

## CURRENT COMMENT

The Casket, of the 12th inst. has no less than three leaderettes on the very live question of pictures suitable to a Catholic home. The first reads as follows:

Sitting in a parlour one evening, the gloaming being relieved only by firelight, we caught a faint glimpse of the outlines of a large photograph, and asked the lady of the house if it were hers. "Good gracious! no!" she replied with some asperity. "I hope I'd put more clothes on than that to get my photograph taken." At once the question rose to our lips, though we did not utter it.—if the lady had been a Catholic, we would have uttered it: "Why should you hang on the walls of your home, for your children or any one else to view, a picture of a woman dressed in a manner which you would consider shockingly indecent for yourself?"

Our Antigonish contemporary's second editorial comment begins with a side-slap at the Toronto News which that paper richly deserves. This extract also contains a fine tribute to the Blessed Virgin from the Presbyterian Witness.

When the Rev. Clarence McKinnon on his way from Sydney to his new charge in Winnipeg, allowed himself to be interviewed by the Toronto News,—the most suitable vehicle in the country for misstatements concerning Catholics,—and informed the interviewer that the evil influence of the Church of Rome had grown so strong in Nova Scotia that the portrait of Dr. Forrester in the Normal School had been forced to yield its place to one of the Virgin Mary, the Presbyterian Witness, assuming that Mr. McKinnon knew what he was talking about, lamented that such a state of things should have come to pass. When Principal Soloman gave the statement a flat contradiction, our esteemed contemporary was ready to go about and stand on the other tack. Mr. Soloman having explained that Titian's "Assumption" is merely one of many works of art adorning the walls of the School, the Witness remarks:

"No one wishes to place the Virgin Mary on a level with mythological inventions. She has ever been regarded as the most highly favored of holy women, the mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We would feel a little nervous about placing her picture in the same category of works of art as the "Eurydice" or the "Sybil" of any master. She is to be sacred for that."

Excellent remarks, though scarcely consistent with the spirit which insisted that Dr. Forrester's portrait must have the first place. To that reverend gentleman we owe a great deal: he gave us our public-school system. To the Blessed Virgin we owe more; she gave us our Redeemer. We set up his portrait for a remembrance; why not hers? The spirit which would have the Blessed Virgin's picture nowhere but in the church and in the home, as being too sacred for any other place, would at least be consistent with itself. But we have the gravest doubts whether our esteemed contemporary would approve of any such picture in the home; we are sure he would not in the church.

That tribute from the Presbyterian Witness is so suggestive that the Casket makes it the theme of some further remarks which find their application here as well as in Nova Scotia. Catholics who have grown rich without the proper training for the responsibilities that attach to wealth are too apt to court the vulgar plaudits of equally unchastened parvenus by decorating their homes with risky pictures and statues.

The editor of the Presbyterian Witness would feel a little nervous about placing the Blessed Virgin's picture in the same category of works of art as

the "Eurydice" or the "Sybil." We share his nervousness. We have felt, when looking at the walls of some Catholic homes, that either Our Lady, or the semi-nude creatures of shady reputation in mythology or history, should go. We don't like to see sacred pictures confined to the bedroom; it looks like a hesitancy in making profession of one's religion, but if you must have in your sitting room or parlour so-called works of art, such as that which Mark Twain, speaking of one of them, by no less an artist than Titian, said was fit only for the walls of a bagnio, by all means keep the sacred pictures in your bedroom. At the time we first read his remark, many years ago, we wondered, and still the wonder grows, why any Catholic, trained to purity and reverence from his infancy, should be less sensitive about such matters than this irreverent but cleanhearted, American humorist.

At the risk of making this a special Casket number we quote one more paragraph from the editorial page of our Antigonish friend.

A few weeks ago one of our exchanges made a satiric comment upon the "mutual admiration society" which the Northwest Review of Winnipeg, the Catholic Fortnightly Review of St. Louis, The Casket and a few other papers unnamed had formed among themselves. Among the unnamed ones, we presume, should be included the Ave Maria of Notre Dame, the Sacred Heart Review of Boston and the Catholic Record of London, Ontario. Now, as far as The Casket is concerned, we have really abstained from paying the compliments we felt like paying to the journals above mentioned, for the simple reason that they had said so many kind things about us that we might be suspected of making them a perfunctory return for favours received. After all, mutual admiration, if it only be genuine, is proper enough, and, as our St. Louis confrere points out, has the sanction of such a writer as Oliver Wendell Holmes, to who, a breach of good taste was almost as serious as a breach of the Decalogue. Said the genial Autocrat: "A man of genius or any kind of superiority is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other." This does not mean that they shall be in complete agreement on every point.—Brother Preuss and ourselves, for instance, are at opposite poles on the question of the Catholic University and the Knights of Columbus; but that need not hinder them from telling each other that they agree when they do agree, nor need it compel them to discuss the subjects of their disagreements with bitterness.

The Catholic Standard and Times, of Philadelphia, in an excellent editorial on "The cry for Religious Education" says that "No matter how earnestly great papers like the "Sun" deprecate continuance of the discussion on the feasibility of religion in education, the issue will not down. It is not merely Catholics who keep on raising it; teachers and preachers all over the United States, alarmed at the fast spreading infidelity, and its concomitant criminality, are urging a radical change in the present Godless system. There is not one of the evils which now afflict society that cannot be traced to the lack of the religious leaven in the general mind. No religion is inculcated in the home, none in the weekday school. Only for an hour or two on the Sunday are young people allowed a chance to learn anything pertaining to God and the future of their souls. In the Catholic system is found the only exception to this appalling and blind condition of things."

From an article written by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, for the commissioner of Education, Dr. Harris, our Philadelphia contemporary quotes the following instructive facts, which confirm what we said lately that the pupils of Catholic schools, when offered a fair chance of competition with the pupils of non-Catholic schools, generally

surpass them. It may be as well to remind our readers, before quoting this passage, that Rochester is the cathedral city of the venerable and dauntless champion of parochial schools, the Right Reverend Bishop McQuaid. Says Father Sheedy:

"Wherever a test has been made the parochial school boy or girl more than holds his or her own.

At a banquet of school principals held in Rochester, N. Y., recently, Principal Wilcox made a statement to the effect that the present freshmen classes of the Rochester High School are so poorly prepared that it would be next to impossible to promote more than a small percentage of their membership. This statement excited much interest, and some doubted its accuracy. Inquiry brought fourth a comparison, in which it was shown in the Rochester "Post-Express" that out of 6,390 papers submitted by pupils of the Rochester High School June, 1901, and January, 1902, 5,531 were allowed; 2,528 were honor papers; 86.6 per cent. of the examined papers were allowed, and 45.7 per cent. were allowed with honor. In the Nazareth Academy, a Catholic school, at the same time, 4,830 pupils submitted papers of which 3,800 were allowed; 2,157 were honor papers; 78.7 per cent. of the examined papers were allowed and 57 per cent. allowed with honor. In January 1903, out of 2,269 papers submitted by pupils of Rochester High School, 1,679 papers were allowed and 633 were honor papers, being 74 per cent. of allowed papers and 37.7 per cent. of honor papers. The Nazareth Academy (Catholic school) submitted 1,411 papers, of 1,147 were allowed and 532 honor papers, giving 81.3 per cent. of papers allowed and 46.4 per cent. of honor papers. The percentage shows the comparative efficiency of the public and parish schools.

A year ago the writer of this paper wrote to one of the professors of the Pittsburg High School, asking for information on this point. The comparative results of one year's examination show that 89 per cent. of the public school pupils passed into high school, 4 per cent. failed and 5 per cent. were re-examined. Out of the number of parochial school pupils who presented themselves for entrance examination, 93 per cent. passed, 1 per cent. failed and 4 per cent. were re-examined. These figures speak for themselves."

The recent death of Eugene Veillot—it would be almost a misdemeanor to add the usual prefix "Monsieur" to so celebrated a name—raises a selfish regret in the minds of the world-wide readers of his biography of his still more illustrious brother, Louis Veillot. That biography had reached its third volume and its most palpitatingly absorbing period when Atropos came and slit the thread of Eugene's own octogenarian life. One of his sons will no doubt continue and complete the great work, but, however copious may be the notes left by the father, the son can hardly give to his pen-picture of the Homeric fights of the seventies that personal equation which a fellow-fighter in the maturity of his manhood alone could give. The English "Catholic Times" rather happily characterizes the two famous brothers in the following paragraph:

"The late Eugene Veillot was an able writer, but he was not, of course, looked upon, like his brother Louis, as a national asset. Owing to his style, Louis was an immense power. A man of strong convictions, he lectured Bishops almost as freely as he attacked opponents. Eugene was more diplomatic and more tactful. As family men both were models in their conduct. Eugene has left two sons and two daughters, one of these being a nun."

Our Liverpool contemporary would, however, have been historically more accurate had Pius IX's approval of the lecturing of Bishops been mentioned. The Bishops whom Louis Veillot lectured were lacking in devotion to the Holy See and suffering from an old leaven of Gallicanism which his trenchant pen helped to destroy. With the subjoined remarks of the "Catholic

Times" we are in full sympathy, merely premising that Eugene Veillot's obedience to Leo XIII's policy of supporting the French Republic cost the Unvers the loss of some of its ablest contributors.

With the death of Eugene Veillot, Catholic France loses a notable defender of her interests. Since 1883, when his brother Louis died, he has directed the policy of, and written numberless leading articles in, the "Univers." Throughout his long journalistic career he has been a faithful champion of the Catholic cause, and, indeed, of every cause which tended to the welfare of man. Of his devotion to the Holy See it is needless to speak; Rome was his polestar and by the wishes of the pope he set his course. Whether it was Leo XIII or Pius X, he did not fail to accept their ruling and was indefatigable in carrying out the policy they adopted. His death makes a void in the ranks of French Catholic journalists, and his sharp and often personal articles in the "Univers" will be deeply missed. The expression of sympathy are innumerable, even in the columns of the hostile press, and everywhere his long and stubborn fight for Catholic principles is spoken of with admiration and respect. To those numerous expressions of kindly regard we gladly add our own.

"Why is it" says the Catholic Times, "that the Irish executive are ever irritating Irish feeling needlessly? At present the majority of the people are enthusiastically in favour of the Gaelic movement, the object of which is to preserve the Irish language, without interfering with the use of the English tongue. The Government does not oppose the movement, but prosecutions are got up against owners of cars for having their names painted on them in Irish, and the other day a peasant was sent to jail for this crime. The only result of such prosecutions will be to beget hostility against the authorities. The Gaelic movement will not be checked. His Eminence Cardinal Logue has been expressing the belief at Longford that the use of the Irish language is a safeguard against the inroad of unwholesome customs. At any rate, he has found that the Irish-speaking portions of the country are more virtuous than the non-Irish speaking parts. The Cardinal is an earnest advocate both of the preservation of the old language and the creation of fresh industries, so that Irishmen who are inclined to emigrate may be induced to remain at home. His pleading will, it is to be hoped, win many additional friends for the language and leaders of industrial enterprise for the land.

The Cosmopolitan for November has a pretentious but unsatisfactory article by Miss Gabrielle Renaudot on the total eclipse of the sun as viewed from a Spanish mountain. Almost the only scientifically interesting feature of that rambling production is one for which the editor, and not Miss Renaudot, is responsible, viz., a photograph of "Father I. J. Kavanagh, S.J., of Loyola College, Montreal, at Northwest River, with his telescope and sighting device for confining visual observation to the outer corona and sketching the streamers to scale." Although this ingenious instrument was made useless by the cloudy weather at Northwest River, it is a more valuable contribution to future astronomical research than is the fact, carefully lugged into the heading of the article, that Miss Renaudot is the lineal descendant of Theophraste Renaudot, who founded the first French newspaper.

One of the city dailies recently mentioned that a Catholic from the east, piloted through the city by a Winnipeg Catholic of the popularity-seeking stripe, had expressed his admiration for the splendid public school buildings with which our city is so liberally provided; but the local cicerone seems to have omitted to show his guest St. Mary's Catholic school, which is as well appointed as the finest of the public schools. The reason of the omission

is obvious. A visit to St. Mary's school would have revealed the unwelcome circumstance that this school is a voluntary one, imposing a double tax on the devoted Catholics who support it. They have first to pay for the public schools which they cannot conscientiously patronize, and then to go down into their pockets for a second payment which their conscience makes imperative. While showing off the public school buildings as a proof of non-Catholic generosity in the educational cause, a sincere and well informed Catholic would have added that the Catholics of Winnipeg contribute annually for the building and equipment of those schools, not used by them, no less a sum than thirty-two thousand dollars, one-half of which would be enough to run their own schools with an efficiency superior to that of the public schools.

The principle underlying both the visitor and the cicerone's admiration for the fine school buildings is that the size and splendor of these edifices is a sure test of the superiority of the education imparted therein. The mere enunciation of this principle is sufficient to expose its fallacy. The qualifications of the teacher, we need hardly point out, are immeasurably more important than bricks and mortar. To infer the excellence of the education from the palatial exterior of the schools is considerably worse than puerile and almost always misleading. We have in mind a small Ontario town where the large and imposing solid brick, public school with its airy class rooms and costly furniture, forms a striking contrast to the wretched little wooden separate school, with its primitive benches and generally dilapidated air. But the Catholic trustees, having learnt a lesson which our Winnipeg School Board refuses to learn—the superiority of a man over a woman in the conduct of a school for boys and girls—have chosen as their teacher a man of unusual ability. The result is that the Catholic pupils surpass the public school pupils in those mathematical branches on which the latter especially plume themselves. Arguing from this case in the way our Catholic visitor to Winnipeg argued, one might conclude that the worse the building, the better the education. Both arguments would be equally illogical. Of course, the ideal condition is a combination of comfortable surroundings with solid training. But when you cannot get both, the capable teacher is the first requisite.

As some of the agents of the "Encyclopedia Americana" have exaggerated the extent of Father John J. Wynne's relations with the Board of Editors of that work, we deem it advisable to disengage the responsibility of one who, as director of the forthcoming "Catholic Encyclopedia," and editor of the important Jesuit monthly, "The Messenger," has a reputation to maintain which such exaggerated statements might imperil. We, therefore, publish the following card sent to us by Father Wynne himself.

"The Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., editor of 'The Messenger,' announces that he has ceased to act as associate editor of the Encyclopedia Americana. He had been acting in that capacity at various intervals during the past few years, advising the editors in their choice of contributors and topics of interest to Catholics. He had helped them also to revise certain things that were erroneous or offensive to Catholics in their historical and doctrinal articles. Henceforth no agent of the Americana is authorized to use his name in behalf of this Encyclopedia; and, lest there should be any misunderstanding about his opinion of the work, he notifies Catholic purchasers that it was never within his province as associate editor to exclude from it articles that were defective or erroneous in any respect, except in so far as they concerned Catholic doctrine, history and practice."

There appeared in the Free Press of last Saturday a letter signed "A Liberal" purporting to be a scathing criticism

(Continued on page 5)

## A WEST CANADA BIOGRAPHY

Stoney Plain, Alberta, Aug. 27.

This is Sunday, and preaching is in order. My text shall be Martin Ullmer, his farm, family, history and surroundings. Before entering on the discourse intended mainly for the worldly salvation of many Americans and Canadians of the Eastern States and Provinces who now seem unlikely to arrive at a steady annual income of \$5000, it may be well to call attention to the above spelling of the name of this plain. It is not Stony, it has no reference to stones or rocks, not even a pebble has been seen in sixty miles daylight to and fro driving. The whole visible area has been deep, friable loam usually black, overlying a somewhat sandy seeming subsoil, through which creeks and rivers run in channels from twenty to forty feet under the prairie surface. If you dug down from 60 to 100 feet you would come to coal anywhere, bituminous coal of good quality, which burns freely in grates, supplies Edmonton furnaces, and is sold at from \$1 a wagon load at the mouth of the mines, to \$2.50 a ton in Edmonton city. The mines are there a few miles distant. As yet they work only the seams which protrude on the river banks. Before long every few townships, areas six miles square, will associate for the working of convenient coal deposits. Because of the newness of the country and the difficulty of effecting strong municipal organization under the system of territorial government, which is to give place to the provincial system on Sept. 1, such local or township mines are still lacking. Moreover, the region is pretty well wooded with poplar, white and black, some of it sixteen inches or more in diameter, constituting fine "bluffs" amid prairie generally covered thickly with rose-bushes, goldenrod and other weeds. Hence the pioneers have had firewood handy. Their country is that which was formerly inhabited by the Stoney Indians, who received that name for reasons that are dim in the mists of Edmonton conjecture.

In my preliminary the second head is Indians. We drove through two reserves to-day, and saw three more, or the woodlands thereof. We met the braves and their squaws and pappooses of ten on the road, usually in lumber wagons, sometimes in spring wagons, occasionally in covered buggies, and invariably in "store clothes." They live in comfortable-looking white-washed log houses, usually of one and a half stories, and seldom with lean-to kitchens, for the older squaws appear to do the cooking and to prefer the open air. Very little farming the Indians do. They trap a little. They can live without more arduous labors since they are rich in land, partly fed by the Ottawa Government, have their children educated at the public charge, and receive annually \$5 per head from the Dominion. To ascertain how rich they are, and how much richer prospectively, one must consider their numbers, the area of their reserves, quality and selling value of the land. Take the band of 126 souls nearest Edmonton. Their reserve is forty-eight square miles. Every acre of it would fetch \$10 by auction after a month's notice of the sale. That means \$307,200, or \$2,438 per head, or about \$10,000 per family. The land is rapidly advancing in value. It will probably fetch \$20 per acre within five years. Thus it appears that the Government could well afford to pay each family of this band \$500 to live in villaged idleness, and surrender their land.

There is no white agitation to rob them of the reserve. In the Canadian West all sorts and conditions of settlers seem to have caught the infection of the normal Canadian regard for law, order, and public good faith, to say nothing of the consideration that it is far cheaper to "pamper" Indians than to fight them, or even fear them. A first-rate official authority near here, who shall be unnamed lest he be put into hot water by publication of his opinion, says that the young Indians, who are taken into Government boarding and training schools (in the belief that they will learn civilized ways more speedily and thoroughly when separated from their parents' households), seldom if ever stay civilized after returning home. The same is true of them in the United States. I have been informed. They revert to their parents' ways and are rather worse to get on with since they have learned the white man's tricks, lies and something of how he may be fooled. The Indian problem seems unsolvable, except by the gradual vanishing of the pure blood. Set the young, schooled, trained Indians apart in villages, and there is nothing for them to do except

farm. If they get along well their poor relations will cousin on them to no end. If trained Indians go into white communities to labor they do not receive the same treatment as white laborers or mechanics. That they, as original owners of the soil, should be supported forever by its industrious occupants, seems very wrong to multitudes of English, Canadians, and Americans, who are used to the notion that white landlords are entitled to live on rents. Did these Indians but get rich enough to live in prince, have autocars, steam yachts, and flunkies, it is possible that the propriety of securing them forever in a lien on the general product would never be questioned, except by wicked radicals, who don't and, of course, shouldn't count.

A third preliminary head is Frost. The word is not tabooed at Edmonton, not regarded as treasonable. Edmonton defines Frost as a visitation that sometimes does harm elsewhere, very possibly at Calgary, its rival city, 192 miles southward and 1200 feet higher in altitude. This morning the Edmontonese cheerfully admitted there had been a touch of frost in the night. "But come and see the potato blossoms, the flowers, the squash vines in our gardens." They were visibly wilted at 8 a.m. Later in the day, far out on Stoney Plain, some potato patches appeared slightly tipped with brown, but no less sensitive plant showed a "touch." Standing grain, wheat, oats and barley were quite unharmed. Indeed, a frost hard enough to hurt grain at its present ripeness would put ice on the "sloos" and cut potatoes to the ground. A large patch of tobacco near here stands uninjured. The warm day has turned cloudy, and that there cannot possibly be any more frost before the 19th of September is the profoundest belief of the Edmontonese who accompany me. By the way, they say that the tobacco grown here possesses singular merits. Burn a little in the open air, on a "smudge," and not even a coyote will venture near the lambs, fowl, ducks, geese, turkeys or calves that the smudge is designed to protect. Similarly in South Africa, lions are kept at a distance by hanging a few Boer stockings warm from the feet, about the laager. By what sorcery the sheep and fowls are enabled to survive the native tobacco fumes has not been stated, hence one may suspect some romance in the matter. Coyotes seem enterprising enough for almost any venture, since they trot unswervingly across the road not far before the horses, and sometimes stop in the centre, as if aware that we have no gun. Few prairie chickens are now seen, they keep with their young very much in the brush and grass at this season. A month hence the immense stubble fields will be awir with their wings. Now ducks are numerous on every lake and "sloo." Robins are gathering for migration southward. Blackbirds wheel their jolly battalions around the new cut grain. Crows and several varieties of hawk are numerous. It is their harvest time, too, the hawks taking the young of the "chicken," mice and such small deer. Probably half the grain has been cut by reapers which leave much for the little gleaners of the wild. But the impudent blackbirds attack the stooks. They can do this to-day with impunity, since labor has quite ceased in the fields. That is strong evidence to the piety of the population, since the temptation to rush the harvest is extreme.

Martin Ullmer and all his blue-eyed boys and girls and wife and old mother-in-law are in their Sunday clothes, taking their ease after going to church in the forenoon. Their large storey-and-a-half house, log-built, with three gables and a lean-to kitchen, stands amid a big garden of vegetables, in which I remark that cauliflowers, cabbage, kale, cucumbers, potatoes, onions, have all been quite untouched by last night's trifling frost. A flower garden fully one hundred feet long and thirty feet broad, brilliant with sweet Williams, paeonies, geraniums and scores of other usual blooms of the temperate zone, stands surrounded by currant, raspberry, blackberry and gooseberry bushes, all equally unharmed. There are two smaller log houses on the place, successively used by the Ullmers, as their fortunes bettered,

now given over to fowls and cattle. There is a large new barn, pens, out-houses, sheds, a dozen in all. Red Tamworth pigs root numerously about the barnyard. There cannot be less than seventy tons of wild hay in stacks, all fenced in. Forty-two head of fat cattle are in Martin's herd yonder in the meadow. He and the boys, the eldest fourteen years, milk twelve cows daily, from which the buxom blue-eyed wife and her old mother, a typical, hard-handed Austrian peasant, makes butter, which is well sold in the neighboring hamlet. The farm consists of 480 acres, 192 cleared. The miller of our party, a cautious Scot, estimates the Ulmer crop of this year at 1000 bushels of wheat, 5000 of oats, 940 of barley—worth \$2300—to say nothing of hay saved, pigs and young cattle to sell, value of vegetables, eggs and the many fowls stalking about. Taking all together Ullmer's earnings, income or increase this year can be reasonably estimated at not less than \$2600. He and his two boys one fourteen, the other eleven, put in the whole crop, besides breaking ten acres of prairie for the first time.



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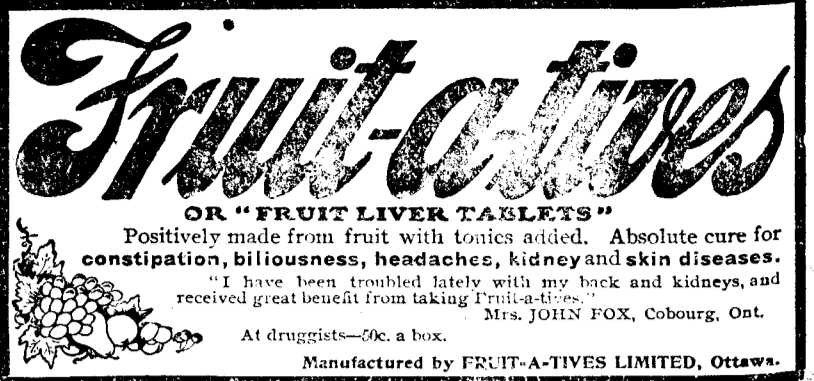
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There are districts that have been settled for many years in which land can be purchased. Some of this may be unbroken prairie which still possesses all the richness and productive powers of our virgin prairies. Other lands, cultivated and having comfortable farm buildings, are ready for immediate possession.

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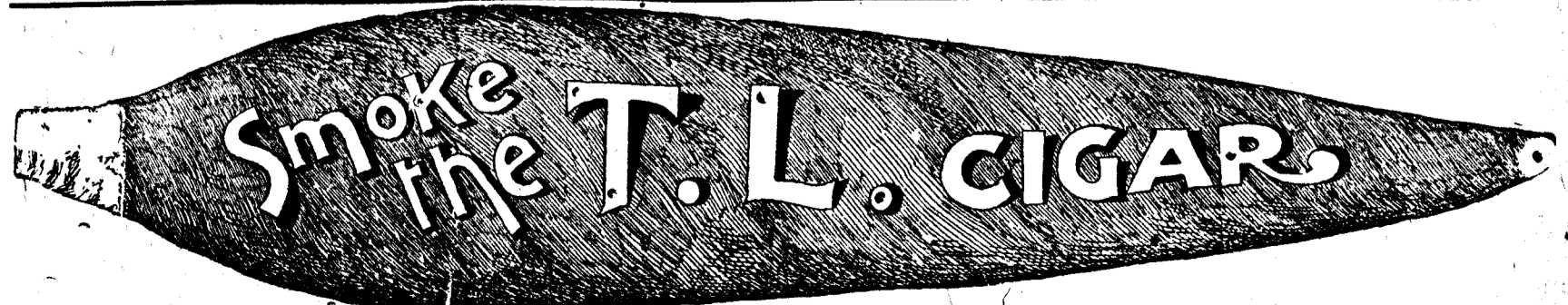
For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

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# The Northwest Review

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They will take the whole crop off without help, if the weather continues as fine as it promises. It is safe to say that in five years' time, with the two present working boys at or near manhood, and with two more younger lads then at work, and with three daughters to aid in dairy and house, Martin's income from the place will be \$5000 a year, to say nothing of the increasing value of the land.

Now Ulmer is only forty-four years old. He was a poor Austrian peasant when he reached Winnipeg nineteen years ago. At home he left his mother and her family, whom his earnings must largely support. She was an invalid and required much for doctor and medicine. He did any kind of "vurk" that yielded wages, knocking about on railway job, sometimes in the States as far west as Portland, Or., and sometimes in Manitoba and the Territories, not able to get forehanded to the tune of \$10 until some of his brothers grew up and could aid the family purse. Seven years ago he came here with barely enough to make his first payment on 320 acres Canadian Pacific Railroad Land, alongside of which he took a free homestead, 160 acres. The land was largely wooded with scrub between bluffs and very little grass prairie. True, the soil is of first quality. During the past seven years he has, alone, though lately with some aid from his older boys, and with occasional help in building, done all the work signified by the preceding statement of his property. Those are the facts.

The sermon needs no preaching. There are hundreds of thousands of young men in the East far stronger and bigger than little Martin Ulmer, who says he has not been "vell nuff" for vurk goodt since bout seven year. They could do as well as he if they would. They will loaf about the old States or Provinces to the end of their days, and not leave enough to pay for their funeral.

The conditions in which Ulmer started are not materially changed. Free homesteads are to be had next to railway land in many districts. True his railway land cost him only \$3 an acre, and it is now selling for \$5.50 to \$7 (ten annual payments) in localities relatively as good as his was seven years ago. By way of set off to increased price, it is reasonably certain, that land will advance in price much more rapidly in the next than in the past seven years. That can scarcely be questioned, after considering the effects of the now assured prosperity of agriculture in Western Canada, the numerous railways building and soundly projected, the increasing volume of European immigration to America, and above all, the swarming of the native American population, in its probable doubling during the next thirty-five years.

Ulmer is not an unusually successful farmer. He has a lot of relations about here doing, as well, though settled more recently. The general appearance of this region, with its

comfortable farmhouses and wealthy spread of crops, supports those credible witnesses who tell me that hundreds of other farmers, Canadian, American, Scotch, German, Scandinavian, Galician are exceedingly prosperous here. This farmstead is not the only one that gives an impression of being occupied by civilized and well-mannered people. Loads of cosey-looking churchgoers gave us pleasant salutations on the road. Their houses appeared duly surrounded by gardens and flowers. Soon after we pulled up for open-air luncheon, Mrs. Ulmer sent Little Blue-eyes, a four-year, old to us with pretty boutonnières for every man, and she did not forget the necessary pins. Such old-world courtesies distinguish the "foreigners," against whom a certain silly, unhappy element of the Canadian press doth continually inveigh. A few years ago the same sad editors were caterwauling about the influx of "Yankees." They would certainly bedevil this virtuous West, and possibly conspire to cause its annexation to the unholy republic. Now that foolishness is all past and almost forgotten. Americans are the most popular of settlers, very influential, glad to be bulwarks of order in a country they find so orderly. A few years hence the Ontario and other Canadian kickers against Galicians, Poles, Slavs, and many other very industrious and useful settlers will have learned that there is the stuff for a good citizen in every honest man who works hard, instead of wailing and grumbling because the conditions of a new world are not those of the old country.—E. D. Thompson, in Boston Transcript.

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**CURRENT COMMENT**

(Continued from page 1)

of Mr. Ludwig Erk's letter to that paper on the Free Mason special privilege of laying the corner stones of public schools. Like most thin-skinned critics of his class, this writer adopts the cowardly plan of attacking anonymously one who signed his full name. Fortunately there is nothing formidable in his attack. It ends, however, in a ludicrously false assertion that is worth quoting. He has the astonishing hardihood to suggest that "Mr. Erk and the other few such fire-eaters should borrow part of a leaf from Free Masonry and from it learn to 'mind their own business.'" Why, Mr. Erk's charge against Free Masonry is precisely that it does not mind its own business, when it lays the corner stone of a public school. This is a flagrant and utterly unwarrantable interference with the whole Catholic body and with multitudes of independent non-Catholics who condemn the exclusiveness, the oathbound secrecy and the unchristian tendencies of Free Masonry. Assuredly, the avowed business of the Mystic Square brethren, whatever may be their unavowed and secret purpose, is not to bring the whole country under their slavish yoke.

The "spiritual death" which Mr. Erk so justly dreads, is exemplified in the following extract from one of our English exchanges.

France has got rid of the religious from her hospitals. But at what a cost! The "Bien Public" of Dijon relates a scandal of a nature almost incredible. In the hospital there, now laicised, a poor soldier named Theophile Martin, lay waiting for death. His weakness was such that he could scarcely move, and his state required every attention which humanity needs in its hours of abject helplessness. Yet he was left uncared for, uncleaned, while the nurses played cards in the hall. His cries were piteous to hear, as piteous as the misery which his own helplessness brought upon him. He begged for his linen and his bed to be changed—his nurses went on playing their game! At last, angry at his cries, one of them rose from the gaming table, stripped off his limbs the bed clothes and heaped them, soiled and filthy as they were upon his head. Soon his cries were heard no more; death had relieved him of his sufferings, and his nurses of their unpleasant duty. Ordinary human nature shrinks even from the recital of such a story, but it is given, with full details by the "Bien Public." Evidently the French sick poor have not gained by the laicisation of the hospitals.

The Free Press of Last Tuesday voiced the indignation of Carberry citizens at the charge we made last week of habitual flouting of the Catholic priest on his visits to that town. That the Free Press correspondent has failed after inquiry to ascertain when the insult occurred is no proof that it did not. We have the testimony of several eye- and ear-witnesses. Against this testimony the astonishment of nominal Catholics who never attend the Catholic service and therefore do not know what occurs as the priest leaves the temporary chapel is utterly worthless. These things happen not only in Carberry, but to some extent in Winnipeg. If every priest who is jeered at in this city were to report each case of the kind he would not be believed and would probably get nothing but loss of time for his trouble. So long as the Tribune and other papers carry on a campaign of ridicule and abuse against Catholics, so long as ultra-Protestant firebrands publicly slander the Church from their pulpits, so long as they propagate such vile fictions as the Revelations of Maria Monk, the hoodlums of every Protestant district will occasionally betray that hatred which their betters are polite enough to disguise in the presence of Catholics.

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**Clerical News**

Very Rev. P. G. Blanche, Provincial of the Eudists, is to be consecrated Bishop on the 28th of this month in the Cathedral of Chicoutimi. Hitherto he has been Prefect Apostolic of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence; henceforth he is Vicar Apostolic with the episcopal character. Most of the priests in his vicariate belong to the Congregation of the Eudists.

We chronicle with keen regret the sudden death of Father J. P. Aylward, pastor of St. Patrick's, Kankakee, Ill., who was at one time a highly valued teacher in St. Boniface College and was, some 17 years ago, accepted for ordination in the Archdiocese of Chicago on the warm recommendation of the authorities of this college. His Grace the Most Rev. J. E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, Right Rev. Bishop Muldoon and more than fifty priests were present at the funeral. Bishop Muldoon sang the Requiem Mass, assisted by Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., President of St. Viator's College. The preacher, Father Murray, pastor of St. Bernard's church, Chicago, praised the late Father Aylward for his skill as a catechist, his earnestness as a preacher and his devotion to the sick and poor. He pointed out the good work done in the short time of his incumbency toward reducing the indebtedness of the church, and ended by pleading for the prayers of all in behalf of the soul of the dear departed.

His Lordship Bishop Pascal returned from St. Paul and went back to Prince Albert on the 22nd inst.

The Tablet says that the Holy Father has sanctioned the holding of a Provincial Council of the Bishops of Lombardy next year. The council will be organized by Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan.

While Cardinal Merry del Val was spending his well earned vacation at Castelgandolfo he invited the students of the North American College, then also in vacation at Albano, to a picnic on Monte Cave, and they had a very pleasant outing.

By the death of Mgr. Cotton, Bishop of Valence, the number of vacant French sees is increased to sixteen.

The Rev. Anthony J. Maas, S.J., after completing his 25th year in the Jesuit house of higher studies at Woodstock, Md. has been appointed a member of "The Messenger" staff and hereafter will reside in New York City. He was professor of Sacred Scriptures for fifteen years, during which time he wrote "The Life of Christ," "A Day in the Temple," "Christ in Type and Prophecy," besides writing numerous articles on scriptural subjects for the Review, especially the Ecclesiastical Review. He will continue his researches and studies in Sacred Scripture while assisting the editors of the "Messenger."

He has been succeeded in Woodstock by the Rev. Timothy J. Brosnahan, S.J., as Prefect of Studies; by the Rev. John Corbett, S.J., as Librarian; by the Rev. George A. Chester, S.J., as Pastor of St. Alphonsus' church, Woodstock.

Father Drummond lectured, on Friday evening, Oct. 20, at Rainy River, Ont., in aid of the new Catholic church now building there. The lecture, which was attended by the best people in the place, was on "Some Irish Orators." Mr. Tibbitt, a leading lawyer, acted as chairman. Mr. Kennedy, member of the local legislature, proposed the vote of thanks. Several Protestant ladies kindly gave vocal and instrumental selections between the two parts of the lecture. Miss Verona Lynch, daughter of the genial proprietor of the Canadian Northern Hotel, who is one of the principal Catholics of Rainy River, sang very nicely. A bazaar, which continued during the week and was largely patronized by Protestants, produced \$763, of which about \$660 will be clear profit. On Sunday Father Meleux, the zealous and hardworking pastor, sang High Mass, at which Father Drummond preached in English and French. Father Drummond also preached at the evening service, first in French, and afterwards in English. (He then heard confessions and there was a good number of communions the next morning. Father Meleux hopes that the new church will be opened about Christmas. It will cost \$6,000. The architect is Mr. Cusson, of St.

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**Persons and Facts**

John O'Reilly, who emigrated to the United States sixty-five years ago, returned this last summer to visit Green, his native place, a little village

near Schull in West Cork. He is 110 years old. He says he has always taken beer and whiskey when he wanted it, has smoked all his life and never made any effort to live long; but he never lost a day's work through drink. Though he hopes to live a good many more years yet, he wants to leave his bones in dear old Ireland.

Next Monday evening the students of St. Boniface College will give a dramatic and musical entertainment of unusual interest. There will be an original French historical drama, entitled "La Capitulation de Levis," reviving the historical characters who won a final victory over those whom diplomacy declared the winners. There

will also be an English drama, the "Hidden Gem," written by Cardinal Wiseman for the golden jubilee of Ushaw College, England, in 1858. No Catholic need be told what a fine play this is. Reserved seats may be secured by telephoning to the College, 606. This will be the first play given in the fine new hall.

The Sisters of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin celebrated the other day the golden jubilee of their settlement in the Brooklyn diocese.

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# DION AND THE SYBILS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

Meanwhile Paulus made such progress in Hebrew that Josiah Maccabaeus and Esther began again to talk of their voyage to Jerusalem; and now occurred an important event, indeed, in the young tribune's life.

He told Aglais, his mother, that he had fallen in love with Esther; reminded her of Esther's noble and successful efforts to save their darling Agatha; expatiated on her grand and wondrous old lineage; and asked his mother, finally, whether she could wish for her son a lovelier, or more high-hearted wife. Not one of the many propositions advanced by Paulus was denied by his mother. Paulus then confessed that, from that night of strange adventure, so singularly spent by him and Thellus and the rest of his comrades at Eleazar's queer house (once Julius Caesar's) in the Suburra, when Esther's timely warnings had not only preserved the public treasure, but had saved the lives of all the gallant men engaged in a most critical service—from that night he confessed he had felt such admiration for the Hebrew damsel, that not only he thought of her continually in moments of tranquillity, but her image had even gone into the din of battle by her side. "Then she may well walk with you through life, my son," said the Greek lady; "and truly I consider her a virtuous, gifted and noble maiden, whom I shall be glad to call daughter."

Paulus kissed his mother, and said he merely wished for a betrothal of a year or two, like Agatha's with Velleius Paterculus, as there were rumors of impending German expeditions, and he would neither like to miss them, on the one hand, nor to leave his wife for them, on the other.

"But will she accept me, mother?" he suddenly asked, with a look of alarm. "We have accepted Paterculus for Agatha," returned his mother; "and certainly for that simple and excellent old Hebrew and his daughter, your offer is a much more flattering distinction than that of Paterculus is for us. And, on the other hand, I am certain that Esther entertains a very tender feeling towards you. She is happy when you are here, and when you are absent so is she, in another sense."

Thus encouraged, Paulus Lepidus Aemilius, the brilliant young hero, whose name was in all men's mouths, and who was fashioned by nature to be adopted into the kinship of such a race as that of Esther's glorious collateral ancestor, asked her to be his wife, and to share his large and rising fortunes.

Esther turned pale, raised both hands with the fingers interlaced to her chin, and cast her eyes upon the ground for a few seconds without speaking. She then said:

"Ah! it cannot be. And now, indeed, my grandfather and I must go away. But it is not through unkindness; it is not for want. Your sister is truly a sister to me already, as you would fain make her; and your mother is to me even like my own. Nor am I blind to this great honor. But the laws of my people and our holy books forbid me to wed a Gentile. Yet this believe, that you and yours will always be dear to Esther; and Esther will never kneel to that great God who made you as well as her, and who cares for all the creatures of his hands, without praying to Him for Aglais, for Agatha, and especially for you, valiant and gentle Paulus. I trust we may meet in a better world."

Almost while uttering the last word, which she pronounced in a tremulous voice and with indescribable pathos, she turned and slowly left him.

He forbore pursuit, because the whole manner and tone of the Jewish maiden carried to his mind an overwhelming conviction that her answer was truly final, and that she spoke irrevocable words.

In the midst of his natural youthful anguish two things in what she had said struck him much. She had referred to the one great God, of whom Dionysius always maintained the certain, present, personal and sovereign sway; and her language when deeply moved was as unlike to that of the polytheists around her as the speech of men to the chattering of monkeys. There was the same conviction as that in Dionysius's philosophy; only with more trust, more fam-

iliarity, more devotedness, more feeling, more light, more love, and more distinctness and tenderness. With this great belief, she clearly held, also, that we should live hereafter. In the next place, what could the "holy books of her people" mean by "Gentile"?

Through the storm of his thoughts these queries came and went. The very next day Esther and her grandfather left the castle on the Liris; and sunshine left the world. A character less selfish than Paulus it would be hard to imagine; yet neither mother nor sister, nor the arrangements for Agatha's future, nor the roll of great events which soon caught him in its eddies, nor time itself, could restore to him the buoyancy which he lost in a conversation of a few minutes with a noble and gentle girl, and never quite regained.

Brilliant matches for Paulus were planned by Aglais and Agatha, in concert with Paterculus, who induced the family to live part of every year in Rome, for the better accomplishment of their designs. It was not with contempt, so much as utter indifference, that Paulus turned invariably away at the bare hint of an alliance with any lady, or of his marriage at all. The pleasures of society, the attractions of the circus, the gossip of the court, seemed equally tasteless to him. There was no zest for him in the command of money—none in the consideration paid to him by great personages—none in the popularity he enjoyed among the soldiers—none even in the glory of fame. He always met Thellus with pleasure and cordiality; and he enjoyed the conversation of Dionysius, who (still living with the family) had accompanied them to town. With Charicles, also, he showed an interest in conferring; and he used, whenever they were at leisure, to engage both these Greeks to discuss before him the immortality of the soul from different points of view. Though a physician and a pagan physician, Charicles was too able a man not to see that there was something in each human being which shared in nowise in the mutations of the flesh; and that the consciousness of personal identity either was an illusion, or the existence of this immutable essence in each of us was a fact. He called it his chemical 'poor of the deathless thing which thinks; and he developed it in the most beautiful and convincing as well as humorous manner. This, and Dionysius's demonstrations of the same fact, on both metaphysical and moral grounds, were now Paulus's only real delight.

To his mother and sister he was as gentle, as tender, as devoted as ever, but there was a languor, a melancholy, in his whole bearing which smote them to the heart.

One night, returning on foot, with Charicles and Dionysius, from a party at Germanicus Caesar's, where the commander-in-chief had unexpectedly warned Paulus to hold himself in readiness for new wars, they met four soldiers carrying a corpse on a trestle to a neighboring dead house. Paulus happened to know one of the soldiers by sight, and asked mechanically whose was the corpse. At this the bearers stopped, and a fifth soldier who bore a torch, uncovered the face and held the light over it saying, "The unhappy young knight was accidentally killed half an hour ago in a drunken brawl at a thermopolia."

Charicles hurried Paulus away, and said, "I know the face. It is that of your cousin Marcus. He has led a mad and a bad life with young Caligula and Herod Agrippa. Now that he is dead, there is no harm in telling you what your mother and sister and your uncle all knew, but kept from your knowledge—that he was partly the cause of Agatha's abduction from Monte Circello. Ah! well! he has paid for it."

Paulus shuddered a little, saying, "I wonder is he still living anywhere?"

"Still upon that theme?" replied Charicles. Is there nothing, then, in this whole world that can interest you? Here is my street. Vale."

As Dionysius and Paulus pursued their walk, Paulus said, "The Jews also believe, like you and the Sibyls, that we shall meet those for whom we care in another world. I wonder whether the Great New Teacher who is to come

in this our own generation will teach the same."

"Really my friend," replied the Greek "I am glad you will have something to turn your attention in this new German war. Est modus in rebus. Forget yonder Hebrew lady; think of her as if dead. "It is just what I do," said Paulus, with a melancholy smile.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The war came; Germanicus, with a fine army, in which Paulus served as tribune, penetrated the heart of Germany, won several battles, turned westward, founn the place where Varus lost the legions, and where the earth was yet white with their unburied bones, and raised a plain monument over them to commemorate the avenging victories of Rome. Returning from these exploits, in which Paulus had largely increased his already high reputation and had acquired the rank of legatus, or full general, Germanicus was dispatched to the East, with the local power and dignity of emperor assigned to him, and with Cneius Piso (who attended by his wife Plancia and by Lygdus) attached to his person under some indefinite commission from Tiberius.

Time was fast rolling forward, not only with the charactres, sweet and bitter sordid or noble, execrable or lovely, of this distant echo—this personal story but with the Roman Empire itself, as then it stood in its pride and its darkness (torchlight, as it were illuminating the face of the giant statue from below, and clouds resting on its head); time was fast running its race. Augustus Caesar had died at Nola, asking those around his bed to give him the applause customary at theatres when a performer is finishing his part; and Tiberius had begun his awful sway with moderation, wisdom and amenity.

When Paulus returned, he assisted in his new rank and honors at his sister Agatha's marriage with Velleius Paterculus, which entailed but little separation from her mother and brother, Paterculus having bought some miles more to the south on the Appian Road for his future residence, a villa, once Cicero's (one of the sixteen or eighteen he possessed along that line), and settled there with his wife. Between the castle and the villa communication was easy to maintain; and mother and daughter often visited each other. Thellus who had attained the grade of first centurion, now quitted the army, and went with his little Prudentia to live in the river-



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side cottage which Paulus had persuaded them to accept. Marcus Lepidus, the triumvir, was dead, and had bequeathed his Thessalian dogs to Paulus and the bewitched castle, as it was not unnaturally deemed, with the estate of Monte Circello, to the Lady Aglais. Dionysius had gone back to his Athenian home. Of Josiah Maccabaeus and Esther no tidings had ever been heard, save one grateful and loving letter from Esther to Agatha, received while Paulus was at the wars. Germanicus Caesar had been poisoned at Daphne; and Cneius Piso (suspected of the deed by Germanicus's troops) had returned to Rome, where Tiberius to show that Piso could not have been his agent in such a transaction threw him into prison. There Piso, being astonished at the requital his master gave to his devoted services, closed a year of despair in suicide. His wife, the Lady Plancina, braved the plain opinion of men for thirteen years longer, when she was at last arrested upon the same charge, and inflicted upon herself the same death in similar despair.

And now Tiberius had begun to rage, in other words, to be natural, in other words, to be unpleasant to mankind. The ladies of Rome admired no man's appearance more than Paulus's when business or courtesy, or the policy which was very needful in the reign of Tiberius, obliged him to show himself publicly in the capital, wearing his long scarlet paludamentum in the train of the plainly dressed, unsmiling, suspicious, inscrutable and murderous tyrant.

It was a summer night when Paulus had returned from one of these journeys to Rome, and he was walking with his mother among the beautiful statues, which were described by us at the beginning of this tale as grouped like a perpetual company on the flat roof of his great ancestral mansion. The night was magnificent, the air full of the perfumes of flowers, and the landscape lay in all its beauty below, stretching north and south to the horizon, eastward to the Tyrrhenian Sea, which seemed to-night to take down all the starry heavens into its heart.

"See, mother," said Paulus, "all that has been restored to us, and all beyond; this fair Italy of my father's fathers, where we have again built up the old name in honor! How inexplicable life is! We use fierce exertions to obtain things, of which when we possess them, we know no better use to make than to abandon them. But really it becomes necessary to get beyond the ken of Tiberius. You do not repent, mother, this resolution of ours to sell everything, retire from public life, and steal off to the Greece from which you brought me in my youth?"

"I repent of nothing which can render you happy," she replied.

"Alas!" said he, "I could have wished to keep all this wealth and dignity if Esther—but I will not go back. As for you, mother, you are Greek, and it is only for my sake you have ever preferred Italy. We shall depart wealthy at least."

And thus the estates both of Monte Circello and Liridium were sold, the former to Lucius Varius, the patrician poet, the latter to Agatha's husband, Paterculus, to whom Agatha had born a son. Paterculus called the child Paulus Aemilius; so that after all Liridium would still remain bound up with the ancient patronymic, and in possession of the ancient race. The only pang incurred was the separation from Agatha; but better so, Agatha herself agreed, than that her brother (like so many other noble and innocent daily and almost hourly victims) should fall under the caprice of the pitiless man who then held a whole world in terror.

Paulus and his mother fitted away then, and were welcomed in Athens by Dionysius, whom they found encompassed by such fame and reverence as no man had gathered round him in that metropolis of genius and wit since the days of Socrates. He taught in the Areopagus (then consisting of forty assistants and about twenty honorary, chiefly Roman, members) a philosophy of which the reader knows already the principal tenets. With this he mingled a certain strange and poetical-looking element, derived from a study of the Sibylline oracles. It would be in discord, we fear, with the laws of a narrative like this, to expect (while the reader awaits the remaining events which we have to chronicle) his attention to a full exposition of that most curious of all the episcopal accompaniments of ancient heathen history. We will not, therefore, break our tale to unfold this topic in the manner it would intrinsically deserve; hoping in some future edition to speak of it in a preface or ap-

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pendix, succinctly yet sufficiently. It is enough here to say, what half a page will contain, that whether from the fact that Our Blessed Lord was then actually living, or (as Dionysius in good faith told Paulus) from a well known Sibylline prophecy, certain it is that his incommunicable earthly name had transpired beyond the confines of Judea.

(To be Continued.)

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#### THE FIGHTING RACE.

It is always interesting, says The Sacred Heart Review, to read of a New York conflagration—the names of the fire heroes are so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon! A soap factory in flames last week in the metropolis gave the fire department perilous work to do. The names of the injured firemen as given in the daily papers are:

"O'Neil, Andrew, engine 18, burned on hands and face, and overcome by smoke and chemical fumes.

"Moran, Bernard, engine 18, overcome by smoke and gases, and burned on hands and face.

"Moore, ladderman, of truck 12, overcome by gases, and burned on hands and face.

"Brennan, ladderman, of truck 12, overcome by smoke and backdraught and burned on hands and face.

"Gilday, ladderman, of truck 12, caught in backdraught and overcome burned on face, hands and neck."

Anglo-Saxon to a man. We also read of this same fire that "early in the afternoon Lieutenant Martin Mahoney and Fireman Clancy of engine 30, by the breaking of the floor, were hurled into eight feet of cellar water, which from its saturation with soap-making material had become a strong lye. They were rescued by their comrades with great risk and difficulty and taken to a hospital. Clancy may be fatally hurt, but Mahoney will probably recover."

The fire department of New York is filled with men bearing such names, and facing fearlessly such dangers as those recorded here. The Irish is the fighting race, surely. More specifically it seems to be the fire-fighting race.

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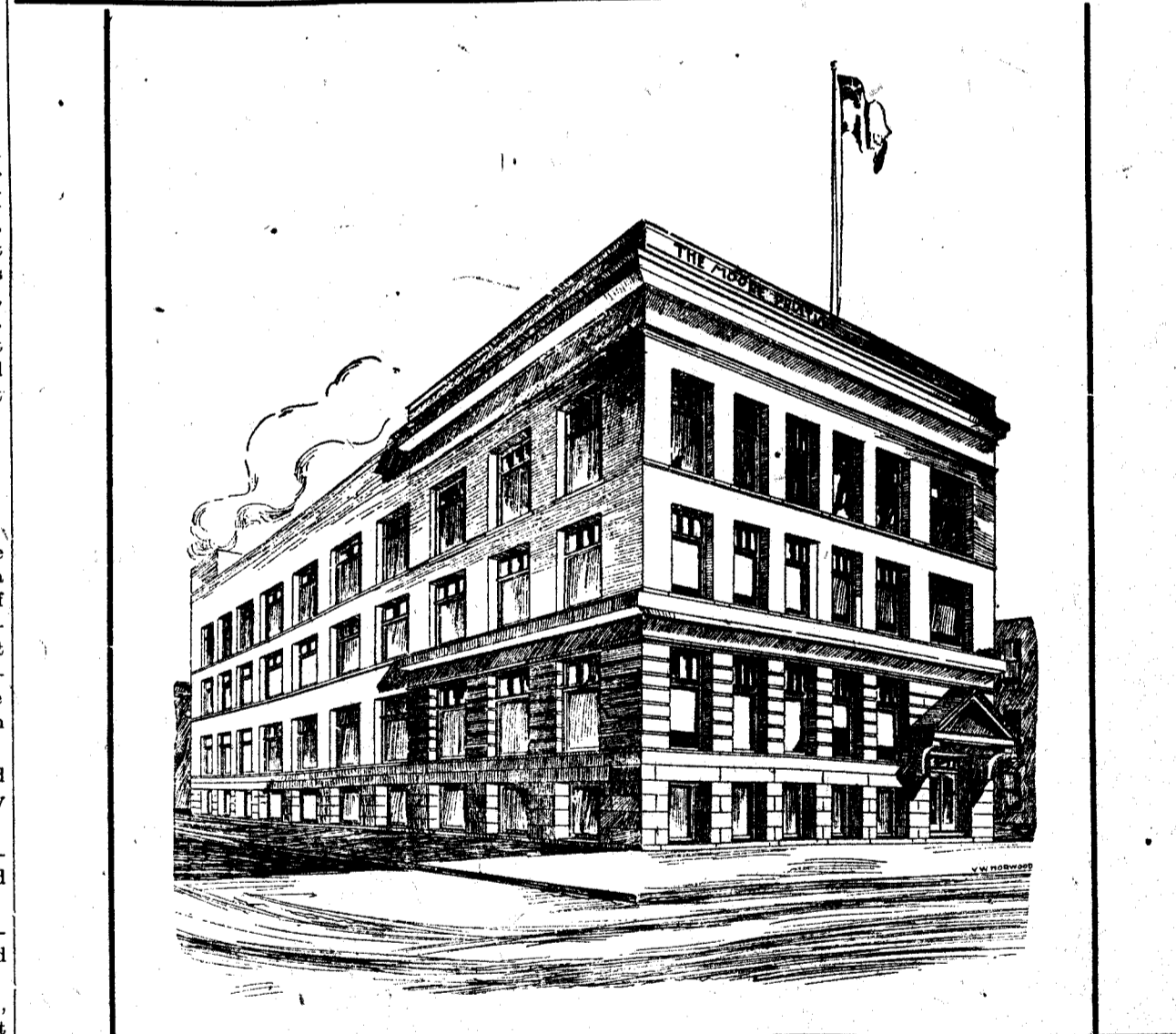
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### AN EXCOMMUNICATED MEDIUM

A Mrs. C. W. Stewart, known in the spiritualist world as Mrs. J. N. Folsom, has long been a leading light among the Spiritualists of this city. She has been the head of the local congregation, one of the largest in the United States, and for years has been the boldest climber of the spiritualistic Alps that the country could produce. Her venturesome forays into the spirit land have been the delight and consolation of the brethren throughout the whole country. She did a regular exchange business with the invisible world, keeping up a system of correspondence that rivaled in swiftness, if not in economy, our national mail service; she had the entree into the most exclusive set in the spirit world, with whom she exchanged cards and visits, and there were no particular days or hours of the day when the spirits were "at home" to her. She just could drop in for a private chat at any moment. By means of the confidential relations she held with all the great ones who shone in the financial, social or literary world while on earth, she could obtain very valuable information on the most important issues of the day and benefit of the experience of the "great ones gone." It was this excess of familiarity that brought her into trouble. Visiting cards were her undoing. She would pass up the card of any inquirer, and in a few seconds receive a written answer from the person called upon. She often exchanged photographs with the departed spirits, the work showing that the spirit photographers were possessed of the latest secrets of the photographic art.

In all these manifestations from au dela she was assisted by an attendant. It seems this attendant was a confederate in a wholesale system of fraud and deception of which Mrs. Folsom was the author and inventor. There was a dispute and a falling out between the two, and the public was treated to a series of disclosures as amusing to the incredulous as they were shocking to the faithful. The statements of the attendant were so circumstantial and convincing that a committee of the National Association was appointed to visit this city and report upon the case. That committee reported to the National Association in session in Minneapolis this week that they found all the allegations of the attendant true, and they declared Mrs. Folsom "a false medium and guilty of fraudulent manifestations." The evidence taken by the committee in this city was revised at the National Assembly, and the findings thoroughly approved. Mrs. Folsom has been expelled from the National Association and all the faithful are warned to have nothing to do with her.

This is not the first, nor the hundredth, nor the thousandth time that these mediums have been detected and exposed. From the days of the famous Rochester Sisters the history of mediumism has been one unbroken recital of dupery and fraud. But the more Spiritualism is exposed the more it grows. People would seem to have such a grudge against truth that they welcome any fraud or lie or imposition that makes the world open its eyes in astonishment. Spiritualism is not dead by any means in this country, while in Europe it is taking like wildfire in places which were proof against the deception heretofore. The German Emperor has publicly declaimed against the imposture, and the English press have done their utmost to forewarn their readers. But Spiritualism is the fad among the smart literary set to-day in England and the Continent. In London, there are more Spiritualists than in the rest of Great Britain, and their numbers are growing amazingly.

We do not say that all Spiritualists are deceivers; the number of the deceived vastly surpasses that of the deceivers. People who have no faith and who are at heart materialists are astonished at what they call spirit manifestations. Man is a spirit as well as a body, and he who studies the ways of the spirit will be rewarded by strange discoveries. The spirit is the life and action of the body. Human life is a spirit manifestation. But the action of the spirit is normal and directed by the Creator. We know much of that action, and to some it is given to see more profoundly the ways of the soul. But those who pretend to regular and ordinary intercourse with the invisible world are either impostors or are in league with the Evil Spirit; mostly the former. In all these things the words of the Apostle are fraught with warning; "Be not more wise than it behooveth to be wise." When death removes the veil of mystery "then shall we see even as we are seen."—St. Louis "Western Watchman."

### How Puenmouia Starts.

You catch a little cold to-day, by to-morrow it has reached the throat, next day the lungs are affected and you wish you had used "Catarrhzone" which kills cold in five minutes. In the first place Catarrhzone soothes the irritated membranes and relieves congestion, then it cuts out the phlegm and destroys the germs. It enables the blood to retain a natural supply of oxygen lung food, and vitality. In any cough bronchitis or lung affection it's guaranteed to positively cure. Decline any substitute for "Catarrhzone."

An infidel and his little girl, a child of some seven summers, were walking one day, and the child, being of an observing and inquiring disposition, noticed a great many things, and asked her father about them. As they walked along, she stopped to pick a pretty flower, and after examining it a moment she said:—

"Papa, who made this flower?"  
He answered promptly: "Nature, child. Nature made the flower; nature makes everything."

Walking along a little farther, she stooped again to pick up a piece of some kind of shell or pebble. She again asked the same question as before about the flower.

"Who made the shell?"

The father answered again as before: "Nature, child; nature made it."

After walking some distance further they stopped under a stately tree to enjoy its shade. Looking up into the tree the little girl asked:—

"Papa, who made this tree?"

He answered: "Nature, child; nature made the tree, the flowers, the birds of the air, and everything else we can see."

The little child paused in thought for a moment, and then said:—

"Papa, may I ask you another question, please?"

"Certainly, child."

"Papa, who made nature?"

The father, surprised at this unexpected question, said: "Oh, never mind, child: I'll tell you some other time."

He had just returned from a Continental trip, and was telling his adventures.

"And, above all," he said, "I actually had the honor of playing whist with a king."

The man in the overcoat had listened in silence up to this point, and now his lip curled scornfully as he replied:—

"That's nothing; I once played with four kings."

"Really?"

"Yes, Four kings and an ace."

### Regina Notes.

The new church is nearing completion and before another month passes Rev. Father Suffa expects to be holding services in the completed building.

St. Mary's Altar Society intends holding a Bazaar in aid of the church this Fall. Already arrangements are being made and it is to be hoped it will be, as before, a great success.

On Thursday evening Prof. Buell gives an entertainment under the auspices of St. Mary's Altar Society.

During the past week the Grim Reaper has entered the congregation of Regina and chosen for his prey Mrs. P. M. Egan, nee Hanley, who died on Monday morning, Oct. 16, and Mr. Doherty of New Brunswick, who died in the Hospital on Saturday night. Mrs. Egan but four short months ago was married to Detective Egan of the N.W.M.P. After the inauguration of the Provinces he was called away with Inspector McGinnis and had to travel by canoe away inland from Rat Portage. All that kind friends could do for Mrs. Egan was done, but God had willed otherwise and she succumbed to typhoid fever twenty-four hours before the arrival of her heart-broken husband. Though Mrs. Egan was only a short time in the city, all who met her spoke highly of her. Fortified with the rites of our Holy Church she died most peacefully, resigned to God's will. She was attended by Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., who also conducted the funeral services. Mrs. Egan became a Catholic this year and was a most exemplary one. There were many offerings, spiritual and floral, laid on her bier, among others being a very beautiful wreath from the N.W.M.P. A very pretty cross of Pansies from Mrs. Ryan; Masses and a lovely wreath from St. Mary's Altar Society. There were a great many present at the funeral services. Officers and men from the Barracks; St. Mary's Altar Society attended in a body. Mr. Egan is a very highly efficient member of the N.W.M.P., coming from Halifax, Nova Scotia, some six years ago. Your correspondent joins with his many friends in Regina in tendering him heartfelt sympathy in this hour of deep affliction.

Mr. Doherty was a comparative stranger, taking sick a few days after his arrival. He, accompanied by his wife, came west to buy land, but was taken to Regina Hospital a few weeks ago. His grief stricken wife leaves this evening for New Brunswick, whither she takes her husband's remains. Mrs. Doherty has the sympathy of all who met her. Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., attended Mr. Doherty in his last moments. We trust the Queen of Heaven in this month especially dedicated to her as "Queen of the Rosary," may comfort these bereaved ones and obtain from the Divine Son consolation and resignation.

Every evening this month there is the Recital of the Rosary and Benediction in the church. These services are well attended.

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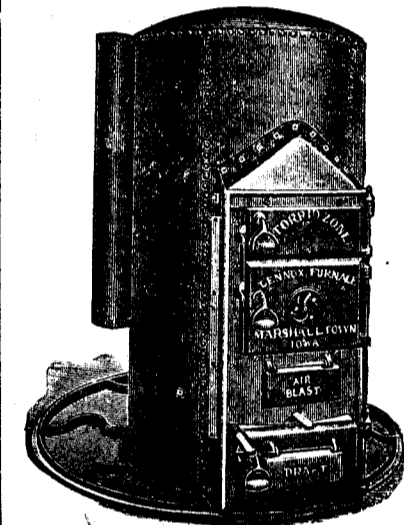
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