Wisconsin did herself honor in honoring Marquette for his pure life, his writings and for his fame as the explorer of the Mississippi," since, according to the spokesman of that State, Senator Mitchell, he was the first white man to traverse its territory and write a description of it. He was the first to map out the confines of that State. He gave a name to the river after which Wisconsin is called, and on the soil of Wisconsin he planned his voyage of discovery.

"The Senate of the nation showed its wisdom in placing in our Capitol the statue of the faithful missionary whose work among the Indians and explorations within our borders in early days are recognized all over the civilized world."

APOSTOLIC SPIRIT.—The lecturer then showed that Marquette and the French missionaries ought to be credited with something more than the mere natural virtues of steadfast courage and utter self-sacrifice; that they drew their strength from the fact that they were priests imbued with the apostolic spirit of a Paul and a Xavier, battling for a great cause and feeling themselves especially called to carry out the mandate of the Great Teacher, "Go teach all nations;" that they were Jesuits standing at their posts in a spirit of enlightened obedience, even though they had to face death; that they were Frenchmen having an element of Celticism in their blood that prompted them to give themselves over to adventure for the very love of it.

Finally the lecturer showed that these French missionaries deserved renown more for their "work among the Indians" than for "explorations within our borders."

Citing a Celtic authority, the Chief Justice of England, from Lord Russell's definition of civilization, he proved that above any material contributions to civilization, is the work of looking after the poor and the suffering, the frank recognition of brotherhood regardless of race and incessant attention to the claims of justice towards all. French missionaries and their countrymen were just towards the Indians. They called them children and brothers and believed in the policy of conversion and amalgamation. The policy of the English was to neglect the Indians and extirpate them. It is a long cry from St. Pius V. to the missionaries of Florida in 1685 to the eloquent appeal of Archbishop Ryan in 1896. The voice of the Church has ever rung clear for justice and generosity and charity towards the Indians. If the fruit of their labors is not seen in this country as in Canada, it is not the fault of the missionaries; it is our fault. This country received from the English colonists a wretched legacy of cruelty towards the Redskins. Through cruel wars and broken treaties and changing policies the Indian has almost been exterminated and the policy pursued by the good wrought so successfully by the French missionaries has been brought to naught. By their fruits we may not know them, yet of them it must be said, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

With the Scientists.

ABOUT AIRSHIPS.—The offer of a prize of \$200,000 for a successful airship to be shown at the St. Louis fair has brought out many competitors with widely different ideas. One of the latest inventors hails from South Bend, Ind., and in the operation of his airship he will use what he calls the "cyclonic force." This consists of a series of lifting-wheels located at each side of the body of the vessel, and operated on vertical tubes in the aerial wings, thereby obtaining mechanically the effect of a bird's feathers and wings when in motion. The inventor says the wings will be stationary and serve as aerial planes, while the wheels perform the lifting force. The longitudinal movement is produced in the same manner, thereby forming what he terms a continuous "cyclonic" effect in advance of the travel of the vessel. It is declared that by this method any air currents not favorable to the travel of the vessel are destroyed and conformed to the needs of safety in high speed. The inventor bases all his hopes of success on the "lifting-wheels." There will be eighty-eight of them on the ship, forty-four on each side, and they will be made of aluminum. The ship will be shaped like a cigar, and the speed motion will be produced by wheels located

in two tubes, running the full length of the machine and located in the centre. The engine will be constructed of aluminum and will be steel lined. It will be novel in that it will be a rotary engine, which will allow the hull to travel in one direction while the disk runs in another.

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KELLY, BURKE and SHEA.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES BY DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, MONTREAL. Written for the TRUE WITNESS, by Special Request.

Here and there, in the great mass of Irish literature, will occasionally occur one line, one passage, or even an entire verse; simple, perhaps, in thought and language, but so "true to type," and racy of the soil, or people, that it will at once arrest attention, and command the admiration of every student and lover of Irish character. To illustrate my meaning, I may be pardoned if I quote from Davis in the "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh":

"Sure we never won a battle; 'twas Owen won them all!"

And Duffy in "The Rapparees": "O never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still; While Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill; And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these— May God be good and kind to them, the faithful Rapparees!"

The fearless Rapparees! The jewel were you Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Note how deliciously Irish is the terminal line. Again: McGee, when he says:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still Roused consciousness upon my track; Some hill was like an Irish hill; Some wild bird's whistle called me back."

Lavelle also shows the Celtic master hand in "The County of Mayo," when he exclaims:

"'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrull still, And that Brian Duff no longer rules as lord upon the hill, And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low, And I sailing, sailing wacifrom the County of Mayo!"

Boyle O'Reilly, too, in "My Native Land," when he utters with all the fervor of his strong soul these words:

"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief! My land that has no peer in all the sea For verdure, vale, or river, flower, or leaf— If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me."

But for an absolutely perfect study of the Irishman, transplanted to the United States, I have never yet seen anything to surpass the verses entitled "Kelly, Burke and Shea," written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, an Irish American journalist, and which poem first appeared in the New York Sun. We can imagine the scene. Three Irishmen, Kelly, Burke and Shea, have met for the purpose of having a drink and smoke together, and Shea, who is known as "the scholar," has begun to read from a newspaper the account of the Maine disaster, which has just occurred in the harbor of Havana. Shea is evidently an Irishman of the calm, studious and careful type, and apparently begins at the beginning, namely, the head-lines, but, with true Irish anxiety, his companions wish at once to ascertain whether any of their friends, or countrymen have suffered death or injury by the explosion, for both men cry aloud with one voice—"Read out the names," and when Shea has gone over the list, they learn that discovery leads to many interesting reminiscences of the "fighting race."

Every incident and recollection is intensely Irish. Witness, for instance, in the second verse—"Wherever there's Kelly's there's trouble," said Burke; the former gentleman accepts the implied compliment, and adds a little more on his own account and that of the Kelly family in question, which, Hibernian-like, offends Burke, who exclaims, "and do we fall short?" Then Shea, unwilling to allow the Kellys and Burkes the entire monopoly of the subject, takes a hand in the game, and recalls memories of the American civil war and the charge up Mary's heights. The scene is then changed to Vinegar Hill, where the poet very delicately dyes the insurgents' pike with Hessian instead of Saxon or yeoman blood. And soon the effect of three or four good "stiff" toasts become apparent, for now Shea, who is well versed in the history of "The Brigade," sees passing before his mental vision, as in a haze, the fields of Fontenoy, Ramilies, Cremona, Lille and Ghent, where Celtic steel hewed down the ranks of many a brave array, but his voice sinks as he tells of Waterloo and Dargai. However, Irish-Americans tho' they be, they cannot refuse a tribute of admiration for the gallant soldiers of their race, no matter upon what field, or for what cause their blood is spilt. "Well, here's to good, honest fightin' blood,"

"O! the fightin' races don't die out, For love is first in their hearts no doubt."

Primarily they fall in love, this being the first instinct; get married; another generation; then "off to the wars," leaving the young Kellys et al to grow up and follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The name of the Archangel is Michael, and he wears a sword; and the two good proofs of his nationality, and proud he must be when the battle-dead are mustered from every land, for there they stand, the Kellys, Burkes and Sheas, three deep, extending from Jehosaphat, and all headed, of course, in the right direction (*thigun thu*), namely, the Golden Gate, and the final toast is a general paean of rejoicing, which is most fervently Celtic, and characteristic of an Irish digress—"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Gold is always sold at \$20.87 a fine ounce. In Massachusetts the average farm is 63.4 acres.

The hens of New Jersey produce more than \$2,000,000 per annum. Tea is the principal item of through freight on the Trans-Siberian railway.

Louisiana sells seven to eight million dollars of cotton seed products from each crop. An electrical bedwarmer is now made. The current is run through a coil of asbestos-covered wire placed in the bed.

Elihu Thompson, the well-known inventor, has devised an apparatus for welding of the edges of metal sheets, under pressure, by electrical heating.

The railway interest employs more men and distributes more money than any other interest except agriculture. One from each 15 able-bodied men is employed directly or indirectly by the railways.

A shower bath, with facilities for bathing 200 boys per day, which was placed in one of the New York city public school buildings, is very popular. A boy is given 15 min-

KELLY, BURKE AND SHEA.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back, And Kelly drooped his head, While Shea they call him scholar Jack— Wer't down the list of dead, Officers, seamen, gunners, marines, The crew of the gig and the yawl, The bearded man, and the lad in his teens, Carpenters, coal-passers, all Then shaking the ashes from out of his pipe, Said Burke in an off-hand way, "We're all in the dead-hand list, by cripe! Kelly and Burke and Shea!" "Well, here's to the Maine, And I'm sorry for Spain," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys, there's trouble," said Burke, "Wherever fighting's the game," "Or a spice of danger in grown-man's work," Said Kelly, "You'll find my name," "And do we fall short?" said Burke, getting mad, "When it's touch and go for life?" "It's thirty odd years," said Shea, "bedad, "Since I charged to drum and fife Up Mary's heights, and my ould canteen Stopt a rebel ball on its way! There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green, Kelly and Burke and Shea, But the dead didn't brag. Well, here's to the flag," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place," Said Burke, "that we'd die by right In the cradle of our soldier race, After one good stand up fight, My grandfather fell at Vinegar Hill, And fightin' was not his trade, But his rusty pike's in the cabin still, With Hessian blood on the blade," "Aye! Aye!" said Kelly, "the pikes were great When the word was clear the way. We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight, Kelly and Burke and Shea," "Well, here's to the pike, and the sword, and the like," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy, Said, "e were at Ramilies, We left our bones at Fontenoy, And up in the Pyrenees, Before Dunkirk, on Landen's Plain, Cremona, Lille, and Ghent, We're all over Austria, France and Spain, We've died for England from Waterloo To Egypt and Dargai, And still there's enough of a corps or crew, Of Kelly and Burke and Shea," Well, "Here's to good honest fightin' blood," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh! the fightin' races don't die out, If they seldom die in bed, For love is first in their hearts, no doubt," Said Burke; then Kelly said: "When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands— The Angel with the sword, And the battle dead from a hundred lands Are ranged in one big horde, Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits, Will! stretch three deep that day, From Jehosaphat to the golden gates, Kelly and Burke and Shea" Well! "Here's thank God for the race and the sod!" Said Kelly and Burke Shea.

utes in which to undress, wash and dress.

The experimental underground electric railway of Paris, which, although but eight and three-fourths miles in length, handles 140,000 fares a day, has been so satisfactory that two important branches will be added to it during the current year.

The chief feature of the apparatus is that it will cut through a drift of crusted and packed snow about as easily as an ordinary plow removes a light drift. This is accomplished by first disintegrating the ice and snow with the revolving cutters, mounted in the mouth of the plow, after which it is an easy matter to dispose of the small pieces.

The glass pavement laid last year in Paris has proved so satisfactory that it is to be used on a number of its busiest streets. The vitreous paving stones are made of powdered glass, which is baked until it becomes almost fluid, then compressed by hydraulic machines, and cut into cubes to facilitate the laying process. The danger from horses slipping and falling on it is no greater than on asphalt pavements.

Humours of Life!

AN ARTIFICIAL EYE.—A few days since a traveller for an optical instrument house called at a local optician's place, and, while exhibiting his samples, produced a box of imitation eyes, and began to descant upon their superiority. While enlarging pompously upon the beauty of his goods, a little man broke in with: "You may talk about your goods being the finest in the market, but can you prove your assertions? No, sir, you cannot. Just look at this left eye of mine if you would see perfection." The optical man examined it closely, and, with a half sneer in his voice, asked: "Where did you get that eye?" "Got it in Birmingham." "Well, sir, I can assure you that you didn't get it from our house." "No, I got it at another place." "Exactly, such botchwork as that is never allowed to leave our factory. The least defect of an eye condemns it, and yours is full of blemishes. In the first place, it is too light a shade to match the other one, and anyone can see that it is of a size too small for you. Again, it is not natural in its appearance. It will deceive no one. Its artificial points creep out on every side, and it has not one single aspect of the natural eye. How long have you worn it?" "Ever since I can remember. You see I was born in Birmingham, and this eye was born with me. It's a natural one, and a mighty good one too." The eye man picked up his samples and quietly faded from view.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—A laborer who one morning lately started work with a local builder, and he had been getting some very heavy lifts, went to the foreman and asked if he had told him his name. "Yes," said the foreman; "you said your name was Tamson." "Oh," exclaimed the laborer; "I thought may be you imagined I said Samson."

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.—The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seedy-looking poet who wandered into a newspaper office venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering. "Give me your address," said the editor. "That, sir," was the frank reply, "depends entirely on yourself." "On yourself?" said the astonished editor. "How so?" "Well, you see," went on the unabashed poet, "it's this way: if you take the poem my address will remain 77, King Street; if you don't take it I shall have no address. My landlady is a woman of her word."

TIT FOR TAT.—Tess: I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her sewing society—that you would not join because it was too full of stupid nobodies. Jess: Did you? What did she think of it? Tess: She said you were mistaken—that there was always room for one more.

CLOSE THE SCHOOL.—Papa: Is the teacher satisfied with you? Toby: Oh, quite. Papa: Did he tell you so? Toby: Yes; after a close examination he said to me the other day, "If all my scholars were like you I would shut up my school this very day!" That shows that I know enough.

JOHNNIE'S ANSWER.—"What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "Men," answered Johnny. "Correct," said the teacher. "And what is the plural of child?" "Twins," was the unexpected answer.

THE LAST STRAW.—A gentleman who went to reside with some relatives outlived his welcome, but continued to stay on. Too polite to openly remonstrate, his host threw out a gentle hint. "Don't you think, my dear fellow," he said, "that your wife and children will be missing you?" "Ah, they will, no doubt; thanks for the suggestion. I'll send for them," was the astounding reply.

FAST TRAINS.—Mark Twain is in town with a sad tale of woe; incidentally, with a badly cut hand. It is a new tale, he says, and "it's not so very funny, either."

He arrived from Elmira yesterday, where he says he had a hair-breadth adventure with an express train, which nearly put an end to his "perpetual existence."

Mr. Clemens boarded a Madison avenue car soon after his arrival from the Erie railroad station in Jersey City. He was looking at his right hand, which showed evidence of rough usage. He held it in his left hand.

"It is for being over-strenuous," he was heard to say, "but I'm glad I caught the train."

'What's the trouble, Mr. Clemens?' asked a friend who happened to be on the car.

"Trouble? There's lots of trouble in my family at this moment," the humorist answered, giving his bruised hand at gentle squeeze with his left. "I have just come down from Elmira. It's a great place to keep away from in winter! Well, just to show the kind of a place it is express trains passing through it never stop long enough to see whether a fellow gets on or not.

"Yesterday an express train was passing through the village—I don't know just how fast it was going—but it was going fast enough to kick up the dust.

"The driver of the carriage which I had hired when I first reached town and had not been able to lose, try as I would, said it was my train, and we had just a minute to drive to the station to get it.

"Whoop her up!" I said, and with a queer kind of smile the driver whooped her up, and we went sailing. It was the fleetest animal I had ever sat behind, and by far the worst. She didn't trot. She didn't run. She whizzed. We made the station just as the train was pulling out.

"I was going to catch that train if I had to lose a leg, or an eye or an ear. I was determined to lose something and catch the train. I made a leap from the carriage and a hop for the train, and before I knew it my right foot got mixed up with my left, and a second later my face touched the rail the train had just passed over. I was up in another second, running down the tracks yelling for the brakeman to wait a minute. He must have thought I was Prince Henry or Grover Cleveland, for he immediately pulled the bell and the train stopped.

"I had caught the train and still had the leg. I lost my hat and lost my coat, and I came out on top save for the cuts in my hand."

And here the humorist squeezed his right hand with his left, said he had reached his destination, and left the car.—New York Journal.

Something new

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Fowler's automatic draft regulator, regular draft at all times, no over heated furnace, no burning out of grates, no escaping gases in cellar or room. For 7 in pipe \$3.50. A great coal and trouble saver.

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Katherine C. Munson, of Winthrop, Mass., has invented a snow plow which has practical advantages recommending it to the use of railways and street car lines.

IT MAY be of interest to the readers at this season to give a brief biographical sketch of some of the sons of the city by

"The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,"

who have illustriously distinguished themselves in the great republic of letters and art.

Are they not a galaxy of talent, a brilliant assembly of poets, nineteenth century dramatists, scholars, painters and sculptors, all citizens, native products of the city of Saints Finbarre and Nesson,—"Corcaglae Civitas," which the great St. Bernard often mentions—foremost among whom, in point of celebrity, stands "Father Prout."

Born in 1804 Francis Mahony was educated in the Jesuit establishment of St. Acheul in Amiens. After his ordination he officiated in his native city and in London before quitting his sacred calling for a literary career. About his thirtieth

In deep-valled Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains,
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As live some young child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all brightning,
When the tempest flings out its red banners of lightning,
And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?
How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,

ty Father Arthur O'Leary, Father Matthews' predecessor in the Capuchin Friary of Blackmoor Lane near the Southgate Bridge.

Then we have among a host of poets and scholars, John O'Driscoll, the historian; Thomas Sheehan, to whose memory as an uncompromising advocate of popular rights, his fellow-citizens erected a handsome monument in St. Joseph's cemetery, where he lies buried; James Roche, dubbed by Father Prout "the Roscoe of Cork;" and that illustrious prelate of great research and scholarly attainments, the Rt. Rev. John England, Catholic bishop of Charleston, U.S., and John Augustus Shea, author of "Rudekki," "The Lament of Helas," and other poems, and who subsequently became connected with the American press; P. J. Meagher, author of "Zedechias" and several other poems; and these once celebrated public men, John Francis Maguire, for some years member of Parliament for his native city, and author of "Rome, Its Rulers and Its Institutions," and other works; John George MacCarthy, M.P., author of "Henry Gratian" and numerous other subjects; Denny Lane, a master of arts, a distinguished scholar, and author of that pretty and popular ballad, "Carrigdown;" and Thomas Crosbie, late editor of the "Cork Examiner," and eminent journalist of broad views and ripe scholarship—not to mention those still living,—Judge Matthew, recently appointed Lord Chief Justice of Appeal (English); the senior occupant of the Bench; Justin McCarthy, and Lord Justice Henry Collins, lately appointed Master of the Rolls.

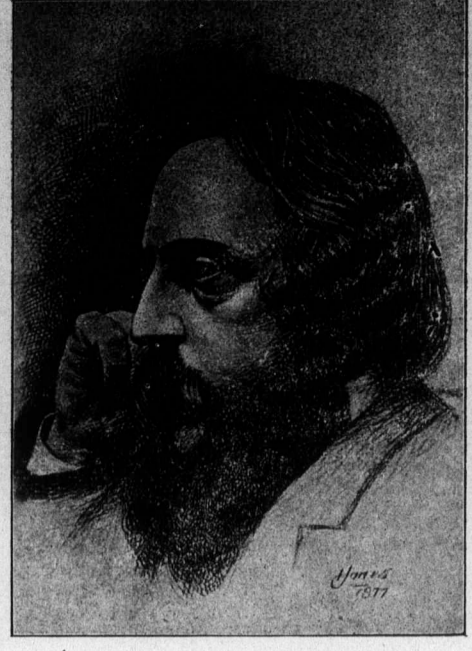
And there are the artists who, by brush and chisel, have reached the pinnacle of fame. First, Rogers, as he is the first Cork artist on record. He has been given the distinctive and distinguished title of the Father of Landscape painting in Ireland. His works are rare—only to be met with occasionally in collections. John Butts was a pupil of his, who, however, seemed to reflect little credit on himself or his master. He was more or less a plagiarist, largely copying or borrowing from Poussin and others; he lived in great distress, and has been known, in order to relieve the pressing needs of a numerous family, to paint a large picture in a few hours.

What the world of art has lost by the death of Samuel Ford, at the extremely early age of twenty-three, may be guessed from the fact that all his drawings were greatly admired by Sir David Wilkie even if his "Fall of the Angels" does not bear living testimony to his extraordinary genius. His untimely death must indeed ever be deplored.

Daniel Maclise is a name to conjure with. Who is it that has not derived endless pleasure and interest from those great masterpieces of his in which his genius shines forth? They attest his splendid talents, and unique artistic acquisitions.

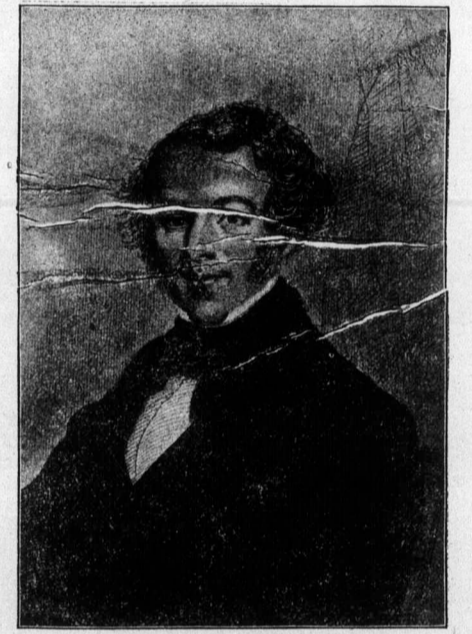
Though born amid the squalid surroundings of a lane in that quarter called Blackpool, lying on the north-east side of the city of Cork; James Barry, in 1866, was buried in the crypt under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, amid the pomp and circumstance of magnificent greatness. And James Barry deserved all honor. By force of character, great natural endowment of talent, and determination, he raised himself to the top of his profession. At seventeen his success as a painter in oils was as good as assured. At twenty he exhibited, in Dublin, his picture, "St. Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel." The great Edmund Burke saw the work at the time, and proclaimed its merits, with the result that Barry was invited to London by his patrons, and subsequently through the great statesman's generosity was enabled to perfect his studies in Rome. On this head we shall close by noting an illustrious Corkman who at the present hour stands acknowledged as one of the masters of the age. It is Thaddens, who has painted in addition to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, the Khedive of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone, the Abbe Liszt, Duchess of York, and other prominent people.

And now to conclude this article we shall lightly sketch the career



Denny Lane.

of one who as a sculptor must rank as a very Angelo among his fellows of the profession. The fruits of his prodigious talent make an irresistible claim on the polite attention of the learned visitors to the city of his birth. Disliking the drudgery of a solicitor's office, John Hogan was apprenticed to an eminent architect and thus found a calling con-



John Augustus Shea,

genial to his tastes. His figure of "Minerva," which may be seen over the door of the Exchange Insurance office on the South Mall, Cork, was what first brought him into promi-



Henry Jones (Thaddens.)

nence as a sculptor. A very fine specimen of his work is "The Guardian Angel" in St. Joseph's Cemetery, in the same city; also the large mural sculpture representing "The Re-

Home Rule!

Like a widowed queen, lamenting
Midst the ruins of the past,
In the gloom of desolation,
O'er the Verdant Island cast,
Sits poor weary, waiting Erin,
Gazing down the Future's vast.

Years of famine marr'd her beauty;
Years of struggle wore her frame;
Years of bitter disappointment,
Almost crush'd ambition's flame;
Vanished hopes and shattered greatness
Robb'd her of all heart and aim.

All she asks is simple justice—
Right to exercise her right;
Let disunion's hydra perish,
Let her sons for once unite,
And the daylight of her future—
Must succeed her lengthy night.

Grant her now "Home Rule's" blessing;
Snap in twain oppression's rod;
Soon the bloom of glorious spring-time
Will bedeck her verdant sod,
And, in gratitude, she'll offer
A "Te Deum" unto God.

—J. K. FORAN.

An Irish Story

Boyle of Boyleagh had an only daughter the Princess Irene, famed by land and sea for her beauty. Her mother had died a few hours after her birth, so the child's care and training was the father's, and no work could better please a prince. At an early age she had been taught to ride the fleetest steed in Ireland, sent by an uncle in the Spanish service, as a showing of his prowess against the Moors.

The fame of the Princess having gone forth, from her father's court to every corner of Erin and to the rest of Europe, each month brought a suitor and retinue to bear away the prize. Each suitor sang of his own land, and boasted of his princely line and deeds of valor done, but the Princess heeded them not. At length there came to Boyle's court a wandering Celtic minstrel. It was a day of feast and song called Patrick's Day, after the famed apostle of Erin. Knights and ladies fair from many climes were there to speak sweet words to the Princess, whose birthday it was. The wandering minstrel asked to string his harp and sing a song of his own fair land before the Princess and her guests. The Prince laughed at the rugged, unkempt wanderer's requesting to join the gay throng and compete with the masters of song; but the Princess spoke, "Shall foreign minstrels sing my praise, and no son of Erin strike the harp? Let this wandering Celtic minstrel be the last bard to do me honor." After all the great minstrels had shown their art to the Princess, she called the bard of Erin. With all the grace of a prince he approached her, bending the knee and singing—

"Why leave the fair land of Erin to wander afar?"

"Why leave its grey skies where the lark sings for thee what angels have told him?"

"Why leave the green valley so soft to thy feet, its daisies and butter-cups laughing for thee?"

"Why leave the hills that have watched thy childhood? Sweeter they grow with the years!"

"Why leave the babbling streams that first told thee of song? The noise of foreign rivers will make thy heart long for the streams of thy childhood."

"Why leave thy mother's green grave for stranger hands to tend? Can you carry it over the sea? How lonely the stranger's care."

"Why leave the princes of Erin, who hang on thy words and vow by thy purity, for strangers who seek but thy beauty? Beauty dies, its shell is everywhere. Love alone is lasting. Mark! thy minstrel sings a warning before departing."

Extract from an article "With the Irish Fairies," by Walter Lecky.



Justin McCarthy.

year we find him contributing to "Fraser's Magazine" a series of papers, which have since been collected and published under the title "The Reliques of Father Prout." Subsequently he became the Roman correspondent of the London "Daily News." The last eight years of his checkered life were spent in Paris, where he died in 1866. Polished, elegant, witty, and genial, "Father Prout" was a versatile genius, whose quaint sayings are as well known as was his goodness of heart, sincere. Needless to observe, "Father Prout" has immortalized in verse the Bells of Shandon, and the Blarney Stone. He was buried in the family vault in the old churchyard under those Bells of which he sang so sweetly.

Another child of Nature and of that "Island Fayre" which Spencer sings of, who was touched with the "Muse's madness" was Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, whose restless spirit led him from Maynooth, to Trinity College, and afterwards to disappointment, severance of all family ties, pecuniary embarrassment and distress and lastly to the arduous duties of a tutor away down in Lisbon, where he died in the year of Irish Catholic Emancipation, and the thirty-fourth of his age. He is the author of the "Recluse of Inchidony" and many other poems. His lyrical compositions might rank with those of the best of his period. Has Scott ever penned anything finer than the following lines by Callanan on Gougane Barra:

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow,

And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion!"

Indeed Callanan's greatest delight was to wander among the glens and mountain sides of the west, and glean from the peasantry the legends and ballads still preserved among them.

If brilliant genius, cultured wit, fancy, and humor are the essentials of greatness in literature, surely Cork produced in William Maginn one of the most notable men of the age. As a Greek scholar he was considered the equal of Porson, and was certainly one of the most distinguished contributors to the periodical literature of his time. In 1819 he commenced contributing to "Blackwood's Magazine," his "Sir Morgan O'Doherty" papers, prose and verse. They made a great hit, and four years afterwards Maginn left Cork to permanently reside in London. Sad that the latter years of such a genius should have been spent in intemperance, which eventually brought its usual consequences. From consumption, and in poverty, Maginn died at the age of forty-seven.

It is no little pride and honor for a city to lay indisputable claim to being the birthplace of the greatest dramatists of modern times. James Sheridan Knowles, who died in 1862, lived in his native city, Cork, until his twenty-first year. And there is Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, hailing from the "Marsh;" and Henry Bennett in the first rank of humorists; and the wit-

The Best S

A lecturer in Dublin marked that "the best schools was that directed by Irish mother's knee." high, but not undeserving the power of maternal world over. There is no parent, no school like influences, next to religion by side with patriotism of domestic ones. A chided by these three influences carved out under these ations, must be an ide

Saint Louis, Monarch that "King among Saint among Kings," that his motto was:—and Margaret" (his St. Francis de Sales, called "the sweetest savior," says in one of discourses: "We owe God, to our country, our friends. . . ."

Now what does all this mean? Simply that the highest best intellects of the agreed that each individual have three objects on should expend all the his heart and soul—religion and home ties—being represented by particular standing others and shining as a contemporary writer of patriotism: "We make love of country a love and race, and in a part that supreme passion pure heart exalts one of the ranks of its own people and share with intense devotion of all its soul." Woman in the either mother, sister, or alone fulfill this role. She "symbolize and share with (and religion) the intense of his being and soul." great privilege and great responsibility. She a great destiny and a weighty duty to discharge.

We come back to the with which we started of all schools—a mother is the duty of mothers the rising generation if they should go. This is which we hear much work, but let it never be that the greatest of work is home-making. Women happy enough to possess their own are privileged beyond words in having sphere of influence in which Many women have no home, and can never look having them. It has been otherwise for them. To sell on home-making is only addressed in bits to them other words mentioned on other occasions day it is to the home-maker who actually have home ones about them, that are addressed. "Home is where mothers dwell." Wifely, what a significant is.

The Faith would have Ireland during the Penal for months at a time never saw a priest, if Ireland had not taught their prayers. "Our hope is in of the country." Let this be lost sight of, and let mentary truth be borne with equal clearness that ing of the youth lies al in the hands of the w

Home Rule!

...dowed queen, lamenting the ruins of the past, ...om of desolation, ...Verdant Island east, ...weary, waiting Erin, ...down the Future's vast.

The Best School!

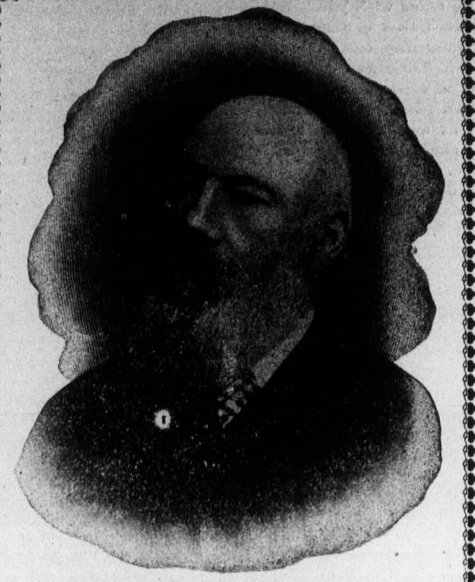
A lecturer in Dublin recently remarked that "the best of all Irish schools was that directed beside an Irish mother's knee."

Irish Story

Boylagh had an only the Princess Irene, famed sea for her beauty. Her died a few hours after the child's care and as the father's, and no better please a prince.

The Domestic Circle.

MUTUAL ESTEEM.—For some time past a copious correspondence has been appearing in many of the leading newspapers on the subject of Matrimony.



THOMAS CROSBIE, see "Irish Litterateurs."

The Songs We Sing

Prof. James Reiley, of Muncie, Ind., in his lecture before the Catholic Winter School, at New Orleans, La., on "The Songs We Sing— an Index of Our Character," contrasted the songs of twenty years ago with those of to-day, and said that we do not sing any more of home and the home life as of yore.

Prison Reform.

The experiments undertaken in Louisiana some years ago of colonizing the less hardened criminals upon farms has been attended by gratifying results thus far. The State constitution adopted in 1898 provided that after the expiration of the leases then in force no convicts should be hired out to private contractors.

FAT NERVES.

A whirl of excitement was recently caused in the scientific world by the news that the mystery of nerve action has been solved. It is announced that healthy nerves are fat nerves—and that it is the fat in the core of the nerve which is sensitive and by hardening and softening creates nerve action.

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NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its present session by the Lake Champlain & St. Lawrence Ship Canal Company for an act declaring the corporate powers of the Company to be in full force and extending the time for the completion of the construction of the Canal and amending the Company's Act in such respects as may be necessary for its purposes.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 9th March, 1902:—Males 384, females 68. Irish 254, French 162, English 23. Scotch and other nationalities 13. Total 452. All had night's lodgings and breakfast.

NOTICE.

The Montreal & Southern Counties Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its present session, for an act extending the delay for the construction of its Railway, enabling the Company to use any motive power; to make connections with other railways on the Island of Montreal and elsewhere; to make agreements with other companies; to construct, maintain and operate vessels, vehicles, elevators, warehouses, docks, wharves and other buildings, and to dispose of the same, and amending the Company's Act in such respects as may be necessary for its purposes.

LAJOIE & LACOSTE,

Attorneys for the Company. Montreal, Feb. 8th, 1902.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 855.—Dame Emma Savage, of the parish of St. Martin, District of Montreal, has this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, J. Pierre Marchildon, of the same place.

PICHE & CORDEAU,

Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 17th Feb., 1902.

SAVE

YOUR EMPTY BAGS. Users of BROSIE'S XXX Self-Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in splendid gilt frame, 12 inches x 18 inches.

GIFTS TO CHARITY.

James Dick, the Scotch rubber importer and manufacturer, who died recently in Glasgow, left \$5,000,000 to charities of that city.

CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Peals, Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get-one price, McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Baltimore, Md.

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Advertisement for Glasgow Woollen Co. featuring a machine and a pair of socks. Text includes: 'To Work at Their Homes Under the Direction of The GLASGOW WOOLLEN CO. 37 MELINDA ST., TORONTO. To Fill Large Contracts—Good Wages Easily Earned. We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple, and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide, requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of workers let us hear from you promptly with the Contract, order form, and remittance, as a guarantee, and we will send machine and outfit to begin work at once.'

OUR METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS

We wish to secure the services of families to do knitting for us in their homes. Our method is the same as adopted in England. We are the introducers of this plan and the largest knitting concern in Canada. After long experience, we have been able to produce an Automatic Machine by which all kinds of seamless knitting is now done by our Family Machine, thereby enabling anyone of ordinary intelligence to quickly learn to work from the instruction Guide. All we require is that you use the machine according to directions. The Machine being made expressly for this purpose, and the operation so simple, it cannot possibly make a mistake in its work. The great demand now is for Bicycle Stockings, Woodmen's Socks, and Motormen's Mittens, and as we are unable to supply the demand, have taken this method of advertising for more help. The large export trade to the North-west Territories, British Columbia, and the British Colonies, furnishes an unlimited demand for our goods, and, with the combined operation of the many families we are employing, together with the large amount of knitting we are able to turn out by which we save rents, insurance, interest on capital, etc., enables us to undersell any manufacturers of this class of goods, and we have sale for all the knitting we can have turned out. The price we pay for finished bicycle stockings is \$10.00 per hundred, or at the rate of 10c per pair; woodmen's socks, 5c, and motormen's mittens, 15c a pair. All other work in proportion to size. The machine can be operated by any one of a family, and at our prices any energetic family should be able to sustain themselves comfortably, and in time be a source of independent comfort. Our plan is to send out each machine to beginners with a sock or stocking partially knitted, and remaining in the machine ready to be continued, and also enough yarn to knit one pair of simple socks or stockings and a simple and complete instruction Guide, showing how the work is to be done. When the samples have been finished and returned to us satisfactory, we send a quantity of yarn, which you knit and return likewise when finished. We prepay charges on all work one way, and our workers pay return charges. The work, as we have stated, is simple and readily done, the machine having a capacity of ten thousand stitches a minute. We have many persons now in our employ who can knit from twenty-five to thirty pairs of socks or stockings a day, and where the time of a family is devoted to the work, you can readily see that \$15.00 or \$20.00 per week can be easily earned. We furnish our workers all the materials, yarn, etc., free, and everything that is necessary for the work. We are furnishing the machines only for the exclusive use of those desiring to take employment with us, who must, in order to become a member, send us this Contract Order Form, properly signed by them, and at least one good reference, and remittance accordingly, to give us the necessary assurance that the quantities of valuable yarn we may send from time to time will not be wasted or misappropriated. Our interests are mutual, and this confidence must be established if we are to succeed. We guarantee fair dealing and prompt payment for work, so do not ask us to deviate from our terms, as we cannot make a distinction with one and not another; besides, we are doing an extensive business, and must be governed by business principles. The manufactured price of the machine is \$15, and positively will not be sold to any others than those who will agree to do knitting for us. If at any time after you commence, and have done an amount of work equal to the purchase price, and wish to discontinue, we will take back machine, and refund the amount paid for same, after deducting cost of our expenses only. Large Demand by the Trade for this class of work. Our workers can depend upon it year after year, and if you engage with us (whole or spare time) we will keep you supplied with work as long as you do it satisfactorily for us and return it promptly. We entrust our workers with large quantities of valuable yarn, and as we give

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER COMPANY.

MONTREAL TRUE WITNESS.

PUBLISHED
—BY—
PERMISSION
OF
B. HERDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

AN HISTORICAL
ROMANCE
—OF THE—
Times of
Queen
Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,
By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

when there were plenty of underhand goings on. But yesterday one of Walsingham's creatures, one of his craftiest spies, I know the fox, slipped into this room. I happened to come up just as he was writing down your names and the piece of Latin from the picture over the chimney piece there. I need hardly say I sent him about his business pretty quickly, and dismissed the girl that same day, to whom he was paying court, for the sake of worming things out on the sly; for I loathe from the bottom of my soul these sneaks and tale-bearers. Now, good sirs, I do not for a moment credit you with seriously cherishing any design against crown or country, for no man in his senses would look for conspirators among jolly fellows like you, of whom, alas! merry England cannot now boast as many as in days of yore. With your permission however, gentlemen, let me remind you that the laws now-a-days are very sharp and severe, and the Lord Chief Justice would think nothing of twisting an ugly rope out of harmless henden strands. Of course, I should get into trouble too, but I will not speak of that. To make an end; I thought it my duty to warn you, that Walsingham certainly has his eye on you, and for your own sakes I should much rather you should observe less secrecy about your meetings here. Again craving your indulgence, gentlemen, in all submission, I beg you to think over my well meant warning."

So saying, he tossed off his glass, made the nearest approach to a bow that his obesity permitted, and left the apartment. When the door had closed behind him, we sat for a moment in silence, looking inquiringly at one another. Then Babington struck the table with his first, and said, with a forced laugh: "Well, good friends, what of this? We might have known that sooner or later Walsingham would get wind of our enterprise, but we have no reason to think that he is aware of its object."

"Probably not," observed Henry Donne, dryly, "but the hounds are on the scent."

"And before they run us to earth, we shall have reached our goal; the illustrious Queen, the fairest and noblest of her race, born to inherit the crown of England, will be free, will have fled with us to the continent, and our names will be inscribed on our country's annals in letters of gold."

"Or we shall be branded as traitors, and our heads impaled on stakes on London Bridge," Donne quietly replied to Babington's enthusiastic outburst.

"What?" continued the latter, "is the first semblance of difficulty to overthrow the plan we have pledged ourselves to, as a breath overturns a child's house of cards? Did we not take into account the chance of failure, when we resolved to liberate the captive queen? He who would win fame's highest prize, must be prepared to hold his life cheap."

"Far be it from me to risk my life, and what is dearer to me, a time-honored name and the happiness of my young wife, for the sake of earthly glory," Tichbourne replied with great gravity. "I counted it my duty to pledge myself for the liberation of the Queen of Scots, hoping that this might be the means of upholding the Catholic Faith in England. That was my only motive in joining this chivalrous enterprise, and I am fully resolved to keep my word if, as we have stipulated, the plan appears feasible. For in so important a matter we must not trust to chance. That would not be courage, but simple madness, and the failure of the undertaking would not only be sure perdition for ourselves, but the prisoner herself would be involved in our fate."

We all declared that we agreed with him, and only on this condition were we prepared to venture our lives and our property in the attempt to which we had pledged ourselves.

Babington then explained how amongst his friends and tenants at Chartley, he would have no difficulty in raising a body of 200 men to liberate the prisoner by force of arms, if need be.

"And if the plan succeeds," asked

Salisbury, "how are we to get the queen over to France?"

"There are two ways open to us," Babington replied. "One is through Lancashire by the Wash, where in the little port of Fossdyke I have made the acquaintance of an old fisherman, who would let me have his smack for £100. Of course I did not tell him what I wanted it for, he thinks it is a love affair. Or perhaps it would be safer to go westward to the Mersey, or through Lancashire to Formby or Southport; for Catholics are a majority in Lancashire, and if we were pursued, we could reckon upon help there. Nothing will be easier than to find the owner of some vessel who is willing to let us have his bark and his services for a good price, to sail southwards round the English coast, or northwards round the Scottish coast, and land us on the shores of Normandy. The distance to the sea is much the same whether we go to Lancashire or Lancashire, about sixty miles, and could be covered in 10 or 12 hours, provided fresh horses are ready at three halting places at least."

After a long consultation as to which route should be adopted, we finally decided upon going through Lancashire. It was longer, but the one which we should be less likely to be thought to have taken. Only two of us were to escort the queen, while the others were to fly in the opposite direction, in the hope of putting our pursuers on a false scent. It remained to determine who was to accompany the queen besides Babington, to whom, as our leader, the place of honor was naturally given. For this we cast lots; the lot fell upon Salisbury, an ardent, resolute young fellow. He promised at once to execute the instructions: namely, to acquaint himself thoroughly with the road from Chartley to Formby, and ascertain at what places a relay of horses could be obtained. Barnwell was to go with him, for he had friends residing on the Lancashire coast, and knew a good Catholic skipper, who had already smuggled several priests out of the country, and might be induced to lend his services in this instance.

So far all had, so we imagined, been wisely considered. It was, of course, impossible to fix the time when the venture was to be made, as it was necessary to await a favorable opportunity. Still we were all of opinion that it must not be indefinitely postponed, because on the one hand the queen was now in such evil care, and on the other, Walsingham would be certain to put a spoke into our wheel, if it were true that he had got wind of our project. Whether this really were so Babington undertook to discover on the morrow, when he was going to see him about Topcliffe's behaviour at Woxindon, as well as to speak on behalf of the two prisoners. We warned him to be on his guard, for Walsingham was known to be the most crafty, and unscrupulous politician to be found not only in England, but in Europe. He said there was no fear that he would let himself be hoodwinked, and when I repeated my caution, he told me I had better go with him. This, at the wish of the others, I consented to do.

Now Tichbourne suggested another and a no less important question: Were we to liberate the queen without having previously acquainted her with our design, almost, in fact, by force? Would it not be better to communicate our plan to her, and ask whether she gave her consent, and would avail herself of our assistance in the hazardous attempt? At first we could not agree on this point, there was so much to be said on both sides. At last, after a lengthy debate, we concluded that it was perfectly permissible to carry her off, apparently by force, out of the hands of her gaoler, since we might take her permission for granted, provided every arrangement was duly made, and success appeared at least morally certain. Indeed, it seemed as if in this case the wisest plan by far would be, not to breathe a word of it to the prisoner, because then there would be less chance of discovery, and if the attempt miscarried, she would be able to prove that she had not been privy to it. Yet, as in spite of the most careful preparations the enterprise must be attended with

great risk, it was thought advisable on the whole, that Babington should let the queen know, in a general way, that a number of Catholic noblemen had pledged themselves to set her at liberty, and only waited for a sign of consent from her, to venture their lives in her cause. But before giving a hint of this kind to the captive, we advised him to exchange one or two letters on indifferent subjects with her secretary, Nau, in order to test the means of getting letters in safety into the castle. Then he might ask Nau to tell him of a cipher, to be employed for communications of greater importance, but on no account should he give him more information than was absolutely necessary, or mention any persons by name.

We thought now every point in our scheme had been fully deliberated upon, and every precaution taken, so that even the most prudent amongst us, my friend Tichbourne, had nothing to urge against it. Meanwhile the flagon had gone round pretty freely, and its contents were at a low ebb. Babington proposed that we should have a glass or two of the stronger vintage of the South, to keep up our courage, and fortify us for our ride home through the chilly night air. So he called to the host to bring us "interioris notae Falernum," that is to say his choicest wine; and old Clayton was not slow in making his appearance anew, bringing goblets of the fine Venetian glass with rings then in fashion, which sounded almost like bells as they jingled, whilst the dusty cobweb covered bottles were being uncorked. Babington took the opportunity of thanking Clayton for the information he had given us, telling him that we had determined to explain all about our meetings to Walsingham the very next day, and tell him the meaning of the Latin lines beneath the portraits, which the old man regarded as of specially sinister import.

Our good host seemed well pleased at hearing this: "I crave your pardon once more, gentlemen," he said, "for the liberty I am taking, but I must say you are doing the right thing. Always straightforward and open, that is the good old English way, and none of the crooked ways and doubledealing of later times. Do you go and say this to the Honorable Secretary of State: We are half-a-dozen English noblemen who have joined together to bring back some of the old jollity in these sullen times. We ride, and row, and play sports and drink together; you tell him that; and tell him too that if that is a conspiracy, then you are conspirators, and old Clayton of the 'Blue Boar' at St. Giles-in-the-fields, who always sets the best liquor before his guests, not the doctored stuff for which London folk pay good gold—old Clayton is our leader and the arch-conspirator. And say if the Lord Secretary of State, and the worshipful lords of the Privy Council will honor him with a visit, they shall learn all the details of this formidable conspiracy over a bottle of this old wine, and see all that is to be seen 'visum reperitum,' as one may say, with their own eyes. Ha, ha, ha! all in good part, gentlemen."

Thereupon Clayton quitted the apartment, whilst we under the exhilarating influence of his excellent wine, proceeded to discuss another and a more momentous matter, of which the reader shall hear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.—The old Roman poets, as is well known, used to sing the power of wine to give courage and resolution to the timid and wavering, so that they feared neither the wrath of kings nor the deadly weapons of their warriors. Perhaps it was the remembrance of Horace's lines, "Tu spem reducis mentibus anxii, etc.," which we read together at Oxford, that led Babington, seeing that we received his proposals with cautious reserve, to call for the strong wine of the sunny south before making further disclosures to us. Accordingly not until the bottle had been passed around once or twice, and our laughter and merry talk showed that the generous liquor had warmed our blood, did he enter upon a topic of greater magnitude and greater peril. He did not commu-

nicate all he had to say at once, but told it us gradually.

First of all, he told us that he had received tidings from Paris, from the Spanish ambassador Mendoza, concerning the scheme which was to go hand in hand with ours, namely that Philip II. was at last about to make his long threatened descent upon England. Perhaps the sending of English troops to the Netherlands, or the attack of Sir Francis Drake upon the town of Vigo in Galicia, and the presence of the English fleet among his West Indian possessions had roused the monarch to take active measures. At any rate it was a matter of fact that the Prince of Parma had been asked whether he would undertake the invasion of England, and Alexander Farnese had declared his readiness to do so, provided the Spanish fleet protected the army during its landing, and the king placed twenty thousand men under his orders. The Pope would support the enterprise with his authority and with money, since the object of it was to execute the Bull of Pius V. to dethrone Elizabeth, that is, and reinstate the Catholic religion in England. That the throne would be ascended by the rightful heir, Mary Stuart, would follow as a matter of course. There was even a report that she would marry the Prince of Parma. It will readily be imagined, that these tidings came upon us like a thunderbolt. We all asked at once when and from whom the news had come, and why he had not told us sooner? He replied that he had received them the day before yesterday, just as we were starting to ride to Tyburn, and as we made it our habit never to speak of such things on the highway, he had waited until we were all together this evening to communicate them to us. "And what will our duty be," he concluded, "if this really comes to pass, and the Prince of Parma lands an army on our shores?"

"Our duty will be to defend our country," some of us replied. "The attack will not be the illegitimacy of whose birth disqualifies her for wearing the crown, and against her bloodthirsty adherents, who for the space of twenty-eight years already have persecuted us Catholics in the cruellest manner. Think what we have seen this very day, when a delicate young girl and an innocent child were dragged away to prison almost before their father's breath was out of his body, and one more noble Catholic house succumbed beneath the blows of the persecutor. In ten, or five years, all our Catholic families will have shared the fate of our good friends at Woxindon; and future ages will ask, could not a handful of men be found among all the Catholic nobles of England who would dare a bold deed for their rights and their faith?"

"Thousands of such men have been found, but what good has come of it?" Tichbourne answered. "Remember the sad end of the Pilgrimage of Grace, under Henry VIII, and of Northumberland's bold attempt in the winter of 1569, instigated by that well meant, but most unfortunate Bull of Pius V. Remember the executions of the following Christmas, when hundreds were delivered over to the headsman's axe. I am sorely afraid we shall have a repetition of these horrors, if there is any truth in this report of Parma's expedition against our land."

"And I hope," retorted Babington, "that he will come, and with the edge of the sword put an end to all these preachers and their wretched following, who have brought this misery upon England. And if he does come, surely it will be the duty of every Catholic noble, to be on his side."

"I do not see that, by any means," exclaimed several of our number. "Well, quite apart from other weighty reasons," continued Babington, the Bull of Pope Pius would then come into force. And in that case, I am not so sure that it would not be permissible for us to employ against Elizabeth the same forcible measures that she and her Council make use of against Mary Stuart. Mind you, I am not hinting at regicide, I do not forget she is a Queen."

At this we all spoke out, protesting loudly that anything of that sort was quite alien to our designs, and Tichbourne went so far as to say if another word of the kind was said in his hearing, he should altogether withdraw from our association. "I am perfectly aware," he said, "that Knox and Luther and others who hold their tenets, do not hesitate to justify the assassination of a ruler who stands in the way of the Gospel, and even designate such a crime as a meritorious work. But I also know that no good end could justify the use of means so reprehensible, so criminal, as the deliberate and wanton murder of any man, be he prince or subject."

"I quite agree with you," Babington answered that one must not do ill that good may come of it. But I ask, is it doing wrong, to eliminate what is evil? For instance, if our friend Windsor here exercises his skill as a surgeon by amputating a gangrene limb, to save a man's life, is that doing good or evil? And what is this daughter of Anne Boleyn with all her ministers but a cancer eating out the life of England?"

"That is an argument that can be easily answered," Tichbourne replied. The very same question was put to Father Crichton, and his rejoinder is well known, in fact Elizabeth herself had it printed and disseminated. God does not as much regard whether what we do is good, as whether the reasons whereby we bring it about are good and lawful."

"And to keep to the instance you give," I added, "it is by no means anybody and everybody who is allowed to amputate a gangrene limb, but only a practical surgeon, who has received his diploma from the faculty, and can do it with skill and address. An ignoramus would kill the patient instead of curing him, and would probably be charged with manslaughter for his pains."

"We were all of one mind on this point and we told Babington if he said another word in favor of such dangerous propositions, we would give up the whole concern. He hastened to throw oil on the troubled waters, by assuring us he had not meant what he said, but only wanted to find out what we thought on the matter."

Thus without a dissentient voice it was specified that every thought of violence against Elizabeth must be excluded from our scheme. But in regard to Parma's invasion we were not equally unanimous. After much arguing pro and con, it was finally determined: That it was not our duty to give information to the Government or in any other way take steps to hinder the project. That it was necessary, when planning the liberation of the Queen, which was the one aim of our association, to allow ourselves to be influenced by Parma's movements, in order that we might work in unison with him. Consequently Babington must keep in communication with his friends in Paris, whilst the utmost caution must be observed, for were it discovered that we had abstained from giving information, we should assuredly suffer the penalty of traitors.

At last Babington broke up our meeting by a final toast to the success of our enterprise. We all emptied our glasses, shook hands heartily with one another, and separated, after Babington had made arrangements with me to accompany him to the Secretary of State on the morrow.

Tichbourne and I left our horses at the "Blue Boar," and sauntered together through the lonely meadows towards Westminster Abbey, which stands about a mile from the town on the banks of the Thames. Night had closed in, but the air was so mild one might have thought it was already summer; and the soft south wind reminded me of Horace's words:

"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni."

Behold the sharp winter gives way by a pleasing change to the spring and the south wind.

The moon was rising in the star bespangled vault of heaven, and again I recalled the words of one of his odes:

"Nox erat et coelo fulgebant luna sereno
Inter mirra sidera."

It was night; and the moon shone brightly in the calm heavens amid a host of lesser orbs.

Our conversation turned upon the stars, and upon the science of the astrologer, who proposes to read in the constellations the fate of individual men. I mentioned that this was impossible; but my companion, who was naturally inclined to melancholy and had a fancy for occult science, had studied the subject, and was able to bring forward many instances in which a man's horoscope had proved perfectly correct. Although far from having a pagan in faith in fate, he thought it by no means improbable that God, who foresaw the future, allowed us for our warning to glean some knowledge of what lay before us from the stars.

I argued on the other hand that an intimation of the kind could be of no use to us if our fate were already fixed, and that God's foreknowledge could not interfere with our free will. He shook his head, and said that was true in a way, and that as a good Christian he was ready to say to his Maker: My lot is in Thy hand. Yet he could not rid himself of the presentiment that an untimely and violent death awaited him. His father had had his horoscope cast by a celebrated

German astronomer and astrologer, and it was so unfortunate, that his father never would let him know what it was.

I tried to divert him from these gloomy forebodings, and get him to talk about his sweet wife, and his pleasant home in Hampshire, where I had been his guest for a time shortly after his marriage. Ever since our Oxford days, when we were fellow students of Magdalen, we had been like brothers, and almost as inseparable as Orestes and Pylades of old. So he talked quite confidentially to me about his domestic affairs, and said that as soon as a tedious law-suit with a Protestant neighbor was ended, as he expected it would be before long, and to his favor, he meant to leave London, and reside on his own estate. There he hoped to live and die in peace, far from all political intrigues and troubles. The fines for non-attendance at the Protestant worship would be heavy, but he must try and meet them. Then he tried to persuade me to settle in Hampshire with him, and give myself up to a life of study, for he did not think I should ever make much practical use of the knowledge of medicine I had acquired at Padua. And as for the professorship of Latin and Greek poetry at Oxford or Cambridge, the latest object of my aspirations, I might as well renounce all idea of that, at once, since it was very certain that no Catholic had the slightest chance of obtaining any such post.

Conversing on these and similar topics we reached the time-honored Minister. The clear moonlight, shining full upon the windows, brought into relief every point of their delicate tracery, and lit up every pinnacle of the splendid structure. As we passed onward to the river, I remarked: "Suppose the old monarchs who rest here in their stone coffins, and the pious abbots and monks, who in the silent cloisters await the angel's last trump, could rise from their graves, what would they say to the lamentable changes Henry VIII., and the offspring of his sin have made in this and other sanctuaries of our land!"

"The old monarchs would acknowledge that in some respects their acts had sown the seed which now bears such fatal fruit, and the old monks would exhort us to stand firm in our faith, and by prayer and penance invoke God's mercy upon our country," was Tichbourne's reply. Then he added in a changed tone, as we walked slowly onward in the direction of Temple Bar, "Look here, Windsor, call me a monk or a friar preacher if you will, but I must say every day I like our friend Babington less and less. I am the first to acknowledge that his character is utterly different to my own—He is prompt and daring, joyous and merry, and withal a loyal Catholic, ready to sacrifice everything for his convictions; but he carries his frivolity and love of pleasure to an excess. Others of us too are just as bad as he. For the execution of a project, such as we now have in hand, a leader of quite another stamp is needed, and our consultations ought not to be held wineglass in hand! Really I almost repent having pledged myself to take part in it. Upon my word, I would draw back now, if it were not against the nature of a Tichbourne to do so! You know him better than I do, Edward; pray warn him, and watch him also, for I am sorely afraid, despite his denial, that he has other foolhardy designs in view, in which we shall gradually get entangled. You saw how he drew in his horns, when we declared so positively that we would have nothing to do with the crime he hinted at. Yet I should not be in the least surprised, if so rash as he is, he should go too far, and get involved in some reprehensible transactions. Do pray be on your guard both for his sake and for ours; for we have entered into his designs to an extent which would render us amenable to the law, even if we took no part in carrying them into execution."

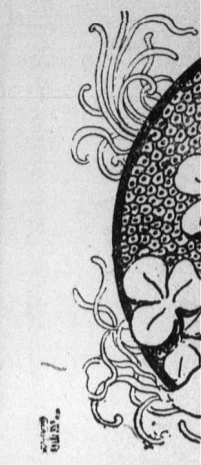
There was no gainsaying Tichbourne's words, and accordingly I promised to do my utmost to avert the mischief he dreaded. I felt watchfulness on my part to be all the more necessary, since I had observed that of late Babington had not been choice in the persons he associated with. One old soldier in particular, who had served in the Netherlands under Parma, in whose company he was frequently to be seen, a sinister-looking individual, inspired me with suspicion and aversion.

By this time we had reached the gate close to Temple Bar, whence we could see London Bridge in the distance, and hear the rush of the river passing swiftly under its arches. We made a small detour to avoid seeing the heads of the unfortunate priests who had been executed the griesome sight, he said he

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