

Evil And Remedy In France.

By "CRUX"

THIS week I purpose going off on a gleaming expedition. Most of what I have to present will be from sources not original with me; but the main idea which I seek to convey, by my means what they may, is one that has had expression more than once in other departments of this paper, especially during the past year. I want to write about France, as the vast and central stage on which a wonderful drama is being enacted—a drama that has its most painful and tragic side, as well as its humorous and absurd aspect. The play is a mighty struggle that is being waged between two great powers, that of the Church, in the name of God, of religion, of education and of order, and that of the Government, in the name of irreligion, of ignorance, and of social chaos. The forces is neither equal numerically, nor in tactics; in numbers the Church has the vast majority, for she has the people; in tactics the Government has the upper hand, for it is aggressive and determined to make up for its deficiency in numbers by its energy and daring in achievement. The other day an eminent French physician was conversing with me on this subject, and he said: "I cannot understand why the people of France do not rise up en masse and go to the polls, and sweep the entire nest of oppressors out of the country." "Do you mean," I asked, "to send them on the track of the religious orders?" "No," he said. "I mean to sweep them from power." And he added: "We French people have it in our power to peacefully, honorably, and effectively free ourselves from the band that has us by the throat. And I say that if religious orders are expelled, it is as much the fault of the Catholics of France as it is of the Government. If I had a mad dog chained in my shed, and I let him loose on a crowd of people, I would be more responsible for the injuries inflicted than would be the dog. I had the power to keep him in, and I assumed the risk in setting him free. But the Catholic people of France, especially the bulk of them in the departments, are so cowed down by the Government that they are even afraid to vote, afraid of their own shadows; at every step they see the general, the Prefect, the Mayor, the town councillor, the petty official of every class looming up; and they conclude it is better not to offend these little potentates, it is preferable not to incur their enmity. The deputy promises a bridge here, a road there, a municipal exemption in this place, and a bonus in that one, and the voters see only these small and immediate interests on the one side and the terrible phantom of the Government, with its mysterious power and its army of spies on the other, and they go to the urns and deposit their ballots, for the Government's candidate, and return home to lament over their slavery, to hug their chains, and to lick the hand that smites them." To say that I was astonished to hear a Frenchman speak thus, is to put it mildly; but I saw his earnestness and I saw the truth of his contention. "What," I asked, "is the remedy for this evil?" He answered unhesitatingly: "Proper Catholic organization. Force must be met by force, and discipline by better discipline, and aggressiveness by more skillfully directed aggressiveness."

What then is the Government's source of power? That is the one grand question to be answered before we attempt a solution of the problem. An illustrious French prelate, some years ago, when accused before a tribunal in Paris of being an enemy of the Republic, retorted serenely to his judges:—"You are mistaken, gentlemen. We are not under a Republic. We are under Freemasonry." What was then true is more than true at present. The organ of the Vatican, the "Civiltà Cattolica," of Rome, says:—"Freemasonry's Government rules France now by direct or imperative mandate of the Grand Orient, or Council of the Masonic Order. Most of the senators and deputies and all the Cabinet are subject to it. The very President of the Republic is so in-

involved in the coils that his movements are not free." If there could be any excuse for Combes we might allow him the benefit of this one—he is a mere instrument in the hands of the Grand Orient. He is at this moment the most abject slave in all Europe. Not Peter of Serbia, nor any other living ruler stands in greater dread of the powers that hold the sword of Democles over him, than does Premier Combes. He is not even able to think for himself; he has no freedom of action; every sentiment of a finer character that might possibly take life in his heart must be at once mercilessly crushed; and yet he cannot satisfy the element that holds him fast and wields him as tool. He dare not hesitate, Lamartine, in his History of the Gerondists, tells of Robespierre's terrible predicament, and explains his blood-stained career and his fatal ending thus:—"There are abysses that we dare not sound, and characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness, too much horror; but, history, which has the unflinching eye of time, must not be chilled by these terrors, she must understand while she undertakes to recount. It is not an easy task to fathom the character or to analyze the dispositions of Robespierre. Fanatical to his ideal, his fanaticism was ridiculed; revenge for the ridicule suffered; the opportunity of gratifying that vengeance; suspicious of a counter vengeance then against himself; intoxicated by the blood of even friends; he murdered, first for satisfaction, then for ammunition, finally for self-preservation."

Does not the picture photograph Combes? Replace the word "murder" by some milder expression descriptive of this man's tyranny, and you have the situation. He has persecuted for satisfaction, or vengeance, against those whom he betrayed and from whom he was a renegade; then he persecuted and offered himself as an arch-persecutor, for ambition—the ambition to govern, to be the Premier, to sit at the head of France's Council table; finally, he is obliged to persecute for self-preservation. He dare not relent, he dare not hesitate, he dare not turn back; and no matter to what extremes he may go, he can never go far enough to satisfy the Grand Orient; and the moment that he weakens, or fails to put onward along the path of persecution he knows that his power is at an end, his usefulness gone, and, perhaps, his days numbered. Thus he stands there, in the eyes of the world, a target for the shafts of contempt and detestation from all true and sincere men, and a target for the arrows of vengeance from the very power that holds him enslaved and that will eventually torture him as he tortured others—just as Robespierre perished by the very guillotine that he had erected to destroy enemies and friends.

Thus we have France governed practically by one man and that one is the embodiment of Freemasonry; and Freemasonry has for its special mission to destroy Catholicity. There is no need of dwelling further upon this side of the question. The problem before us reduces itself simply to this:—The Catholics of France have the numbers and the power to drive this Masonic Government from power. To do so they must have organization of a character as strong as that against which they contend. How, then, are they to have the needed life and activity instilled into them, and the necessary organization established.

"The New Century" in a recent article of importance said: "When Dr. Stafford on a memorable occasion spoke of the need that France has of rehabilitation in the eyes of the Catholic world, he suggested to the mind of an auditor that the Knights of Columbus be extended to France. And why not? It has not been such a long time ago that the Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, Mr. Edward L. Hearn, at a national council of his order, suggested that it would be a good thing for the Church if the order were established in the Philippines, in Porto Rico and even in Mexico. He said:—

"I am convinced that the Knights of Columbus, with its Catholicity, its patriotism, its organization, its force, its purpose and its magnificent results would satisfy a great many of the countries nearer home."

"Why not then see what aggressive Catholic lay action can do? The air is vocal with complaints against the Free Masons, whom one would suppose to judge from the fearful ejaculations of the French Catholic press, held France in the palms of their hands. If the Free Masons are responsible for the reign of persecution in France, why not look into the secret of their power? If their organization can cast a spell over France, why not see what organization will do for Catholic laity? France is the best organized nation in Europe. Its literature, as far as form is concerned, is the most exquisite in the modern world. Nowhere also are modern processes in politics better understood. An idea is hardly cosmopolitan until it has reached Paris. Would it reject the application of the mass-idea to politics? Would not the resulting efficiency and unity of action, by which the heritage of the Catholic masses in France would be restored, appeal to a nation where organization and regimentation is almost a fetish? Can't something be done?"

It is then evident that the necessity of action is imperative; it is clear that this impression is felt on all sides, outside of France, perhaps, more than within her limits. A very fine suggestion is that of extending the Knights of Columbus to France; but it would need to be implemented by the extending of other lay Catholic organizations as well. And, yet, the above-quoted article ends with the question, "Can't something be done?" This is exactly the question that must be at once answered, and its answer, whatever it may be, must embody a practical plan of campaign; and that plan must be put into immediate execution. In other words, France, or at least Catholic France, stands in need of help from without. The question has developed into proportions that extend beyond the mere limits of that country and has become one that interests and challenges the attention of the entire Catholic world. In the days of the great Revolution the nations looked on in wonderment, but none raised a voice to protest, or an arm to protect. Altars were overthrown, the throne destroyed, the monarch killed, the hierarchy and clergy murdered, and finally the mob-executioner of one day became the mob-victim of the next; but humanity stood by with folded arms and seemed to say, "let them tear each other to pieces, it is no business of ours." But such events can never again take place, and like conditions can never again arise. The nations are brought into closer neighborhood, and the electric wire has bound us all together, annihilating space and defying time. It is, therefore, the business of all others, when one nation, or one fraction of a nation, sets at defiance every law human and divine. But, above all, is it the business of the Catholic world to see to it that the secret societies do not continue in their usurpation of power to the great injury of religion, of order, of the future generation. It is not by an armed resistance that this evil can be met, but by means of organization and work, and especially on the part of the lay element. Behold the magic results effected by such organizations as the great Catholic Truth Society, and others of a kindred character. This are the batteries that must be brought into play, there the guns that must be trained on the fortress of infidelity, anarchy, communism, socialism, and Freemasonry. And the work cannot be commenced at too early a date. France is the heart of Europe, and Paris is the heart of France; and if that fatal power be allowed to continue to augment its force, it will soon increase the field of its action, and what Catholicity suffers in France to-day, she will suffer in other parts of the world within a very near future.

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Movements In Catholic Circles In England.

NEW SCHOOLS.—Under the correspondence from "Liverpool," the "Catholic Times" says:—A recent Sunday witnessed the opening of the new schools for St. Oswald's scholars. The day was all that could be desired, and it was only natural that a very large number of people should assemble to witness the proceedings. The neighborhood in the vicinity was gaily decked with flags and bunting and the proceedings were enlivened by the bands of St. Alban's Young Men's Society and the Foresters in their regalia. His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese, who performed the opening ceremony, was accompanied by the clergy and a representation of the laity.

After the ceremony of opening the schools had been performed, Father Clarkson, in a few words, introduced the Bishop, who delivered a short address in the course of which he said that day being the one on which the Feast of St. Oswald was celebrated, it was exceedingly appropriate that these schools should be opened also on that day. They were magnificent schools, and were a credit not only to the parishioners of St. Oswald's, but to the whole Catholic body of Liverpool.

Turning to the Education Act, the Bishop said that although it did not remove all burdens from the Catholic body they accepted it willingly, because it removed that unjust monopoly previously possessed by the supporters of the board schools, and would place teachers, Catholic and non-Catholic, on the same footing. (Applause.) The passive resisters had no sympathy from the Catholic body. If any party in the country attempted to have the Bill expunged from the statute book they might count upon the determined opposition of the Catholic body (applause), because, in the past, Catholics had not only contributed to the support of board schools and the building of them, but they had provided their own schools, so that if anyone had been martyrs to the old system it was the Catholic body.

The Nonconformists, who formed the main part of the passive resisters, had not, with the exception of the Wesleyans, since 1870 done anything for education. Catholics wanted to have taught in their schools the whole, precise, concise, and logical doctrines of Catholicity, and they would never consent to a portion of it being taught and the rest ignored. (Applause.) The Catholics had, however, been properly represented in the local education authority, and they could try the City Council for fair treatment in the future. He hoped that Catholic parents would see that their children secured all the benefits of the better system of education.

Reverting to the new schools, His Lordship said they were second to none in the city. Their total cost had amounted to something like \$45,000, of which about \$25,000 had been paid off. He trusted that the Catholic body would come forward and assist Father Clarkson in raising the balance due. Father Clarkson having thanked all those who participated in the function, the proceedings terminated with a collection on behalf of the school funds.

A NEW CHURCH.—The foundation-stone of the new Catholic Church of St. Patrick was laid in Hull, in the diocese of Middlesbrough, on the 1st inst., by His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Lacy. The accommodation at the present school chapel in the parish has been over-taxed, and some time past it was found necessary to go in for a new building scheme. A handsome new edifice, to seat about 700 people, will consequently be erected on a site between Spring street and Pearson street.

The Right Rev. Abbot Gaudens, C. R.P., and the good Fathers at Corpus Christi, Varley street, Manchester, have decided to commence at once and seek the necessary funds with which to erect their Votive Church of Reparation, says the "Catholic Times." In this connection a letter from the late Bishop of Salford (Dr. Bilsborrow), of happy memory, will have a pathetic inter-

est. In writing to Abbot Gaudens, shortly before his death, he said: "I am, therefore, most grateful to you and your good Fathers for your zealous labors, which have already rescued hundreds of souls from the total neglect of their religion, from habits of sin, and from the subtle snares of heresy. You have thus deserved well of the whole diocese, and as your own flock is too poor to allow you either to pay off your crushing debt to build a new church, I trust that the whole diocese will hasten promptly and generously to your aid, and more especially as your design is to erect a church in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, and thus to make reparation for the outrages offered to Our Divine Lord in the adorable Sacrifice and Sacrament of His Love during the last three centuries."

RETREAT OF NUNS.—From a report in the "Catholic Times," we take the following:—

A spiritual retreat was preached by the Rev. M. Power, S.J., at the Training College of Notre Dame, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, from Tuesday, August 4th, to Saturday, August 8th. The gathering was a very large one, 145 teachers and former pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame had generously given a week of their short midsummer vacation to the serious exercises of the retreat. They came from all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, from the Channel Isles, from Malta and New York, to renew themselves once more in the spirit of their apostolate to spend three happy days in their beloved Alma Mater.

Conferences on the present educational crisis were given in the old way and by the same voice, so often listened to with reverent love by every generation of Liverpool students. These conferences touched mainly upon the grave responsibilities of Catholic teachers. It depends on them to preserve the Catholic atmosphere of the schools, and to preserve the authority of the clergy. They must invite the priest into their schools and show that they consider him when there in his right place. They must guard against the spirit of those schools in which no religion is taught. They must be far more watchful over their pupil-teachers, more careful than heretofore about their religious instruction and that of the children, making it simple, practical, and as attractive as possible. They must keep up the observance of Church Festivals, give willing help in Sunday schools, confraternities, and guilds; set an example in the frequentation of the sacraments and daily Mass (where possible); they must find a time for the children to go to Confession, and prepare them earnestly and methodically for First Communion and Confirmation. They must disseminate Catholic books and leaflets, such as the penny prayer books and Lives of the Saints published by the Catholic Truth Society, which were strongly recommended. They must look after the Catholic children going to non-Catholic schools. Catholic schools must be at least as efficient as those that are non-Catholic.

Catholic teachers must therefore continue their studies, aim at self-improvement, and at obtaining those qualifications which will make them respected. They must show themselves equal, if not superior, to non-Catholics in attainments, trustworthiness, steadiness, and refinement of manners. The Education Act has been accepted, therefore they must make the best of the situation. It depends upon their firmness, their prudence, tact, courtesy to render its disadvantages as few as possible. Catholic teachers must be possessed with the thought, that while it is just and right that they should be paid as others are, there must be no mercenary spirit, no talking or acting as if salary were the only consideration. Their superiority would be mainly proved, and best proved by their high-minded and disinterested conduct in this respect.

A long list of vacant situations was read out not a few in places where the new authority was already reigning supreme. The appeals made to the teachers to stand by their own flag, to come to the rescue of so many schools in danger of being handed over to the enemy, or taught by Protestants, awoke a responsive chord in many hearts.

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The Worshipper Of Mammon.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

David G. Phillips, a writer in "Success" tells of a modern Crassus, a New York millionaire, and he draws a picture of the man, through the rich one's own mouth, that has its humorous side and equally its shocking side. We are aware that the character whom the writer makes speak is a fictitious one, but he is the representative of thousands of the class to which he belongs. We have him telling of a cowardice that comes over him at each tiny pain, the hurry with which he sends for a doctor, on account of a trifle, that in his days of poverty, or of struggle would not have at all affected him. But he is now in the possession of millions, he enjoys them, he glories in the power that they give him, and he is afraid to have to part with them and with that keen pleasure, that life which has become so dear to him. He lives for his millions. Listen to him:—

"At this moment I happen to be in my mood for mocking my fears and follies about the end. The End!—I'm not afraid of what comes after. All the horror I'm capable of feeling goes into the thought of giving up my crown and my scepter, my millions and my dominion over men and affairs. The afterwards? I've never had either the time or the mind for the speculative and the intangible,—at least not since I passed the sentimental period of youth. Each day my power grows—and my love of power and my impatience of opposition. It seems to me sacrilege for any one to dare to oppose me when I have so completely vindicated my right to lead and to rule. I understand those tyrants of history who used to be abhorrent to me,—much could be said in defense of them."

There is the text; let who will build a sermon upon it. In so many words men do not tell their secret sentiments; but such are the sentiments deep down in the hearts of thousands. "The afterwards? I've never had either time of the mind for the speculative and intangible."—"The End—I am not afraid of what comes after." No wonder that the poor man tumbles at a pin scratch. He has no hope beyond the End, and if his millions could only remove that End, he would be happy in his crown and scepter. If. But that awful "if" comes in. He has never had time to think of the "hereafter," he has been too busy gathering the "tangible." And now that he has it, he is in eternal dread of losing it too soon. Ah, as long as he lives, as long as this existence can be prolonged, he is sure never to lose his millions and his power. But no physician can prolong it beyond a very limited degree; no influence, no power, no authority that his money can purchase can possibly prevent that End. It may come in a year, or in an hour. But come it will. And with it must come the parting from the millions and the sway that they give him. He has never had time to think of what is to come after that End. Mammon goes not beyond the tomb.

HOSTILE TONGUES.

Long ago people who were declared public scolds were put into a chair, brought down to the bank of the river and dipped. It was called the dipping stool. Public scolds were dipped, dipped, dipped, until they were cooled off, and their lips chattered. But we do not use the dipping stool any more and, therefore, those who go about armed with this hostile tongue are free to asperse whom they will, with impunity."

Extract from a sermon by Rev. D. S. Phelan, St. Louis, Mo.

It is well occasionally to put yourself in some one else's place, even if you prove a poor fit.

The man who most emphatically declares that he cannot tolerate flattery is generally the one most susceptible to it.

Non-Cath Ministers And Public Recognition Of a Catholic Bishop.

Below we reproduce a address to the Mayor of Y., by the Very Rev. M. administrator of that diocese well worthy of a careful To His Honor Erastus Mayor of the city of B. Honorable and Dear S. from the city during the days has prevented me from you sooner in regard test of some Protestant this city, said to have with you and also publish city press relative to the solutions passed by the B. dermen of the city of B. the City Hall be illumina evening of the arrival of Reverend Bishop Colton.

It is a question, Your H. there a reply should be part to this ministerial p. small a number of the Christian ministers, I am the sentiments of a very cant portion of Buffalo's liberal-minded citizens. Bu reply, that I may, through our honorable Board of Al rescind any action they n taken in regard to the con to be given Bishop C. his first entry into this city. While appreciating the g and the evident courtesio tion of our city fathers in ter, and even more than I express to them in words, must say that the thought to me at the same time of passing that kindly and resolution that they were ahead of their time and ha what counted without their The sequel to it all prove was right in my forethought

The age of universal good ship and the dawn of Christi ity have not yet reached us still are some narrow-minded living in our midst, yet we the traditions and practices sixteenth century, although course, this is the twentieth

But, withal, we must not break up our religious equi Nor should we take matters kind in a too serious vein must we keep cool in these mer days, nor lie awake a fretting and stewing about t of Rome. If he does come pay us a visit in the "land free and the home of the b which, at best, is not very p we need not dread any dire from his visit. He will not up the Republic; he will not away our liberties; he is not of that kind, nor will he, ev does come over, "impose her cunary burdens" upon us, as the reverend Protestant genti graphically describes it. Mr. Mayor, the entire press world concedes to-day that Father, Pope Pius X., is a un ly beloved and good man.

Who, then, will have the c to say that he would beg career in the Papacy by comi here and stealing away the rights of American freemen? Joking aside, Mr. Mayor, to say to you in this letter, I have addressed their protest t that this matter of illuminati City Hall never was requeste the Board of Aldermen by me person representing officially sialist authority. It came its beauty and good spirit fro aldermen themselves uninfluenc ther from within or without, o any quarter whatsoever.

In the same good spirit of a tion, I now hereby decline, many thanks, this tender o Common Council of Buffalo t minate the City Hall in hono the arrival of Buffalo's new B I do this for the sake of pea good will amongst all mankin do not think, however, that much strife would be stirred up if I should accept their kind will, the very thought of seei City Hall illuminated at night the special delectation of n Catholic Bishop might, indeed,

Non-Catholic Ministers And Public Recognition Of a Catholic Bishop.

ously disturb the delicate consciences of these very scrupulous and gnat-straining ministers—and hence, in the language of our great captain of the Union armies at the close of the Civil War—"Let us have peace," and peace it is.

Mr. Mayor, there is one sentence of the protest of these ministers to which you must give your most earnest attention. You are a good man yourself at figures, and you can easily pass judgment on its truthfulness. Here it is in all its fullness—"verbatim et punctuatum." We believe the great mass of our people of every religious and political hue are not in sympathy with the action of our civil representatives, and in protesting against the use of our public buildings, we believe we represent this vast majority of our people."

In the absence of anything in the way of more reliable statistics, we can at least use the record of the attendance of our children in the public and parochial schools of the city as a fair basis of calculation. These statistics will show to the unbiased mind that more than one half of the city's population is Catholic even basing the present population at 400,000. Now, if one-half of our population belongs to the Catholic Church—and there is no doubt on that point whatever—it is surely safe to say that a very large majority of the remaining half of the city's population of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens has naught to say of the Catholic Church but what is good and praiseworthy, that they have no ill-feeling toward nor any of the old-time traditional bigotry against Catholics in any manner whatsoever. This is especially true of our great commercial bodies and corporations and of business men in general who give employment to such large numbers of Catholic employees. They admire and appreciate the Church's great organization, her great moral uplifting of the masses; her defense of the marriage tie; her respect for law and authority in the social world; her unceasing and constant struggle against socialism, which today is taking such hold on the minds of those men who are, unfortunately, bereft of any Christian training and who have no religious foundation in their moral make-up on which to rest their belief or fight a foe, so insidious and destructive as socialism is and at this date is only beginning to be; her effectual and constant and ever vigilant opposition to the dread evils of anarchy; her efforts to inculcate principles of morality and religious doctrines in the hearts of the rising generation of American youth. These and many other such sacrifices of a similar nature have brought it home in the clearest terms to the minds of all thoughtful men that the days of opposition to the Catholic Church must soon pass away. All these bring the Church into closer and more friendly touch with the hearts of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, so much so that bigotry and jealousy of the Church's progress for the betterment of mankind is fast passing away. Where, then, will this vast majority spoken of in the above-quoted sentence from our ministers come from? Perhaps, Mr. Mayor, this may be clear to these protesting ministers, but it is not so to me. However, we can leave the whole matter to the judgment of an enlightened and unprejudiced public opinion. Of its decision we have not the slightest fear.

One good thing will come out of all this discussion. It will clear this controversial atmosphere of misrepresentation and prejudice for a long time to come. The protest of these ministers will set an example to Catholics to be more pronounced and emphatic in demanding for the future their constitutional rights and liberties.

In our public schools, including both normal and high schools, Catholics will hereafter demand that teachers will cease to teach sectarian doctrines, either by word of implication, such as Bible reading, prayer making, hymn singing or chapel exercises of any kind. Catholics must see to it that our respective superintendents of schools be petitioned to drive out from our public schools and all other educational institutions all proselytizing and sectarian influences. Not only that, but in future should any corner-stone of a public building be laid in this community, the ceremony must not be performed by the representatives of any secret society or sect. Municipal or government public officials are the proper persons to discharge those duties. That it has not been done in the past has been owing simply to the indulgence and toleration and sheer neglect on the part of Catholics themselves. These ministers, in this their great protest, really have done more good for the Catholic side of the question than they had thought of doing when they started out. They have reminded Catholics to bestir themselves and to demand their rights, and especially in those

things in which they have been truly negligent in the past.

In the meantime, let me say in conclusion, that the Catholics of these United States and of the city of Buffalo, in particular, truly, love the liberties of this our glorious republic equally as much as these protesting ministers.

That Catholics are prepared now, as they always have been prepared in the past, both to do and die in defense of this grand nation, needs no demonstration here.

Let us hope that if the day ever comes that our country may need the aid and assistance of her sons in her defense, that these ministers and those in whose behalf they assume to speak, will be as equally prepared and as truly patriotic in giving their lives and shedding their blood for their country's cause as their fellow-Catholics will be. Then, may our beloved country well feel certain that her liberties and the perpetuity of her free institutions will rest on solid and enduring foundations.

If there is any other thought in this connection to which I would desire to give expression it would be this, that, if on the night of the public procession in honor of Bishop Colton's entry into this city, whatever tenebrosity may seem to be occasioned by the non-illumination of the City Hall will be amply made up by the good citizens of our city generally, who live along the line over which the processionists are to pass. I remain, honorable and dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,
MICHAEL P. CONNERY,
Administrator of the diocese of Buffalo.
St. Columba's Church, Aug. 15.

IN MEMORIAM. LEO XIII.

Where'er the light that radiates from Peter's throne
With flaming spear transfixes truth in souls,
There men to-day bowed down with grief, weep and bemoan;
And every beating heart a Requiem tolls!
King! Pontiff! Father most beloved! His cherished name,
Like Sacred Christ upon our lips, is sweet
And sanctifying! Oh thrice blest'd his holy fame,
His works, his words, his wondrous life complete!

Dead! Nay,—not dead! Such men as Leo do not die!
Rather sepulchred in this life, he dwelt
Within that pale and fragile form we knew him by,
Whence flashed the fires that far and near were felt.

High on the mountain peaks, alone, he walked severe
In God's White Presence, with song-sandal'd feet;
Yet knew he every tortuous path down valley green,
Where human eyes looked up, the sun to greet!

And there he loved to linger, bending low to take
The laborer's hand, he bade oppression cease;
While from the Church's height, with clarion voice he spake—
And far-off echoes thrilled the Christ-word: "Peace!"

With seal of Love's self abnegation on his brow,
And sign of Jesus' Cross upon his breast,
The sage's clear, cold words through tender lips did flow,
Strength, wealth and power were good,—but love was best!

Through gloom and glare of a long life's protracted days,
With seraph heart and proud archangel might,
His Whiteness loomed before the universal gaze—
With wings up-lifted to the Infinite!

"Lumen in Coelo!" Star too dazzling fair to shine
On earth! He has been drawn to spheres up higher—
Among the myst'ries of God's heaven divine
His sun will glow eternal, lit by Love's fire!

Miss Beaulle Guerin, in "The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart."

Catholic Happenings In Scotland.

(From Late Exchanges.)

LECTURES IN OPEN AIR.—Once more Father Matthew Power, S.J., is back in Edinburgh, and once more has his eloquent voice been heard in the Lothian road, in continuation of the above addresses which the reverend gentleman inaugurated himself several weeks ago with so much success in the Scottish capital. During Father Power's recent illness, and when after his recovery he had to go to England on important missionary work, the addresses were given with great ability, judgment, and tact by Father Eiddowson, S.J. Last Sunday night Father Power resumed the work, recognizing with gratitude the valuable services of his confrere, and delivered to a vast concourse of in-

rooms by moveable partitions. The ground floor yields comfortable accommodation for 350 children, and the upper flat for a like number when turned into classrooms. The rev. manager is Father Patterson, late of St. Anthony's, Gavan.

LAITY AND THEIR PASTOR.—The Catholics of Clydebank are organizing a grand testimonial for their zealous pastor, Father Montgomery, who has done so much for Catholicity and temperance in the district for the last decade and a half of years. Men of every class and creed along the banks of the Clyde are at one with their Catholic comrades in acknowledging Father Montgomery's worth to the Clydebank community.

Subscribe to the "True Witness"

terested and eager listeners a magnificent lecture on "God the Creator."

PAPAL CORONATION SERVICE.

The Jesuit Fathers of Lauriston on the Sunday of the coronation of the Holy Father, held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, a grand Papal Coronation service. Probably in no church in Great Britain, has a grandeur of service than this been held before in honor of a new Pope. Its predominant note was one of exultant joy and exuberant thanksgiving. The choir was augmented by thirty-six professional ladies and gentlemen belonging to the D'Oyly Carte Company, at present in Edinburgh, besides twenty-five trained instrumentalists from the Royal Lyceum. The music rendered was "The Mass of St. Winefride," specially composed by the eminent conductor of the company, Mr. Halton, besides several other very fine pieces appropriate to the occasion. The preacher for the occasion was the Rev. Father Quick, S. J. The church was crowded by a large and fashionable congregation. At the evening service the "Te Deum" was chanted, and a sermon given by the Rev. Father Seither, S. J.

NEW SCHOOLS.—Cleveland's new Catholic schools which represent a substantial pile of buildings situated in a prominent part of the district, have just been completed. The architecture is modernised classic. There are two floors, the ground level being devoted entirely to class-rooms, the upper, a fine hall, being given over for the present for drill and recreation, though it can at any time be converted into additional class-

Notes And Gleanings.

GOOD MEN WANTED.—On a recent occasion the Holy Name Society of Brooklyn and other parts in that vicinity held a demonstration at Oyster Bay, L.I., President Roosevelt delivered an address on "American Manhood." We take the following extract from it:—

"I desire to see in this country, said he, the decent men strong and the strong men decent; and until we get that combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be. There is always a tendency among very young men, and among boys who are not quite young men as yet, to think that to be wicked is rather smart; it shows that they are men. Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to see life, meaning by that that he is going to see that part of life which is a thousand fold better if it remains unseen! I ask that every man here constitute himself his brother's keeper by setting an example to that younger brother which will prevent him from getting such a false estimate of life as that.

"Example is the most potent of all things. If any one of you in the presence of younger boys, and especially the younger people of your own family, misbehaves yourself, if you say coarse and blasphemous language before them, you can be sure that these younger people will follow your example and not your precept."

MIXED MARRIAGES.—There must be something seriously wrong in the mental equipment of a Catholic man or woman who will enter into marriage bonds with a non-Catholic. The "Agustinian," a Catholic journal of Kalamazoo, Michigan, touching upon the subject:

"Another sad instance of the result of a mixed marriage was the death of a Catholic near Vicksburg the other day. Although having received the last Sacraments he was buried in unconsecrated ground and a minister officiated at the services. The several instances of this kind during the past year ought to be a warning to all Catholics."

A FRAUDULENT "BLESSING."

We would warn our readers against a Papal blessing that is advertised for sale by a Boston firm. This "blessing" is described as a "Vatican document of rare interest and value." It contains a portrait of the late Pope and a Latin inscription. The thing is no Papal blessing at all. It is simply a copy of the document that is filled out in Rome for the person who obtains a special blessing from the Pope. The "blessing" advertised for sale is no more a blessing than is the blank form supplied to clergymen a genuine marriage certificate. As the advertisers ask, "Do you want the Papal blessing?" and word their announcements in such a way that many Catholics might be taken in, we have thought it well to print these words of warning. No Catholic paper would publish such an advertisement as is issued by the firm that sells these blessings.—Catholic News.

NEW YORK CITY CATHOLICS.

A writer in the New York "Sun" figures out the denominational percentage of the population of New York city as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Religion and Per Cent. Catholic ... 40, Protestant ... 33, Jewish ... 12, Total ... 85, No religious connection ... 15.

He concludes that of the present population of New York, which is 3,700,000, there are 1,480,000 Catholics; 1,221,000 Protestants, 440,000 Jews, and there are 555,000 inhabitants without individual or family religious connection.

CATHOLIC BEQUESTS.

The charitable bequests of the will of the late Mrs. Ellen Coleman filed recently in the Probate Court, New Haven, Conn., are as follows: To St. Francis' Orphan Asylum, New Haven, \$1,000; to the Home for the Aged at West Hartford, \$1,000; to

Bishop Tierney of the diocese of Hartford, \$1,000, for the support of aged and indigent priests; to the Mission for Homeless Children at Westchester, N.Y., \$1,000; to Rev. Thomas Shanley of Westport, to Rev. D. J. O'Connor of Noroton, and to Rev. C. E. McGowan of Colchester, \$100 each for Masses for the repose of the testator's soul; to the Mother Superior of the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy on Ferry street, \$500.

SCOTLAND'S CROPS.—Mayor White, of Woodstock, has arrived home from England. He says there is a loss of \$5,000,000 to the grain crops of Scotland on account of unfavorable weather.

CIVIC ENTERPRISE.—Whitby, Ont., last week, decided to have a municipal electric light and water plant and carried a by-law for that purpose. They will spend \$65,000.

NORTH POLE.—During the 19th century 200 ships, numberless lives and over \$30,000,000 were lost in futile efforts to reach the north pole.

TWO LESSONS.—Foreign countries are buying \$5,500,000 worth of American cash registers and \$3,500,000 worth of their typewriters a year.

AN AMERICAN non-Catholic journal says:—

The number of theological students in Germany has diminished gradually from 2,267 in 1830 to 2,149, or less than doubled since 1830. The insufficiency in the number of candidates for the ministry is discussed as a matter of exceeding gravity by German theologians. Our contemporary does not state whether the statistics include Catholics. It may be taken for granted if there was any diminution of the number of Catholic students, the fact would be plainly stated.

A FARMER'S SAD DEATH.—Moses Walls, a well known farmer of Cherry Tree township, Titusville, Pa., was killed last week while driving a yoke of oxen attached to a reaper. Walls had stepped in front of the reaper to hook up the chain fastened to the yoke when the oxen started to run, throwing him to the ground and under the large wheel of the machine. He died in about two hours. A wife and nine children survive.

AWFUL WASTE.—There is enormous waste of food in the great cattle and sheep rearing countries, especially in New Zealand, Australia, Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela. Hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle are slain merely for their hides, horns and hoofs, the exportation of the meat being unprofitable. A man who had worked on a sheep-run in New South Wales declared that he once saw the carcasses of over 6,000 sheep on one farm. They had been slain for their wool alone, and none of their meat was used.—Utica Globe.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Any information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- 81,438—Wm. Y. Hunter, Middleburg, Transvaal. Construction of tents and their valise accessories.
81,574—John Thompson, London, Eng. Hermetically sealing of bottles, jars, or other vessels.
81,817—Samuel J. Osmond, Laura, South Australia, Australia. Machine for washing clothing, etc.
81,976—Wm. G. Stevenson, Prospect, South Australia, Australia. Anti-rattling device for doors and windows.
82,099—John Thomas, Middlesex, Eng. Automatic couplings and buffers.
82,251—Ferdinand Fritz, London, Eng. Treatment of peaa.
82,353—A. E. Watson, Kyneton Victoria, Australia. Scraper for wheels of agricultural implements.

Shipper And Public Recognition Of a Catholic Bishop.

Occasional Contributor.)

Phillips, a writer in tells of a modern Crae-York millionaire, and he ture of the man, through e's own mouth, that has us side and equally its de. We are aware that or whom the writer makes dicitious one, but he is atative of thousands of o which he belongs. We illing of a cowardice that him at each tiny pain, with which he sends for an account of a trifle, that of poverty, or of struggt not have at all affecte e is now in the possessi- ons, he enjoys them, he e power that they give is afraid to have to part and with that keen pleas- e which has become so . He lives for his mil- ion to him:—

moment I happen to be d for mocking my fears out about the end. The End! afraid of what comes at- horror I'm capable of into the thought of giv- crown and my scepter, and my dominion over sirs. The afterwards? I've either the time or the speculative and the in- least not since I passed tal period of youth. y power grows—and my r and my impatience of

It seems to me sacri- one to dare to oppose e so completely v- ight to lead and to rule. those tyrants of his- d to be abhorrent to d be said in defense

the text; let who will n upon it. In so many o not tell their secret ut such are the senti- own in the hearts of "The afterwards? I've her time of the mind tative and intangible"— am not afraid of what

hat the poor man tum- scratch. He has no he End, and if his mil- y remove that End, he py in his crown and But that awful "if" has never had time to hereafter," he has been uring the "tangible." he has it, he is in of losing it too soon. s he lives, as long as ose his millions and on a physician can ut a very limited de- nce, no power, no au- s money can purchase vent that End. It year, or in an hour. ll. And with it must at from the millions that they give him. He time to think of what r that End. Mammon d the tomb.

LE TONGUES.

ple who were declar- s were put into a down to the bank of ipped. It was called stool. Public scolds until d off, and their lips e do not use the there- y more and, there- o go about armed e tongue are free to e they will, with im-

a sermon by Rev. D. Louis, Mo.

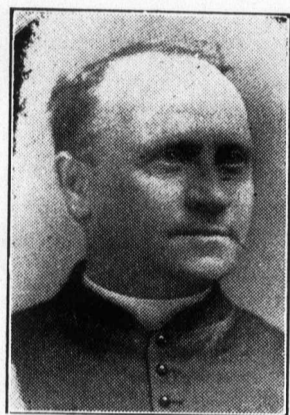
asionally to put your- else's place, even if or fit.

most emphatically cannot tolerate flat- y the one most sus-

FATHER KIERNAN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

On Sunday and Monday last Rev. J. P. Kiernan, the beloved pastor of the new Irish parish of St. Michael's, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination.

the inspirations of grace. It was the tender love she had for the Blessed Virgin which induced her to embrace the Catholic religion.



REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P.

chapel at their disposal is located in hall over the fire station on St. Denis street. But Father Kiernan's energy and zeal are paving rapidly the way to the desired foundation of a suitable Church.

there are husbands who are not at all what they should be. In many cases it is their wives to whom the blame should be imputed.

Not many years ago I baptized under condition a prominent citizen of Montreal. After the ceremony he pointed to his wife saying: Father for the last 15 years have I been watching her. If I am just now what I am it is owing to the saintliness of her life."

I could not but admire the father of your pastor. He may be praised for being a man of practical intelligence and sterling virtue.

The Sermon.

Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech. (Ps. 109-V. 5.)

I am really delighted to occupy the pulpit on this occasion. There is nothing I could like better than to join you in celebrating the Silver Jubilee of your pastor.

Your pastor and I were curates during the space of two years in St. Patrick's parish, which I then never dreamed of governing as a Sulpician and still less as a member of the secular clergy.

Your pastor and I were curates during the space of two years in St. Patrick's parish, which I then never dreamed of governing as a Sulpician and still less as a member of the secular clergy.

tom who exclaimed: "Is it really so that I was made a priest yesterday? Is what happened me a reality? Is what is taking place to-day a dream? And I under the hallucinations of sleep or I am in broad-day light?"

What an exemplary priest he has been since the day of his ordination! He has indeed been a priest according to the Heart of our Divine Lord - a veritable "Soggarth Aroon."

You come from a race which is proverbial for its idea of the priesthood and for the manner in which it has always emphasized this idea. This dignity is incomparably grand. After God comes the priest. He is the interpreter of His mind, the promulgator of His will and the dispenser of His mysteries.

What would this sacrifice be if we compared it with the sacrifice offered by the priest? Would it not be in the language of Isaias as "a little dust," or as "a drop of a bucket?"

The priest is obliged every day to recite the breviary. In his recitation of the breviary he does not pray in his private capacity, but as the minister of the Church.

A special sacrament was instituted by Christ to raise a man to the priesthood. It is the Sacrament of Holy Orders. There is no such a thing for the soldier, the physician, lawyer or nun of any description.

Our Archbishop may justly pride in the young men whom he has appointed to the English-speaking parishes under his jurisdiction.

sun and of all things is docile to the voice of His creature. At the bidding of the priest He descends in person upon the altar, and remains hidden under the sacramental species. He is altogether at his disposal. He lets Himself be locked in the tabernacle, exposed in the ostensorium, carried in procession or given in communion.

The Church cannot dispense with the priest. She is the mystical Body of Christ. You became the members of this body on the day you were baptized - on the day you were made Christians and heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The sacerdotal dignity is a divine institution. It has the best of titles to the universal respect which is paid it. It has always been recognized as the greatest dignity that could be conferred by Almighty God.

Shield his reputation and contribute all that you can towards the maintenance and development of his prestige.

A special sacrament was instituted by Christ to raise a man to the priesthood. It is the Sacrament of Holy Orders. There is no such a thing for the soldier, the physician, lawyer or nun of any description.

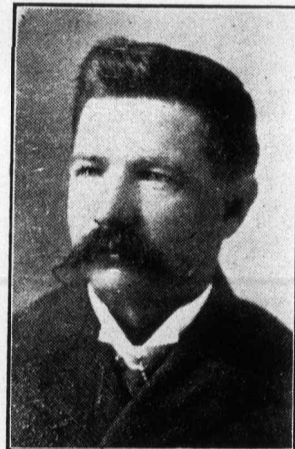
Our Archbishop may justly pride in the young men whom he has appointed to the English-speaking parishes under his jurisdiction.

in your midst! He has the key of your hearts. He is indeed worthy of having it. Well may he rely on your sympathy and co-operation.

in your midst! He has the key of your hearts. He is indeed worthy of having it. Well may he rely on your sympathy and co-operation.

The evening service was of unusual solemnity, and a pleasant feature thereof was the fact that Rev. Father Therrien, chaplain of Mount St. Louis College, presided at the organ, while the service was sung by Rev. Father Charpentier, chaplain of the Reformatory, of the Brothers of Charity; both of whom were classmates of Father Kiernan at the Grand Seminary.

Necessarily the biography of a priest has certain limitations, for...



MR. JOHN KEEGAN.

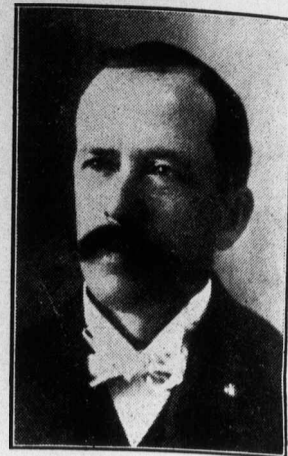
as a rule, his life is so bound up in the performance of his sacred duties, that it is only upon occasions such as this that it comes out in detail before the world.

Father Kiernan is a native of the city of Montreal, where, in 1854, he first saw the light.

His first charge was the Irish mission of the East and of the city, the only one in that section, then located on Dorchester street and known as St. Bridget's.

placed mission, and for one year occupied the position held by Father Whittaker at St. Ann's.

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MR. T. GORMAN.

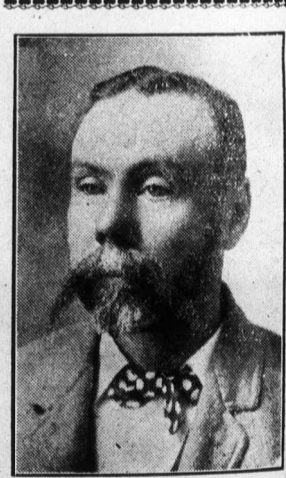
Anthony's, in the West End, where he was stationed until 1887.

In this latter year Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, N.B., asked Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, to send him some Irish priests.

He there took charge of the parish of St. Mary's, opposite Fredericton, where he remained for nine years.

It will be thus seen that he has served in every Irish parish in this city. He has commenced several times at the foot of the ladder and worked up, doing all kinds of organization as he proceeded.

CHARACTER GYM. Mahoney.



MR. JOHN DILLON.

deepest appreciation from the Bishop of Pembroke. But Father Kiernan's best recommendations is in the completed works he has left behind him every place.

In his new parish he has already secured land, fronting on St. Denis street, at a cost of \$15,000 for his new Church.

A man of exceptional energy he has most enthusiastic hopes for the future. One of the conditions on which Father Kiernan consented to this celebration of his silver jubilee was that the entire proceeds of the entertainment should go to the building fund of the new Church.

SATURDAY. has built, he has others in all parts all ends of the count that he is organizi laboring for his own tural he feels an trest in his work.

NOTICE The Reception Connection with the celebration was co- lows:-Messrs. John thly Gorman and Jo churchwardens; Mess Geo. Thomas Flood han, Edward Cox bin, members of the churchwardens; Mess Kenzie, Stephen T Foley, trustees; an ver, W. Horan, E. enthusiastic choir-m I. McCaffrey, repres

The various comm who presided over t well appointed erect immense tents erect upon which the new erected, were as follo

S.A.A.A. VOTING most popular playe lacrosse team: Mrs. Mrs. E. Barry, assi Shane, Miss De La Jefferson.

ICE CREAM.-Mrs Mrs. Flood, assisted Miss Maude McEh Laughlin, Messrs. E De La Cuiver.

CANDY.-Mrs. M sisted by Miss T. F

CIGARS AND G Mrs. W. Horan and sisted by Miss Ho Greeves.

FISH POND.-M sisted by Miss Cahil, Miss Birrell, St. Pierre.

FRUIT TABLE.- Mrs. Cox, assisted thy.

FLOWERS.-Miss ed by Miss Wilkinc and Miss McElligott

CHARACTER GYM. Mahoney.

CAKE CONTEST. weight.-Miss Peart, McCashin and Miss

BEAN GUESS.-M Mrs. Delaney.

Mr. W. H. Griffin of three large tents function. It was a

Space will not per due the beautiful parishioners to Fat which he made an outlining the future

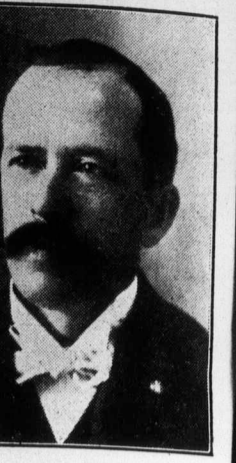
St. Ann's Young with their usual go presentation of th which aroused much

One of the many t received by Father t artistic missal stand the Nuns of Ste. An

The beautiful floral were used in decora at High Mass on Su ated by Miss Gorman and Mrs. Duryneck.

Since writing the t concerning the "Gar learn that by requi it was continued on Thursday evenings. evening a grand pro

mission, and for one year the position held by Father at St. Ann's. Thence he to East End of the city, 1884 he labored in St. parish, until the death of Simon Lonergan. Thence to new mission, that of St.



MR. T. GORMAN.

s, in the West End, where stationed until 1887. In latter year Bishop Sweeney, John, N.B., asked Bishop of Montreal, to send him Irish priests. Still the only Bishop's disposal was Fannan, and again he responded to duty. He took charge of the parish of St. Mary's, opposite Frederic. He remained for nine months in this large and scattered parish, and made such a host of converts that his departure was deeply regretted by the people. He was succeeded by seven stations, or outside stations, scattered over an area of several miles. It was in the midst of his work that he was called to another mission. He was sent to the parish of Sheenboro, diocese of Pembroke, to be the late Father Shalloe. For the labor in that new diocese up in the north-west of the territory of Ontario; and at the term there he left an impression on the minds of the people. He was then recalled to the parish of St. Michael's in the city. It was thus seen that he has labored in every Irish parish in this city, and commenced several missions, doing all kinds of organic work, and just as he proceeded, and just as he completed or fairly started a mission in one parish, he was to begin again with another. When leaving Sheenboro with him a letter of the



MR. JOHN DILLON.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society, with their usual good will, gave a presentation of their ministrations, which aroused much enthusiasm. One of the many tokens of esteem received by Father Kiernan was an artistic missal stand, presented by the Nuns of Ste. Anne, at Lachine. The beautiful floral offerings which were used in decorating the chapel at High Mass on Sunday were donated by Miss Gorman, Miss Harrigan and Mrs. Duryneck. Since writing the foregoing notes concerning the "Garden Party," we learn that by request of the ladies it was continued on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. On the latter evening a grand progressive euchre

has built, he has organized for others in all parts of the city and all ends of the country; and feels now that he is organizing, building and laboring for his own parish, and naturally he feels an all-absorbing interest in his work.

NOTES.

The Reception Committee in connection with the lay portion of the celebration was composed as follows:—Messrs. John Keegan, Timothy Gorman and John Dillon, acting churchwardens; Messrs. Cornelius McKenzie, Thomas Flood, Richard Meehan, Edward Cox and Thomas Tobin, members of the general board of churchwardens; Messrs. Malcolm McKenzie, Stephen Traynor, and D. Foley, trustees; and S. De La Cuiver, W. Horan, E. Barry and the enthusiastic choir-master, Mr. John I. McCaffrey, representing the choir.

The various committees of ladies who presided over the different and well appointed departments in the immense tents erected on the site upon which the new Church will be erected, were as follows:—

S.A.A.A. VOTING CONTEST for the most popular player of the champion lacrosse team: Mrs. D. S. Foley and Mrs. E. Barry, assisted by Miss McShane, Miss De La Cuiver and Miss Jefferson.

ICE CREAM.—Mrs. T. Tobin and Mrs. Flood, assisted by Mrs. Benson, Miss Maude McEligott, Miss McLaughlin, Messrs. E. Hughes and S. De La Cuiver.

CANDY.—Mrs. M. McKenzie, assisted by Miss T. Flynn.

CIGARS AND GINGER ALE.—Mrs. W. Horan and Mrs. Bell, assisted by Miss Horan and Mr. T. Greeves.

FISH POND.—Mrs. John Dillon, assisted by Miss St. Pierre, Miss Cahil, Miss Birrell, Messrs. Pilon and St. Pierre.

FRUIT TABLE.—Mrs. Meehan and Mrs. Cox, assisted by Miss McCarthy.

FLOWERS.—Miss Harrigan, assisted by Miss Wilkinson, Miss Rogers and Miss McEligott.

CHARACTER GAUGE.—Misses Mahoney.

CAKE CONTEST, guessing its weight.—Miss Peart, assisted by Miss McCashin and Miss Tobin.

BEAN GUESS.—Mrs. T. Hart and Mrs. Delaney.

Mr. W. H. Griffin kindly gave use of three large tents used for the function. It was a generous act.

Space will not permit us to reproduce the beautiful address of the parishioners to Father Kiernan, to which he made an eloquent reply, outlining the future of the parish.

was the chief item on the programme. The members of the other Irish parishes of Montreal attended in large numbers during the week to show how sincerely they were in sympathy with Father Kiernan and his parishioners, as well as to give another object lesson of what might be achieved by inter-social gatherings of the various Irish parishes of this city.

LOCAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

AT ST. PATRICK'S.—It is said that when the parish schools open, a Mass for children to be held at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, will be inaugurated.

Another report is to the effect that an announcement will soon be made from the pulpit by the pastor that the "Sunday Catechism Classes," as they are popularly called, will be discontinued in the Church. Other arrangements will be made by which the children will be instructed by the priests of the parish.

THE CHOIR.—A new tenor soloist will soon be heard in the choir gallery. Arrangements are now in progress with that end in view.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.—On September 7, (Labor Day), St. Ann's Young Men's Society have arranged a most pleasant outing for the patrons and members of the society.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—The work of re-building the parish Church, is proceeding rapidly. The contractor has begun work in the interior, and it is expected that everything will be in readiness to celebrate Mass in the new Church on Christmas Eve.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.—Rev. Thomas F. Heffernan, one of the assistants to the pastor, is at present attending the annual retreat for the clergy.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.—Rev. P. McDonald, Vicar, is attending the annual retreat of the clergy at the Grand Seminary.

PERSONALS.—Mr. Tobias Butler, the well known Customs officer at Bonaventure Station, in company with his son, has just returned from a three weeks' vacation, spent in St. Louis, Chicago and New Orleans.

Mr. Butler called on Bro. Arnold while in St. Louis, and spent a pleasant half hour chatting, with the great Christian Brother, about old friends in Montreal. Bro. Arnold was suffering from his old enemy, rheumatism, but otherwise looked hale and hearty, said Mr. Butler.

A NEW SCHOOL.—Mr. A. J. Hales Sanders, M.A., late Principal of the Catholic High School, and Mr. C. A. Botsford, a late professor of that institution, have leased the large building and extensive grounds known as "Blinkbonnie," 724 Sherbrooke street, and intend to carry on the work inaugurated at the Catholic High School. The curriculum will be the same. Prof. Sanders in an interview with a representative of the "True Witness," said that he would spare no effort to make the new establishment attractive in every way. He also informed the "True Witness" that the course to be followed would be as much a home training as a scholastic one. It is the intention also to inaugurate night classes for those who are engaged in active business life who may desire to study any particular subject. The prospects of a large attendance on the opening day, said Mr. Sanders, are now assured. The enterprise and courage of both gentlemen is admirable, and should be appreciated by Catholic parents.

ST. GABRIEL DE BRANDON.

On Saturday and Sunday last the parish of St. Gabriel de Brandon was in festive garb. Both religious and civic demonstrations marked the blessing of a bell for the new convent of the Sisters of Ste. Anne. On Saturday a concert was given in the town hall, at which Mgr. Archambault presided. On Sunday at High Mass the interior of the Church was grandly decorated. Rev. Abbe Boredeau officiated, assisted by Rev. Abbes Piette and L'Heureux, as deacon and sub-deacon. The choir was under the direction of Notary E. Archambault, M.P. Miss Eugenie Lemington presided at the organ. Instead of a sermon the Rev. P. Sylvestre, P.P., read Mgr. Bruchesi's pastoral letter, announcing the election of Pope Pius X. At three in the afternoon took place the blessing of the bell. A great number of priests from all the surrounding country assisted, and a beautiful sermon on Education was preached by Mgr. Archambault.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Toronto, August 24.

DONATIONS TO PARISH.—Yesterday at High Mass His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, blessed the newly-erected Stations at the Church of the Holy Family. Rev. Father Jas. Walsh, parish priest of St. Helen's and the Holy Family, pro-tem, officiated; Rev. Father Plomer, C.S.S.B., was also present in the sanctuary. His Grace, who preached on the occasion, said in his preliminary remarks, that it would be "no impropriety" to express his appreciation of the beautiful Stations, and to name the donor, Mr. George Clark, of New York, as he was not present in the Church. Mr. Clark is of the firm of Clark Bros. Publishing Company, and a former resident of Toronto; that he is not unmindful of the place of his nativity is evidenced by his handsome and costly gift to the parish in which his mother and family now reside. The Stations, procured from Munich, are rare and artistic in composition and coloring; the background of each is a landscape in water-colors, showing the country through which Our Lord journeyed, while the figures are in statuary; the coloring is most dainty and the figures and features in the different groups highly expressive.

Another gift used yesterday for the first time was an antependium and tabernacle veil made and presented by Miss Corcoran of the parish. Rev. Father Walsh spoke of them as "the most exquisite thing of the kind" he had ever seen; this from one who had seen much of the grandeur of Old World Church decoration, as well as that of this hemisphere was great praise. The antependium is of bolted cloth, and the design is worked in inlaid lace, gold boulin, silk and jewels. The lamb prostrate on the Cross, forms the centre with the inscription "Holy, Holy, Holy" standing out boldly in gold and jewels; sprays of gorgeous roses grace the sides; the workmanship is perfect, and the richness and beauty of both antependium and tabernacle veil, which correspond in design, enhance greatly the already pretty and complete appointments of the Church of the Holy Family.

FATHER RYAN'S GRAVE.—The people of Montreal who knew the late Rev. Father F. Ryan will be glad to learn that the spot in which he rests in St. Michael's cemetery, Toronto, is not neglected. To the thought of some grateful members of the Cathedral parish, where Father Ryan was stationed when the great call came, is due the fact that a beautiful and typical monument marks the spot where lies the scholarly and zealous priest. It consists of a large Celtic Cross on a pediment of stone, the face of which bears the short inscription which epitomises the life and death of the one whose memory it desires to perpetuate. The cross and pediment are of creamy colored stone and the several parts of the cross are covered by cut trellis work entwining small figures typical of the Sacerdotal state and the Irish Nation—two motive powers which entered so largely into the life of the much loved priest. Freshly cut flowers laid on the grave showed that the memory of Father Ryan is yet green in the mind of some grateful or charitable soul. Near the grave of Father Ryan is that of Father Heely, a young Irish priest, who died about the same time. Seeing them lying side by side recalled an occasion about four years ago, when seated together on a concert platform. Father Ryan in his own cheery way declared that he was not going to speak, but would leave it to the "young and good-looking priest—to address the audience. At that time neither had any idea that even then Death was stretching out a ready hand towards him; Father Heely went shortly afterwards to Texas in search of what proved to be for him the "ungettable" thing, health. Dying so far away he yet requested to be brought back to his much loved Toronto, though he had known it but for a short while, and here he is laid beside the grand elder man whom in life he had loved as a brother and from whom in death he is not parted.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

HOME RULE.—To our readers who are daily fed upon the sensational pap furnished by newspapers in this country which have no sympathy with Irishmen, more particularly the section of them who are Catholic, the following editorial taken from the "Irish News," will enable them to appreciate the sentiments that prevail in the Old Land. It is as follows:—

The respectful reception accorded to King Edward the Seventh and his Consort did not, it has been pointed out, in any way compromise the attitude of Irishmen on the National question. Upon the great principles of National independence they stand uncompromisingly firm and steadfast. From that position no blandishments, royal or other, can shake them. As for industrial

some short time since of the custom lately brought into force of levelling the graves of a plot in such a way as to make the entire surface of one plane. It had not before occurred to me that this was being done, but looking at the plots which I suppose are "up to date" I found that Toronto is not behind in this respect. Large plots found here and there presented the appearance of smooth and well kept lawns; there was nothing of the pathetic mound that suggests so much; nothing to differentiate; nothing to indicate the spot where lies the one dearest or the exact resting place at which one would desire to kneel. What a tyrannical leader is fashion and how blindly we follow its dictates. Is it that following the lead of those who would do away with all belief in a future state, would also put away all signs of the transition from this—to what?—and say there is no death, no burial, no grave? We, as Catholics, do not say this nor even think it nevertheless we act it when we must obliterate every trace of the "grave" from the place where all too surely lie those "temples of the Holy Ghost," the bodies of our loved and Christian dead.

A PERSONAL NOTE.—The Vicar-General of the diocese is taking a few days rest and recreation. Atlantic City and Philadelphia are among the places to be visited before his return to the city where he is expected at the end of next week.

ST. MICHAEL'S SPIRE.—Happening to pass the Cathedral a few days ago my attention was attracted to the fact that something unusual was going on, by the groups gathered here and there, and all looking in the direction of the lofty steeple. Two or three men were working at ropes which were attached somewhere above and another with paint-pot and brushes was preparing to ascend. As he began and continued his perilous ascent the head of the watcher grew dizzy and one went back in thought to the history of the Cathedral's building, which tells us that at that time a workman fell from it to his death; but slowly and surely the climber pursued his way and then a faint "hurrah" announced that he had gained his goal where fixing his little platform he began his work. The daily papers noting this bit of work tell us that this painter is also an old sailor, and that during the time of his working on the steeple at an altitude of something in the region of three hundred feet he will gain between twenty-five and thirty-five dollars for each day's work done.

AN INTERESTING WEDDING.—A wedding of more than ordinary interest took place at St. Mary's on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Helen Bagley, of Toronto, was married to Mr. Wm. P. O'Connor, of Cleveland. Very Rev. J. J. McCann assisted by Rev. J. C. Carberry, of Schomberg, officiated. The bride, who is much esteemed in social circles, was a zealous parish worker, and for several years president of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, in which she took an active interest. The altar of Our Blessed Lady was a blaze of light and other decorations to honor the occasion, and the singing was rendered by the members of the Sodality. The bridal dress was of creamy white, and a large dainty hat with ostrich plumes completed a most becoming costume. A reception at which many friends attended was afterwards held at the house of the bride's mother, Mrs. Catherine Bagley; here a host of congratulations were offered by well-wishers to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor.

In the King's speech on yesterday, proroguing Parliament, there was further expression given to the satisfactory conditions here indicated, and which have been more than once heard during the recent Royal visit. The King speaks of a new era of united efforts for the general welfare. This is a quite accurate description of the situation. Forces are now working untidily for the general good which, up to recently, were kept apart by differences begotten of a cruel past, and which placed in opposing positions sections of our people that really should be animated only with one mind and, one thought for the common good. The new spirit of coalescence is indeed most welcome, and we trust that it will pursue its course to the whole National advantage. The effects of the new Land Bill cannot but operate in this direction. It will, we hope, remove all class warfare, which so blighted Ireland in the past. The King is most hopeful of the effects of the Bill in this direction, which he considers will remove ancient causes of social dissension. We hope so. But we hope too that the King and Parliament will continue to do the part that by duty and obligation is theirs to foster the work of political regeneration which is commencing to manifest itself in our country so

advancement, it can be but spasmodic and ephemeral until its foundations shall have been well and truly laid on the bedrock of National autonomy. The attitude of the Irish people during and since the recent royal visit must have had the effect of making it clear to the minds of British statesmen that nothing short of Home Rule can satisfy the people of Ireland. Self-government is the goal for which we shall continue to strive. It is still the keystone of the Irish situation. Notwithstanding the persistent efforts of Castle hacks, the Unionists, and a certain section of the British Press, it will be clearly understood that National autonomy is what the Irish people shall continue to labor for, notwithstanding all discouragements. King Edward, in his parting address to the Irish nation, gave the very sanguine grounds to hope that "a brighter day is dawning upon Ireland." We hope it is. He also expressed the belief that with regard to the fulfillment of this hope its realization will largely depend upon the steady development of self-reliance, co-operation, practical education; upon the growth of industrial toleration and respect the responsibility the Irish people now enjoy in the public administration of their local affairs is well fitted to teach. If we may deduce anything from the reply which His Majesty has given to the Canadian House of Commons there were no peculiar grounds for the belief that, whatever his own personal sentiments may be, the King is likely to open an Irish Parliament in the near future. The answer given to the Canadians' hope that Home Rule would be granted to Ireland is given through the lips of the Colonial Secretary, who says "the King appreciated the renewed expressions of loyalty, and, in regard to the address, His Majesty had nothing to add to the Royal reply to a similar address in 1882." Nevertheless the struggle for Home Rule will be maintained. We are not discouraged, but only aroused to renewed efforts for the securing of that blessing which the Canadians in their address eulogize as the inestimable benefit of self-government, the foundation of their own loyal sentiments.

THE LAND BILL.—Another view from a different quarter is one published by the "Munster News," under the heading "The Outlook." That journal says:— The session of Parliament, which commenced on 19th February last, closed recently, after a period of legislation which gives promise of great benefits to the future of this country. The land Bill, which has received the Royal assent, and awaits practical operation on and after the first of November next, is, without doubt, the most comprehensive and far-reaching measure of an ameliorative kind in regard to Ireland, that has received sanction since Irish affairs became merged with English. The passing of such a measure, at once destructive and constructive, in the sense of doing away with an odious and evil system, and establishing in its place, one calculated to foster goodwill and industry by giving the people a more direct interest in the soil they cultivate, marks the progress of a better spirit in the relations of the English Parliament towards Ireland. Taken in conjunction with the Local Government Bill, which placed the whole local administration in the hands of the people, it indicates a considerable widening of ideas towards Ireland, and affords the best hope of the ultimate, and, we may add, early realization of the desire which is uppermost with all Irishmen, namely, to legislate for their own land, themselves.

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St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, and strove to spread the principles of which that organization is such a prominent exponent. When young Irishmen were needed to do the hard work associated with Irish national societies, Mr. Cross was secretary of the parent association, St. Patrick's Society, and during a quarter of a century, through all the various stirring incidents, remained at his post performing his task faithfully and ably as the records of the society may bear testimony. In the field of Catholic literature he was also interested in a manner only known to a few intimate friends, and as editor of the "Harp," an Irish Catholic magazine, of two decades ago, he found a congenial occupation for many years. Later he became associated with the C. M. B. A., and was a member of Branch No. 50 up to the time of his demise. Mr. Cross had been confined to his home for sometime with a painful illness which he bore with that courage and patience so characteristic of his whole career. The funeral, which was held from his late residence, 55 Cathcart street, on Friday morning, was attended by a large number of citizens. A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted at St. Patrick's Church, after which the remains were transferred to Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment. Mr. Cross leaves a widow (daughter of the late Mr. John Gillies, first publisher of the "True Witness," and one daughter to mourn his loss, to whom we tender our most sincere sympathy in their bereavement. May his soul rest in peace.



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OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Aug. 24.

THE SESSION.—Unless something very exceptional should take place between the time of your correspondent's writing, and the end of the week there will be nothing of importance to tell regarding the political issues in Parliament here. The debate on the Grand Trunk Railway Bill still drags its lengthiness and monotony along, and the amount of information imparted to the country is indeed very slight. However, Ottawa has been having other events of interest, and we may as well record a few of them.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.—Sunday last was a day of serious accidents. One man was killed while fixing an electric line at the top of a pole thirty feet high; and other suffered a like fate while attempting to mend some pipes in a cellar; and two street cars collided, at the corner of Sussex and Rideau streets, shaking up all the passengers and injuring four very severely.

C. R. DEVLIN, M.P., ARRIVES.—A number of Irish representative citizens assembled at the Central Depot on Sunday, where they greeted Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., for Galway, and former member in the Canadian House of Commons for the County of Wright. Mr. Devlin reached the city on the Imperial Limited. After an absence of over two years in Ireland Mr. Devlin looks exceedingly well, and seems to have got much stouter, while a few slight streaks of gray tell in his hair the story that he has not grown younger. Some of the delegates accompanied him out to his father's residence at Aylmer, where he intends taking a few weeks of repose. Arrangements have been made for Mr. Devlin to deliver an address on the general aspect of Irish affairs. The date has not yet been fixed. He is also to speak in Boston. It is quite probable that he will remain in Canada until the winter season.

OBLATES RETREAT.—This week the annual retreat of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate is taking place at the Ottawa University. There are several Montreal priests amongst those in attendance. The following is the official list:—

Reverend: J. Jodouin, provincial Montreal; E. E. Emery, rector of Ottawa University; E. Guertin, Montreal; M. Royer, Ottawa East; J. LaVoie, Quebec; P. Chaborel, Hull; P. Lauzon, Quebec; M. Prevost, Hull; J. B. Grandfils, Quebec; C. Mourier, Lake St. John; D. Forget, Hull; C. Boissonault, Quebec; J. Jacob, Temiskaming; H. Portelance, Juniorate; A. Desilets, Montreal; E. David, Juniorate; P. Deguire, Montreal; A. Guertin, Montreal; J. M. Georget, Montreal; P. Feat, Hull; O. Chevrier, Cape de la Madeleine; J. Guinard, Lake St. John; D. Forget, Hull; C. real; B. Boyer, Bitsamith; C. Le Vacon, Montreal; D. Prudhomme, Montreal; E. Pepsin, Mattawa; A. Faure, Ottawa East; P. Gagne, Mattawa; F. Blanchin, Ottawa East; A. Herwig, Juniorate; P. Bernier, Maniwaki; O. Allard, Maniwaki; E. Tessier, Juniorate; P. Lelievre, Quebec; C. Prior, Juniorate; T. Blanchard, Montreal; J. Decelles, Montreal; J. Marion, Plattsburgh, N.Y.; A. Laporte Maniwaki; F. Verette, Quebec; J. Fortin, Hull; J. Dube, Montreal; L. N. Dube, Hull; J. Lapointe, Maniwaki; A. Muir, Maniwaki; A. Belanger, Montreal; E. Lavallee, Temiskaming; H. Frappier, Maniwaki; and H. Legault, A. Paillier, M. Froc, N. Nilles, H. J. Lacoste, A. Antoine, H. Gervais, J. Pelletier, G. Gauvreau, W. Murphy, A. Lajeunesse, T. Beaupre, T. Murphy, A. McGowan, C. Najotte, C. Fulham, W. O. Boyle, A. B. Roy, J. B. Boyer, J. Sherry, W. Kirwin, R. Legault, C. M. McGurty, F. Fortier, J. Fallon, E. Turcotte, J. Binet, A. Normandin, P. Hammersley, A. Kunz, W. Stanton, A. Veronneau, J. Landry, N. Ducharme, L. Martineau, G. Pilon, A. Landry, G. Clouthier, L. Rainville, and W. Gervais, from the University.

EDUCATIONAL.—The Christian Brothers will this year have the direction of the St. Jean Baptiste and DeBrebeuf schools.

The classes at the Ottawa University will open on the 2nd September—the day regularly fixed for the event.

The Fathers of the Company of Mary, whose monastery is on the Montreal road, outside of Ottawa, are building an annex to their scholastic which is too small for the accommodation of those present, and which would demand being enlarged on account of the number of members of the Order who have been expelled from France are now taking refuge in Canada.

AN IMMENSE PILGRIMAGE to Rigaud is being organized by Rev. Fathers Labelle, of Aylmer, and Chartrand, of Billings' Bridge, to take place on the first Sunday in September.

HIS GRACE the Archbishop returned on Saturday from his pastoral visits, and on Sunday completed the list by attending at St. Ann's Church.

A NEW CHAPEL.—The little village of Tetreauville, immediately outside of Hull, on the way to Aylmer, has long been in need of a chapel. Mr. Tetreau, the Hull notary, after whom the place is called, donated a lot of land, and now a pretty chapel is in process of construction. It will soon be blessed, and it is understood that Rev. Father Provost will be the priest in charge.

BUSINESS MEN.—On Saturday last the delegates of the Board of Trade, now touring the Dominion, arrived in Ottawa. A special train of ten cars brought them to the Capital. Mayor Cook and Hon. R. W. Scott welcomed the city's guests, and at once conducted them to the Parliament Buildings. In the Senate Chamber Hon. Mr. Scott welcomed them most cordially. And when they visited the House of Commons, Mr. C. Marcell, M.P., for Bonaventure, gave them a hearty reception in a speech that made a real hit. At two in the afternoon they had a grand lunch at the Russell House, after which they were taken to visit the manufacturing district at the Chaudiere. On Sunday the excursionists took the train westward, leaving behind them a most pleasant souvenir of their passage through the Capital, and without a doubt, carrying with them just as happy a recollection of their reception.

A Priest's Sudden Death

There was great sorrow in the little village of St. Ours on Sunday last. A few minutes before ten o'clock, Rev. Canon Olivier Desorey, the venerable and venerated parish priest, had been conversing with a couple of parishioners in his office, when he noticed that it was time to go to Church to preach the sermon of the day at the High Mass. Without any warning a sudden weakness seized him, and he sank back into his chair—dead. The news soon spread and a cloud at once settled upon the entire parish. Canon Desorey was one of the oldest and most beloved priests in the diocese, and he had been for long years the faithful guardian of souls in the flourishing parish. He was born at St. Cuthbert in 1827, and was consequently in his seventy-sixth year. Although he had passed the allotted span, he certainly was considered a man of vigor and looked upon as one who might easily have several years more of useful life in his grand sacerdotal career. But Divine Providence had destined otherwise, and he was, like all good and faithful servants, ever ready for the summons come when it might. And here we have one that was certainly prepared. He died almost at the foot of his pulpit, on his way to perform his duty as pastor of souls, about to continue the fulfilment of the mission to preach and teach which he had received when episcopal hands ordained him. He died as the hero on the field of victory, and over him we can confidently say: "May his soul rest in peace."

A UNIQUE CELEBRATION.

On Sunday last the Alliance Nationale celebrated with great pomp, the second anniversary of its foundation. The ceremonies began at ten o'clock, when a procession, headed by a band, marched to the Church of St. Louis de France, where a solemn High Mass was sung. The closing of the day was marked by a grand banquet in St. Bridget's hall.

Our Curbstone Observer

ON LOBBYING--AGAIN

THE readers will probably remember that two weeks ago I contributed to the "True Witness" some of my observations on "lobbying." It would be of little use for me to worry myself about praise, be it direct or implied, for it could do me no good. The satisfaction would be all my own, and what is the use of praise if the world does not hear it and know that you are the individual object of it? Now, I am so unknown that it would not benefit me in the least to boast, or to say "I told you so." Any one might ask, very properly, "but who are you?" And very properly I would not tell. But, if it is of no use to me it might be of some benefit to the "True Witness," if the readers were to know some of the results of that simple column of observations on "lobbying."

SOME RESULTS.—A copy of the paper containing that contribution found its way to one of the regular subscribers in the House of Commons, at Ottawa. That gentleman had evidently felt that the description struck home, for he lost no time in passing the article around to some of the members. Now there are a few members of Parliament who cannot see a good thing, or what they believe to be a good thing, without rushing off to show it to some of the ministers. And generally that which passes openly from members to ministers comes eventually to the knowledge of outsiders, and especially of the ubiquitous press. For two or three days there was no end to the talk about lobbying. The speaker of the Commons even proposed certain measures, or restricting regulations, that would tend to do away with this most undesirable method of influencing the legislators. There was a general look out for what are supposed to be lobbyists. Any stranger coming around, no matter what his business, no matter whether or not he had any business at all, was spotted and eyed as if he were lobbying. In a word each person, from the foremost legislator down to the last messenger, seemed to have read that description, and appeared anxious to show that he was keen enough to detect a lobbyist at first sight. And so the subject became one of general conversation and of considerable importance. The only pity is that the article had not been written a little earlier in the session, when all the committees were in full blast and when there were lobbyists around as thick as flies on a heap of sugar in mid-July. As it is, however, we can form an idea of the effect that a paper like the "True Witness" can produce, even in a sphere where it would naturally be supposed to exercise very slight influence.

A CONSEQUENT ARTICLE.—During the last days of the week then past and the first days of the following one (last week) there was still an under-current of comment upon the poor lobbyist. Finally the subject became more extended and was being discussed outside the House of Commons, and in the various cities, towns and municipalities, in which there were persons who had, at some time, or other, had experiences in this line. Finally, on Wednesday, the 19th August, the Ottawa "Free Press," the Government organ at the Capital, had the following editorial, under the heading "Putting up a 'Lobby':—

"The municipalities of Ontario and Quebec provinces are putting up a real Parliamentary lobby at this session of the Dominion Parliament. This is an unusual departure, but it seems a practical way of meeting the corporations and individuals who keep a constant lobby going during the whole progress of each session. The mayor of one important city told the editor of the 'Free Press' that he was going to advocate in his council the necessity of keeping a resident representative at Ottawa to watch legislation which might affect his city. He must be a man who can intuitively understand the causes and effects of every private bill introduced in Parliament, and who can devise means of frustrating the iniquities which creep into some bills. When only the roteate view

of the promoter is presented to legislators even the shrewdest and most vigilant member is often misled by the phraseology of a measure."

A NATURAL CONCLUSIONS.

Leaving aside, for the present, the question itself of lobbying, and leaving the legislative halls to the fate with which these various representatives of cities now menace them, it seems to me that it is a very natural conclusion for one to reach, that a small item, in a good paper, when to the point, is calculated to do much good. We have in this very simple example an evidence of the unseen, and mostly unrecognized, influence—be it for evil or for good—that a newspaper possesses. In the case of a Catholic journal there is no calculating the effects that it can produce in the land. People seem to often fall back upon the old and exploded excuse that their paper has no news, is not a daily chronicle of petty events, and can be of no use to them. But they never reflect upon "the constant drop that wears the stone;" they do not think of the thousands and millions of precious seeds that it is constantly sowing in the garden of society. Taken separately these tiny seeds may appear of but small account; but when you add them up, when you consider the vast field over which they are spread, when you look at the crop that, when aggregated by years and years, they produce, it becomes most astonishing what an amount of good has been done; how many minds have been cleared of prejudices, how many hearts have been turned from evil, how many souls have been won to God. And is not this Apostolic work, when it is directed in the proper and beneficial channel? Is not this the great Apostolate of the Press carried into practice and, combining with that other and higher apostolate of a sacerdotal character, doing the work of the Church and the service of God? If one item in such an immense number of articles as appear weekly, monthly, yearly in the paper, can produce a marked impression in one direction, is it not permissible to conclude that there are hundreds and thousands of other items producing each week their special effects in other spheres and unknown to any person interested in keeping account of them. If the Catholic element, even in a country with as small a population as Canada, were to be one month without any Catholic organ, the effects would be such that a general cry would go up all over the land, that they were at the mercy of their opponents and that they had no protection in their different spheres of usefulness. I merely draw attention to these facts and make these few observations in order to impress my co-religionists with the importance of the Catholic press.

Another Sunday Lesson

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Despite warnings and despite bitter experience, young people will insist on braving the dangers of Sunday outings upon the river. The record still goes on. Last Sunday it was a young man named Alphonse Gouillet, who, in the midst of a joyous mood, singing a gay song, was swept to his death off a ferry-boat, between Charlemagne and Bout-de-l'Île. It was late, dark, and the waters were merciless at that point. A gay and happy company on the way home after an afternoon of fun; there was an accident, a rail gave way, and the most joyous of the party went down to rise no more. It is a simply story and takes not very long to be told—no longer than it took for the event to take place. But it is one more bead in the immense chaplet of fatal accidents extending from the opening of navigation to this day. When are young people—and even older people—going to learn sense? When are they going to appreciate the fact that they play with death each time that they tempt the waters of the St. Lawrence and defy the fatal eddies along the shores and amongst the islands? It is a poor compensation for the pleasures of a Sunday outing. We hope that sooner or later these severe lessons will be taken to heart and kept in memory.

The woman who never admires others is rarely admired herself.

The meanest woman has some good spot in her heart; try and find it.

MIRACLE SHRINES.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

As an evidence of the narrow and uncultivated minds that frequently pass current in the world as bright and clever, and as an example of the bigotry and prejudice—born of ignorance of Catholic teachings—that are to be met with in life, we will recall an incident now twenty-three years old, but the memory of which can never be effaced. Travelling from Montreal to Ottawa, in 1880, along the North Shore, the writer overheard a few remarks, passed in the course of a conversation, by a well known contractor of Ottawa. He and his companion were talking about Quebec and its surroundings, and when asked what there was below Quebec, the contractor said: "They have some pretty good villages, but no push in them; the only place likely to ever come to anything is Ste. Anne's, about twenty miles down the river. They got up a miracle factory there and it looks as if they were going to make it boom." I do not know whether he expected his companion to laugh at this attempt at humor, or not, but the other took the matter so seriously that he did not even smile. He probably was so horrified at this new industry, the details of which he knew nothing about, that he could not say anything. This remained fixed forever in the writer's mind, and whenever he meets that wealthy and prosperous contractor, or reads of his success in business, the picture of his blank mind on all matters affecting Catholicity arises and destroys the effect that his achievements would likely produce.

This was recalled to our mind on reading, the other day, a sermon preached by Rev. J. J. Keenan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Fond du Lac, in which the priest referred to a place in Washington County, Michigan, called Holy Hill. It appears that in that section of the country there has been an idea abroad that miracles were performed at the place called Holy Hill, and that the chapel there was a shrine of pilgrimage. Father Keenan had felt that this work had been carried on too long and was assuming proportions that might entail trouble in the future, so he declared that the Church had never approved of Holy Hill as a shrine. Some years ago the papers spoke of a supposed miracle, or marvelous cure said to have been effected for a lady of Fond du Lac, but she candidly admitted afterwards that she had not received any benefit from her pilgrimage to the Holy Hill shrine. In view of the fact that the Church is extremely careful in all such matters, and that she must have irrefutable proof, and often reiterated evidence before she will even tolerate any pretense at pilgrimage to shrines, or any attempt to fabricate miracle stories that might deceive the people, we will reproduce the summary made by a contemporary of Father Keenan's sermon. He spoke thus:—

"An ancient proverb says, 'When God builds a church, the devil puts a chapel there.' So we find sacred places and sacred names copied and imitated for temporal advantage. As an example, the speaker cited the Kirmess. This originally was a sacred celebration or feast in honor of the patron saint of a church. We all know to what it has degenerated. Another instance is the so-called 'Holy Hill.' Father Keenan said that he was a pastor near the place so called before the misnomer was applied. The only reason he can find for that name is that some man, guilty of manslaughter, lived and died the life of a hermit on the top of the hill. It is claimed, also, that Father Marquette went to the top of the hill to locate the source of a river. However, it was shortly after the hermit's death that some priest from Milwaukee, following the European idea in many countries, thought it would be fine to have a church built there, not intending it as a shrine or place of miraculous events. Next, some of the clergy, for some obscure reason, advocated holding services there upon certain days of the year. Since, it has been claimed that miraculous events have taken place there, but thus far no case has stood the test of investigation."

"The church has never approved that place as a shrine, and Catholics who go there simply go for an outing or for recreation, as long as it has no approval of the authorities of the Church."

"The continual booming of 'Holy

Hill,' he added, indicates that some one is reaping a pecuniary benefit therefrom, otherwise it would have long since been forgotten. The only ones that can benefit from the agitation of the subject are the local clergy of the neighborhood and the railroad companies. The local clergy Father Keenan considers too conscientious to participate in any fraud, and he said that as soon as the people discover that it is simply a business matter of a corporation, they will wait till the church gives its approval."

"Miraculous shrines, he concluded, cannot be manufactured or produced by any mythical history, and much less by booming and advertising."

Were the contractor, referred to at the beginning, aware of the difficulty there is to get the Church to admit the genuineness of miracles, and to lend her sanction to shrines of devotion, he would not have made such a display of his great lack of knowledge on the subject.

Educational Notes.

In the course of an address to the Mount St. Agnes' Alumnae Association, Mt. Washington, Md., Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J., said:—

The purpose of your association, I take it, is not merely to gather here annually to renew old friendships and form new ones, to luxuriate in memories of days when the fancy was free and the heart unfettered of responsibility and to indulge in social amenities, but to learn by conference how you may best widen the sphere of her influence, promote her interests, and bring added glory to your Alma Mater. The association is to strengthen the bond of common discipleship and common interests and sympathy, and foster the spirit and principles of Mount Saint Agnes in yourselves so strongly, so thoroughly, that you will wish the coming generation to imbibe them too.

Because you are members of the Association, it is your privilege and duty to co-operate in aim, method and spirit with the faculty. This each can do.

You can co-operate by helping to make Mount Saint Agnes known. Ignoti nulla cupido. No one cares for what he knows nothing about. Let the outside world know that Mount Saint Agnes exists. The knowledge of its existence will pique the curiosity, and prompt the query: "Where and what is it?" If your modesty prevent you from pointing to yourself and saying, "Look at me, I am a product of Mount Saint Agnes," at least you can interest the inquirer to the extent of wishing to try it for his or her daughter.

The spirit of the day is that, if you want a thing, you must go after it; and reputable colleges and academics, and even universities, send out solicitors during the vacation to induce candidates to matriculate in these institutions, allowing these to take their preliminary examinations at their homes. I may not consider this method dignified, but it certainly is legitimate, just as legitimate as advertising in the public prints. Obviously, the faculty here will not adopt this method for its own members, but the Alumnae Association renders this means unnecessary, for each member can become a herald of the institution. The army and navy have recruiting offices in every city of importance. Why cannot every home of an alumnae be a recruiting center?

Among the many endowments of womanhood is the gift of eloquence. Eloquence is natural to woman, but when you add to this natural gift culture of mind and grace of diction, the charm is irresistible. There is only one power that makes her more irresistible, and that is her persuasiveness when it comes from conviction. And is it not the conviction of every one of you that true education must be Christian?

GARIBALDI'S DEATH.

News comes from Rome that Menotti Garibaldi, eldest son of the more notorious Garibaldi—the leader of the Italian revolutionists in 1870—died on Sunday last. It is claimed by the admirers of his father that the son inherited the qualities that made the elder Garibaldi notorious. He was, as far as the physical conditions of men go, the exact picture of his parent. He had also inherited the headlong and blind heroism that belonged to his race.

Househ

CLEANLINESS.—would save themselves, and serious illnesses, if they would have had contained in graphs:—

In order to keep one must practice etc. Spasmodic cleaning done at all, but it is every-day work that order and prevents the oxysms of cleaning of lady who spent a sum but delightful hotel Eng., says of this house. "The corners were free, the windows crystal clear, the candlesticks bright. O to the proprietress: 'I secret of always have so well kept, and without disturbing upheaval. This was her answer: housecleaning must be by, and not spasmodic."

"Is not this the preference between the house and that of another work is done regularly and there a little at regular intervals the oxysms of cleanliness t

COLDS AND COUGHS.—son is approaching who liable to "colds." It is a misis therefore, to give the benefit of the view: pondent of "Youth's on the subject.

Habitual colds are due kept skin on the outside, the result of indigestion, coupled with Cold water, proper for mon-sense are the found; which a cold cure must sponge bath, one to t long, with a brisk, dry, ately before and after, usually all that is necessary the cutaneous circulation the skin reactive to sub of temperature.

For those unaccustomed water, tolerance can be three weeks' time by the at any comfortable temperature it one degree colder until it can be employed dread as cold as it will may be added to the w stimulating effect, or a hazel is also useful.

Cold water intelligently, not steal vitality, but stimulates the nerves the expansion and contraction blood vessels and regulates mous circulation. The o fair substitute for those take the cold sponge.

Hot water may be em taken, and soap used, taken, and soap used, should end with a cold s For cold feet, wading a cold water in the bath or two minutes before re be found effective. If re not set in after the brisk wrap the feet in flannel; soon bath out. Do n water bottles or other forms of heat. Cold ha treated on the same pri they have to be kept in usually a much longer ti Overeating when tired, in connection with over-dulging in things known are among the causes of taking cold is ordinarily a successful attack from attack that succeeds simp the skin, which resists, is perly supported from with tise itself.

One should "keep movi wet or chilly, and not st street corner or elsewhere taking deep breaths. The in this way act as a pun the blood along. This pr the others named, will r shadow the liability of ha tertain this unwelcome gically.

GINGER SNAPS.—Crean one cupful of butter and of sugar. Add alternately beaten egg, one tablespoon ground ginger (other spice be added if desired) and of molasses mixed with one of sifted baking soda, sufficient flour to mix to roll out very thin and b moderate oven.

BARLEY WATER.—Pat

Household Notes.

CLEANLINESS.

Our matrons would save themselves no little worry, and serious illnesses in not a few instances, if they would take the hint contained in the following paragraphs:

In order to keep the home clean one must practice eternal vigilance. Spasmodic cleaning is better than none at all, but it is the faithful, every-day work that keeps things in order and prevents the need of paroxysms of cleaning occasionally. A lady who spent a summer in a small but delightful hotel in Warwick, Eng., says of this house: "The corners were always dust free, the windows crystal clear, the candlesticks bright. One day I said to the proprietress: 'What is your secret of always having your house so well kept, and with never any disturbing upheaval of cleaning?' This was her answer: 'I find that housecleaning must be done regularly, and not spasmodically.' "Is not this the great cause of difference between the condition of one house and that of another? In one the work is done regularly, here a little and there a little. In the other, at regular intervals there are paroxysms of cleanliness and order."

COLDS AND COUGHS.

The season is approaching when humanity is liable to "colds." It may not be amiss therefore, to give our readers the benefit of the views of a correspondent of "Youth's Companion," on the subject.

Habitual colds are due to an ill-kept skin on the outside, and dyspeptic mucous membranes on the inside, the result of indigestion or constipation, coupled with carelessness. Cold water, proper food, and common-sense are the foundations upon which a cold cure must rest. A cold sponge bath, one to three minutes long, with a brisk, dry rub immediately before and after, is excellent—usually all that is necessary to keep the cutaneous circulation alive and the skin reactive to sudden changes of temperature.

For those unaccustomed to cold water, tolerance can be gained in three weeks' time by the use of water at any comfortable temperature, making it one degree colder each day, until it can be employed without dread as cold as it will run. Salt may be added to the water for its stimulating effect, or alcohol; witch hazel is also useful.

Cold water intelligently used does not steal vitality, but fosters it. It stimulates the nerves that control the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels and regulates the cutaneous circulation. The dry rub is a fair substitute for those who cannot take the cold sponge.

Hot water may be employed once taken, and soap used. This bath should end with a cold sponge.

For cold feet, wading ankle deep in cold water in the bath tub for one or two minutes before retiring will be found effective. If reaction does not set in after the brisk rubbing, wrap the feet in flannel; they will soon thaw out. Do not use hot water bottles or other debilitating forms of heat. Cold hands may be treated on the same principle, but they have to be kept in cold water usually a much longer time.

Overeating when tired, overeating in connection with over-exertion, indulging in things known to disagree, are among the causes of colds; for taking cold is ordinarily nothing but a successful attack from without; an attack that succeeds simply because the skin, which resists, is not properly supported from within, or lacks tone itself.

One should "keep moving" when wet or chilly, and not stand on a street corner or elsewhere without taking deep breaths. The lungs used in this way act as a pump to drive the blood along. This practice, with the others named, will reduce to a shadow the liability of having to entertain this unwelcome guest periodically.

spoonful of pearl barley in a saucepan, cover with cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point and boil for five minutes, then drain. Return to the saucepan, add one quart of boiling water, cover and simmer slowly for about three hours or until the liquid is reduced to about three cupfuls. Strain and keep on ice. The proportion to be added to milk must be determined by the age and condition of the child, and should be prescribed by the physician in charge.

CAULIFLOWER SOUP.

Scald one quart of milk. In a double boiler, put two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one scant teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Stand over the fire and when melted and mixed, add gradually the hot milk, stirring until thick and smooth. Have ready one good sized head of cauliflower cooked in boiling, salted water until very tender. Mash and put it through a colander or potato press, mix with it a part of the thickened milk, then add to the contents of the double boiler. Taste and add more seasoning if desired. If too thick, thin with a little hot milk or boiling water. In serving, pass salted waters with it.

Had to Leave School

THE PITABLE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Every Mother of a Growing Girl Will be Interested in the Story as Told by the Young Lady.

Miss Laura Dumontier is the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in St. Cuthbert, Quebec. The circumstances under which she was forced to discontinue her studies and leave school will be of interest to all mothers of growing girls, and Miss Dumontier consents to make them public for the benefit her experience may be to others. She says: "At the age of twelve I was sent to a convent school in this parish. At that time I was as healthy as any girl of my age. At the end of a couple of years, however, I felt my strength leaving me. My appetite grew poor, and I suffered from severe headaches. I nevertheless continued my studies until October, 1901, when I became very ill and was forced to leave school. The headaches that had bothered me became almost constant. I suffered from pains in the back and stomach and the least exertion would leave me almost breathless. A doctor was called in and he said I was suffering from anaemia, and was in a very dangerous condition. He treated me until February without the least beneficial result. Then another doctor was called in, but no better results followed his treatment. My parents were now thoroughly alarmed and two other doctors from St. Barthelemy were called in, and after consultation their verdict was that my trouble had reached an incurable stage. I was greatly disheartened and did not expect to live long when one day one of my friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had lost confidence in all medicines, but was willing to try anything that might help me, and my father got me a supply of the pills. When I had used a couple of boxes it was very plain that the pills were doing me good, and after I had taken them a couple of months I was once more enjoying the blessing of good health. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life and I gladly give my experience in the hope that it may be of benefit to some other young girls."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to young girls and women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorate the body, regulate the functions and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that no other medicine can take the place of these pills, and see that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box.

PEST OF ANTS.

The people of New Orleans are battling in self-protection against the ants which swarm there. In the last few years the pest has grown so as to become a serious matter, not to householders alone, but also to grocers, refiners and dealers in all kinds of food products.

Our Boys And Girls

A LESSON.

To our little boys and girls who are inclined to look upon the hours spent in class and in studying their lessons, or in reading a chapter of some Catholic book, the following little lesson may be beneficial:

"If I could only have one whole day to do nothing but play in, how happy I should be!" said Rosie to her mother at breakfast time. "Try it," said her mother. "Play as much as you like. Try it to-day." How the children going to school envied Rosie, as she swung on the gate and watched them passing by. No hard lessons for her. When they had gone she ran into the garden, picked some gooseberries for a pudding, and carried them into the kitchen.

"No, Rosie! That is work. Take them away." Rosie looked serious. She got her doll and played with it, but soon tired; her shuttlecock, but did not care for it; her ball, it bounced into the kitchen window. Rosie peeped in after it. Mother was shelling peas. "May I help you, mother?"

"No, Rosie, this isn't play." Rosie strolled away with slow, lagging footsteps to the garden again. She leaned against the fence and watched the chickens. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner, and longed to help. After dinner Rosie took her little bag of patchwork and stole away to the barn with it, for she could stand idleness no longer. "Mother," she said, as she gave her a good-night kiss, "I understand now what the teacher meant when she said, 'He has hard work who has nothing to do.'"

A DAILY PRAYER.

Occasionally we pass in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Church, and mindful of the admonition often received from the lips of a kindly member of the Christian Brothers in old St. Lawrence, we never pass a Church without entering it to spend a moment in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. During those visits, which usually occur between 4 and 4.30 o'clock, we noticed a number of little girls of a neighboring academy kneeling near the sanctuary railing saying a short prayer. Referring to this pious practise one of our exchanges says:

Our churches are open all the year, and our Blessed Lord is ever present in the Tabernacle waiting for us. How easy it is for you, dear reader, to just stop a moment, and in less time than you waste talking to a friend, ask God for help, for strength and mercy. Think of those less fortunate than you, who live in some remote part of the land, where perhaps they have never seen a church or priest. Remember to-day you are here and to-morrow may never come for you. Many a one owes his salvation to making frequent visits to God's house.

Our little boys and girls should not fail to make a daily practise of visiting our Blessed Lord.

A ROBIN AND ITS YOUNG.

In the latter part of July, 1902, I was visiting at a farm in East Douglass, Mass. A few rods from the farmhouse was an apple orchard, through which extended a long trellis covered in most parts with a luxuriant grape vine. This trellis was about six feet high, and several young fowls were in the habit of using the top rail, where it was comparatively free from leaves, as a roosting place during the night. For two evenings, just before dark, the sharp cries of a robin and the squawking and fluttering of half-grown chickens were heard coming from this place in the orchard, but no particular notice was taken of it. I decided to find out what happened, and, on the next evening, took a place on the piazza from which a good view of the place could be had. First appeared the chickens, three of them, and finally they got settled on the top rail of the trellis. Then, uttering sharp cries, a robin swept downwards from an apple tree, and flying violently against one of the chickens, knocked it fluttering and squawking to the ground. After a short interval the robin made another descent, and, hovering over the backs of the remaining chickens, administered several sharp pecks which brought forth cries of pain. A third downward

sweep sent another chicken to the earth. The last chicken was not to be moved, however, for after several more attacks, the robin gave up, probably frightened by the great commotion he was creating. The two fallen chickens contented themselves with a lower perch and the robin disappeared. Curious to know the cause of all this, we went to the trellis and found on the top rail, about twenty feet from where the chickens roosted, a nest containing several young robins. Very likely the parent robin thought the chickens were too near for safety, and sought thus to defend his home.

The next day a cat found the nest and destroyed the young.— Clarence M. Arnold, in "Bird Lore."

SHOW GRATITUDE.

It will be a long time before I send Iva another gift," said Nora to her Aunt Mary. "Why do you say that, my dear? Did she not appreciate your gift?" asked her aunt. "That's just the trouble; I don't know," replied Nora. "You see, I knew she admired my tating, so I made the daintiest handkerchief I could and sent it to her for a birthday gift six weeks ago, and she has never acknowledged it. It seems to me she has had time to write since then if she cared to, but she is so careless. I feel tempted sometimes to write and tell her she may return it if it is not worth a 'thank you.' She would have said it at once if I had handed it to her."

"There are too many like her in that," said her aunt. "There is scarcely any one who would fail to say 'Thank you' when a friend hands her a gift, and one should be quite as particular about it when a gift is sent from a distance. I have sent packages which could never be replaced if lost, and had to wait weeks, perhaps months, to learn whether they had been received. It is not only annoying to the sender, but very impolite to be so careless about acknowledging gifts."

How many have had like experiences? And how many have been the cause of such complaints? If you have kept a friend waiting to learn of the receipt of a gift write at once, and say "Thank you," and never be guilty of the same offense again. Many of us have felt like saying with Nora, "It will be a long time before I send her another gift." Let us all be particular, and never be the cause of such complaints again, but say—or write—Thank you, at once, and let our friends know we appreciate their gifts.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

There is nothing so pretty in the manner of a young girl or young boy as a courteous behavior toward the aged. It is often noticeable that young people will slight a remark made to them by an elderly woman. How often, too, is the elderly guest entirely neglected by the young members of the family that she may visit. A little attention from the young is much appreciated by the elderly, and it is easy to give, at least, a deferential manner. It is generally wisdom's part to defer to the opinions of the old. Wisdom is gained through experience and the aged with their long life of experience should have good advice to offer and words of wisdom ever on their lips. Boys and girls, be courteous ever, but have a particular deference for the old, and so earn universal praise here below, and lay by stores in heaven, because of that blessed virtue, charity; for out of the fulness of charity springs the perfectly courteous manner.

RECEIVED PALLIUM.

In the presence of many prelates, 800 priests, and thousands of the laity, Archbishop Farley, was invested with the pallium at the hands of Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 12th inst.

A GOLDEN ECHO.

King Edward has commanded the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to announce that His Majesty has received from Lord Iveagh (Edward Cecil Guinness) \$250,000, to be devoted to the Dublin hospitals, Catholic as well as Protestant, in memory of the King's visit.

The man who shows the greatest delicacy and tenderness in the early stages of lovemaking is often capable of the greatest brutality in terminating an "affair."

EDUCATIONAL.

COMMISSION OF MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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

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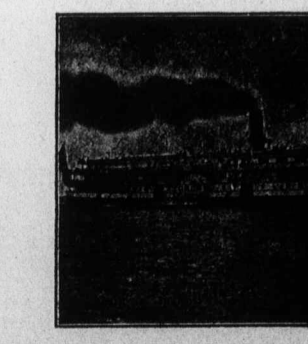
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Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

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Never was greater midsummer bargain-giving or a larger response on the side of the public than this year! But we have almost come to the Parting of the Ways! New Goods, with an insistence not to be resisted, are gradually claiming more and more of our attention. Clearing Bargains, however, have not yet disappeared, never, in fact, disappear from any of the Departments, and particularly appealing at present in all lines of Summer Ready-to-Wear Goods, as a visit to these sections will emphatically show.

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NEW VIGELLA FLANNELS—50 handsome patterns to select from. "VIGELLA FLANNELS DO NOT SHRINK."

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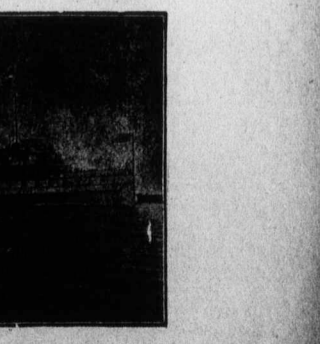
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Additional Notes.

of an address to the Alumnae Association, Washington, Md., Rev. F. J., said:

of your association, I merely to gather here renew old friendships ones, to luxuriate in days when the fancy the heart unfettered and to indulge in so-and to learn by con- u may best widen the influence, promote her bring added glory to ter. The association in the bond of comp- and common inter- atchy, and foster the principles of Mount Saint selves so strongly, so it you will wish the ion to imbibe them

are members of the is your privilege and ate in aim, method the faculty. This

erate by helping to ent Agnes known. Ig- o. No one cares for nothing about. Let ed know that Mount sts. The knowledge will pique the curi- ot the query: "Where If your modesty a pointing to your- "Look at me, I am out Saint Agnes," interest the inq- of wishing to try it aughter.

the day is that, if g, you must go af- table colleges and en universities, send the vacation to to matriculate in allowing these to dinary examinations may not consider nified, but it cer- te, just as legitim- ing in the public , the faculty here is method for its the Alumnae As- this means unne- member can be- the institution. The e recruiting offices importance. Why of an alumnae be-

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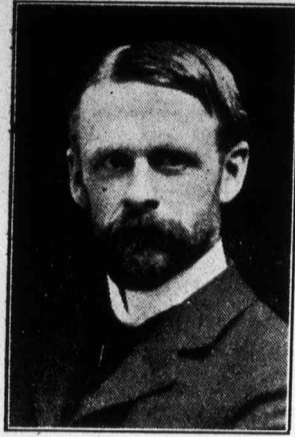
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BARLEY WATER.

Put one table-

Catholic Sailors' Club

The concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening, as was to be expected, was one of the best attended of the season.



DR. FRANK J. HACKETT.

Dr. Frank J. Hackett, one of the leading Irish Catholic medical practitioners of Montreal, occupied the chair. He complimented the Sailors' Club upon the admirable manner in which the institution was conducted.

King Edward and Late Leo XIII.

In his journal M. A. P. (Mainly About People) Mr. T. P. O. Connor, M.P., the editor, publishes the following incident which illustrates the broadmindedness of King Edward VII.

During the State visit of President Loubet to England there was a good deal of speculation as to what would happen in the event of the Pope's death, and whether any of the Royal entertainments would in that case be curtailed or abandoned.

The Adjutant-General of the Army, General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, in an audience with His Majesty a day or two before the great ball at Buckingham Palace, respectfully submitted that, as a Catholic, he would be prevented from appearing at the function in question, should the Pope die before the appointed evening.

SCHOOL NOTICES.

We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the educational institutions whose advertisements appear in our columns.

Topics Of the Non-Catholic Press.

CATHOLIC CRIMINALS. — We know well how often it has been used as an argument against the Church, by the unscrupulous and prejudiced, that there are more Catholic criminals than of any other religion.

In view of the recent oft repeated and as often repudiated assertions regarding the alleged preponderance of prisoners in the gaols of the Colony described as Catholics, the following facts of actual experience were tendered to me at first hand by one who for some years has acted in the capacity of prison chaplain in one of the largest and—in the official eye—most important places of punishment and detention in New Zealand.

There passed through the prison under notice last year 751 persons, of whom 147 were classified as Catholics. And here it is interesting to see how so-called 'Catholic' prisoners are manufactured and to observe the utterly misleading nature of official statistics so far as the particular matter under consideration is concerned.

All that has been set down as facts in foregoing only shows that what happens in New Zealand is exactly the same as what occurs elsewhere in the world. And as a rule, we are too slow to take up these matters: We allow ourselves to drift along; we pay no attention to misrepresentations. Secure as we feel in our consciousness of integrity we do not trouble ourselves to disprove these slanders on our Church, our creed, and our co-religionists.

mer comprises only those who belong to our Church, while the latter includes the members of every Christian denomination, as well as Jews, pagans, infidels, Mormons, and the like. No matter what the man is, as long as he is not a Catholic he should go into that second category.

Then, on a general basis, this is again false and unfair. That you will find Catholics behind the bars of the prison we never pretended to deny; but they are there in spite of the Church's teachings, and not on account of them; they are there exactly because they have been bad and unfaithful Catholics, and have violated the precepts of the Church and have disobeyed the laws that she has given them to govern their lives.

THOUGHTS ON FUNERALS.

"Funeral Thoughts" would be more appropriate. One James E. Scripps has a two column article in the Detroit "News-Tribune" under this heading. It is the queerest jumble of ideas, fancies, fads, follies and foibles that ever a human brain gathered together, on any one subject, and ejected upon paper.

Now the only sensible remark in the whole article is exactly the one in which he proves that he knows nothing about the subject and has been writing a heap of nonsense, a patch work of unmeaning things, about that which is most solemn and most sacred as an act of Christian duty. He says:— "Prayers at a funeral should be a minor factor. The people are not assembled to worship God, but to show respect to a deceased fellow being.

THE STORM PROPHECY. — It would seem that the Alabama man, H. K. Edens, is out again with some more and terrible prophecies. This time it is in coming month of September that he brings on his "cyclones, earthquakes, eruptions and many like phenomena of a dangerous character," and he divides them over England, Russia, Persia, India, Japan, Cuba, the United States, China and the Philippine Islands.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC TORONTO EXHIBITION Montreal to Toronto and Return September 5th and 7th \$7.00

SHERBROOKE EXHIBITION Montreal to Sherbrooke and Return. Going Dates, Sept. 2 and 3 \$2.50

THREE RIVERS AND RETURN August 24th to 29th. Special Rates on application.

SEASIDE EXCURSIONS. RETURN FARES MONTREAL TO St. Andrews by the Sea, \$8.50

LABOR DAY SEPT. 7th. Round Trip Tickets will be issued at SINGLE CLASS FARE

CHEAP SEASIDE EXCURSIONS Montreal to PORTLAND, ME. And Return \$7.50

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Sherbrooke and Return Sept. 2 and 3 \$2.50

LABOR DAY SEPT. 7th. Round Trip Tickets will be issued at SINGLE CLASS FARE

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

The Misses McDonnell, 675 LAGAUCHETIERE ST., Will re-open their Classes for young ladies and children on MONDAY, the 31st August.

watch the political heavens during this fated month, for meteorology has as vital an influence over the animal as it has over the vegetable kingdom.

What absurdity and nonsense. Yet there are people who put faith in these predictions. Time was when half the world nearly went crazy because some clever crank had fixed a day for the end of the world.

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Special Carpet Offers

It will prove profitable to anticipate your needs while The Big Store's Sale is in progress Notice these quotations on

STAIR CARPETS. 1 yd. wide Tapestry, in a choice collection of pretty colorings and designs. Regular 80c quality. To be sold at, per yard. 65c

Furniture Is Going Up

Yet The Big Store Is Keeping Prices Down. How is that possible? Stocks were bought before the advances took effect.

100 Hardwood Dining Chairs, finished in golden oak, backs nicely embossed, fancy turned spindles, brace arms, strongly made. Worth \$1.00 each. Sale price. 75c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR. Double Thread Balbriggan Underwear. Regular price 40c garment. Sale price. 33c

BOYS' TWEED SUITS, \$4.50. Boys' 3-piece Suits, in fancy tweed and navy blue diagonal serge, accurate or double-breasted coat, lined with good farmer's satin. Regular \$5.75. Sale price. \$4.50

MEN'S UNDERWEAR. Double Thread Balbriggan Underwear. Regular price 40c garment. Sale price. 33c

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CARPETS!

Until August 31st you can enjoy the special advantages of AUGUST SALE. Curtains, Rugs, Shades, Mattings and 130 made up Carpets ready for use! also Beds, Mattresses and Bedding.

Special Discount for the Month. THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

might get a small particle of that holy and salutary fear into their hearts. But no one wants to realize the fact that the last day is at hand for some one of us each time the sun rises.

"SCHOOL OF HAPPINESS." — What a delightful title. Imagine a school that will have for result, the happiness of those who frequent it.

What a delightful title. Imagine a school that will have for result, the happiness of those who frequent it. Dr. Paul Valentin intends to start one next autumn in Paris. It seems that a complete course of lectures will be given on the subject of happiness.

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100 SILK REMNANTS. Beautiful squares and corners for fancy work. A splendid lot. Postpaid for 15c. Call. Address FANCY SILK Co., 53 Vesey Street, New York.

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PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts.

SITUATION VACANT. WANTED—For about September 15, a good reliable nurse for two children, 6 years and 3 1/2 years. Must have good references.

Notes on Temper. The chief burgomaster of Germany, having publicly taken seriously because he

Anniversaries Of The Month

It appears that so many people become interested in the series that we have, time mentioned as coincident days of the week acted as a kind of stimulant to the mind.

Week began on 17th August. Three deaths does that day recall: John VII, who died in 1788; the Great of Prussia in 1786; and Chopin in 1849.

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Anniversaries
of
The Month.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It appears that some readers have become interested in the few anniversaries that we have, from time to time, mentioned as connected with different days of the week. This has acted as a kind of stimulus and has made us feel that the same interest might continue were we to select again, from the days of the current month, the most important events commemorated. However, this week we cannot go into much historical detail, as space forbids; but we shall try to recall a few events of importance.

Week began on Monday, the 17th August. Three important deaths does that day recall: Pope John VII., who died in 707; Frederick the Great of Prussia, who died in 1786; and Chopin the far-famed musical composer; whose death occurred in 1849. Equally are there three important events, though of different characters, in the history of Ireland, that the 17th August recalls. On that date, 1690, William III. opened the trenches before Limerick. Another event of a very different kind, and with very different effect on the Irish race, took place on the 17th August; it was in 1885, when the great Irish National Convention was held in Chicago. The 18th August seems to have been especially a day of deaths. On that date in 1553, Pope Paul IV. died; in 328 the Empress Helena died; in 1642 Guido Reni, the famed master of painting, died; in 1765 Francis I., of Germany, died; in 1836, Reynolds, the notorious informer of the '98 days, died; and in 1880, Ole Bull, the phenomenal violinist, died. Quite a mixture of characters, from the most refined and exalted to the lowest and most despicable, they all found the 18th of August to be the fatal day.

The 19th August, while noted for a few important deaths, was also the day on which some memorable historical events took place. In 1807, on that date, Cardinal York died; in 1780, Baron DeKalb, one of the most conspicuous foreigners who fought for American independence, departed this life; and in 1850, the notorious and infamous French novelist, Balzac, went to his account. In 1812 on the 12th August, the Guerriere was captured by the Constitution; in 1852 the Anti-Ecclesiastical Titles meeting was held in Dublin; and in 1876, the Catalpa, with the rescued Fenians arrived in New York. The 20th August, 985 records the death of another of the Pope's—John XIV.: one would almost think that each day of the year commemorated a Pope's death, were it not that the number of Popes is much less than the number of days in the year. On this date, 1710, took place the battle of Saragossa; in 1799, Berzelius, the great chemist, was born; in 1788, Aubrey De Vere, the Irish poet and author was born; in 1809 Rhodes was captured by the Turks; and in 1842, William Maginn, the clever Irish author, died.

The 21st August is not famous for important anniversaries, yet on that day, in 1561, Admiral James Crichton came into the world; in 1604 the first settlement of the State of Maine is recorded; in 1655, English soldiers cast lots for the vacant lands in Ireland—and to-day the dealings of the British Government regarding Irish lands is of a very different character.

On the 22nd August, 1280, Pope Nicholas III. died. On that day, in 1485, took place the fateful battle of Bosworth; in 1795 the French Directory was established—which paved the way for the advent of Napoleon to unlimited sway. It was on the 22nd August, 1818, that the famous Warren Hastings died—he who had been Governor of India, and whose name has been handed down to history on account of his impeachment in the British Parliament; and of the immortal oration delivered by Edmund Burke on that occasion, when he pictured, as no scene had ever been drawn before, the descent of Hyder Ali on the Carnatic. On the same date, 1882, Charles J. Kickham, the grand Irish patriot, the poet, scholar, and one time persecuted defender of his country's rights, closed his fine and noble career.

Notes on Temperance

The chief burgomaster of Jena, Germany, having publicly declared that a school director should not be taken seriously because he was a

vowedly opposed to alcoholism, a number of leading scientists connected with the universities of Zurich, Munich, Basle, Leipsic, and others, published the following statement:

"The great danger of the moderate use of alcoholic drinks is that it is a trap for many of our fellow-men, into which it entices them, and pushes them to an immoderate use which was not desired, which was even dreaded. The fact is naturally explained, because it is founded upon the special action of the alcoholic poison, and upon the peculiar character of the nervous system of man."

The moderate use of alcoholic drinks is the true cause of alcoholism. "It is an absolutely scientific fact that alcoholic drinks more than any other factor injure our national life, diminish the physical and intellectual forces of our race, impregnate them with the hereditary diseases, and lead to degeneracy."

"More than half the inmates of our penitentiaries have been led into crime by alcohol; nearly a fourth of the insane owe their sad fate to alcohol; misery, impoverishment, and grossness of manner are due in thousands of cases to this national poison. Alcohol is the certain cause of ten per cent. of deaths among adults. Every year in Germany thirteen hundred persons lose their lives through accidents happening as the result of alcoholic excess. Sixteen hundred are driven by alcohol to suicide, and about thirty thousand are annually stricken with delirium tremens or other brain troubles."

It is well known that alcohol has the power, when taken in small amounts, to create an uncontrollable and destructive desire for still more; hence, beer is a most dangerous drink that invites to an increased use of itself and of stronger alcoholic drinks, and in time certainly leads to drunkenness.

Professor G. Von Bunge, professor of physiological chemistry in the University of Basle, Switzerland, says: "Beer is the most injurious of alcoholic drinks because no other is so seductive. One can accustom himself more readily to the drinking of beer than any other intoxicant, and no other so readily destroys the appetite for normal food and nourishment."

"It is not only the concentrated alcoholic liquors that cause heart and kidney trouble, but pre-eminently the continued use of beer."

The "Scientific American" says: "The use of beer has been found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease."

Dr. S. H. Burgen, Toledo, Ohio, adds the following testimony of a practicing physician: "My attention was first called to the insidious effects of beer when I began examining for life insurance. I passed as unusually good risks five Germans,—young business men,—who seemed in the best of health, and to have superb constitutions. In a few years I was amazed to see the whole five drop off, one after another, with what ought to have been mild, and easily curable diseases. On comparing my experience with that of other physicians, I found they were all having similar luck with confirmed beer drinkers, and my practice since has heaped confirmation upon confirmation."

"Any physician who cares to take the time, will tell you that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded of a grave character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fevers, etc., seem to have a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity. When a beer drinker gets into trouble, it seems almost as if you have to recreate the man before you can do anything for him."

Dr. S. S. Lungegren, Toledo, Ohio, says: "It is difficult to find any part of the confirmed beer drinkers' machinery that is doing its work as it should. This is why their life records snap off like glass rods when disease or accident gives them a little blow. This is not mere opinion; but is a well-settled, well-recognized fact. Physicians and insurance companies accept this as any other undisputed fact of science."

A TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

A new \$100,000 hotel with 240 rooms, especially for the moral, religious traveling public, is one of the latest projects in Indianapolis. It will be without bar or billiard room and card playing will not be allowed.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity is an openness of the heart; we find it in very few people. What we usually see is only an artful dissimulation to win the confidence of others.

Mazzini's
Confession.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

There are few men, no matter how perverted they may be, who have not, at some time or other in their lives, lucid moments when the natural good that is within conquers the evil that has been cultivated, and makes an appearance in an unexpected manner. There are few atheists who have not, at some time, acknowledged God, even though it were in a moment of forgetfulness. Mazzini, the famous advocate of the dagger, had qualities and talents that might have done honor to a man of principle. He was an able and forcible writer, and had he not become a prey to his insane ideas of politics he might have added many a worthy page to the literature of his time.

Mr. King has issued a life of Mazzini in which he seeks to prove the political sagacity of his hero, by dwelling strongly upon the few admirable personal traits of the man. He even quotes Mazzini's own writings to prove that he was neither a coward nor an evil-minded revolutionist. All this would be very nice were it not that the cold faces of history are there to prove the contrary. All the beautiful sentiments that Mazzini ever expressed, and all the praise that Mr. King can lavish upon him, will never efface the fact that he did in London, keeping safely out of reach, while he urged on his dupes to "make use of the dagger" as the strongest and most effective argument against "his enemies," that is to say against the friends of order, authority and religion. That he had planned the murder of Charles Albert no sane man can deny; and he planned from a safe retreat in England. That all the crimes committed by the secret societies of Young Italy, in 1848 and 1849, were the outcome of his inspiration is a certainty. While he was writing elegant phrases and dictating letters of grand sentiment, he was concocting those midnight assassinations that blackened the annals of Italy at that period. No one will deny that while he was carefully arranging his plots and telling others what to do with the dagger, that Count Rossi was stabbed to death on the very steps of the Senate, as he entered the portico, and that no one ever knew who slew the Prime Minister, in broad day-light, and in the midst of an expectant throng. Mazzini's hand did not raise the fatal weapon, nor was it his hand that touched Rossi on the shoulder to make him turn around to meet the blow. But he had trained, he had educated, he had directed those hands; and he was at a safe distance at the time. No doubt we can take the words of such a man but we cannot separate them very well from the character who has uttered them. Yet he had said some good things, some very epigrammatic things in his day. And amongst them do we find this remarkable phrase:—

"When men cease to believe in God, God pays them out by making them believe in Cagliostro or table-turning." No doubt that Mazzini had a lucid moment when he wrote that sentence. And he, too, was an example of his own clever saying. God causes men to believe in any folly or any nonsense, the moment that they no longer chose to believe in Him. In other words, when men decline the grace of faith, God punishes them by casting a veil over their intelligences, and they sink into the greatest absurdities of belief. We have daily examples of this. We have the vaunted atheist who has no faith in God, but who believes in the fates, in the stars, in luck, in chance, in demons, in occult influences, in magic, in sorcery, or in any other absurdity. And he imagines that he is giving proof that superstition is not able to conquer him, when he sinks into the most slavish of all kinds of superstitions.

How often do we not meet people who deny miracles? They will scoff at the marvels of Lourdes, and yet will go to an adept at palmistry or some such juggler, and attempt to scan the future, to have their fortunes told, to learn that which is hidden from their knowledge by a veil that is "woven by the Hand of Mercy." They have no faith in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and they loudly proclaim that the dead exist not for us; and can have communion with us; but they are afraid of ghosts, they would not enter an empty dwelling in the dark, they shiver if they have to pass a churchyard at night. Poor fools! It is simply that God has withdrawn

from them His grace, because they have lost their faith. Mazzini was right to say that when men cease to believe in God, God pays them out by making them believe in the absurd—for what more absurd than the vapors of Cagliostro or the mania for turning tables to learn the future, or to hold communication with the spirit world?

The strangest part of this, we may call it, phenomenon, is that while the writer of that sentence weighed it well and had fully appreciated his subject, and realized the great truth of what he expressed, actually was an exemplification of it himself. He had recourse to all manner of magic and clairvoyance to carry on his schemes of political upheaval; did he not see that he must have ceased, himself, to believe in God, and that God was simply paying him back in his own coin? None so blind and the persons who do not wish to see.

A French-
Canadian
View on
Land Tenure
In Ireland.

(Translated for the True Witness.)

In "La Presse" of last Saturday, there appeared a very strong editorial on this important subject. A few extracts from it may be of interest. After stating the fact of the passage of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, the article continues thus:—

"What an amount of troubles, not to say all of them, have, in Ireland, sprung from this question of the secular tenure of lands which placed the small farmers, in the eyes of the rich proprietors, as a race of slaves. Let us remember, without going further back than 1878, twenty-five years ago, that the Irish peasants had reached a point that they no longer wished to pay rent. The Land League, born of that movement, of that peasant insurrection, went so far as to order boycotting and to secretly encourage assassination. (This is an error—for the Land League did no such a thing, but the mistake we presume is involuntary.) It was then that the dark series of agrarian crimes set England mad, and especially the Prime Minister. It is said that it was the bitter reflections that he had during those sad times, when almost each morning brought him the news of some fresh attack upon persons and property, that filled Mr. Gladstone, with the profound conviction, that only final solution of the Irish question consisted in the granting by England of a constitution that would give Ireland a complete legislative autonomy, similar to that enjoyed by Australia and Canada.

"Unfortunately Mr. Gladstone had not calculated upon the deep feeling of hostility to all idea of a separation of Ireland from England, that the English people entertained. So that, when the Home Rule measure, after having passed with difficulty the Commons, was rejected by the House of Lords, no recriminations were heard against the hereditary House, such as had been expected for his policy by the one whom Ireland hailed as a liberator, and events proved that on that occasion the House of Lords was the mouthpiece of the real national feeling of the country."

"One of those who most closely followed this Irish question, Mr. Maurice Courcelle, writes from London to an American journal, that the policy of the Conservative party on the Irish question, was inspired by very different principles. At first it was to combat that Home Rule which the English elector considers as a menace to national security; but this being laid down, the party did not hesitate to adopt a most daring course in regard to land reform; and, instead of tending to develop the co-proprietorship system, which cannot but be fatal when, as in Ireland, the co-proprietors mutually detest each other and have entirely opposite interests, it sought to create a class of peasant proprietors, by allowing the farmer to acquire the ownership of the land that he cultivates, by means of an annual payment."

"All the measures brought forward by the Conservative party, for fifteen years back, have been inspired by these principles; but never before had their application been attempted on a scale as large and as definite as has been the case in this

Bill presented by the Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Wyndham, and approved of by King Edward the other day.

"According to the terms of that Bill the British Exchequer places to the credit of the Irish peasants 150 million pounds sterling, or \$750,000,000 to enable them to purchase all the lands disposable in Ireland and to clear themselves afterwards of their obligations to the State by means annual payments divided over the cycle of 68 1/2 years. In the interest of this great peace-creating undertaking the English Government proposes to advance a sum of 12 million pounds sterling—\$60,000,000—as a premium on the sales, for the purpose of bringing dissatisfied landowners to terms.

"Such are the large lines of the Wyndham law. It is impossible not to be struck, at first sight, with the grandeur of such a law. It is evident that the King and the Government, that sought to accomplish this work of reparation, placed the national interest above the bickerings of parties."

Irish Bishops
And Their Work

The prelates of Irish blood are remarkably long-lived. The great Archbishop of Tuam, John MacHale, was the oldest bishop at the Vatican Council, and was for many years the oldest bishop in the Universal Church. Once again, since the death of the well beloved Holy-Father, Leo XIII., it seems that the honor of being the oldest bishop in Christendom belongs to an Irishman. He is the Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania.

Dr. Murphy was born in Cork on June 18, 1815, the very day that saw the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. He made his studies at Maynooth, and was ordained priest on June 9, 1838. Going as a missionary to Hindoostan, he became Coadjutor to the Vicar-Apostolic of Madras in 1846, the year in which Leo XIII. was made Archbishop of Perugia. Subsequently he was appointed Bishop of Hyderabad, India, and was transferred to Tasmania in 1866. Thus the venerable octogenarian was a prelate in Australasia before Boyle O'Reilly was taken thither as a convict, and before Gavan Duffy became Prime Minister of Victoria.

The Archbishop of Hobart is still strong and vigorous and as active as he was thirty years ago. The latest Australian exchanges inform us that he was doing arduous missionary labors on the wild west coast of Tasmania on the occasion of his eighty-eighth birthday, though he has had as Coadjutor, since 1893, the Most Rev. Patrick Delaney, formerly professor in All Hallows' College, Dublin.

A splendid record is that of this Irish missionary. A priest for 45 years, a Bishop for 57, what magnificent work he must have done for the glory of God and the salvation of souls! It is to be hoped that Pius X. will elevate him to the Cardinalate.—San Francisco Leader.

BISHOP HENRY.—One of the world's genuine philanthropists is the Right Rev. Dr. Henry, the Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland. This prelate is trying to solve the problem of sickness and poverty. Bishop Henry was one of the first to give systematized trial to the open-air plan for the cure of consumption. He purchased a hundred acres of land, with an historic mansion known as Orlands. He equipped the building with all modern appliances for the treatment by fresh air and good food of those of his flock who were suffering from lung troubles. The Sisters of Mercy acted as nurses. Patients were given the utmost freedom, were assigned plots of ground for flower or market gardening in case they desired to work, and were surrounded with every device and care that would keep them in a cheerful frame of mind and make them feel at home. The results were amazingly good. Even cases which were hopeless in the eyes of medical science, became, by the restoration of health, convincing proofs of the value of the Bishop's enterprise. Now he is seeking to enlarge the scope of his work. He foresees the possibility of doing away with the work-houses, those fearsome abodes, where the sick and the indigent are condemned to a species of living death. Bishop Henry has offered to the Board of Guardians of the city of Belfast sites at Orlands free of rent, on which to erect cottages or bungalows for the invalid poor.—Irish World.

Leaders
In Ireland
In the Past.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

In glancing over the anniversaries that have been mentioned in these columns one of our correspondents draws our attention to the fact that it was on the 17th August, 1791, that the famous Irish orator, statesman and dramatist, Richard Lalor Sheil, was born. His birth place was Drumdowney, County Kilkenny, Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and made his legal studies at Lincoln's Inn, London. In 1813 he delivered his maiden speech, a plea for Catholic emancipation, which made his reputation as an orator. At the same time he came out as a dramatist, with his first play, "Adeleide or the Emigrants." It was in 1814 that he was called to the bar, when he published his next play "The Apostate," which had a great success. All the following years Sheil attended the courts regularly, but his constant advocacy of Catholic Emancipation stood greatly in the way of his progress as a lawyer. But if his briefs were few his plays were many; for, in rapid succession, came forth his dramas, "Bellamira, or The Fall of Tunis," "Eudamie," "The Huguenot," "Montoni," and "Damon and Pythias."

In 1821, or thereabouts, he joined W. H. Curran in the preparation of those memorable "Sketches of the Irish Bar," in the "New Monthly Magazine." The series extended over several years. In 1825 Sheil, O'Connell, O'Gorman and others went to London to protest against a bill that had been introduced for the suppression of the Catholic Association; but failed in their mission. Still they succeeded in promoting the Catholic Relief Bill, which passed its third reading on the 10th May, but was lost in the Lords. One of Sheil's biographers says the suppression of the Catholic Association, "so far from putting an end to the agitation, only changed its 'modus operandi,' and under O'Connell's direction the system of simultaneous meetings throughout the country proved far more effective. In preparing the ground for the new system no one worked harder than Sheil. He was present and spoke at nearly all the gatherings during the summer. The amount of labor which these meetings implied for him can only be properly estimated when one remembers that he never trusted himself to speak extempore, and that the repugnance he felt to repeat himself rendered the preparation of each speech a matter of long and careful consideration."

In 1826 he was arrested and prosecuted on account of some language used by him in a speech on Wolfe Tone; but when Canning became Prime Minister the prosecution was dropped. As the Catholic Emancipation agitation was becoming very extensive, a counter movement sprang up in England. In order to qualify himself to speak at a meeting of free holders, held at Shenil Heath, on Oct. 24, 1828, Sheil purchased a small freehold in the County Kent, England, and gained great praise for his courage in facing the hostile crowd. In 1829 Emancipation was granted, the Penal Laws were abolished in great part, and Sheil participated in O'Connell's triumph. In 1830 he was admitted to the inner bar, being one of the first Catholics to enjoy that privilege. The same year he was elected to Parliament for Milborne Port, in Dorset. In 1831 he was elected for the County Louth, in Ireland. In January, 1833, he was returned unopposed for Tipperary, and sat for that constituency till 1841, when he became member for Dungarvan. In 1841 he was made Judge Advocate-General, and from 1846 to 1850 he was Master of the Mint. In December, 1850, he became Minister to the Court of Tuscany, and removed with his wife to Florence, where he died on the 23rd May, 1851. His body was brought to Ireland and interred at Long Orchard, County Tipperary.

While Sheil did much to make himself famous in his own day, he will live forever in the annals of English, or rather Irish history, on account of his masterpiece, delivered in the House of Commons, in 1834. It was his famed reply to Lord Lyndhurst, when the latter accused the Irish of being aliens. Nothing in ancient or modern oratory, has ever surpassed Sheil's reply on that occasion.

Catholic Notes And Comments.

DOMESTIC PRELATES.— It may not be generally known that there are many monsignori, appointed by the late Pope, whose rank and titles pass away with the Pontiff who conferred them. This is especially true of those who rank as private chamberlains of the Pope. They number a great many, in various countries, and sometimes there are several in the same country.

These domestic prelates are of four classes. Prelates wear a violet cassock of cloth in the winter and of silk in the summer. The facings, linings, cording and buttons are of crimson. The girdle is of violet silk, with silk tassels of the same color. Private chamberlains wear a violet cassock and girdle when on duty, and over it a mantellone of the same material and color. The mantellone is an exaggeration of the mantelletta and reaches to the feet, while from behind the shoulders there hang violet strips or false sleeves. The color is of violet silk.

The shortening of the mantelletta tells of the increasing dignity of the wearer. Thus the mantelletta of the chamberlain reaches to the ground, that of a Bishop to the knees, that of an Archbishop of three-quarters length, that of a Cardinal falls to the waist line, and that worn by the Pope is but a shoulder cape.

Private chamberlains crest their arms with a violet hat with three rows of tassels of the same color.

Chamberlains of cape and sword have three uniforms. One is of black velvet and gold embroidery. This dates from the days of Pius VI., whose successor added the epaulettes of gold. It is worn only on visits to newly created Cardinals, or in attendance on some sovereign who is visiting in Rome. The second uniform is more frequently in use. It is of black, ornamented with white lace, and like the ruff, is of the period of Henry II. The cap is of black velvet, with a plume of the same color, attached to it with a gold clasp. There hangs from the ruff a silver-gilt chain, which is forward of three smaller chains, with the tiara and keys in the center. On a cartouche of blue enamel are the letters in gold "C. S."

The function of the private chamberlains when at Rome is to wait in the Pontifical antechamber at the hours when the Pope gives audiences. There should be at least two of them, one in the private antechamber, and the other in the antechamber of honor.

It is believed that Pope Pius X. will create a number of new prelates for the United States, and will probably renominate all the American prelates created by Leo XIII. And whatever is done in the case of the United States will be equally done as far as Canada is concerned.

NICOLET CONVENT.— Recently the Sisters of the Assumption celebrated, at Nicolet the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of their Order in their convent there. What a vast number of religious, educational and other institutions had birth in Canada about the year 1853. Nearly every week this summer we have had occasion to record the golden jubilee of some institution or other that was founded in that year 1853. Decidedly it was a year blessed in this particular sense, and it forces strongly on the mind the grand personality of the great Mgr. Bourget, who at that time, had most to do with the establishment of so many grand institutions. No wonder that a statue should be erected to his memory, in this the fiftieth anniversary of so many of his glorious works.

On Wednesday morning High Mass was sung in the new chapel of the Nicolet Convent by Mgr. Brault, Bishop of Tubuna, and coadjutor of the diocese. Needless to say that the attendance was large. The choir, for the occasion, was composed of the best singers amongst the Sisters, and the music was beautiful. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., who paid a high tribute to the Sisters of the Assumption and to their work. Mgr. Gravel presided at the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Congregation of the Assumption was founded at Saint Gregoire le Grand, on the 8th September, 1853, by Rev. Mr. J. Harper, the parish priest, and his curate, Rev. J. C. Marquis—now Apostolic protonotary and canon of Lorette. The

Order spread rapidly, for it now numbers 350 religious, and has 30 missions throughout Canada and the United States. Since 1872 the Mother House has been at Nicolet—a superb edifice. The new chapel, constructed by architect Louis Baron, is commemorative of this fiftieth anniversary. It is 160 feet long and 60 wide.

The four chosen souls to establish this Order were all parishioners of St. Gregoire le Grand. They were the Misses Bourgeois, Heon Leduc and Buisson, who took, in religion, the names Sister of the Assumption, Sister of Jesus, Sister St. Mary, and Sister St. Joseph. The last mentioned Sister died one year ago at a very advanced age. She was Superior of the Nicolet Mother House. In 1856 the Order was canonically sanctioned by Mgr. Thomas Cooke, Bishop of Three Rivers.

A RESTORED STATUE.— About three weeks ago an old statue of the Blessed Virgin was solemnly blessed by Abbot Boniface, of South Devon, England, and placed in a niche above an altar that had been specially constructed for it in the temporary Church of Buckfast Abbey. The statue had been restored to its former condition and has most interesting history. In ages past South Devon was the heart of Mary's Dowry. Several churches and abbeys were there dedicated to the Mother of God; and by a decree of a council held in 1287, her image was to be placed in every parish Church. This restored statue was venerated in the ancient Church of Buckfast Abbey until the year 1549, when it was broken down by the followers of Edward VI. About twenty years ago it was recovered. In the restoring of the statue the marks of the sacrilegious destruction are distinctly to be seen. It is three feet eight inches in height, and represents the Blessed Virgin crowned and holding the Infant Jesus on her right arm. It was reserved for Edward VII. to behold in his time the reparation to the Mother of Christ for the dishonor under Edward VI.

With Our Subscribers.

A subscriber from New York State, W. K., writes:—

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for two years' subscription to the "True Witness" to 1905.

This is an example to our subscribers. If our subscribers generally were imbued with the same spirit as our good friend "W. K.," our troubles would be few, and ere many summers had come and gone, we would make the old organ a daily, instead of weekly visitor in Catholic homes.

Non-Catholic Hymns.

In an article entitled "Catholic Worship and Protestant Hymns," "The Review," of St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"One of the so-called hymns which is so lustily sung in Roman Catholic churches," as remarked by the Rev. Dr. Swentzel, is that bit of pious sentimentality known as "Nearer My God to Thee." No one who has read it will say that it contains any Christian doctrine beyond the mere implication that there is a God, and it would be hard to say what act of devotion it inspires or to what object of faith it directs the mind. The composition is so barren of all the elements essential to a Catholic hymn, that it is difficult to understand how it could have attained such vogue as it has in some of our churches. We are assured by respectable authority that it may be heard in many Catholic churches in New York, in one at least during the very canon of the Mass. This hymn was written by an English lady, Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, who belonged to a sect of Independents who first drifted into Rationalism. About 1856 it appeared in a Protestant hymnal, compiled by the noted Unitarian minister, James Freeman Clarke of Boston, and a Boston organist set the tune, which, rather than the text, has carried the hymn into such popularity as it has since obtained. The Moody and Sankey revivals gave it prominence. It was sung at camp-meetings and at all assemblies of the so-called Evangelical Christians. It may be heard to-day at Masonic funerals, and in the public schools, where anything savoring of religion is excluded by law, it is frequently sung after the reading of the Bible and by Jewish children equally with those of any other or of no faith at all."

Worthy Successor Of Leo.

(From Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

Pope Pius X.'s career has not been of the usual kind that leads to the Papal Throne. His birth, education, experience are those of the simple priest. He was born of humble Italian peasants in Northern Italy. His education was that of the ordinary secular pastor. His first mission was not that of a diplomatist; it was neither to Court nor Government, but to the Italian peasant. Country curate, parish priest, bishop, cardinal—such have been the stages of his career. He was consecrated Bishop only nineteen years ago. His record is one of successful missionary work and zeal for souls; learning, piety, the tact that comes from the successful priest's experience in dealing with the world are the notes of his character. Sprung from the people, he has already shown his capacity for reconciling popular liberty with the well-being of religion. As Patriarch of Venice he has seen the Catholic flag raised by the free vote of the people instead of the Socialist Red; and the result was of his organizing. His sympathizers are said to be with that Catholic Democratic movement which has already made considerable progress in Italy, and has its strongholds in the provinces of the North where his work has lain.

Speculation and gossip are rife concerning the new Pope's ideas as to Papal policy; but nothing more than speculation and gossip are forthcoming. One story contradicts another. One newspaper describes him as a candidate of "the Rampolla party," as the sympathizers with Cardinal Rampolla's ideas are described; another asserts that he was elected by "the Vanuttelli party," as the gossips describe another alleged group of Cardinals. The significant thing is, that before his election Pius the Tenth was identified with no party. He was chosen for his spiritual worth, and he will decide the many grave questions that may arise in the future, with the single idea of promoting the cause of Christ in the world, and with the light that will be vouchsafed to him as a faithful Servant of the Master. All the talk about groups and parties and "trials of strength" may be dismissed. The system of election necessitates repeated balloting save where the preponderance of one name is manifest from the first. The Conclave has, it should be noted, been unusually short. The Conclaves of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. were exceptional in their brief duration. The election of Pius X. took three days, and the result was arrived at before it was expected. Two days sufficed to elect Leo XIII.; but that was because there was practical unanimity as to the Cardinal to be chosen. But the election of Leo XII. occupied thirty-five days; that of Pius VIII. thirty-six, and that of Gregory XVI. sixty-two. The Conclave, therefore, was unusually prompt and decisive in its voting; and all the stories of parties and intrigues and candidatures may be dismissed.

Equally idle is the gossip which identifies the Pope with this country and with that. Here again the different accounts are satisfactorily destructive on the mutual principle. Pius X. is claimed at once as a foe of Austria, a friend of France, an Irredentist, and a candidate of the Triple Alliance. What it all means is that the new Pope is untrammelled by prejudices or preconceived policies; and that he has ascended the Papal Throne, as he ascended the altars of the village churches where he ministered to God's poor, to promote the cause of the salvation of men.

The other point that is eagerly discussed is the attitude of the new Pope to the Italian Monarchy. His relations with the Government while Patriarch of Venice were of a friendly character, and he joined freely in the official receptions of the Italian King and princes. But at Venice the King of Italy is no usurper, but represents the deliverer of Venetia from the hated rule of the Austrian. In Rome the King, on the contrary, usurps the rights, the powers, and the independence that belong to the Church; and it is evident from the events of Tuesday that Pope Pius X. will follow in the footsteps of his predecessors in maintaining the protest against the usurpation and the conditions it at present imposes on

the Papal Sovereignty. The Papal Benediction was given within the great Basilica, not without. The Pope has not gone to take possession of his Cathedral beyond the Coliseum. He remains, like Pius IX. and Leo XIII., the Prisoner of the Vatican. Whether time will bring wisdom to the Italian Monarchy and lead to a modus vivendi that will give real recognition to the independence of the Papal Sovereignty it is rash to speculate. But if the recognition is made during the coming reign it is evident that Pius X. has the tact and capacity needed to adjust the difficulties that lie in the way. A great and holy priest has been elected Pope; Leo XIII. has a worthy successor.

First and Last Conclaves

The changes in the world since the first conclave of the Church was held are wonderful to contemplate. To-day the Sacred College numbers sixty-four Cardinals. The full number is seventy, and rarely did a conclave be held in which there was such an amount of Cardinals as on this last occasion. Of these forty-two are Italians and twenty-two are foreigners. There are two of Irish birth—Cardinals Logue and Moran—and one of Irish descent, Cardinal Gibbons. There is no English Cardinal alive to-day. During the nineteenth century there had been five, but they have all passed away. They were Cardinal Weld, Cardinal Howard, and three Archbishops of Westminster—Cardinals Wiseman, Manning and Vaughan. In earlier times the Pope was chosen by the entire body of the Catholic priesthood. It was only when the Church came forth from the catacombs that the voting was confined to the "Cardinals," or parish priests of Rome. A very nice passage concerning the vast changes that have taken place in the world since the days when the first conclave was held down to the present, appeared recently in an English paper. Amongst other things it said:—

Since that first Conclave met, the face of the world has been changed. When it assembled, a Caesar ruled the world. Paris was a Roman camp, London a few huts in the woods. The red man had before him fourteen centuries of undisturbed occupation of America. In the Middle Ages the two institutions which ranked next to the Papacy in antiquity were the Republic of Venice and the Kingdom of France. Both were modern, compared with the Papacy; both are gone, but the Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of youthful vigor. It has, indeed, lost provinces in the Old World, but acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for this loss. If there are millions of dwellers by the Thames, the Elbe and the Volga who deny the Primacy of Rome, their place has been taken by other millions who dwell by the St. Lawrence, the Hudson and the Amazon. It was a great Protestant author who testified to the greatness of Rome in a passage hackneyed, but always full of a generous eloquence. "The Roman Church," wrote Macaulay, "was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Is it to be wondered that Catholics believe that it was a Divine hand who protected the Papacy through nineteen troubled centuries; that the choice at the sitting Conclave will be made, not by man, but by that Divine Spirit which from its manifestation on the first Pentecost has never deserted the Church of God."

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS TO BUILD AT PLATTSBURGH

The Brothers of Christian Instruction, according to a Catholic American exchange, will establish a seminary in Plattsburgh, N.Y., having just purchased property here for the purpose. The order is very strong in Canada. The seminary will train the teachers of the Order in the United States. The establishment of the Seminary in Plattsburgh is a direct result of the banishment of the religious orders from France.

Is Ritualism A Menace?

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Philip Sidney, writing in "The Hibbert Journal," of London and Oxford, maintains that "the extraordinary advances all along the line" effected by the High Church Anglicans is something that only a mere handful within the Catholic Church realize. In this sense he says:—

"If the propagation of Catholic doctrines and practices, carried to a limit beyond anything dreamed of by the pioneers of the Oxford movement, has tended to catholicize a formidable proportion of the Anglican Church, it must at the same time be acknowledged that the growth and success of a creed not in alliance with the Holy See, but professing, nevertheless, to hold and teach all the Roman Catholic doctrines, must be counted as a dire source of danger to the power, present and future, of Rome in England."

We may as well, at once, say that we do not agree with the writer. We by no means underestimate the importance of the advances made of late, by the High Church Anglicans along the way of imitation of Roman, or rather Catholic ritual and practices. While we do not see in this any approach to Catholicity, we fail to detect the menace. The subject is a vast one and would bear a great deal of development, much more than we have either time or inclination to give it. But we will briefly state our reasons for the foregoing conclusions.

In the first place there is a mighty abyss that yawns between the Catholic Church and all outside her pale. It is one that can never be bridged. Either you are with Christ or against Him; either you are inside the Church or outside of her fold. There is and there can be no medium. Others may drift away to various distances from her; one of them may approach to the very opposite side of the precipice, but the precipice remains, and that one is as much outside the Church as are those denominations that have gone away out of sight. No amount of imitation, no degree of mimicry, no extent of forms and external ceremonial can be worked into a draw-bridge to span that gulf. Therefore, we do not see that the High Anglican Church is any nearer to Catholicity than is the most formless and meaningless denotation that has sprung up since Protestantism began.

In the next place it cannot be a menace to the Catholic Church, for she is so constituted that nothing can change, deter, much less destroy her. From Nero to Mazzini, and from Caligula to Robespierre, she has met and faced and conquered every enemy who sought her destruction. It is not at this stage of the world, after nineteen hundred years of triumph, over pagans, barbarians, infidels, so-called reformers, and secret conclaves, that she is going to quail before that which pays her the tribute of imitation, but which has not the courage to accept the substance with the decorations. Mr. Sidney says:—

"Since the reign of Charles I. there have always been two schools of thought among Roman Catholics concerning the High Church party; the one favorable to it, as seeing in it the secret construction of a golden bridge from Canterbury to Rome, the other thoroughly jealous of and alarmed at its prosperity."

This is exactly what we have shown not to be true. There are Anglicans, and others outside the Church (like Mr. Sidney, himself) who seek to have the world believe that some Catholics hail with delight the approaches made by Anglicanism, while others fear it. No such a thing as a golden bridge, or any other kind of bridge can ever unite Canterbury and Rome—as long as they remain the exponents of two different systems. Canterbury must come to Rome, and come divested of its assumed spiritual authority, otherwise there can be no union. In the very next sentence we have another proof of how little the writer knows about Catholicity, much as he may know on the subject of Anglicanism. He says:—

"In this respect, it is constantly repeated that Rome must take the initiative in forwarding the needful concessions in favor of high Anglicans anxious for reunion. Such concessions, owing to the steady spread of ritualism, would be far easier to make now than of yore."

Rome can make no concessions, nor will she ever take any such initiative, as far as doctrine is concerned.

It is a vain and a presumptive hope on the part of the writer. The slightest concession on the part of Rome, in such a matter, (even were it possible) would simply mean that she abandoned all that has been her mainstay since the days of Christ, and that she would be willing to compromise with what she knows to be error. Look at the matter from the purely Catholic standpoint, which is the only one you can take when you talk of Catholic concessions, and you will find that the thing is an absolute impossibility, and this statement has the sanction of twenty centuries of history to support it.

Again in closing his article the writer says:—

"In the judgment of nearly all Roman Catholics sufficiently well informed as to be able to decide fairly, the invitation to reunion must come from Rome. It is for Rome to open the ball, and not England."

This is almost a repetition of the first assertion, and we need not repeat our answer. But in one sense, we would say that Rome has done her part, and gone as far as she could go. The late Pontiff issued an encyclical on the validity of Anglican orders, which, as far as the Church's teachings are concerned, should leave the matter forever settled. But in his individual capacity, as a statesman dealing with the affairs of this world, and not as the Pontiff infallible, speaking and teaching ex-Cathedra, Leo XIII. has opened the ball, has extended the hand to Anglicans, has spoken in that memorable document on the union of Christendom, and in his address to the people of England, in a manner that leaves the next move on the board with them and not with our Church.

But the secret of it all is that these non-Catholic enthusiasts wish to force some one concession of a doctrinal character from Rome, and that they can never get as long as Time lasts.

A Catholic Paper And Ancient History

In a Catholic American exchange we find this small editorial note:—

"If you are looking for a Catholic journal that is fearless, vigorous, and clean cut, take the * * * * * It is not publishing ancient history, and it is not afraid to say what it thinks."

We have not the slightest doubt that our contemporary is all that it says—fearless, vigorous and clean-cut,—but we have grave doubts about the applicability of the second sentence to an ideal Catholic journal. "Ancient history," that is to say, events that have taken place during all the ages that have gone past, is something that actually belongs in a special manner to Catholic journalism, and to the Catholic Church. One of the chief glories of our Church is the fact that we can cite history, both modern, mediaeval and ancient in support of our contentions, be they in regard to the dogma, the morals, or the discipline of the Church. What other Church of a Christian character can appeal to what it calls ancient history? It is that very antiquity and unchangeability of our Church that constitutes her a wonder in the eyes of all who are so bitterly opposed to her. We admit that the idea of our contemporary, in using the terms "ancient history" is to designate events and incidents long gone past. But is not that exactly the sphere of a Catholic journal, to keep before the eyes of the religions of yesterday the claims that Catholicity possesses to antiquity in every acceptance of the term?

No more do we find it a very strong recommendation for a Catholic journal to boast that "it is not afraid to say what it thinks." We know of no Catholic journal that, once it is certain that it is in accord with Catholic teaching, is unwilling to tell the truth. But we have known many a one to fall into the grave error of thinking wrongly, without advice, and without a care for the infallible authority that is the only sure guide, and then saying what it thinks. We do not mean that the journal in question belongs to this category; but surely it, as well as any other Catholic organ is liable to err in thought; and to say out what it thinks before it has taken the pains to find out whether it thinks rightly, is a grave error and not at all in accord with the true principles of Catholic journalism. It is exactly this bravado, of saying out what we think, that very frequently leads to mistakes that are regrettable and that subject the Catholic journal to the humiliation of correction. We are not attempting to underestimate the fearlessness of our contemporary, but its little remark might lead us to suspect its discretion.

SATURDAY
CHAPTER XX

"Come, Harless, nolly, 'althoug you with me, yet we together. Hark! What are the dogs do? They have left the hill," cried a gentle galloping past, "and corcass."

"Poor Dalton," said "that was the man t had old Reynard out now."

"Poor Dalton!" ex-ress, catching up the sionate emphasis, "p-ton. Oh, day of my y-ed, turning aside on he might not be obsing out upon the quidays—past, happy day boyhood, and my mer-boat! the broad river, wind, the broken wa-heart at rest! Oh, mi-What have you now My heart will burst b this field!"

"The dogs are cl-Connolly; they hav-Come! come away!"

"'Tis a false scent, gentleman. 'Ware har-'Ware here!' was e-voices. A singular hu-erved amongst the cr-brow of the hill, wh the corcass, and prescended to the marsh."

"There is something going forward," said C-makes all the crowd co-marsh?"

A pause ensued, Harless experienced a-ous anxiety, for which account. The hounds chop in concert, as if a strong scent, and ye-peated.

At length a horsem-erved riding up the m-fore mentioned, and g-wards them. When he they could observe that was hurried and agitat- countenance wore an e-terror and compassion. ed the rein suddenly, as on the group.

"Mr. Warner," he said, the o-d gentleman arre-to, "I believe you t-trate?"

Mr. Warner bowed. "Then come this way, please. A terrible occa-your presence necessary side of the hill."

"No harm, sir, to ar-friends, I hope?" said M-putting spurs to his hor-loping away. The hors- stranger was lost in the the hools as they rode

Immediately after, two men came galloping by. held in his hand, a str-beaten out of shape, and the mud of the corcass-just caught the word "h they rode swiftly by

"What's horrible?" she-ress, rising on his stirrup The two gentlemen wer-out of hearing. He sun-gain on his seat, and gl-at his father and, Conn- does he call horrible?" he

"I did not hear him," nolly. "Come upon the e shall learn.

They galloped in that. The morning was changin- the rain was now descend- greater abundance. Still- not a breath of wind to a- rection, or to give the s- imation to the general let- of nature. As they arriv- brow of the hill, they per- crowd of horsemen and p- lected into a dense mass- of the little channels befo- ed. Several of those in f- were stooping low, as if a- fallen person. The next- their heads turned aside- shoulders, were employe- the questions of tho- them. The individuals w- outside were raised on tip- endeavored, by stretching- over the shoulders of the- bors to peep into the cent- whipper-in, meanwhile, w- the hounds away from th- while the dogs reluctantly- mingled with the press- horsemen, bending over the

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"Come, Hardress," continued Connolly, "although you are not in love with me, yet we may try a canter together. Hark! What is that! What are the dogs doing now?"

"They have left the cover on the hill," cried a gentleman who was galloping past, "and are trying the carcass."

"Poor Dalton," said Mr. Cregan, "that was the man that would have had old Reynard out of cover before now."

"Poor Dalton!" exclaimed Hardress, catching up the word with passionate emphasis, "poor—poor Dalton. Oh, day of my youth!" he added, turning aside on his saddle, and looking out upon the quiet river.

"The dogs are chopping," said Connolly; "they have found him. Come! come away!"

"This is a false scent," said the old gentleman. "Ware here!"

"Ware here!" was echoed by many voices. A singular hurry was observed amongst the crowd upon the brow of the hill, which overlooked the carcass, and presently all descended to the marsh.

"There is something extraordinary going forward," said Cregan; "what makes all the crowd collect upon the marsh?"

A pause ensued, during which Hardress experienced a degree of nervous anxiety, for which he could not account. The hounds continued to chop in concert, as if they had found a strong scent, and yet no fox appeared.

At length a horseman was observed riding up the miry pass before mentioned, and galloping towards them. When he approached, they could observe that his manner was hurried and agitated, and his countenance wore an expression of terror and compassion. He tightened the rein suddenly, as he came upon the group.

"Mr. Warner," he said, addressing the old gentleman already alluded to, "I believe you are a magistrate?"

Mr. Warner bowed.

"Then come this way, sir, if you please. A terrible occasion makes your presence necessary on the other side of the hill."

"No harm, sir, to any of our friends, I hope?" said Mr. Warner, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping away. The answer of the stranger was lost in the tramp of the hoofs as they rode away.

Immediately after, two other horsemen came galloping by. One of them held in his hand, a straw bonnet, beaten out of shape, and dragged in the mud of the carcass. Hardress just caught the word "horrible," as they rode swiftly by.

"What's horrible?" shouted Hardress, rising on his stirrup.

The two gentlemen were already out of hearing. He sunk down again on his seat, and glanced aside at his father and Connolly. "What does he call horrible?" he repeated.

"I did not hear him," said Connolly. "Come upon the carcass, and we shall learn."

They galloped in that direction. The morning was changing fast, and the rain was now descending in much greater abundance. Still there was not a breath of wind to alter its direction, or to give the slightest animation to the general lethargic look of nature. As they arrived on the brow of the hill, they perceived the crowd of horsemen and peasants collected into a dense mass around one of the little channels before described. Several of those in the centre were stooping low, as if to assist a fallen person. The next rank with their heads turned aside over their shoulders, were employed in answering the questions of those behind them. The individuals who stood outside were raised on tiptoe, and endeavored, by stretching their heads over the shoulders of their neighbors, to peep into the centre.

The whipper-in, meanwhile, was flogging the hounds away from the crowd, mingled with the press were the horsemen, bending over their saddles,

bows, and gazing downward on the centre.

"Bad manners to ye!" Hardress heard the whipper-in exclaim, as he passed, "what a fox ye found for us this morning. How bad ye are, now, for a taste o' Christian's flesh!"

As he approached nearer to the crowd he was enabled to gather farther indications of the nature of the transaction, from the countenance and gestures of the people. Some had their hands elevated in strong fear, many brows were knitted in eager curiosity, some raised in wonder, and some expanded in affright. Urged by an unaccountable impulse, and supported by an energy, he knew not whence derived, Hardress alighted from his horse, threw the reins to a countryman, and penetrated the group with considerable violence. He dragged some by the collars from their places, pushed others aside with his shoulder, struck those who proved refractory with his whip-handle, and in a few moments attained the centre of the ring.

Here he paused, and gazed in motionless horror upon the picture which the crowd had previously concealed.

A small space was kept clear in the centre. Opposite to Hardress stood Mr. Warner, the magistrate and coroner of the county, with a small note-book in his hand, in which he made some entries with a pencil. On his right stood the person who had summoned him to the spot. At the feet of Hardress was a small pool, in which the waters now appeared disturbed and thick with mud, while the rain, descending straight, gave to its surface the semblance of ebullition. On the bank at the other side, which was covered with sea-pink and a species of short moss peculiar to the soil, an object lay on which the eyes of all were bent with a fearful and gloomy expression. It was for the most part concealed beneath a large blue mantle, which was drenched in wet and mire, and lay so heavy on the thing beneath as to reveal the lineaments of a human form. A pair of small feet, in Spanish-leather shoes, appearing from below the end of the garment, showed that the body was that of a female; and a mass of long, fair, hair, which escaped from beneath the capacious hood, demonstrated that this death, whether the effect of accident or malice, had found the victim untimely in her youth.

The cloak, the feet, the hair, all were familiar objects to the eye of Hardress. On very slight occasions, he had often found it absolutely impossible to maintain his self-possession in the presence of others. Now, when the full solution of all his anxieties was exposed before him; now, when he looked upon the shattered corpse of Eily, of his chosen and once beloved wife, murdered in her youth, almost in her girlhood, by his connivance, it astonished him to find that all emotion came upon the instant to a dead pause within his breast. Others might have told him that his face was rigid, sallow, and bloodless as that of the corpse on which he gazed. But he himself felt nothing of this. Not a sentence that was spoken was lost upon his ear. He did not even tremble, and a slight anxiety for his personal safety was the only sentiment of which he was perceptibly conscious. It seemed as if the great passion, like an engine embarrassed in its action had been suddenly struck motionless, even while the impelling principle remained in active force.

"Has the horse and car arrived?" asked Mr. Warner, while he closed his note-book. "Can any one see it coming? We shall all be drenched to the skin before we get away."

"Can we not go to the nearest inn, and proceed with the inquest," said a gentleman in the crowd, "while some one stays behind to see the body brought after?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Warner, with some emphasis, "the inquest must be held super visum corporis, or it is worth nothing."

"Warner" whispered Connolly to Cregan, with a smile, "is afraid of losing his four-guinea fee. He will not let the body out of his sight."

"You know the proverb," returned Cregan, "a bird in the hand etc. What a fine fat fox he has caught this morning!"

At this moment the hounds once more opened in a chopping concert; and Hardress, starting from his

posture of rigid calmness, extended his arms, and burst at once into a passion of wild fear.

"The hounds! the hounds!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Warner, do you hear them? Keep off the dogs! They will tear her if ye let them pass! Good sir, will you suffer the dogs to tear her? I had rather be torn myself than look upon such a sight. Ye may stare as ye will, but I tell you all a truth, gentleman. A truth, I say—upon my life, a truth."

"There is no fear," said Warner, fixing a keen eye upon him.

"Aye, but there is, sir, by your leave," cried Hardress. "Do you hear them now? Do you hear that yell for blood? I tell you I hate that horrid cry. It is enough to make the heart of a Christian burst. Who put the hounds upon that horrid scent—that false scent? I am going mad, I think. I say, sir, do you hear that yelling now? Will you tell me now there is no fear? Stand close! Stand close, and hide me—here I mean. Stand close!"

"I think there is none whatever," said the coroner, probing him.

"And I tell you," cried Hardress, grasping his whip and abandoning himself to an almost delirious excess of rage, "I tell you there is. If this ground should open before me, and I should hear the hounds of Satan yelling upward from the deep, it could not freeze me with a greater fear! But sir, you can pursue what course you please," continued Hardress, bowing and forcing a smile; "you are here in office, sir. You are at liberty to contradict, as you please, sir; but I have a remedy. You know me, sir, and I know you. I am a gentleman. Expect to hear farther from me on this subject."

So saying, and forcing his way through the crowd, with as much violence as he used in entering, he vaulted into his saddle, and galloped as if he were on a stepph Chase, in the direction of Castle Chute.

"If you are a gentleman," said Mr. Warner, "you are as ill-tempered a gentleman as ever I met, or something a great deal worse."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Mr. Cregan, riding rapidly up, after a vain effort to arrest his son's flight, and after picking up from a straggler, not three yards from the scene of action, the exaggerated report that Hardress and the coroner had given each other the lie. "Take care what you say, sir," he said. "Remember, if you please, that the gentleman, ill-tempered or otherwise, is my son."

"Mr. Cregan," exclaimed the magistrate, at length growing somewhat warm, "if he were the son of the Lord Lieutenant, I will not be interrupted in my duty. There are many gentlemen here present; they have witnessed the whole occurrence, and if they tell you that I have done or said anything unbecoming a gentleman, I am ready to give you, or your son either, the satisfaction of a gentleman."

With this pacificatory and Christian-like speech, the exemplary Irish peace-preserver turned upon his heel, and went to meet the carman, who was not within a few paces of the crowd.

While the pitying and astonished multitude were conveying the shattered remains of Eily O'Connor to the nearest inn, her miserable husband was flying with the speed of fear in the direction of Castle Chute. He alighted at the Norman archway, by which Kyrle Daly had entered on the day of his rejection, and throwing the reins to Falvey, rushed without speaking up the stone staircase. That talkative domestic still retained a lingering preference for the discarded lover, and saw him with a grief supplanted by this wild and passionate young gentleman. He remained for a moment holding the rein in his hand, and looking back with a gaze of clam astonishment at the flying figure of the rider. He then compressed his lips—moved to a little distance from the horse—and began to contemplate the wet and reeking flanks and trembling limbs of the beautiful animal. The creature presented a spectacle calculated to excite the compassion of a practised attendant upon horses. His eyes were wide and full of fire—his nostrils expanded, and red as blood. His shining coat was wet from ear to flank, and corded by numberless veins they were now swollen to utmost by the accelerated circulation. As he panted and snorted in

his excitement, he scattered the flecks of foam over the dross of the attendant.

"Oh! murder, murder!" exclaimed the latter, after uttering that peculiar sound of pity which is used by the vulgar in Ireland, and in some continental nations. "Well, there's a man that knows how to use a horse! Look at that crathur! Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought—any gentleman to use a poor dumb crathur that way. As if the hunt wasn't hard enough upon her, without bringin' her up in a gallop to the very doore!"

"An' as if my trouble wasn't enough besides," grumbled the groom, as he took the rein out of Falvey's hand. "He ought to stick to his boating! That's what he ought, an' to lave horses for those that knows how to use 'em."

"Who rode that horse?" asked old Dan Dawley, the steward as he came along sulky and bent by age to the hall-door.

"The young masher we're gettin'," returned Falvey.

"Umph!" muttered Dawley, as he passed into the house, "that's the image of the thraatment he'll give all that he gets into his power."

"It's thrue for you," said Falvey. Dawley paused, and looked back over his shoulder. "It's thrue for me!" he repeated gruffly. "It's you that say that, an' you were the first to praise him when he came into the family."

"It stood to reason I should," said Falvey. "I liked him better than Master Kyrle himself, for bein' an off-hand gentleman, an' sissy spoken to. But sure a Turk itself couldn't stand the way he's goin' on of late days!"

Dawley turned away with a harsh grunt; the groom led out the heated steed upon the lawn, and Falvey returned to make the cutty refulgent in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW HARDRESS MADE A CONFIDENT.

Hardress Cregan, in the meantime, had proceeded to the antique chamber, mentioned in a former chapter, which led to the drawing-room in the more modern part of the mansion. He flung himself into a chair which stood near the centre of the apartment, and remained motionless for some moments, with hands clasped and eyes fixed upon the floor.

There were voices and laughter in the drawing-room, and he could hear the accents of Anne Chute resisting the entreaties of Mrs. Cregan and her mother, while they endeavored to prevail on her to sing some favorite melody.

"Anne," said Mrs. Chute, "don't let you aunt suppose that you can be disobliging. What objection is there to your singing that song?"

"One, I am sure, which aunt Cregan won't blame me for, mamma. Hardress cannot endure to hear it."

"But Hardress is not here now, my dear."

"Ah! ah! aunt. Is that your principle? Would you teach me to take advantage of his absence, then, to foster a little will of my own?"

"Go-go you giddy girl," said Mrs. Chute. "Have you the impudence to make your aunt blush?"

"My dear Anne," said Mrs. Cregan, "if you never make a more disobedient use of your husband's absence than that of singing a little song which you love, and which you can't sing in his presence, you will be the best wife in Ireland."

"Very well, aunt, very well. You ought to know the standard of a good wife. You have had some experience, or my uncle (I should say) had had some experience of what a good wife ought to be. Whether his knowledge in that way has been negatively or positively acquired, is more than I'll venture to say."

Hardress heard her run a tender prelude along the keys of her instrument, before she sung the following words:—

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
Shule! Shule! Shule, agr!
Shule ascur, agus shule, aroon.

Come! Come! Come my darling!
Come softly and come, my love!
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
Wake, nestling of a parent's love,
Let Moran see thine eyes.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.
Shule! Shule! etc.

But we were known from infancy;
Thy father's heart was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.
Shule! Shule! etc.

But soon my love shall be my bride,
And happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
That lingering Hope denies.
Shule! Shule! etc.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
Shule! Shule! Shule, agr!
Shule ascur, agus shule, aroon!

My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

After the song was ended, Hardress heard the drawing-room door open and shut, and the stately and measured pace of his mother along the little lobby, and on the short flight of stairs which led to the apartment in which he sat. She appeared at the narrow stone doorway, and used a gesture of surprise when she beheld him.

"What! Hardress!" she exclaimed, "already returned! Have you had good sport to-day?"

"Sport!" echoed Hardress, with a burst of low, involuntary laughter, and without unclasping his wreathed hands, or raising his eyes from the earth: "yes, mother, very good sport. Sport, I think, that may bring my neck in danger one day."

"Have you been hurt, then, child?" said Mrs. Cregan, compassionately bending over her son.

Hardress raised himself in his seat, and fixed his eye upon her's for a few moments, in gloomy silence.

"I have," he said. "The hurt that I feared so long, I have got at length. I am glad you have come. I wished to speak with you."

"Stay a moment, Hardress. Let me close those doors. Servants are so inquisitive and apt to pry."

"Aye, now," said Hardress, "now and from this time forth, we must avoid those watchful eyes and ears. What shall I do, mother? Advise me, comfort me! Oh, I am utterly abandoned now! I have no friend, no comforter, but you! That terrible hope, that looked more like a fear, that kept my senses on the rack from morn to morn, is fled, at last, for ever. I am forsaken now."

"My dear Hardress," said his mother, much distressed, "when will you cease to afflict yourself and me with those fancies. Forsaken, do you say? Do your friends deserve this from you? You ask me to advise you, and my advice is this. Lay aside those thoughts, and value, as you ought to do, the happiness of your condition. Who, with a love like Anne, with a friend like your amiable college companion, Daly, and with a mother at least devoted in intention, would deliver himself up as you do to fantastic dreams of desolation and despair? If, as you seem to hint, you have a cause for suffering in your memory, remember, Hardress, that you are not left on earth for nothing. All men have something to be pardoned, and all time here is capable of being improved in the pursuit of mercy."

"Go on," said Hardress, setting his teeth, and fixing a wild stare upon his parent, "you but remind me of my curses. With a love like Anne! One whisper in your ear. I love her not. While I was mad I did; and in my senses, now, I am deadly suffering for that frantic treason. She was the cause of all my sorrow, my first and heaviest curse. With such a friend, why, how you laugh at me! You know how black and weak a part I have played to him, and yet you will remind me that he was my friend. That's kindly done, mother. Listen!" he continued, laying a firm grasp upon his mother's arm. "Before my eyes, wherever I turn me, and whether it be dark or light I see one, painting the hideous portrait of a fiend. Day after day he comes, and adds a deeper and a blacker tint to the resemblance. Mean fear, and selfish pride, the coarser half of blood, worthless inconsistency, black falsehood, and red-handed murder, those are the colors that he blends and stamps upon my soul. I am stained in every part. The proud coward that loved and was silent, when already committed by his conduct and master of the conquest that he feared to claim. The hypocrite that volunteered a friendship, to which he proved false almost without a trial. The night brawler, the drunkard, the faithless lover, and the perjured husband!

Where—who has ever run a course so swift and full of sin as mine? You speak of Heaven and mercy! Do you think I could so long have endured my agonies without remembering that? No; but a cry was at its gates before me, and I never felt that my prayer was heard. What this cry was, I have this morning learned. Mother," he added, turning quickly around with great rapidity of voice and action, "I am a murderer!"

Mrs. Cregan never heard the words. The look and gesture, coupled with the foregoing speech, had preformed her, and she fell back, in a death-like faint into the chair.

When she recovered, she found Hardress kneeling by her side, pale, anxious and terrified, no longer supported by that horrid energy which he had shown before the revelation of his secret, but motionless and helpless—desolate as an exploded mine. For the first time, the mother looked upon her child with a shudder in which remorse was mingled deeply with abhorrence. She waved her hand two or three times, as if to signify that he should retire from her sight. It was so that Hardress understood and obeyed the gesture. He took his place behind the chair of his parent, awaiting with gaping lip and absent eye, the renewal of her speech. The unhappy mother, meanwhile, leaned forward in her seat, covering her face with her hands, and maintained for several minutes that silent communication with herself which was usual with her when she had received any sudden shock. A long pause succeeded.

"Are you still in the room?" she said at length, as a slight movement of the guilty youth struck upon her hearing.

Hardress started, as a school-boy might at the voice of his preceptor, and was about to come forward, but the extended arm of his parent arrested his steps.

"Remain where you are," she said; "it will be a long time now before I shall desire to look upon my son."

Hardress fell back, stepping noiselessly on tip-toe, and letting his head hang dejectedly upon his breast.

(To be continued.)

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.

A Safeguard for Children Cutting Teeth in Hot Weather.

The time when children are cutting teeth is always an anxious one for mothers and when this occurs during the hot weather solicitude often deepens into alarm. So many ills that often result fatally are liable to ensue that every mother will be interested in a medical discovery that robs this period of many dangers. Mrs. R. Ferguson, of 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, Que., gives her experience for the benefit of other mothers. She says: "My baby has always been small and delicate, and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. The medicine the doctor ordered for him did not do him much good. Then he was attacked with dysentery and a very hot skin and cough. I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid, at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

The country minister has to sympathize with all his parishioners in their sorrows, and has to enter into their affairs as a friend. A widow called upon a clergyman the other day. She seemingly desired to relieve her mind of something which oppressed her, but experienced some difficulty in coming to the subject. The reverend gentleman listened to her rambling remarks for some time, and then, hoping to hurry matters, exclaimed:—

"My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you?"

"Well, sir, said the woman, summing sufficient courage, "I'm thinkin' of getting married again."

"Oh," exclaimed the minister, "that is it? Let me see; that is very frequent, too, surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Well, sir," replied the widow, in a tone more of bitterness than of sorrow, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there never was a woman so completely tormented with such a set of dyin' men as I've been, sir."

vain and a presumptive hope part of the writer. The concession on the part of in such a matter, (even were able) would simply mean that undoned all that has been her since the days of Christ, at she would be willing to rise with what she knows to Look at the matter from only Catholic standpoint, the only one you can take u talk of Catholic conces- and you will find that the s an absolute impossibility, statement has the sanction centuries of history to t.

Catholic Paper Ancient History

cholic American exchange s small editorial note.— are looking for a Catholic cut is fearless, vigorous, but, take the ancient history, cut afraid to say what it

not the slightest doubt contemporary is all that it ss, vigorous and clear-cut, have grave doubts about bility of the second sen- ideal Catholic journal, istory," that is to say, have taken place during s that have gone past, is hat actually belongs in a ner to Catholic journal- the Catholic Church. One glories of our Church is at we can cite history, n, mediaeval and ancient of our contentions, be ard to the dogma, the discipline of the that other Church of a character can appeal to is ancient history? It is antiquity and unchange- our Church that consti- wonder in the eyes of all bitterly opposed to her, that the idea of our con- in using the terms "an- " is to designate events s long gone past. But exactly the sphere of a urnal, to keep before the religions of yesterday the Catholicity possesses to every acceptance of the

do we find it a very amendation for a Catho- boast that "it is not le what it thinks." We Catholic journal that, certain that it is in ec- catholic teaching, is a the truth. But we have a one to fall into the of thinking wrongly, ice, and without a care ible authority that is e guide, and then saying ks. We do not mean nal in question belong y; but surely it, as other Catholic organ is in thought; and to say, thinks before it has ns to find out whether htly, is a grave error ill in accord with the s of Catholic journal- exactly this bravado, of that we think, that very le and that subject the nal to the humiliation We are not attempt- estimate the fearlessness ntemporary, but its little lead us to suspect its

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

ON AGRICULTURE.—There is a third letter from Mr. Wm. Evans, that deals still more closely with the subject of agricultural education, and which I think it well to reproduce this week. These three letters form a kind of introduction to, or rather an explanation of the reason why he has written his fine essay. That work consists in a system, or plan of agricultural education which this gentleman devised and the merits of which are incontestable. But, for my part, I have only to do with old letters, so I now give the third one.

Montreal, Nov. 18, 1837.

"The Creator, and Giver of All Good has endowed man with faculties suitable to his condition, and though these faculties may not be given in equal measure to all, or, in some cases, from accidental circumstances, may not be so full or perfect in one as in another, yet, with few exceptions, the faculties are capable of being improved by a proper education, to suit our circumstances, and enable every man who exercises them properly, to fill his station in society, with credit to himself, and, if not in all cases, with advantage to the community, at least, without injury to them.

"It has often been observed to me that education was by no means necessary to a farmer who followed the plough, and had to join constantly in all other labors of agriculture; that it did not require much reading to instruct men to plough, to dig, to saw, the plant, to harvest. It is true an uneducated man may perform all these works as a machine might do, but he is not capable, in all cases, and under every circumstance, of understanding the most proper and judicious mode of executing these works, and of doing all that ought to be done, so that the most favorable results shall be obtained at the least possible expense of labor or risk of safety to the crops. A farmer who employs laborers and is himself practically educated and qualified to direct the labor of others in every department of agriculture, may have his work done in the most perfect manner, notwithstanding that there should not be one of those whom he employs who knows the alphabet. He might direct and move them as he would a machine, though they should be perfectly ignorant of everything connected with the art of agriculture.

"After a good deal of observation, and some experience, in the Old Country and in Canada, I am fully persuaded that it is necessary to understand perfectly the theory and practice of agriculture, in order to practice the art properly, and at the same time, with the advantage it is capable of. A man of capital, though he should be ignorant of the practical art of farming, may, by employing qualified farm servants, have all the work executed in the most scientific style; but I have reason to believe that this kind of farming is not the most profitable in this or in any other country.

"Good management in husbandry is that which will produce annually, from a given quantity of land, the greatest or most valuable product, at the least expense, and at the same time not exhaust the soil. This what I understand by a profitable and successful farming, both for the individual and for the community. A farmer, under such circumstances, will have it in his power to enjoy a great many of the comforts and conveniences of life; more so than the one who can only raise a scanty produce; and being able to procure and consume more of the conveniences of life, he contributes towards the profits of other classes of the community not agricultural.

"By reading the many excellent works on agriculture that are published in Britain, France, the Netherlands, and other countries, farmers will be able, with their practical experience, to attain a useful knowledge of their profession. And by reading other good books they will make themselves acquainted with men and things, of other countries, their manners and habits, and thus they will obtain by degrees a perfect knowledge of what they ought to do, in every circumstance, and how to do it. I would almost say that it were sinful for persons so circumstanced to remain contented, if they were sensible of the fact that their condition was perfectly cap-



able of being greatly improved — for their own advantage, as well as for that of the community. An abundant production obtained from the earth by judicious agriculture, will, in every country, (except perhaps in Ireland) be followed by an increased consumption of the necessaries and conveniences and elegancies of life; and I would say that this is the mainspring of all the exertions of thinking and rational people.

"Excluding from this question every consideration of profit, of pounds, shillings and pence, which might result from the improvement of agriculture through the education of those engaged in it as a profession, I would take leave to say, that there is not so favorable an opportunity for men in any other profession or employment to enjoy the real pleasures that education, science and the study of nature in the works of Providence afford, as that which is almost constantly in the power of the agriculturist, why should he not then be able to avail himself of these opportunities, by qualifying himself to enjoy them? Is it because his employment is occasionally laborious that he should not be educated like other men, or that education would not produce so much benefit, delight and pleasure to him as to those who reside in cities and in towns? Is the mind of the farmer less capable of cultivation and improvement by education than the minds of other men? Man must be what he knoweth, and his value to himself, to his friends, and to society will be proportionate to the quantity of good fruits produced from the right exercise of his knowledge. Is not knowledge, then, worth seeking for, and greatly to be desired? Most earnestly do I wish that it were in my power to persuade all whom I shall address that it is so, and to think seriously on these matters in which they are most deeply interested. If the uneducated were only made sensible of the disadvantages they labor under from this want, in many respects, as well as that occasioned by a defective system of agricultural management, they would be sure to endeavor to provide a remedy for this evil, that the rising generation should not suffer for want of useful instruction, as all those must do that are now without education, and too far advanced in years to obtain it.

WILLIAM EVANS."

THE CHURCH IN JAPAN AND CHINA

It is always interesting to learn about our Catholic missions in far off lands. The heroic work of the French priests of the Missions Etrangères among the lepers of Japan is described in a pamphlet printed in Tokio, and entitled "A Visit to the Gotemba Leper Asylum." The institution is situated in a beautiful country some thirty leagues from Tokio. Here, in a group of buildings of very rude construction, 75 unfortunates find shelter. They are provided with such occupations as their conditions permit, and even the blind are employed in making straw sandals. Those in less advanced stages of the disease act as nurses to the more helpless, so that all the attendance on the sick is supplied within. It seems strange to talk of amusements in such a place, yet the lepers enter into them as well as they can in their affliction. Not only are chess and similar games played with interest, but lotteries are organized, and even theatricals arranged and acted by the little settlement, and few of its inmates fail to become Christians. The most efficacious form of treatment is found to consist in injections of Chaulmoogra oil, which gives great relief, checking the progress and alleviating the symptoms of the disease, if it does not cure it permanently.

Turning now to China, a letter has been received from the famous Bishop Von Anzer, Vicar Apostolic of South Shantung. It is thus reviewed by a publisher who has an intimate knowledge of the Bishop and his work:—

"This letter is of more than pri-

vate interest, coming as it does from distant China so soon after the Boxer troubles. It gives the good news that the Bishop and his missionaries enjoy 'profound peace.' Moreover, the Bishop is on confidential terms with the Viceroy of the province and the mandarins generally, with results most beneficial to the spread of the Catholic faith. It may be remarked that Mgr. Von Anzer was some time ago the recipient of one of the highest Chinese orders, and was thus placed on a footing of equality with viceroys. Though only about 50 years of age, he has been a Bishop for nearly 20 years. He was on one occasion left for dead by heathen persecutors, but afterwards recovered as if by a miracle. He was in Europe when two of his missionaries were murdered, which event led to the occupation of Kyanchan by the Germans. The Bishop is a Bavarian by birth, and a 'persona grata' at the Emperor's Court.

"The second item of news is still more interesting. There is a school question even in China, and as here, a question of religious instruction and religious practices in schools. The Bishop states that China is just now establishing schools in all towns after the European models. This will be news indeed to most people here. But in order to continue the old Chinese paganism and to exclude the influence of Christian missionaries, a regulation provides for the worship of Confucius in all public State schools. The teachers have to take all their pupils on the 1st and 15th of each month to the pagoda, where, both teachers and scholars have to prostrate themselves before the so-called 'tablet of the forefathers,' imploring Confucius for wisdom—an act which the Bishop characterizes as idolatrous.

"Catholic teachers and pupils may not frequent these public schools. Consequently Mgr. Von Anzer entered into negotiations with the Viceroy of South Shantung, residing at Tsinanfu, the provincial capital, with the result that His Lordship has now actually established two German-Chinese schools, subsidized by the State, but dispensed from the worship of Confucius. On the other hand, no religious instruction may be given in these schools, but fortunately no objection is raised to such instruction being given in some neighboring building.

"These Catholic schools seem to be a kind of secondary schools, as the Bishop means to turn out Imperial interpreters, teachers and officials of State. All will readily recognize the importance of the step taken by the energetic Bishop, who is one of the foremost missionaries of China."

A MONTANA PRIEST DEAD.

Father Honore B. Allaey, priest in charge of Saint Joseph's Catholic Church in South Butte, died at St. James' hospital Friday night of last week after a short illness of four days. He was taken ill with appendicitis on Monday afternoon, and was removed to the hospital, where he underwent an operation on Tuesday. A rupture of ten years standing and a recent attack of typhoid fever complicated the attack of appendicitis so that his attending physician had little hope of his recovery from the effects of the disease, which necessitated an operation as a last resort.

Father Allaey, was resigned to his fate and the end approached peacefully. He was an earnest worker in his Church, and was admired by all of the members of his parish. He said Mass on a previous Sunday and Monday in his Church. For the past ten years he has been troubled with a rupture, and when he received his orders to come to Butte last winter he expressed his gratification, saying that he was glad to be located where there was a good hospital, for he felt that he would soon need one.

Although the Catholic Church has been established in Butte for a great many years, Father Allaey is the first priest to die there.—Intermountain Catholic.

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SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal,
No. 645.
Herbert Stuckey, of the village of West Montrose, of the township of Woolrich, in the County of Waterloo, in the Province of Ontario, general merchant,
Plaintiff,
vs.
Geo. G. Gunn & Co., of the city of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, produce merchant,
Defendant,
and
Wm. Meldrum & Co.,
Tiers-Saisie.
The defendant is ordered to appear within one month.
Montreal, August 22, 1908.
J. A. GIRARD,
Dep. Prothonotary.
BICKERDIKE TRIHEY,
Attorney for plaintiff.

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

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A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

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

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