

SSION NO. 3, meets on third Wednesday at 1868 Notre Dame St. Officers: Al. Gallery, M.P., Pres. Carthy, Vice-President; Devlin, Sec.-Secretary; Brophy, L. Brophy, John Hughes, Financial; Young street; M. O'Donnell, Marshal.

# The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & C. CO., Limited.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**UNJUSTIFIABLE REMARKS.**—Mr. Bourassa, M.P., devotes a great deal of his time to writing articles on the position of the French-Canadians in the Dominion, on their views regarding Imperial connection and their aspirations as to the future. No one can find fault with any public man who honestly gives his convictions to the public. He may be right and he may be wrong. His statements may be based upon well digested facts, then they are valuable; or they may be the outpourings of a spirit troubled with unrest; in the latter case they are likely to do harm. However it may be, and whatever the state of mind of Mr. Bourassa, in particular, we have no desire to quarrel with him, so long as he "keeps off the grass" and does not spoil things that should be held sacred. Amongst these are the conditions that exist between the various sections of our country.

He tells the public that his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen agree better "with the Protestant Scotch and English than with the Catholic Irish."

This we think is not in accordance with the truth. The history of the past does not bear it out, and public events are there to contradict the statement as may be very easily shown. True every now and again political wirepullers and boodlers have succeeded for a time in making trouble where none should exist. In days gone by such a paltry thing as the appointment of a man on the police force used frequently to be made the occasion of a race quarrel in the City Council, for instance, so that behind the smoke and dust of the battle, some piece of rascality might be successfully carried out. But just as for years past, the best of feeling has existed amongst the Irish Catholic and their English-speaking fellow-citizens, so has the spirit of goodwill and concord continued to grow amongst French and Irish-Canadians throughout the land. It is very strange that the disturber of public harmony, whether he be of one section of the country or the other, should adopt not only the same old tactics, but have recourse to the same old calumnies. What we heard Mr. Dalton McCarthy saying for a different purpose in the Parliament of Canada in 1890, on the occasion of his famous bill for the abolition of the French language in the North-West Territories. On that occasion Mr. McCarthy who was carrying on his nefarious campaign was replied to by a member of Parliament now occupying a seat in our Superior Court. The latter gentleman said, speaking in French, of which we give the Hansard translation: "I seize this opportunity to speak in the French language, as one of the representatives of the Irish Catholics of the Dominion, who have been attacked in a most unjustifiable manner, by the Hon. member for North Simcoe (Mr. McCarthy). That gentleman sought to establish on some authority or other that the Irish Catholics in Canada are not the friends of the French-Canadians, but they are their bitterest enemies. I think I speak

with a knowledge of the subject, and if in a distant past, when our immigrants reached this country, totally ignorant of the French language, unable to understand those with whom they were thrown in contact, or to make themselves understood by them, certain difficulties did arise, that to-day, not only as between Irish Catholics and Protestants, who have never had any difficulty as to language, but as between the whole Canadian people whatever their origin or creed, with the exception of those who make a trade appealing to prejudices, to the detriment of Canada's future, there never did exist in our country a stronger sentiment of unity, a stronger desire for the moral and material progress of our people than that which exists to-day." The speaker then went on to defend the French-Canadians and their language in a most forcible speech, and his effort was seconded by every Irish Catholic member of the House. This is only one instance on that side of the question. On the other, not to mention more than one subject, that of Home Rule for Ireland, on how many occasions did not the French-Canadians testify their love of justice towards their Irish friends by voting for resolution after resolution in favor of that measure being carried by the Imperial Parliament? It would be an easy task to show that outside of the occasions when certain sections of the people allow themselves to be duped, notwithstanding the best of feeling exists between us and our French-Canadian fellow-citizens. It is too late in the day to successfully make any considerable section of the community believe that feelings of animosity find a place amongst us. Thank God Canadians of every creed and origin understand what is for their benefit, and that one and all are happy in the practice of the motto of our good city—"Concordia Salus."

**HIS GRACE'S SERMON.**—On Sunday last, at the Cathedral, His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, delivered a most eloquent and exceedingly significant sermon. Already have the echoes of it been heard, both in our municipal halls and throughout the country. It was the first sermon preached by His Grace, since his return from Rome, and, very naturally it was looked forward to with considerable anticipation. After thanking the faithful for their hearty reception of their first pastor, and for the prayers which they had offered for his safe journey, the Archbishop referred to the reduction of the debt of the Cathedral by \$90,000, and made special mention of a princely donation just received. He also paid a glowing tribute to the zeal, administrative talents, and great success of Mgr. Racicot. A touching tribute to the memory of the late Abbe Colin, and a few words of well-merited praise of Rev. Abbe Lecocq, the new Superior of the Seminary, constituted the introduction to the sermon. After a feeling commentary upon the sufferings due to the lack of fuel during these severe winter months, His Grace proceeded to dwell upon the matter of the Civil Hospital. He said that he highly approved of the course taken by the Council, and he believes that a system of having detached pavilions, for contagious diseases, attached to the various existing hospitals, is similar to that which obtains in almost all the countries of Europe.

Turning then to the Public Library question, His Grace was clear and precise in his statement. He claimed that Montreal is well equipped in libraries wherein the best authorities in law, medicine, theology, philosophy, science, and general literature may be consulted. He believes that a grant of moneys, for a library, might be much more profitably made for other and more urgent needs. While not being opposed to the library, as such, he thinks that Montreal should be too proud to accept the alms-gift of a millionaire. Also he referred to many other disagreeable results that would certainly follow the establishment of such an institution. We may here remark that the expressions of the Archbishop have already produced a considerable effect in the Council. Without wishing to theorize upon the subject, His Grace left it to be understood that the school question is not yet settled to the entire satisfaction of the Holy Father and of the Church. Much has been done; but there still remains much to be done. He called upon the Catholics not to abandon the underlying principle of this question, and he expressed the hope that, little by little, it would be fully settled. During the course of the sermon His Grace made mention of a special publication, which he has warned, and which, if his warning be ignored he will condemn without fear or hesitation. He also struck hard and directly at the questionable, or immoral stage. He contrasted the religious liberty in Canada with the mockery of religious conscience in certain European countries. After drawing a beautiful picture of Lourdes and its famous shrine, he closed with a touching tribute to the great Pontiff, Leo XIII.; and with a special benediction which the Vicar of Christ sent to the people of Canada, and of this archdiocese in particular. On the whole it may be safely said that His Grace's sermon was one of the most important delivered, in a long time, in Montreal. Always gracious, always elegant, always clear, and always paternal and eloquent, Archbishop Bruchesi has a hold on the hearts of the faithful that can never be questioned.

## Cardinal Moran's Welcome Home.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran reached Melbourne, on his way back to Sydney, on December 3rd. He had an extremely warm welcome from the Irish Victorians, a welcome that was made specially emphatic because of the Cardinal's doings in the old country while there. The Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Carr, concluded his speech of welcome by quoting D'Arcy McGee's lines:

O, pilgrim, if you bring us from the far-off lands a sign, Let it be some token still of the green old land once mine; A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me Than all the wines of Rhineland or the art of Italy.

The Hon. N. Fitzgerald declared that they had "all watched with interest the travels of His Eminence in Ireland and Rome, in each of which places he had been received with the warmest affection and regard. They had been delighted to learn that His Eminence had told the Irish people that there in Australia they were in full sympathy and accord with the National aspirations. They were also glad to hear that the Cardinal had made known to the Holy Father that His Holiness had no more loyal and devoted children than were those in the Australian Commonwealth."

## Letters to the Editor.

Sir,—Until very recently the chief magistrates of London, York, and Dublin, alone had the right to the title of "Lord Mayor." Of late years this honorable title has been accorded the mayors of Birmingham, Liverpool, and Belfast. It is announced that a royal warrant will be issued, in the near future, conferring this title upon the mayors of Melbourne and Sydney, in Australia. In consequence of the news of this probable departure, rumor has it that Canada will be asking for a like favor. The trouble with Canada is that every city in the Dominion would have to have a "Lord Mayor," or else there would be no end of trouble. It is suggested that the chief magistrate of the Federal Capital should, at least, be a "Lord Mayor;" then each provincial capital might well ask for the same honor. But in the long run a city like Montreal would have no claim—unless it were conceded that it is as important to be the commercial metropolis as it is to be a provincial capital. Exception being made of Ottawa, which as the Federal Capital, would naturally be the first to receive such a distinction, there would be some queer anomalies, in the matter of titles, in Canada. Imagine the Mayor of Montreal meeting the Lord Mayor of Charlotte-town, or of Regina.

In order to save difficulty it might be just as well to leave matters as they are. After all the Mayor of Ottawa would not be able to do any more for that city, with the title of Lord prefixed to his official name; and the Mayor of Montreal would not be one whit less important without such a title. The only thing that we might miss would be a Lord Mayor's procession. That would be an event to gladden the heart of the small boy, and to cause a little cash to flow in channels that would otherwise never know that powerful stimulant. However, as we have no ambition to, and much less expectation of, ever becoming mayor of any Canadian city, we are not personally interested whether or not that officer shall be called "Lord."

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JACK.

## Irish Catholics in Public View.

"La Press," in its report of the recent banquet, held by the Architects Association of the Province of Quebec, whose large membership—as reported in the last issue of the "True Witness"—honored Mr. William E. Doran by electing him to the high office of President, says:—Mr. Doran presided and discharged the duties devolving upon him with marked ability. The Association, proceeds our French-Canadian contemporary, has made a most judicious choice in selecting Mr. Doran as its president for the current year.

## LOCAL NOTES.

**ST. ANN'S TEMPERANCE MEN.**—On Sunday last, the good men and true, of St. Ann's T. A. and U. Society held their annual meeting when their spiritual director, Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., who takes a deep interest in the noble cause, made a spirited and eloquent plea to the members to use every effort to increase their membership.

The financial affairs of the society are in a flourishing state. The election of officers resulted as follows:—  
Spiritual Director, Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R.  
President, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P.  
Vice-president, Ald. M. J. Walsh.  
Financial Secretary, Bernard Feehey.  
Recording Secretary, J. Quinn.  
Assistant Recording Secretary, E. Rogers.  
Treasurer, M. J. Ryan.  
Assistant treasurers, William Howlett.

Executive committee, M. Fitzgerald, M. Griffin, P. Kent, M. Meade, T. Rogers, M. J. Darragh, John Hagan, J. Shanahan, G. Murray, M. Murphy, M. Cannon.

**RECEPTIONS AT THE PALACE.**—On Sunday evening Archbishop Bruchesi held a reception for gentlemen, and on Monday afternoon for ladies, at the Palace. Both receptions were largely attended by all classes. His Grace seems to have benefited by his trip.

**HEALTH TALKS.**—A few of our enthusiastic Catholic ladies have generously undertaken to organize a series of "Health Talks" in our Irish parishes, which are being well patronized. On Monday last Dr. H. J. Harrison gave the second of the series, in the Catholic High School, on "The General Care of Children," in which he traced their handling from babyhood to grown girls, and spoke of what to do in emergency cases, while waiting for the arrival of the physician. The next talk will be given Monday evening, February 2, by Hon. Dr. Guerin, on "Tuberculosis."

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.**—This well known organization, under the spiritual direction of Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., celebrated the 18th anniversary of its organization on Sunday last, at St. Ann's Church. Rev. Father Heffernan, one of St. Anthony's eloquent young vicars, preached a most impressive discourse. At the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which followed the discourse, the choir, composed of members of the society, rendered a beautiful programme of solos, quartettes and choruses.

**ST. MARY'S PARISH.**—The dramatic entertainment announced in the "True Witness" to be held in St. Mary's parish Church hall, this week, has been postponed until February 17th.

Many works seem full of charity; but as the order of discretion is not in them, so God is not in them.—St. Antoninus.

O harbinger of the day, O guide of the pilgrim, lead us, as thou wast led in the dark night across the bleak wilderness; guide us unto Jesus, guide us home.



MR. WILLIAM E. DORAN.

In proposing the toast of the evening, Mr. Doran offered many valuable suggestions in regard to the profession of which he is such an able member. Amongst others that the Provincial Government should take steps to establish a traveling scholarship, open to competition to young architects, in order to afford them an opportunity of studying the architectural monuments in European countries. Hon. Mr. Gouin, who was present, in responding to a toast, said it would afford him very great pleasure to communicate to his confreres, the suggestion of Mr. Doran, in regard to a traveling scholarship.

## Recent Deaths.

**MRS. LOUGHMAN.**—A venerable and saintly Irish woman well known in Montreal—in the person of Mrs. Denis Loughman, mother of Mr. Michael Loughman, passed to her reward this week, after a brief illness.

Mrs. Loughman was a native of the County Waterford, Ireland, and came to Canada about forty years ago. She was a member of the English section of the Third Order of Franciscans, and was also a devout member of St. Ann's congregation. The funeral took place from the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. M. F. Clarke, to St. Ann's Church, and was largely attended.—R.I.P.

MR. E. M. ROWAN, a well known young Irish Catholic, who has been confined to his home for many months, died this week. Mr. Rowan was associated with many Catholic organizations, and had a large circle of friends.—R.I.P.

**WALTER G. KENNEDY, DENTIST.**  
788 LaGauchetiere (Palace St.)  
Two Doors West of Beaver Hall, MONTREAL.

# IRELAND'S HERITAGE.

By "CRUX."

Of far most of the passages from various authors have had reference to the revival of the Celtic language. I had intended reproducing some striking evidence of the utility of Irish even in the great national cause and in its various places throughout the century that has just passed away. But while selecting my material I came upon another of those grand essays from the pen of Thomas Davis, and while it is calculated to bring us back again to a field that we have already traversed, at least in one direction, I cannot allow my opportunity to go past without making use of it. If it be not considered as a necessary stone in the foundation of the humble structure that I seek to raise, at least it will serve as an ornamental capital to one of the pillars therein. I make no further preface, but simply take the subject as it flows from that prolific pen. Quotation marks are unnecessary, as all that follows belongs to Davis.

There was once civilization in Ireland. We were never very eminent to be sure for manufactures of metal, our houses were simple, our very palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet Ireland was civilized. Strange thing! says some one whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry, and the steam-engine; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honored by the poor, and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the Pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Of two names which Hallam thinks worth rescuing from the darkness of the ages one is the Irish metaphysician, John Erigena. In a recent communication to the "Association," we have Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events, do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of Ireland? These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, history and romance. They cannot be all worthless; yet, except the few volumes given us by the Archaeological Society, which of their works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws with extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the Gaelic kind once prevalent over most of the world. Moreover, the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravansaries were built for travellers in every district, and we have what would almost be legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked, nor was it quite rude. Ceremony was united with great freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and virtue were respected, and these men whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards who sang poetry as gallant and fiery, though not so grand as the Homeric ballad singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilized, because mechanical arts were rude, and "comfort" despised by them? Scattered through the country in MS., are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds and manners of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. These music lives in the tradition-lives of every valley.

Yet "mechanical civilization," more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them, and, therefore, it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in, or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past. It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbors, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing, to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound, into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least morsel of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in Dublin to pay for it or accept it.

We were a little struck the other day in taking up a new book by Merimee to see after his name the title of "Inspector-General of the Historical Monuments of France." So, then, France, with the feeding, clothing, protecting, and humoring, of over 36 million people to attend to, has leisure to employ a board and inspector, and money to pay them for looking after the historical monuments of France, lest the Bayeux tapestry which chronicles the conquest of England, or the Amphitheatre of Nimes, which marks the sojourn of the Romans, suffer any detriment.

And has Ireland no monuments of her history to guard, has she no tables of stone, no pictures, no temples, no weapons? Are there no Brehon's chairs on her hills to tell more clearly than Vallancey or Davies how justice was administered here? Do not you meet the Druid's altar, and the Guebre's tower in every barony almost, and the Ogham stones in many, a sequestered spot, and shall we spend time and money to see, to guard, or to decipher Indian tapes, and Tuscan graves, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, and shall every nation of Europe shelter and study the remains of what it once was, even as one guards the tomb of a parent, and shall Ireland let all go to ruin?

We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmonds, and corn threshed on the floor of abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Ailach.

Daily are more and more of our crosses broken, of our tombs effaced, of our abbeys shattered, of our castles torn down, of our cairns sacrilegiously pierced, or our urns broken up, and of our coins melted down. All classes, creeds, and politics are to blame for this. The peasant lugs down a pillar for his sty, the farmer for his gate, the priest for his chapel, the minister for his glebe. A mill-stream runs through Lord Moore's castle, and the Commissioners of Galway have shaken, and threatened to remove, the Warden's house—the fine stone chronicle of Galway heroism.

How our children will despise us for all this! Why shall we seek for histories, why make museums, why study the manners of the dead, when we neglect and spoil their homes, their castles, their temples, their colleges, their courts, their graves? He who tramples on the past does not create for the future. The same ignorant and vagabond spirit which made him a destructive, prohibits him from creating for posterity. Does not a man, by examining a few castles and arms, know more of the peaceful and warrior life of the dead nobles and gentry of our Ireland, than from a library of books; and yet a man is stamped as unlettered and rude if he does not know and value such knowledge. Ware's Antiquities and Archdall, speak not half so clearly the taste, the habits, the every-day customs of the monks, as Adare Abbey, for the fine preservation of which we owe so much to Lord Dunraven.

The state of civilization among our Scotch or Milesian, or Norman, or Danish sires, is better seen from the museum of the Irish Academy, and from a few raths, and keeps, and old coast towns, than from all the prints and historical novels we have. An old castle in Kilkenny, a house in Galway give us a peep at the arts, the intercourse, the creed, the indoor, and some of the outdoor ways of the gentry of the one.

and of the merchants of the other, clearer than Scott could, were to write, or Cattermole were he to paint for forty years.

We cannot expect Government to do anything so honorable and liberal as to imitate the example of France, and pay men to describe and save these remains of dead ages. But we do ask it of the clergy—Catholic, Protestant and Dissenting—if they would secure the character of men of education and taste—we call upon the gentry, if they would have any pride of blood, and on the people, if they reverence Old Ireland, to spare and guard every remnant of antiquity. We ask them to find other queries than churches, abbeys, castles, and cairns—to bring rusted arms to a collector, and coins to a museum, and not to iron or goldsmiths, and to take care that others do the same. We talk much of Old Ireland, and plunder and ruin all that remains of it—we neglect its language, fiddle with its ruins, and spoil its monuments.

This eloquent plea for the preservation of the antiquities and the language of the Irish race is, in my mind, one of the most powerful essays that appeared in the columns of the "Nation." The fiery indignation of Davis had the desired effect, and long after he had gone to his untimely grave in Mount Jerome, associations were formed for the preservation of Irish monuments and the revival of the Celtic tongue.

## Random Notes And Gleanings.

**THE RITUALIST AT WORK.**—Under the peculiar caption "A Protestant 'High Mass,'" an exchange says:—

"The 'High Church' Episcopalians try to be as Catholic as they can. Here, for instance, is the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the rectorship of Rev. Robert H. Paine, of Mt. Calvary Church in Baltimore, and this is what the 'Herald' of that city says in part of its long report of it:—  
"Communion services were held at 7, 7.45 and 8.30 a.m. Most auspicious was the service at 10.30 a.m., when a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Paine. The Mass was preceded by a solemn procession around the Church of the choir, the altar boys, acolytes and clergy, accompanied by Right Rev. George Franklin Seymour, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Springfield, Ill. Those who assisted Father Paine in the celebration were Rev. George B. Stone, deacon; Rev. William Watson, subdeacon; Revs. John T. Matthews and Frederick A. Reeve, deacons of honor. Rev. R. B. R. Anderson, of the General Theological Seminary of New York, was master of ceremonies."  
"It is a pity that our Ritualistic friends, being so like Catholics outwardly, do not get the interior spirit it and so become really what they seem."

**FOR THE INFIRM.**—Among the world's many strange workshops there are few more extraordinary than those which a philanthropic city councillor of Paris has recently induced the General Council of the Department of the Seine to institute for the benefit of the crippled and destitute poor of the French capital. There are two of these shops, one in Paris, and the other at Montreuil-sur-Bois, and numerous trades and occupations are represented in them. But their strangest feature is, that except the draught or manager in each, every worker and inmate is deformed, crippled or enfeebled in some way.

**THE OLD ORGAN.**—The Boston "Pilot" is now owned as well as edited by James Jeffrey Roche, LL. D. Miss Katherine E. Conway, the most talented Catholic woman, possibly, in the United States, is Mr. Roche's able assistant as she has been for years.—Catholic Columbian.

**THIS LOOKS LIKE PEACE.**—The United States now owns the largest and most powerful gun in the world—a sixteen-inch cannon, throwing a projectile weighing 2,400 pounds. This great engine, which was built at the Watervliet arsenal, at a cost of \$100,000, cast the projectile 7,000 yards, and demonstrated that when tipped at the highest angle it will carry twenty miles. When the new gun mounted at Sandy Hook, where it probably will be placed, it would be impossible for a foreign vessel to approach within five or six miles.

The gun will shoot with absolute accuracy as far as a man-of-war can be seen.

The maximum charge of powder used in firing the cannon was 640 pounds. This produced 38,000 pounds' pressure on the walls. The new instrument of warfare was built under the direction of Charles Christiansen, who died shortly after learning that the gun was a success.

**GOOD PROTESTANT LAW.**—Judge Hazen, in the District Court at Topeka, Kan., has rendered a decision that the Protestant version of the Bible may be read in the public schools of Kansas.

**A CELEBRATION IN RUSSIA.**—St. Petersburg is about to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Nearly \$4,000,000 will be spent on new schools, a hospital with 1,000 beds, and a people's palace will be built.

**DOUBTING PROFESSORS.**—Professor Lorenz's short stay in London has not been very pleasant. A great number of London's surgeons do not approve of his "bloodless operations" for congenital displacement of the hips, notwithstanding the evidence placed before them of successful operations in the United States.

**A HOTTENTOT CHARVARI.**—The penalty among the Hottentots for widows who marry again is somewhat severe. It is the rule among these people that, before so marrying, a widow must cut off the joint of a finger and present it to her new husband on the wedding day.

**ANOTHER CURE.**—Experiments made in the last two years by a Chicago physician, are said to show that a cure for tuberculosis, in its mild stages, has been discovered. The treatment consists of the introduction into the veins of the patient of antiseptic solutions in large quantities.

**PISTOL POLITICS.**—The dispatches from Denver agree in saying that in the course of the angry controversy in the State House of Colorado many revolvers have been displayed on the desks.

**BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.**—Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, pastor of St. Agnes Church, has taken the initiative in a movement toward securing a free circulating library for the blind of Cleveland, by placing a number of books for the blind in the Public Library. Father Jennings is a member of the reading board of the Public Library and he placed the matter before the authorities of the institution. The new books are from a Catholic publishing house and are: "The Will of God in Trials and Difficulties," "The Workings of the Divine Will," "What Christ Revealed," "The Sacrifice of the New Law" and "Wayside Tales." These volumes are now being catalogued. Actuated by this donation, the library will spend \$100 for similar books, and a certain part of the library will be set apart for the purpose.

**ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.**

Report for week ending Sunday, 25th January, 1903.—Males 291, females 46, Irish 177, French 122, English 18, Scotch and other nationalities 20. Total 337.

**THE SECRET OF POPULARITY.**

Superfluous.—"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected, Senator?" asked his confidential friend.  
"I have just told you," replied Senator Lotsman, with some irritation, "what my election expenses were."

**A CREDITOR WHO GET EXPERIENCE.**

Once upon a time there was a creditor, to a large amount whose debtor constantly refused payment. The creditor became impatient, and after investigation found that the debtor lived in a better house than he did, dressed better, clothed his wife in silks, satins and laces, and spent dollars where he, the creditor, spent cents. Then he was wroth.  
"I will sue the wealthy debtor," he said, "and collect what is owing me."  
He brought suit and disclosed a large amount of valuable property, but alas! it was all in the name of the debtor's wife, and he got not a single cent.

Moral.—There is often a great deal in a name.

# Old Time Sermons.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

An elderly gentleman, in New York, the other day, declared that he had been almost a lifetime away from that city, and that since his return he has become quite a frequenter of churches. He has heard twelve sermons in as many Sundays, and he has been impressed by a change that has come over the preaching since he was a boy and was compelled to go to Church regularly. Decidedly this admission of almost a lifetime spent without going to Church does not speak very strongly in favor of that gentleman's practical Christianity. But with that we have nothing to do. We will, however, take his estimate of the twelve sermons that he heard, as that is instructive in a sense. Speaking of the bye-gone, he said:—  
"Nearly every sermon I heard in those days was more or less—and usually more—doctrinal, and now there is little teaching of Christianity as a doctrine. The reference to a fundamental dogma in a sermon is the exception. The sermons heard now, with remarkably few exceptions, could be consistently preached by the priests of most of the faiths of the world."

This is the paragraph upon which we desire to briefly comment. But before doing so we will reproduce his further statement. He said:—

"I have kept tab on the dozen sermons that I have heard since my return, and only one of them was purely Christian. It was on the resurrection."

"Two of the sermons that I allude to were based on the Golden Rule, and could have been preached by followers of Confucius as well as by the Christian ministers I heard."

"One was on the omnipotence of God, and in its teachings the devotion breathed through it and the earnest words that bore it would have met with the entire approval of an orthodox Mohammedan."

"One was a quite poetic discourse on 'The Heavens Declare the Glory of God,' and in its figures and ethics would have given absolute delight to a devout Parsee."

"Three texts were taken from the Sermon on the Mount, and the discourses, based on them were filled with teachings of mercy, peace and gentleness that sounded like echoes from the preaching of Buddha."

"The best sermon of all that I heard was on the first great cause and our obligations under the laws emanating from the divine essence. It is being preached by the Brahmins of to-day."

"The three other sermons were purely ethical, and related to our various duties in the different relations of life."

Now, we firmly believe all the foregoing. But it must be remembered that the speaker, in the above interview, refers to Protestant churches. He does not include either the Catholic Church or Catholic sermons. Judging from his remarks it may possibly be that he was a Catholic in the olden time when he was obliged to attend Church regularly; and again he may have been, even then, a member of some Protestant sects. As to his individual faith does not much matter, as far as our present purpose goes. The point is that formerly sermons were based on dogmatic principles of religion, while to-day they are merely lectures, with a high moral tone, calculated to please the audience.

As we proceed to comment upon this statement, we desire to accentuate the fact that we do not include in this subject the consideration of Catholic sermons. With one line we can dispose of them. There is no change, and never has been any, and never will, or can, be any, in the teaching of the Catholic Church. The sermons from her pulpits are just as dogmatic to-day as ever they were—not more so, nor yet less. The Church has had, from the beginning, a certain mission to preach the Truth, to teach all nations. She has done so, from the days of the catacombs down to the present hour. No matter how different preachers may differ in style, in form, or in degrees of eloquence, they have never differed as to the principles which they enunciate or the precepts which they preach. We, therefore, see that the gentleman in question had reference to various Protestant churches when he said that it is a rare exception to hear a dogmatic sermon in this age.

That dogma is ignored, and that

the fundamental principles of Christianity are avoided as subjects for sermons, may be looked upon as the natural outcome of Protestantism itself. When the first break was made, and Protestantism separated from Catholicity, we cannot deny that it carried off and preserved, some of the Truths of Christ, that it still clung to a few of the mysteries of religion. But, by degrees, according as the first great section became divided and sub-divided into fragmentary and conflicting sects, the basic teachings of Christ, of the Church, of Catholicity, were by degrees swept aside. In its march of iconoclasm, Protestantism finally commenced to ignore, repudiate, and finally discard the very Bible upon which it has always claimed to base its faith.

The gradual drifting away from the doctrinal moorings brought on a distaste and finally a repugnance for all dogmatic teachings. Hence, the pulpit, or rather the pulpits, began by shunning such subjects, which were becoming more and more out of place in centres where faith was dying out. Then, from avoiding them, the preachers came to ignore them openly, and eventually to question their utility. The "notes" of Christianity passed over in silence soon sank into oblivion for the vast majority of so-called Christians. And so has it gone on, unwell to-day, the sermons preached in Protestant churches might suit the followers of Confucius, Mahomet, or Buddha. They are only Christian in name. All that essential to Christianity has passed out of them. And, to be frank, they are far more logical than when proclaiming Christian dogmas to-day which they confute and stigmatize to-morrow. In a word, this falling away from the adamantine principles that are built upon the Rock of Ages, has brought about a splendid paganism that is called, in general, Protestantism, and which, as a mark necessary to its existence, declares itself Christian.

It is thus from the very mouths of those anti-Catholic Christians that we hear their own condemnation—or rather, the condemnation of their system. Whenever they speak out openly and frankly we learn the awful truth of their unstable status.

## Our Reviewer.

In its last issue "La Revue Canadienne" entered upon its 39th year of existence. If one could look back through the volumes of that remarkable publication, he would find a literary history and history of the literature of Canada—French Canada—during the past forty years. Therein are to be found the names of the most eminent writers, in every department, male and female, professional, lay, clerical, and otherwise that have appeared upon the scene of French-Canadian literature during all those years. The majority of them have gone, long since, to their reward, and their names are but memories. Yet they stand out conspicuous against the background of the past, as so many radiant beacons that serve at once as models to imitate and examples to encourage. A few yet survive, and each of these holds a conspicuous place amongst the younger lights that have arisen in more recent years. Of the number of those who have done much for the historical and literary reputation of Canada, one is Senator Poirier, of New Brunswick. In the last number the Senator begins a study of Cabot. However, it may be stated that the essay on John Cabot, which appears in the "Revue Canadienne," is simply a chapter taken from a work that the Senator is preparing for the press, entitled "Cap Breton et Ses Découvreurs." Capte Breton and its discoverers must be of the highest importance as a link in the earlier history of Canada. It will be a book not only of deep interest, but also of untold value, when it is completed. For we must admit that we have too few sketches of special characters and of particular epochs in the first centuries of Canadian history. At this very moment scenes are disappearing that will eventually pass out of all knowledge, as far as future generations are concerned, simply because they are ignored at present, and the writers who have the material at their disposal to-day neglect to make use of it. It is to be hoped that a lively interest may yet be created in the great passing events, in order that they may be fittingly recorded and thus preserved for the benefit of coming generations.

Bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, beauty, and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds. Ah, if you know how to pray, and

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1903.

During the past few weeks upon letters to Canada; last week I received a letter of progress and effects stage-coach system. I repeated several times, I selected of my letters, as they come. That next in the bundle is a letter, it is a postal note of none of these items that can be compared with this. We story connected with the graph alone would be a will give the contents of card and then explain to be written and sent course, as ever, I suppress, as that would siting the cat out of the is the wording on the card:—  
"Hawarden  
April  
"Dear Sir:  
"The volume for which thank you, is deeply into the accompanying letter full and instructive. Information, which I know act, ten or more years have used it to good purpose  
Yours very thankful  
W. E. GLADSTONE

About two years before of Catholic Emancipation 1827 or 1828), Phil. famous author of the Irish and other elementary school which bear his name pamphlet on "Catholic Political Matters." This place nor the time to go count of the contents of book; it is sufficient to clearer statement regarding the Catholic Church towards constituted authorities ever have been written to sure if O'Connell did good use of Barron's diary when arranging his powers in favor of Emancipation all events, it would be d any man, no matter how against Ireland, or Catholic both, to read Mr. Barron's and still cling to that the Catholic Church sibly be a menace to British, or, in fact, to the constituted authority of any or any people.

Through a series of circumstances that need not be recalled pamphlet came into my hands. It will be remembered the early part of 1895 the "Times" and I think so leading organs in the British, had harped long and the string of anti-Catholic According to these zeal-insatiable the great danger in Home Rule to Ireland would of the Catholic Church (re-emerging the country and p the Unionist faction of Ulster sensible Englishmen this had but little foundation; took with the masses. I for the purpose of misleading those who would, or gladly be conciliatory. By highflying rhetoric of certainties of the press, and thunders of the great might be considered as so less sound in presence of Poirer's statement of the truth day the idea flashed upon possibly the "Grand Old might like to read the pamphlet I had in my possession. For I hesitated to part with it reflected that were its author he would have been the very sanction what I proposed do it. So, finally having decided, I sent it to Hon. Mr. Gladstone. At the same time I took of writing him a private letter which I explained some parts of the little book, which might

After witnessing the success of the Marconi system, telegraphy at South West Mass., E. C. Laurent, an engineer, living at No. 255 street, Jersey City, returned to New York, greatly impressed with the possibility of

## How Marconi Sent Words Through

After witnessing the success of the Marconi system, telegraphy at South West Mass., E. C. Laurent, an engineer, living at No. 255 street, Jersey City, returned to New York, greatly impressed with the possibility of

# OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

During the past few weeks I happened upon letters connected with Canada; last week I gave Bianconi's interesting story of the foundation, progress and effects of his famous stage-coach system. As I have repeated several times, I make no selection of my letters, I take them as they come. That which I find next in the bundle is not exactly a letter, it is a postal card. But I know of none of these precious documents that can be considered more precious than this. Were there no story connected with it, the autograph alone would be a treasure. I will give the contents of this postal card and then explain how it came to be written and sent to me. Of course, as ever, I suppress the address, as that would simply be "letting the cat out of the bag." Here is the wording on the face of the card:

"Hawarden Castle,  
April 16, 1895.

"Dear Sir:  
"The volume for which I have to thank you, is deeply interesting, and the accompanying letter is both useful and instructive. Had I had information, which I know to be exact, ten or more years ago, I could have used it to good purpose.

Yours very thankfully,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

About two years before the granting of Catholic Emancipation, (in 1827 or 1828), Phil. Barron, the famous author of the Irish grammar and other elementary school books—which bear his name—wrote a pamphlet on "Catholic Teaching in Political Matters." This is not the place nor the time to give any account of the contents of that little book; it is sufficient to say that no clearer statement regarding the attitude of the Catholic Church towards constituted authority could ever have been written. I am not too sure if O'Connell did not make good use of Barron's little work, when arranging his powerful arguments in favor of Emancipation. At all events, it would be difficult for any man, no matter how prejudiced against Ireland, or Catholicity, or both, to read Mr. Barron's statements and still cling to the idea that the Catholic Church could possibly be a menace to British authority, or, in fact, to the properly constituted authority of any country, or any people.

Through a series of circumstances, that need not be recalled, this pamphlet came into my possession. It will be remembered that in the early part of 1895 the London "Times," and I think some other leading organs in the British metropolis, had harped long and loudly on the string of anti-Catholic prejudice. According to these zeal-inspired fanatics the great danger in according Home Rule to Ireland would be that of the Catholic Church (Rome) governing the country and persecuting the Unionist faction of Ulster. To sensible Englishmen this argument had but little foundation; but it took with the masses. It was used for the purpose of misleading the statesmen of the hour and of prejudicing those who would, otherwise, gladly be conciliatory. But all the highflying rhetoric of certain sections of the press, and all the thunders of the great "Times" might be considered as so much useless sound in presence of Phil. Barron's statement of the truth. One day the idea flashed upon me that possibly the "Grand Old Man" might like to read the pamphlet that I had in my possession. For a while I hesitated to part with it. But I reflected that were its author alive he would have been the very first to sanction what I proposed doing with it. So, finally having decided let it go, I sent it to Hon. Mr. Gladstone. At the same time I took the liberty of writing him a private letter, in which I explained some passages in the little book, which might not be

fully understood or appreciated by one not in communion with our Church.

The result was the postal card above cited. I may say it was a sufficient compensation; for of the two relics I prefer to have these few lines, in Gladstone's own hand, signed by himself, and addressed to me, than to still possess the unique pamphlet which I sent him. I might add that, during the last ten or fifteen years of his life, Mr. Gladstone rarely wrote a letter—making use of the more rapid means of postal cards to do his immense correspondence.

As I have a short space still at my disposal, I will utilize it to tell a story of the famous Phil. Barron, whose admirable little work had been of such great service in the cause of Catholic Ireland. Mr. Barron was long considered to be the most thorough Irish scholar in the country. His works, above all his vocabulary and grammar, are sufficient evidence of his mastery of the language.

When the time, as it comes to all, that Phil. Barron was obliged to pass from this world to the one beyond the grave, he was well prepared to depart. In fact, his entire life had been a preparation for that solemn event. The Doctor who attended him was, also, a very great Irish scholar, and one who took a special pride in the purity of his idiom. One morning it became evident that Barron was dying. Two messengers were at once dispatched; one for the Doctor, and the other for the Priest. The Doctor, who resided about a half mile from Barron's house, arrived the first. The Priest had to come three miles. When the reverend gentleman reached the home of the dying man he was at once ushered into the bed room. There, to his astonishment, he found the Doctor animated beyond the usual and Phil. Barron sitting up—with the hectic of death on his face—disputing about the conjugation of an Irish verb:

"Phil, Phil," said the priest; "it is of God and your soul you should be thinking; you have only an hour, at most, to live, and what matter about an Irish verb? Let the Doctor have his way and let you agree with him."

"Summoning up all his remaining strength, and all the dignity a dying man could command, Barron made answer:

"With all respect to you, dear So-garth, how can I allow him to continue in error? Is it after killing me with his drugs that I am going to sit here and let him murder the Irish language, at the very gate of eternity? Since I have only an hour to live, I have sin enough to confess to keep up busy for almost all that time, without adding to the list the black sin of treason to the language of my forefathers."

The Doctor withdrew; the priest administered the last sacraments of the Church to Phil. Barron; and then he summoned in the friends and relatives to witness the death scene and to repeat the prayers for the dying. While they were still murmuring the prayers, and to all appearances Phil. was unconscious, the dying man opened his eyes, took a look at each one, and when his sinking gaze fell upon the Doctor, he said: "Good-bye, old friend; remember the verb is irregular." And almost in the same breath—his last one—he added: "To Thee, O, God, I commend my spirit." A moment more and the enthusiastic, patriotic, and noble-souled Irish scholar was dead.

Possibly this story, which is, however, authentic, may have little to do with the subject of this article; but it will illustrate how strange and interesting are the memories awakened by the perusal of these old letters. At the same time it gives an idea of the enthusiasm and love for the Irish language that filled the breasts of those rare scholars who had mastered that most melodious and pathetic of all languages.

for commercial purposes. In an interview with a reporter of the "Evening Journal" Mr. Laurent expressed himself as convinced that in a few months wireless telegraphy will supplant both the cable and wire service now in use in this country.

Describing Marconi's plant at South Wellfleet, Mr. Laurent said: "The four towers which carry the electric waves up into the atmosphere, are 220 feet above the ground, having a base of white sand on a

the sand hill terminating abruptly, forming a sort of natural wall almost vertical.

"A windmill on the northeast corner of the operating room is continually working, and, by rotating a small dynamo, is used to charge a storage battery. There is also a hydro-carbon motor and a Westinghouse alternator used in generating the high potential current necessary to produce the Hertz waves, which will be instantly detected by the sensitive instrument placed at Cornwall.

"There are few people outside of the specialists who make a regular study of wireless telegraphy who have any idea of the means used to transmit a signal at a distance without wires. Yet the principle of wireless telegraphy is rather simple and can be easily understood by any one of average intelligence.

"For instance: Everybody knows that an electric current is characterized by its voltage, or pressure, just as steam in a boiler may be determined by the amount of its pond pressure. The current pressure in the wires which form the circuit of an ordinary incandescent light is a little above 100 volts; the pressure in the trolley wires is about 500 volts, but with that pressure the electric current cannot jump an air gap even very small, unless helped with some molten body like metal, or carbon, as in the arc lamp.

"But, if the current pressure goes up into the thousands, the current can jump between two wires separated by an air gap and produce a spark. This spark possesses a peculiar property. It produces magnetic waves, which spread around the balls and through nearly all bodies to a great distance.

"If a small glass or rubber tube filled with metal filings is placed in their path they render the filings conductive of electricity, while under other circumstances the filings so placed do not allow an electric current to pass through them. In that manner it can be seen that if, in a given point, a spark of the kind is produced, and a tube full of filings placed a certain distance away, when the spark is produced the current of a battery will go through the filings and operate a bell or a telegraph instrument. That is the secret of wireless telegraphy, and that is the basic plan now being successfully tested by Signor Marconi."

Mr. Laurent said that a large number of electrical experts were watching the progress of the work at South Wellfleet, and that to all Signor Marconi gave a cordial greeting.

## Fraternal Societies

THE A. O. H.—From one of our American Catholic exchanges we glean that the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the United States, has been awarded a beautiful bronze medal, by the Paris Exposition of 1900, because of its general excellence as an organization.

The medal was received recently by James O'Sullivan of Philadelphia, one of the vice-presidents of the A. O. H., from Commissioner Woodward, representative of the United States Government to the Paris Exposition. After the opening of the exposition Mr. O'Sullivan, who was then serving as general secretary, received a letter from Assistant-General Manager Victor de la Tosca, asking for data about the government of the Order, its system of finances, the extent of its charitable work and its membership in general. Mr. O'Sullivan forwarded a letter immediately in reply, giving a brief history of the organization, showing its method of doing business, benevolence to members, distribution of outside charity, its membership in America, Europe, Australia, with its donations of money for the cause of public education, citing the fact that \$50,000 had been contributed in one instance and also quoting figures to show that whole commands during the Spanish-American War were composed of members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

With the medal was a communication which read: "This award has been made because of the perfect workings of your organization, its patriotism, its excellent method of providing for sick and destitute members, its humane efforts in behalf of those not affiliated with it and its creditable recognition and assistance rendered to all public and private education."

Mr. O'Sullivan will present the medal to the national president of the Order, James B. Dolan of Syracuse.

A terrible compound is the pious scandal-monger who, under a strange misapprehension, regularly approaches the Sacraments and yet

## A Peculiar Deadlock In Anglican Circles.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Wonders will never cease. It appears that Bishop Starkey, Protestant Bishop of Newark, is now in his eighty-fifth year, and that he wants a coadjutor. A convention, consisting of High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church clergymen and laymen, met, for the purpose of selecting a coadjutor to the aged Bishop. We take the first paragraph of the report of that convention. It reads like romance:

"The spectacle of two hundred men and enough women almost completely to fill a church, remaining in continuous session from two o'clock yesterday afternoon until five o'clock this morning, is unusual. Such was the record of the Episcopal diocesan convention, which tried without avail to choose a bishop coadjutor, to assist the aged Bishop Starkey of Newark. The convention met in Grace Church, East Orange. There was a deadlock between clergy and laity, but the real contest was between the Broad and the High-Church parties. The diocese of Newark, alone of all Eastern dioceses in the Episcopal Church, has been claimed as under control of the High-Church party. The contest was interesting, therefore, as indicating the extent to which this party has attained power there. It chose as its candidate the Rev. Dr. George McClellan Fiske, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Providence, and for seventeen ballots forty High-Church clergy stuck to their candidate, and finally saw the convention adjourn rather than compromise."

It appears that a general convention, to be held next May, will likely settle the matter.

This is something almost incomprehensible to the Catholic mind. Probably it would be necessary for us to entirely divest ourselves of all conceptions of ecclesiastical authority and of Church discipline, in order to enter into the spirit of this strange convention. And even then, we would find no end of difficulty in attempting to grasp the situation. The methods above described are so foreign to those of the Catholic Church that we read of them as we would read of some queer practices of the ancient Egyptians, or of the wild enthusiasts of Massiland. The only manner in which we can illustrate, for Catholic readers, the contradictory and unreligious character of such a convention, is by supposing a similar case in some Catholic diocese. Well; we will give rein to our imagination for a moment!

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has just celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. (In all sincerity we pray that he may live in health and strength to realize that which we only mention as a fiction.) It has become necessary to have a coadjutor Bishop for the diocese. The matter has been decided upon by all concerned. A day has been appointed, and a grand convention, for the purpose of a selection, has been called. Two hundred or more persons assemble in the Cathedral. There are priests of different regular orders, priests secular, from all ends of the diocese, laymen of standing in the professional and business worlds, and the wives and daughters of a number of these latter. Also the mothers and sisters of several of the clergymen present. The religious orders place the name of the Rev. A. before the convention; the secular priests advocate the cause of Rev. B. The laymen will have neither of these, but decide to elect Rev. C. The ladies are more inclined to Rev. D. Then there is a kind of general consensus, that if neither of the four above named candidates is unanimously acceptable, the Rev. E. might be taken as a compromise. There is a vote taken, which results in B. and C. having the largest support. A. D. and E. being out of the running, it is concluded that the diocese will have to accept either of the two favorites. But B. is a choice of the clergymen principally, and C. is the choice of the laymen. For contradiction sake the wives of the laymen vote for the clerical candidate, and the female relatives of the clergymen vote for the laymen's candidate. The convention is adjourned sine die, and the archdiocese of Montreal must go without a coadjutor Bishop until such time as clergymen (regular and secular) laymen, and females, can be brought to some kind of unanimity.

This all takes place, of course, a way down in the utopian future. They separate in very bad spirits, and some of them look back with a kind of morbid regret upon the

would have been settled by one word from Rome, and when the central authority of the Church, exercising the prerogatives conferred by Christ, would have displayed that unflinching wisdom which has ever been characteristic of a Truth-inspired spouse of Christ. Can any of our readers imagine such a scene, and at the same time conceive the actors therein, proclaiming themselves the ministers of Christ's infallible Church on earth? Well; fanciful as our picture may seem, it is the exact portrait of the great Anglican Church as it stands to-day. He it High, Low, or Broad, it seil clings to the title of a Christian Church. While admitting the necessity of unmitigated truth, it goes abroad over the world flaunting in the face of humanity the unflinching symbol of its own weakness and error. The sentiment awakened by such an exhibition, especially when educated and refined men are actors therein—is decidedly one of pity.

## A LAWYER'S WILL CONTESTED.

Lawyers in New York are much interested in the remarkable case growing out of the will of Clifford A. Hand, who, for forty-five years recognized as an expert in probate and real estate law, was unable to draw his own will in such a way as to avoid a dispute over its provisions.

The testament was referred, without intermediary steps, to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. The majority opinion was written by Judge Patterson. The minority view, however, penned by Judge McLaughlin, is so plausible that attorneys are still puzzled with regard to what Mr. Hand really intended.

Mr. Hand died from apoplexy on August 17, 1901, at his birthplace, Elizabethtown, Essex County, N.Y. In his forty-five years of practice his services were in much demand in the drawing of wills. He also attended to the business of several large insurance companies. There are said to be hundreds of wills in the Surrogate's records which were drawn by him, and his success as a maker of testaments for others was often the subject of comment.

No trouble was anticipated when his will was admitted to probate in September, 1901. Mrs. Hand survived her husband, and they had had no children. The testator had two brothers, Samuel Hand, who died in 1866, and Richard L. Hand, who subsequently became the defendant in a suit brought to establish the meaning of the will. Samuel Hand left a widow, Lydia L. Hand, and two children, Learned Hand and Lydia Hand Lun.

By the first clause of his will Clifford A. Hand devised in fee to his brothers certain real estate in Essex County, N.Y., and in Addison, Vt. In the second clause the testator wrote concerning his realty:—"In case of the decease of either of my two brothers before me, I devise the share of my said real estate so intended for him to his children who survive me."

The seventh clause of the will provided, however, that the residue of the estate, after the death of the widow, who was to have a life interest in it, should go to the two brothers, "who or whose representatives or assigns are entitled to possession and enjoyment thereof upon and after the decease of my wife."

Townsend Jones, as executor, brought suit against the heirs to test the provisions of the will, as he maintained that the testator did not intend to give half of the residuary estate to the heirs of the brother who died in 1866. The facts were submitted directly to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and the first decision with regard to the will was made public on Friday.

Judge Patterson in reviewing the case refers to the testator as "a lawyer of very great experience," and remarks that it would be "scarcely conceivable that had he intended to create a joint tenancy he would have done otherwise than follow the provisions of the statute."

## "Credibility of Religion"

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We have had many times occasion to refer to the theories and views of Mr. W. H. Mallock; and we have always found an element of reason and truthfulness in his works. But he is lacking in something, and that seems to be in the proper conception of the great elementary principles of Catholicity. Then there is a certain degree of vagueness about his theories that renders them dangerous. It is no easy matter to select from them the fibres of truth. In his last effort he deals with the question of "how far that theory of life which is associated with the name of religion is a theory to which, under existing conditions of knowledge, a reasonable man can any longer assent." This is in connection with his article on the "Credibility of Religion." It is not at all necessary to dwell upon either the title of the article, or upon the foregoing question, to see that the author has not any very positive information to impart, or any very fixed conceptions of religion.

It will be still more illustrative of this to take his definition of religion. It must be remarked, however, that the vagueness again appears, for we are not assured that it is even the Christian religion he has in view. Here is his definition:

"As assent to the proposition that a living God exists who is worthy of our religious emotion, and is able to take account of it, is as necessary a part of religion as is the emotion itself. And with this proposition are connected two others equally necessary, and necessary in the same way. These are the propositions that the will of man is free, and that his life does not cease with the dissolution of his physical organism. If our actions were all of them pre-determined, there would be in them nothing on which a God could justly adjudicate; and if with the death of the body we utterly ceased to be, it would matter to us very little whether He adjudicated on them or no. In these propositions, says Professor Haeckel, we have 'the three buttresses of superstition,' which science sets itself to destroy."

Here is Mr. Mallock, starting out to define religion, and he gives us, absolutely, no definition at all. We have no more idea now, than we had before reading the foregoing, of what religion is, according to his view. We have in this paragraph that which may serve as an argument against predestination and in favor of the free will of man, as well as a statement of the inutility of bothering ourselves about future life if there is no such a thing. But what has it all to do with the definition of religion? Nothing at all.

We will take one more passage from his article to show how dangerous it is for men, with the best possible intentions, to allow themselves to be carried into the field of religious controversy, or rather the domain of polemics. They very frequently defeat their own aim, by their inability to follow out to an ultimate conclusion the theories and beliefs which they entertain. Mr. Mallock says:—

"Consequently, the entire intellectual scheme of religion—the doctrines of immortality, of freedom, and a God who is, in his relation to ourselves, separable from this process—is not only a system which is unsupported by any single scientific fact, but is also a system for which amongst the facts of science it is utterly impossible for the intellect to find a place. In other words, that entire conception of existence which alone for the mass of mankind has invested life with value is in absolute opposition to that general system of the universe the accuracy of which is every day reattested by every fresh addition made to our positive knowledge."

This is simply wrong, and he knows it to be so, yet he makes use of it for the purposes of proving the truth of religion by a rule of contraries. Why do so? This is a plain statement that religion contradicts science, and that science is incompatible with religion. The author has proven, in former works, the very opposite.

At this moment we have not under our hand the exact articles, in which, some years ago, he showed clearly the harmony between science and religion—when both are properly understood. The fact is that there is no antagonism between true religion and real science; the one maintains the other. But, as this is a subject too vast for a passing article, we will take occasion later on to deal with Mr. Mallock's theories concerning the necessity of religion. He seeks to prove its necessity, but through a misplaced zeal, he exposes the reader to the danger of accept-

## Reviewer.

one "La Revue Canadienne" upon its 39th year. If one could look back volumes of that remarkable man, he would find a story and history of the Canada—French Canada the past forty years. To be found the names eminent writers, in every male and female, profane, clerical, and otherwise appeared upon the bench-Canadian literature these years. The major have gone, long since, and their names are gone. Yet they stand out against the background as so many radiant stars, to serve at once as models and examples to a few yet survive, and these hold a conspicuous place in the younger lights risen in more recent years. The number of those who much for the historical reputation of Canada, andator Poirier, of New Brunswick, is preparing for a study of Cabot, may be stated that the Cabot, which appears in the "Revue Canadienne," is similar taken from a work of the late Captain Breton, entitled "Cap Breton et Bretons." Captain Breton's work is of the highest importance as a link in the history of Canada. It will not only be of deep interest, but of untold value, when it is published. For we must admit that a few sketches of special and of particular epochs in the history of Canada, this very moment are disappearing that will pass out of all knowledge as future generations read, simply because they are not at present, and the writer neglects to make use of the material at his disposal. It is to be hoped that a lively and yet be created in the future, in order that the events, in order that they be fittingly recorded and for the benefit of coming generations.

## How Marconi Sends Words Through Air.

After witnessing the successful tests of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy at South Wellfleet, Mass., E. C. Laurent, an electrical engineer, living at No. 259 Grove street, Jersey City, returned to New York, greatly impressed with the possibilities of the system.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 28.

GROWING INTERESTING. — The political atmosphere is becoming more and more heavy with important events. Although the session is still five or six weeks distant, there is "a gathering of the clans" that indicates great preparations.

A GLANCE AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS will show that the coming events cast their shadows before—at least their clouds of dust. In the Chamber, itself, there is sweeping and dusting in every corner; the seats of the members are covered with a good inch of grey dust swept down from the galleries; the Speaker's chair is removed "for repairs" which means new upholstery and a general varnishing.

LITTLE STRAWS. — But, apart from these "signs of the times," there are other and more significant as well as more important movements on foot. The meeting of the Premiers of the various provinces, with their requests based upon the conclusions of their Quebec conference of some weeks ago, is a matter of no small moment.

Then there is the matter of the Alaskan boundary. It is now quite evident that, as far as Canadian interests were concerned, the entire matter was in the hands of the Premier. And he has stated, for publication, that the whole matter, in all its details, will go before the commission. It is needless, in this correspondence, to dwell upon the various comments, Canadian, British, and American, upon the appointment of this commission to take into consideration the entire treaty.

MORE GENERALS.— There is a strong rumor afloat here to the effect that when the Parliament meets a new portfolio will be added to those now in existence. If this be true, as there is every reason to suppose, the new minister will rule the Department of Mines. This department will have its source in the vast mining interests created by the Yukon developments. It is said by some that when Hon. Mr. Ross resigned the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Yukon, to take the chances of an election and a seat in the House of Commons, he did so with the understanding that he would become a member of the Cabinet. Consequently he would likely be given the new portfolio—if such is ever created.

IRISH CATHOLIC SENATOR.— Another question of moment is the filling of the vacancies in the Senate. We have noticed of late small parties from various sections of Ontario, coming to Ottawa, all with the purpose of pushing the claims of this one, or of that one, for the

Senate. In the case of the Irish Catholic vacancy there seems to be a considerable amount of wire-pulling going on. The names principally mentioned are Messrs. Peter Ryan, of Toronto; Coffey, of London; Cassidy, of Toronto; Coulon, of Thorold; and G. P. Magann, of Toronto. As far as your correspondent could glean, and he has had considerable opportunity of learning the workings of affairs in this connection, there is a good deal of difficulty in regard to the selection. Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that a Liberal Government is in power, and that it will, very naturally, in the case of such an appointment look to the political antecedents of the candidates. The adherence to the Mowat Government seemed to be more the expression of a sentiment of gratitude for favors conferred upon the Catholic element, than any fixed political principle. Hence, it is that a Liberal Government, at Ottawa, finds it no easy matter to select from that province an Irish Catholic, in every sense qualified and acceptable, and with a complete record of adherence to that party. In presence of these facts, we might safely conclude that Mr. Peter Ryan would be the most likely person to be selected as successor to the late Senator O'Donahue. But Mr. Ryan holds the office of Registrar, under the Ontario Government. If your correspondent were asked to wager upon the result, he would find it difficult to do so; but he would be safe in saying that the race appears to be between Coffey and Magann. Both have been independent; the former has a newspaper, the latter has wealth and prestige in the commercial world. Were Mr. Ryan in the field there would be no question as to the result, but as matters now stand, unless there be a "black horse" somewhere in training, it would not be easy to form an opinion.

A REMINISCENCE.— A few days ago one of the old-timers was reminiscing a few friends of one of Sir John Macdonald's remarkable prophecies. He said you all remember the cartoons that were published many years ago when the North-West was first opened up for settlement. Sir John had gone over to England and there had, what has now become, his historical interview with Disraeli. He told the British Premier that in a few years the Americans would come in droves to take up lands in the North-West, and the statement struck Disraeli very forcibly. The Opposition papers of that day made the most of getting fun out of the circumstances, and Sir John's humbugging Disraeli was rehearsed in every form. The wits had a great time of it. Now, however, that the Americans are coming in by tens of thousands, people are convinced that "Old Tommorrow" as he was affectionately called, was right as usual. But said the man who was telling the story, "I am not so sure that the old chief was not a little afraid that too many United States were not a desirable addition as regards the political future of Canada."

A Suggestion From Freemantle

At St. Patrick's Church, Freemantle, recently, seventy-six children attending the Catholic schools made their First Communion.

After Mass a breakfast was given them at the convent by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Ottawa Irishmen to Celebrate O'Connell's Birthday

An excellent idea and one which is likely to take a practical form is that of honoring the birthday of Ireland's greatest patriot and statesman—Daniel O'Connell—in Ottawa this year.

The matter has been discussed by Ottawa Irishmen, and it is probable that the Hibernians, Irish League and St. Patrick Society will shortly take the matter up. An effort will be made to have the national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, James E. Dolan of Syracuse, in the city for the occasion; County Secretary W. G. Teaffe has already communicated with the national president, and he expressed a wish to visit Ottawa.

Gleams of Light In Darkest Africa.

Among the countless Americans who visit Europe, there are comparatively few who think of extending their tour to the delightful regions of North Africa. And yet it is but a short trip from Marseilles or Nice by the boats of the Transatlantic Company; you close your eyes in your stateroom, tranquilly gazing along the "tideless summer sea," and open them next morning to a vision of an unknown land, so different in all its aspects from anything you have seen before, that you rub them and ask yourself: is this a dream? Am I sleeping or waking?

You land amid a motley crowd of gigantic negro porters, tall stately Arabs, with turbaned heads, Turks, Jews, Moors, and a large sprinkling of French soldiers. Bona is the landing place for the boats, and it presents a most attractive appearance. A broad street opens before you with colonnades on either side, under which are stores and cafes; overhead tall palms spread their glorious foliage which shields you from the sun without veiling the deep azure of the sky?

Mingled with the pleasure of exploring this beautiful land, comes the painful memory of the days when the Cross went down before the Crescent; and the faith which had flourished like a garden of roses was trampled, crushed under the hoofs of Moslem conquerors!

"In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken. And while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Gone down in a night of utter darkness, "pierced by no star." Think of seven hundred bishops who held sway in the African Church! Think of the desert solitaires! Think of the learned doctors, whose writings are still bulwarks of the faith! Think of the virgins, the martyrs, and while thinking, let us tremble at the inscrutable judgments of the Almighty!

Bona was founded in the fifth century, after the destruction of Hippo by Genserich, king of the Vandals. The great St. Augustine died during the siege of the city, over which he had held spiritual rule as priest and bishop for thirty-five years. The site of the buildings formed by the convent and the home are quite close to the church, and command a magnificent view. A wide plain stretches away to the sea, a plain brilliant with the gorgeous colors of tropical vegetation, beyond, in the dim distance, rises a cloud like a range of mountains. On returning you can take a different road and pass the orphan asylum, from which it takes its name: "Monte l'Orphelinat;" it is planted all the way with shade trees; carobs, acacia, olives, and the lovely tamarisk with its graceful leathery foliage. In the city of Bona is the French cathedral, situated, as are all French churches in Paris, at the end of a boulevard. Here, however, besides the shrubs and flowers, we must admire the palm trees which are an unending delight to strangers.

From Bona to Tunis you go by train through a lovely country, plantations of olives border the road for miles, and the vines cling to every coin of vantage. The barbary fig with its bristly leaves grows here in such abundance that its tangled masses form woods, which remind you of Indian jungles. Here and there a family of wandering Arabs make a little clearing and pitch their tents, making charming pictures, as you get short glimpses of them passing.

Souk Ahras, (the ancient Tagarte) is on the way to Tunis. Here Saint Monica lived with her husband, Patricius; here St. Augustine was born; and after his education was finished he returned here and spent nine years. Of the old town nothing remains; a new one has sprung up on its ruins. The Catholic will see with pleasure the pretty church in the centre of the town; wherever the French gain a foothold, the Church is sure to be in evidence.

Although Tunis is in every respect an Oriental city, there is a French quarter which is thoroughly European. It is however, more interesting to the traveller, in search of novelty, to wander through the haunts of the many-sided natives, and stroll through the bazaars watching the shifting crowd in its many varieties. The Jews are here in great numbers, and have distinctive costumes, as have all the different races. One rarely sees an Arab or Moslem woman on the street; when they do venture they are so closely veiled that one wonders how they can see. Jewesses go unveiled. No woman is seen at a window; there are no windows looking on the street in any

house. The front wall is a blank, pierced only by the door through which you enter. Every house has an inner court with a fountain in the centre and steps leading to the apartments above. The home life of a people is here; grouped around the fountain or sitting on the stairs they lounge and gossip. When the sun goes down the roof is the general resort; no man is allowed there. If it is necessary at any time that one should go to make repairs, he is obliged to shout, "Man on the roof," and at once every female disappears.

The dress of the women is very pretty and graceful; long flowing garments falling from the shoulder to the feet, with sashes of brilliant hues confining them at the waist; the head gear is most elaborate and the veil is always worn, only in the house it is allowed to fall in folds down the back. Bracelets, chains, gems and ornaments of every description glitter in barbaric splendor on those poor prisoners. They are not happy, however, they seem to feel their inferiority to Christian women, and hate the bondage in which they are kept. They have no religion, no intellectuality; they are only women, and to dye their fingertips with henna, to tattoo their hands and arms and master all the details of personal appearance is all that is expected of them.

The Jewesses have much more freedom of action than either Turkish or Arab women, but they are even less attractive on account of their corpulence.

There is no difficulty about getting introductions to native houses (for ladies) and the evenings on the roof are delightful, the views enchanting. One can see from a roof in Tunis the group of buildings crowning Cape Carthage, of which the cathedral of St. Louis is the centre.

As there is nothing especially attractive on the way from Tunis to Carthage it is just as well to go by train. We pass the summer palace of Cardinal Lavigerie, and soon reach the spot where Carthage once stood. A white marble cross stands on the site of the amphitheatre, in memory of St. Perpetua and to remind the passers-by that the blood of martyrs once irrigated that soil. A little further on ragged shepherd boys tend flocks of miserable looking sheep and goats, which glean but scanty herbage among the stones.

The ruin of Carthage is an "oft told tale." "Carthage vivandand est," is the motto to-day. We raise our eyes above the ruins and on the heights behold the noble buildings erected by the Apostle of Africa. The cathedral stands on the hill, where once stood the citadel and temple of AEsculapius; it is dedicated to St. Louis.

In 1270 the holy King, with an army of Crusaders, on their way to Palestine, all burning with zeal and the thirst of pious adventure, thought it would be a meritorious act, and a lasting service to the soldiers of the Cross, to root out and destroy the nest of pirates of which Tunis was the headquarters, and which constantly poured forth its venomous swarms, declaiming, and in every way harassing the Christian armies. But it pleased the Most High to withhold success from His faithful servant. Disease broke out among the troops; many fell victims to its ravages. The King went among the sufferers, consoling, exhorting, soothing, until he too, was forced to succumb.

Feeling that his end approached, he called his son and gave him many wise counsels; then, having with great fervor received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, without a murmur, rendered up his heroic soul. Looking back through the centuries, the sweet memory of St. Louis and his gallant followers is a link between the glory of the early Church and the missions of to-day. They came and went like Leonids flashing through the darkness, but more powerful than those material bodies, leaving a trail of light that will never fade!—E. McAuliffe, in the Rosary Magazine.

Talk to Subscribers

The Michigan Catholic has the record subscriber to a Catholic newspaper. We will not give the gentleman's name, but up to last week his subscription stood on our books as paid until 1900. This week we received from him payment for ten additional year's subscription, making him a paid up subscriber until 1909! If any of our contemporaries can beat this we are willing to let them crow.

OUR NEXT STORY WILL BE "The Collegians"

No name in Irish history occupies a warmer corner in the hearts of the people than that of Gerald Griffin. His life so pure and simple, his manner so retiring, his genius so elevating, his patriotism so sincere, all tend to make him a popular idol. His writings have been the theme of the most brilliant orations, and many are the older amongst our fellow-citizens who remember the beautiful periods of D'Arcy McGee when dealing with the life and times of the great Irish poet and novelist. Some of the recent statistics published by the Hibernians of the larger cities inform us that there is now a revival in the demand for the works of Sir Walter Scott. If the novelist poet of Scotland evokes enthusiasm amongst his fellow-countrymen the world over, why should not the works of Griffin be again brought to the front, by the children of those whose fathers' ways he portrayed with such fidelity? There is a movement on foot to-day for the teaching of the old language of the Gael, and another for the promotion of the study of Irish history in our schools, what better supplement could there be than the study of Griffin where the actors in that history and the last of that line to speak the old language, are made to give in a life picture of the days and the doings that should never be forgotten. He who would realize Ireland a century ago must read Griffin. But beyond the historical wealth that is to be found in the books of that great and gifted writer there is the panoramic view of the customs and habits of the people, as well as of the scenes in which the plots are laid. We have been requested by one of our most gifted priests, a subscriber outside of our province, to do our share towards bringing about the much deserved revival, and it is our intention to present to the readers of the "True Witness" Griffin's great work the "Collegians." We commend it more specially to our young patrons who are in danger of never realizing all that is beautiful, heroic and thrilling in the glorious days when a people suffered every persecution and endowed every wrong for the love of faith and fatherland.

The Little Orphans And Their Care.

How few of our Catholic people give a thought to the countless little children who are dependent on public bounty. The other day Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, delivered an interesting address on "The Care of Dependent Children" in Brooklyn. Among other things he said:—

"It is conceded, without question, that there is no better protection for a child than the home into which it was born, if that happens to be a normal home. It is also acknowledged by all that after the natural home the next best thing is another good home, where the child will have that tender care so necessary to develop its character. In some sections of the country it is stated that such homes have been found for about all the dependent children. In a city like ours, however, where the population grows by leaps and bounds, where we are brought face to face continually with all sorts of conditions, and where there are probably from fifteen to twenty thousand dependent and delinquent children to be looked after, the possibility of ever reaching that system is rather remote.

"The placing out system, with its

frequently dilated upon, and with which you are so familiar, that I will say but little. As conducted today it is much better than in the past, but the laws enacted in the different States restricting the work and placing it under conditions speak eloquently of the evil effects of such placing out.

"The younger the child the more desirable is the placing out, and the work done by the societies who take infants in charge, such as the Foundling Asylum, Joint Committee of the State Charities Aid Association, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Guild of the Infant Saviour and others of the kind, present the most encouraging and consoling aspect of the work.

"My experience has led me to believe that it is unwise to send boys, regardless of their wishes, to the country. A boy who has had a taste of city life will in most cases try to return, and it is better to place him in the city than to force him to go to the country. Regarding girls, it always seems to me that it is better to place them where they are within easy reach of the visitors, unless they are very young or the home be an exceptionally good one. No homes in the country for girls of 12 to 14 years, should be considered. The drudgery is sure to fall upon them in most cases, and the dangers are even greater than in the city. The boarding out idea is, to my mind, the least attractive of all methods of dealing with children. The great objections to this system, which makes it require more care than any other, are:

"First—The difficulty of finding people willing to take the children for a higher motive than mere money making.

"Second—The disadvantages the children are placed at in the schools.

"Third—The temptation to make drudges out of them.

"For several years past we have been obliged to go to Albany to oppose a bill granting to mothers the per capita allowance given to institutions. It was considered immoral, dangerous and impracticable. I agree with the verdict, but a careless boarding out system would create a sentiment which would force the passage of just such a bill.

"There is considerable agitation over the child labor question. The street gamins, the factory child and others are the subjects of great attention, and deservedly so. Laws are to be introduced for the purpose of supervising the conditions of the poor children of the city. It seems to me that we might also remember the waifs of the description I have just mentioned, and add to the laws a clause forbidding the placing of children under the age of 12 or 14, unless with a very near relative, this law to have no bearing on children placed out for adoption or indenture. In this way we would reach those who wilfully abuse children given in their charge.

St. Patrick's Cadets First Muster.

The newly-organized St. Patrick's Cadets will make their first public appearance in the Monument National, on St. Lawrence street, on Monday, February 9th, when the members will present the thrilling drama "The Blind Spy" or the "Siege of Constantina."

For the past three months the preliminary work of organization of the Cadets has been directed by Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., assisted by the Christian Brothers in charge of St. Patrick's School, and by the well known competent authority on military matters, Major Phillips. As a result, two companies of Cadets will muster at the coming entertainment, in attractive uniforms—No. 1, comprising young men of the parish, and No. 2, recruited from the pupils of St. Patrick's School.

Now that the Cadets have been organized our people in general and the members of St. Patrick's parish in particular, should give them such a rousing reception as to leave no doubt whatever in the minds of our spiritual guides and others responsible for the undertaking that their efforts are fully appreciated. Every Catholic family in Montreal should have its representative in the audience to greet the Irish boys of St. Patrick's parish when the curtain rises on the evening of February 9th.

Catholics and Education

(From the Catholic Times (Eng.))

Preliminary steps in the new Education Act, taken, and at the present all over the country the ones who will have to carry out the intentions of the Legislature equipped with the details of the work. In many places, as in pool and Manchester, have been appointed to report on the provisions of the Act, and the arrangements necessary for their execution. The measure are revolutionary in many places, as the system is transformed; the schools and denominations are, so to speak, fused into a national scheme of education. It will be needed to make such alterations and to lay down lines of success in the new Act. Both knowledge and skill are requisite and abundant to us, a spirit of To ensure such harmony of of all bodies entitled to a tion on the education can must be fairly met. There ever, a danger lest this n prove to be the case. Th with whom the appointme have been elected on issu than educational and inte eign to the purposes of the to some extent determine of members of the educa mitted. This or that sect electorate may happen to dominant power in the co may claim undue represent the committees, to the ex others who should have an voice in directing educatio gress. In Liverpool the community was not treat when names were adopted City Council for a special tee to report upon the Act- tive members of the not more than five or six olics, and Alderman Pure properly declared that if not a larger Catholic repr on the education committe was selected it would not confidence of the Catholics pool, who number a third population.

The importance of safe the rights of the Catholic in connection with the committee raises a grave for the Catholic body. As ops pointed out in their p the House of Lords, the have hitherto been able t their views known throug elected representatives. School Board elections the tive vote provided for the ation of minorities, and i district of England and V which there are any con number of Catholics they exerted their strength at t as to have ensured the prot their own interests. Natu Catholic vote for the Scho elections, and some of the title victories achieved dur contests have been due to forts and their legitimate Are the Catholic clergy in t to have a distinct part in which closely concern educa educational interests of are now very largely unde trol of the members of the committees elected by the or co-opted. The desire to the cause of education and satisfaction to all deno and classes of the people w hope, govern the selection committees, and careful will, it is to be presumed, to representations from managers. But it is safe ture that those who car through direct representati the councils will have the ests attended to more th than people who are not in tion to do this. It appe therefore that Catholics, fresh and a strong incen to increase their representat councils, and that it may whether the clergy should the approval and encoura their bishops, devote tions some of that unselfi which has been such a fact School Board contests. The priests, it may be sa kept aloof from elections and county councils and it be wise for them to enter policy. If the policy involv politics, the clergy should

### Catholics and the Education Act

(From the Catholic Times Liverpool, Eng.)

Preliminary steps in the working of the new Education Act have been taken, and at the present moment all over the country the public bodies who will have to carry out the intentions of the Legislature are occupied with the details of organization. In many places, as in Liverpool and Manchester, committees have been appointed to report upon the provisions of the Act and the arrangements necessary to carry them out. The changes effected by the measure are revolutionary, and it is needless to say that not a few of the members of councils who are called upon to put the Act into force feel somewhat bewildered. The old order disappears; the School Boards pass away; the voluntary system is transformed; and Board schools and denominational schools are, so to speak, fused into a national scheme of education. Time will be needed to make such serious alterations and to lay down the lines of success in the working of the new Act. Both knowledge and skill are requisite and above all, it seems to us, a spirit of harmony. To ensure such harmony the claims of all bodies entitled to representation on the education committees must be fairly met. There is, however, a danger lest this may not prove to be the case. The councils with whom the appointments rest have been elected on issues other than educational and interests foreign to the purposes of the Act may to some extent determine the choice of members of the education committees. This or that section of the electorate may happen to have predominant power in the council and may claim undue representation on the committees, to the exclusion of others who should have an effective voice in directing educational progress. In Liverpool the Catholic community was not treated fairly when names were adopted by the City Council for a special committee to report upon the Act. Of forty-five members of the committee not more than five or six are Catholics, and Alderman Purcell very properly declared that if there was not a larger Catholic representation on the education committee when it was selected it would not have the confidence of the Catholics of Liverpool, who number a third of the population.

The importance of safeguarding the rights of the Catholic minority in connection with the education committee raises a grave question for the Catholic body. As the bishops pointed out in their petition to the House of Lords, the Catholics have hitherto been able to make their views known through their elected representatives. At the School Board elections the cumulative vote provided for the representation of minorities, and in every district of England and Wales in which there are any considerable number of Catholics they have so exerted their strength at the polls as to have ensured the protection of their own interests. Naturally the Catholic vote for the School Board elections, and some of the most notable victories achieved during those contests have been due to their efforts and their legitimate influence. Are the Catholic clergy in the future to have a distinct part in elections which so closely concern education? The educational interests of Catholics are now very largely under the control of the members of the education committees elected by the councils or co-opted. The desire to promote the cause of education and to give satisfaction to all denominations and classes of the people will, let us hope, govern the selections for the committees, and careful attention will, it is to be presumed, be paid to representations from Catholic managers. But it is safe to conjecture that those who can speak through direct representatives on the councils will have their interests attended to more thoroughly than people who are not in a position to do this. It appears to us therefore that Catholics have a fresh and a strong incentive to seek to increase their representation on councils, and that it may be asked whether the clergy should not, with the approval and encouragement of their bishops, devote to the elections some of that unselfish energy which has been such a factor in the School Board contests.

The priests, it may be said, have kept aloof from elections to city and county councils and it may not be wise for them to enter on a new policy. If the policy involved participation in the administration of a town or county, the administration of a town or county might well be questioned. But they need not ally themselves with any political party. In fact, their interference would most probably have the excellent effect of eliminating party politics from the elections to councils. When party politics come into play in these electoral struggles the tendency is to place at the top of the poll not the men who are most familiar with local requirements and best fitted to serve the community, but the favorites of party caucuses. The substitution of non-party men for party zealots would make for the public welfare. It may be objected that if the Catholic clergy were thus to throw themselves into electoral strife the cry of "Clericalism" might be raised by their opponents. Even if it were it would do no damage. It is not merely the right, but also the duty of the priest to do all that lies within his power for the promotion of education. If, in addition, he showed an active interest in social questions so much the better. He would be benefiting the people and following out the programme so earnestly recommended in the recent writings and allocutions of Leo XIII. Moreover, he would give a helping hand to members of his congregation who are qualified for public life, and in this way he would prove a benefactor to the State as well as to his flock. No doubt, in view of the present complexion of the Catholic representation on councils, which is mostly a party character, some difficulties would arise in arranging a scheme whereby the clergy might join with the laity in the work of electoral organization, but where there is a will there is a way. At any rate, the whole situation under the new conditions produced by the Education Act, demands the united counsel of Catholic leaders.

we not by diligence, by study and trained intelligence discover what manner of men were our heathen ancestors, what were their beliefs, how they acted toward their fellow-men, what were their hopes, and what fears they had of those they felt to be superior to mortality? Judging by what has been done in kindred fields in other countries, I think the Irishman who lived before Christianity will stand out before us a natural and a rational being.

When, the other day, Edward VII. opened his first session of Parliament, the "beefeaters," whose ordinary habitat is the Tower, had already made their usual pretended search for hidden barrels of gunpowder in the cellars of the Parliament building. Yet, though this ceremony is but a grotesque and senseless mummerly, no one for that calls the members of Parliament, the king or his ministers, superstitious. We do not, for we know how the search first had its origin, as we know that it was made permanent by canny James I., then at the height of his unpopularity, in order to ingratiate himself with the English people by pretending that he hated and was hated by the Catholics, then the abomination of the rising sect of Puritans. But had the pretended Gunpowder plot happened in the days of Henry III, and the first Parliament, we might have easily lost all knowledge of the origin of the annual search. And antiquarians of this day would be smothering us with very dry and very learned dissertations upon the necessity of the Anglo-Saxons protecting their Watan-gemotes by searching for ambushed enemies.

The practice of saying "God bless you" or "God bless us," at our own or another's sneezing, is world wide, common to nearly every race of men, and is generally supposed to have come down to us from a time so remote that mankind was yet in its infancy and before the days of the great dispersion. Some great pestilence was raging, perhaps like our "grippe," which if each individual fit of sneezing. Hence the invocation!

### ORIGIN OF OLD IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Any person well acquainted with the people of rural Ireland must have noticed the vast number of superstitions with which they are permeated; superstitions evidently of pagan origin, but which have existed for centuries by the side of Christianity and, which, if mostly harmless, are certainly now of no use as a guide to better living. It is the same with the student of Irish history or literature who is often brought to a standstill by allusions to customs, rites and beliefs not to be understood in our present want of knowledge and which, though unquestionably of a very remote antiquity, appear to him only as a perversion of reason and religion. To those ignorant, though unbelieving, they are the cause of shallow scoffing, while to the unfriendly critic they argue only a low state of civilization in that ancient Ireland of which we, sometimes, are inclined to boast.

But is this so? Does everything which we do not understand, or which appears to spring from perverted mental powers, argue either ignorance or folly on the part of our ancient ancestry? Had not other nations, in other times quite as civilized as our own, rites and beliefs which, though far from understanding, they still observed, and were these rites and beliefs only the offspring of folly? Indeed, do not the most civilized communities of the world to-day practice ceremonies as senseless as any of the superstitions of the Irish peasantry, and are we to call them ignorant or superstitious, or because these ceremonies are now mere mummeries are we to say they were always so? Reason forbids it, for, in these cases, we know from what these rites, these ceremonies have sprung. We smile at them as we smile at the robes of the British Judiciary, at the woolsack upon which the Lord Chancellors sit, or at the limited use of Norman French in the courts of Britain, but we do no more; we forgive because we remember that they are picturesque survivals of things that once had some reality. It is for the customs and beliefs of the unlettered alone that we reserve our contempt, and, though their origin may be lost in the minds of antiquity, we scoff at them and do not try to understand them, even though we cannot know what manner of men inhabited this antiquity unless we try to know something of their beliefs and their reasons for so believing.

Further, may it not be possible that the very customs and superstitions we condemn had their origin in ideas and practices that rose out of the collective wisdom and experience of ancient man? Is it not possible that the very things we condemn to-day as mere superstitions were, in ancient days, not superstitions at all, but things not only wise, but even necessary to the common welfare of man? If so, can

what we now call "game laws." Neither should he forget that in the elucidation of any obscure or much-debated question any reasonable theory is better than none at all, since guesses always precede the practical working out of the problem. Not too credulous or too unbelieving, should be his motto, otherwise he will have wrought idly and his labors will have been as nought—Michael Lynch in The Pilot.

### MGR. NUGENT ON THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

Monsignor James Nugent of Liverpool, preached at St. Vibiana's Cathedral, Los Angeles, last Sunday evening. Mgr. Nugent's theme was the all-importance of charity in dealing with the criminal classes. The venerable speaker was chaplain of the Liverpool jail for over a score of years; founded the League of the Cross, and established night shelters and homes for destitute and outcast women, so his discourse was listened to with the greatest attention.

"Men who have had the advantages of a Christian rearing and a proper education," he said, "are too prone to forget or neglect those of their fellow-men who have fallen by the wayside through drink—who are sinking down to the lowest depths while living in the same world with cultured and refined people. God intends that none of these human beings shall be lost, and to save them men should reach down and grasp them and bring them to a knowledge of the saving power of Christ.

"This evening I have been asked by the Bishop to say something of the need for Christian work. I wish first to impress upon all professing Christians that they should not fold their arms and look on human suffering with calm indifference. We should aid those whom environment and circumstances have laid low. My years and experience entitle me to speak to you on this subject, and though a stranger, yet I, a priest of God's Church, would impress upon you, first of all, the need for mercy and compassion for those of God's sheep who have strayed or have fallen. There is no better place to study mankind than in a prison. Within prison walls are congregated the intellectually and morally crippled and palsied—all sorts of men, who show every fault and human weakness. Their lives are an epitome of the undercurrent of human life, and I think that I know something of the acts and motives of such people.

"Modern theories of crime have led people to look upon prisoners as criminals by birth, so that it has become common to say that what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. Hence modern society and those who would deal with difficult social questions are prone to pass the criminal element by as wholly beyond redemption. Theorists on criminology say that the lines of the face, the shape of the head and what not, determine whether a man is to become a criminal. Many years of my life have been spent among the criminal classes. I have talked with prisoners, secured their confidence and known the story of their lives. I have seen men and women with all hope crushed, treated as moral lepers every avenue of life closed to them.

"Circumstances and environment, rather than evil dispositions or love for evil, or natural predilection, are the great causes of the downfall of men—no matter what theorists may say."

Mgr. Nugent laid stress on the necessity of seeking to save the lost. "The absolute duty of every man who professes to be a Christian and a true citizen is to rescue the fallen," he said. Monsignor Nugent here drew a vivid picture of the orphan. "Have you ever thought," he said, "what must be the dark and hopeless condition of a poor girl on the streets without a friend in the world; a weak helpless girl amidst the fierce and terrible trials of life; the girl who has never known a mother's love or heard the music of a mother's voice. The lonely wilderness, dark, dreary, lifeless, without a sound is no more desolate than a woman's life alone in the world with no one to speak a kind word, no hand to guide her, no heart to love her; who cares whether she lives or dies, whether virtuous or prodigate. She sees vice enjoying the luxuries of the world, tolerated, patronized and protected by wealth and influence, but not a word or a look of sympathy or compassion is shown for her. She is starving, homeless on the streets, nobody cares for her. Can you wonder under such circumstances that so many fall? I tell you there is a great and noble work for us here. Let us seek and save those who are lost."

### A Protestant Minister's Remarks About Catholics.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, who is now connected with the Immanuel Baptist Tabernacle, North Avenue and St. Paul street, Baltimore, spoke last Sunday evening to his congregation on "What Protestants Should Learn from Catholics." Among other things he said:

"Catholics teach us the lesson of regular and constant attendance upon public worship. Protestants go when the weather is just to their liking. It is high time that an umbrella was invented that would protect Protestants from the rain on Sunday. Who has not heard early on Sunday mornings the tramp, tramp, tramp of persons, with a hard week's work behind them, and often a hard day's work before them, while we are yet asleep, hastening to the Catholic Church with prayer book in hand? Have we superior intelligence? Have we clearer apprehensions of the truth? What benefit to us if we are unfaithful, but how fearful the responsibility. Would to God Protestants were as faithful to their church as Catholics are! If we were we could take America for Christ. The Catholic puts his church first. Seek to employ a Catholic, his first inquiry is whether there is a church handy. There may be Protestants with whom that is the first question, but they are not numerous enough to count for much.

"Catholics go to church to worship; Protestants to hear an eloquent preacher. At the appointed hour for service the congregation, instead of being in the seats to join in the devotional part of the service, begins to gather, and by sermon time the supposed worshippers are in their pews. The devotional element in too many of our churches is lost sight of. The sermon is everything. If that is not great, eloquent, magnificent, the pews are empty. The Protestant pulpit has become largely a lecture platform. The irreverence in the average Protestant church is simply shocking. It is often the gathering place of giggling nonentities.

"Catholics seldom ever in their prosperity turn against their church. Would to God our rich Protestants were as faithful! The rich Catholic hesitates not to kneel by the side of the poorest. The only real democracy in the world is a Catholic Church in prayer before God. Protestants have too keen a sense of smell. When the doors of our Protestant churches are not only open, but the world outside feels that the rich and poor can meet together without invidious comparisons, the great masses now outside of the church will pour in like tides of the sea. God never calls an intelligent man to associate with ignorance, or a gentleman to associate with boorishness, or a virtuous man to associate with vice, but if there is one place this side of heaven where men ought to meet on a common level, it ought to be in the house of God in common brotherhood, prostrated in prayer before a common Father.

"Protestants should learn from Catholics how to give. Catholics are generally poor. But behold their churches! Behold the earnings they lay upon the altar of the church! Too many Protestants never give anything unless they are squeezed so hard that they cannot help themselves. When hard times come they begin retrenchment at the Lord's end of their income. Any church finance committee will tell you that most of our church members are Protestants sure enough when it comes to supporting the church.

"Every Catholic is identified with some parish. There are thousands of Protestants in this city whose church membership is in their trunk or in the place where they used to live. When they go to church they go around. They remind me of those matches that strike only on their box; when you have the match you haven't the box, and when you have the box you haven't the match. These Protestants who live within the bounds of one church and insist on holding their membership elsewhere, where they can rarely or never attend, and consequently avoid supporting any church—what shall we say of them? One church has the box, the other the match, and therefore they won't strike.

"In caring for their children Catholics teach us a lesson. Statistics show that Protestants do not hold their own children to the church. There are 14,000 communicants in the Baptist churches of Maryland, and only 9,000 children in the Sunday schools. The Protestant laity need to be awakened to a deep sense of the magnitude of their duty toward the children. Here is the source of strength in the Catholic Church. The seed of divine truth is planted in the hearts of the children, and if this is faithfully done,

### In Aid of Rebuilding St. Mary's Church.

**A BROTHER'S CRIME.**  
—BY THE—  
Dramatic Section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society,  
—TO BE HELD—  
**Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1903**  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF  
**THE A. O. H., Div. No. 4,**  
**ST. BRIDGET'S HALL,**  
Cor. St. Rose and Malouneuve.  
Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c.  
Doors open at 7 30 p. m.  
Curtain rises at 8 p. m.

we have the divine promise that the seed shall grow up into a goodly tree whose branches shall cover the earth and its boughs shelter the fallen race.

"The Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme, and not put enough stress upon good works. Good works won't save, but faith without works is dead. I have no patience with those higher life Christians who have not time to do practical good. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough Sisters of Charity. Kindly, generous, loving acts—people believe in that kind of religion. The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suffering, put Protestants to shame."

### TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF COL. LYNCH.

Colonel Lynch, Irish Nationalist member of Parliament for Galway city, who served in the Boer army during the late war, and who was tried on a charge of high treason in the Court of King's Bench, London, January 21, was convicted by the jury in half an hour on January 23, and immediately sentenced by Mr. Justice Wills to suffer the penalty of death. This sentence was subsequently commuted to life imprisonment.

The London correspondent of the New York "Post" remarks:—  
"Of course the sentence of death passed upon Col. Lynch is not to be taken seriously. The crime of high treason is so remote from even the advanced political ideas of to-day that the marvel to most people is why a law of barbarous and effete times has been invoked. . . . The problem now before the Government is what to do with Col. Lynch. The 'Times' suggests penal servitude for life. Public opinion would be revolted by such severity, while the effect would be wholly bad upon Ireland and South Africa, just when statesmanship seems to demand healing influences in both countries.

A Canadian daily newspaper refers to the trial as follows:—  
"What a difference it would have made if Colonel Lynch, before fighting for the Boers and committing the acts of treason charged against him, had taken the precaution of taking out his naturalization papers in the United States instead of in the Transvaal? The world would have never heard of him, and there would have been no trial for high treason, though his conduct would have been equally objectionable."

There is a conviction in many quarters that Col. Lynch will, ere many months, be a free man again.

### ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH

Mr. F. J. Gordon, the well known artist-photographer of St. Catherine street, has just finished a very fine picture of the first churchwardens of the parish. It is now on exhibition in Mr. Gordon's parlors.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a communication from one of our enthusiastic subscribers regarding the daily press, which we will publish in our next issue.



# Notes and Comments Of Irish Events.

Directory United Irish League.  
Dublin, Jan. 17, 1903.

**ARREST OF MR. DUFFY, M.P.**—Mr. W. J. Duffy, M.P., was arrested at Loughrea on the 14th January, and conveyed to Galway by the 12.30 train to undergo sentence of three months imprisonment passed upon him for a speech delivered at Caltra in August last. A large number of townspeople assembled at the railway station, and loudly cheered Mr. Duffy as the train steamed off.

**CRIMELESS CORK.**—The "Cork Examiner" of the 12th January remarks:—It scarcely requires any facts to be quoted to convince the people of Ireland generally that the country is in a crimeless state. Cork city and county have been proclaimed, and are even now under the ban of the Coercion Act, and the Recorder of Cork has been presented with white gloves because there are no criminal cases to be tried. When this pleasing function took place the Recorder was able to congratulate those to whom he spoke on the state of the district, and Mr. T. Rice, the experienced Crown Solicitor, was able to describe the existing state of affairs as highly satisfactory. Of course, there is nothing remarkable in this expression from Judge Neligan. Since our city and county have been proclaimed, His Honor, with that probity and candor which has always distinguished him while in his present responsible and onerous position, has time and again declared the district under his purview to be almost free from crime, even of a trivial nature.

**CRIMELESS WESTMEATH.** Mullingar, 12th January.—At the Quarter Sessions, which opened here today, for the County Westmeath, County Court Judge Curran, K.C., addressing the Grand Jury, said:—Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the Grand Jury, there are only some five or six cases to go before you, all of which are ordinary crimes which will occur in a large county like Westmeath. The county is in its normal state—quiet and peaceful—and, therefore, I must congratulate you on its condition. There were five cases disposed of, which consisted of petty larcenies and assaults.

**CRIMELESS COUNTY MAYO.** Castlebar, 12th January.—At the opening of the Mayo Criminal sessions to-day, His Honor Judge Dane, K.C., addressing the Grand Jury, said he wished them all a happy and a prosperous New Year. He was glad to inform them that there were only three cases to go before them, none of which would give them any trouble. One of them was dated so far back as 1901, so that they had practically a very clean calendar.

**EDITOR SET AT LIBERTY.**—Clonmel, 12th January.—This morning at about eight o'clock Mr. D. Powell, editor of the "Midland Tribune," was released from Clonmel Prison after undergoing four months' imprisonment, two of hard labor and two as a bail prisoner, in connection with a charge of intimidating Mr. Menton, solicitor, Roscrea, for which six other Nationalists were sentenced to lesser periods at the same time. Mr. Powell, who appeared in good health and spirits, treated his imprisonment lightly. The Mayor, Alderman T. J. Condon, M.P., met Mr. Powell in the prison, and brought him to his residence on the quay and entertained him prior to his departure for Thurles by the forenoon train. Mr. Powell expressed his thanks to the Mayor for his kindness in visiting him so often in prison.

Mr. Powell arrived at Roscrea by the 5.30 train, and was met by the Roscrea band, accompanied by a crowd of several hundreds, who later on were greatly augmented. When the train steamed in he was greeted with a real Tipperary cheer, repeated again and again, and as Mr. Powell stepped down from the carriage his hand was nearly wrung off, so great was the throng to give him a welcome. Afterwards a procession was formed and the town paraded. Bonfires blazed in nearly every street, and almost every house was illuminated. The enthusiasm was indescribable, but all through the

crowd was particularly orderly, and the 150 extra police that had been drafted in had nothing to do but to look on. At half-past seven Messrs. Powell, Joseph Gantley, Andrew Hoolahan, James Searson, Rodolphus Meagher, Carrol N. Nagle, and James Murnane, all Coercion prisoners, were entertained to a banquet in the Portarlinton Arms Hotel. Rev. Father Cunningham, C.C., president of the Roscrea Branch of the League, occupied the chair.

**SENT TO JAIL.**—Messrs. Jones and Browne, R. M.'s, sat in the courthouse, Roscommon, on 15th January, to hear the case of the Crown against Denis Johnston, United Irish League organizer, adjourned from Lecarrow on Wednesday. Mr. Johnston having addressed the court at some length, during which he refused to dissociate himself from the other defendants in the case.

The court, after half an hour's consideration, sentenced, accused to be detained in custody till the rising of the court, and afterwards to enter into recognisances in £50 and two of £25 to be of good behavior for twelve months, or in default to go to jail for one month.

Defendant declined to give bail, and was sent to Tullamore Jail for a month.

**JOHN DILLON HOME.**—A large gathering of people awaited the arrival of Mr. Dillon on the deep water quay at Cove, on Wednesday night last on his arrival from New York on the Celtic. The hon. gentlemen having thanked the people for their enthusiastic welcome, proceeded to the Imperial Hotel, where he stayed for the night.

Mr. Dillon, who looked to be in good health, in an interview with a Press representative, said, regarding his own condition, that he was much stronger than he expected to be. In fact, he now felt quite well, though he had been subjected to a very severe illness. Notwithstanding this fact, however, he recognized that it would be folly for him to attempt to address an open-air meeting after his recent indisposition, and he expressed satisfaction that Mr. Davitt had written to the Press asking that a demonstration should not be organized.

Speaking of the American mission, Mr. Dillon said that it was successful beyond his expectations. When asked if he considered that the enthusiasm manifested was equal to that exhibited in the Land League days, he said he would not go so far as that, but he thought that the present movement in America gave promise of assuming similar proportions. In the Land League days, of course, he said, they had two thousand branches of the organization in the United States, and now they had two hundred and fifty branches of the United Irish League in America. The meetings they had held were immensely successful, and what he attributed the very greatest importance to was that not only were the Irish people in the United States once more prepared to support the cause, but the subject had now become a live one in America. The proof of this was that four of the most important papers in America had sent over correspondents to Ireland to supply them with news of the situation in this country, a thing that had not occurred for the past dozen years. The Coercion policy pursued in this country by the English Government was not, he said, understood in America until it was expounded by the members of the mission to America, and when it was explained the American people did not understand how such a state of affairs could exist under a Constitution which based its principles on the rights of trial by jury.

Mr. Dillon was asked what he thought of the prevalence of emigration from Ireland and how it was looked upon in America, and said that the question was one which was the subject of a good deal of consideration in the United States, but he himself was of opinion that the only hope of a stoppage of the present exodus was a settlement of the land dispute. Mr. Dillon was happy to say that in his opinion the Irish people were never more prosperous than they are at present in the United States. The Irish people had forged ahead to an enormous degree on the American continent, and a very small proportion of them were now occupying inferior

positions. The only means, in his opinion, to stop emigration from Ireland was to make Ireland a better place to live in.

Mrs. Dillon, who was in company with her distinguished husband, seemed to be also in perfect health.

**EXCITING SCENES.** Thurles, 15th January.—Last evening, after the hearing of the appeal lodged by Mr. Martin O'Dwyer, Co. C., against the sentence imposed upon him by two Removables at Templemore Petty Sessions for using intimidatory language towards Peter and John Hickey, who hold about 200 acres of grazing land from the Earl de Montalt at Dundrum, the wildest excitement prevailed in the town for several hours. Immediately after the sentence of the magistrates had been confirmed by the County Court Judge, the Drom five and drum band, followed by a large crowd, proceeded down the Main street in the direction of Cathedral street.

When they arrived at the river bridge which separates Main street from Cathedral street, they found their further progress barred by about a dozen police, under District Inspector Murphy. An altercation ensued between the police and the people, the result of which was that Mr. Murphy said he would allow the latter to proceed as far as the Archbishop's Palace. The police then moved off before the crowd, and drew up a short distance beyond the Palace gate. The band, joined by the crowd, followed, and when they arrived within a few yards of where the police were standing, the latter drew their batons, and the people retraced their steps towards the Main street. Two fife and drum bands, followed by a large contingent, now arrived from Borrisoleigh, where a Coercion Court had sat, hearing charges against about a dozen persons on the charge of intimidating a man named Woodcock.

These parties, headed by the bands and two cars, in one of which Mr. Martin O'Dwyer and Mr. R. A. Corr, U.I.L. organizer, were seated, proceeded down the Main street, and were likewise stopped by the police when they arrived at the bridge. An angry altercation again ensued between police and people, the latter claiming that they had a perfect right to proceed on their way, as they had not the slightest idea of doing anything illegal. The people refused to give way, and the crowd growing angry, several attempts were made to force a passage. The two cars were driven up against the police, who beat the horses with their batons, knocking down one of them, and dislodging the occupants of the car from their seats. One constable made himself very conspicuous, and, apparently acting without orders, rushed at one of the bandsmen, and drove a knife through a side drum held by the latter. This incensed the crowd so much that a general rush was made at the police, who were forced to give way, and amidst much cheering and band-playing the people proceeded up Cathedral street. At the end of the street, opposite Michael Hickey's house, a meeting was held, and was addressed by Mr. Kendall E. O'Brien, M.P., who came to town to attend the hearing of Mr. O'Dwyer's appeal, and Mr. R. A. Corr, organizer U.I.L. Mr. O'Brien severely criticized the conduct of the police, to whom he attributed any violence that was used on the occasion. He especially blamed the policeman who attacked the bandsman, and said that but for his unwarrantable and cowardly conduct an understanding could have been come to by which the conflict between police and people would have been spared. Whilst the meeting was in progress a large contingent of police, numbering about eighty, arrived from Borrisoleigh, where they had been doing duty at the Crimes Act Court held there. If they had been present when the passage across the bridge was forced the conflict between police and people would have been much more serious. Several persons were injured by blows received from the police, and one of the latter, Sergeant Power, received a severe cut in the head, and had to be conveyed to the hospital.

If the heart cannot have a truth it will take a counterfeit of truth. There is nothing steadfast in life but our memories. We are sure of keeping intact only that which we have lost.

**THE BISHOP OF PUEBLA, MEXICO,** the Rt. Rev. Ramon Ibarra y Gonzales, proposes to build at Puebla a small theatre for the poorer class of people, where moral and educational plays can be presented. He will defray the expenses out of his private purse.

### TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

A despatch from Toronto says:—Premier Ross, is understood in government circles, has decided to act on the mandate of the 199,000 odd electors who supported the Liquor Act in the recent referendum vote, and will introduce some further drastic measure of temperance legislation at the coming session of the House. He is persuaded that the prohibition sentiment of the province is too strong to be ignored. Just what form the legislation will take is yet to be determined.

The man who stands above his fellows must expect to be the target for the envious arrows of their inferiority. It is part of the price he must pay for his advance.

The prayer that begins with trustfulness and passes on into waiting, even while in sorrow and sore need, will always end in thankfulness and triumph and praise.

The sad, discouraged Christian who feels his shortcomings and the degeneracy of the times in which he lives so overwhelmingly as to take away his peace and joy, needs to get out into God's pure air on some errand of mercy.

In your ordinary occupations not only strive, like Martha, to accomplish your work to the glory of God, but, like Mary, seek to disengage your mind from worldly and tumultuous thoughts, and direct it towards God.—Ven. L. de Blois, O. S. B.

### LESSONS IN GAELIC.

Chruit ansa more thire a n-dorehadas bhi sinte,  
Bhi fuar-chuing na tos-la ort baigthe go teann;  
Do thoir me as geibheal d'eis do chuibhreach bheibh agoilte,  
Air do theudaibh gheith gaethe a's soluis saor-rann,  
Bhi fuaim sundach feithne do b'aer-aighe's buidhinne  
Ag dusacht do thena bhi suamhar chum ceoil;  
Acht bhidhis cho neamh-eolgach air shuarchas 's air luinne  
Go m-briseam an bron tri do shugaighil go foll.

Slan agus beannacht air do bhinn-gaethibh chruit chroim;  
So an dlaioigh deighneach danta do dheanfam, a dhealbh;  
Teidh, a's codail faoi sgail lonn-raigh garthe air do shian-throm  
Go bh-faghaid meura nios stuama air do theudaibh chiun', saith,  
Ma bhi croidhe gaisigh tuinnhar tir-gradhaigh no saoro-shaol  
'G a g-corrughadh ag siseacht le semm ar n-dan,  
Ni raibh ionnam-sa acht oiteog neamh-bhrighmhar na luath gaoith',  
Agus uait-se do thainne an fluaim bhinn ramhain.

### TRANSLATION.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee;  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly my own island harp I unbowed thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light freedom and song!  
The warm ray of love and the light note of gladness,  
Have wakened thy fondest thy liveliest thrill;  
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,  
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers;  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine,  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover  
Have throbbled at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;  
I was but at the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

### A THEATRE FOR CATHOLICS.

The Bishop of Puebla, Mexico, the Rt. Rev. Ramon Ibarra y Gonzales, proposes to build at Puebla a small theatre for the poorer class of people, where moral and educational plays can be presented. He will defray the expenses out of his private purse.

## COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

### Great Annual Discount Sale, Bargains in Every Department.

**Men's Furnishings Department.**  
Men's 4-ply double band Collars, at 10c. Regular price 20c.  
Men's Tan Kid Mitts, wool lined, at \$2.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.  
Men's Buckskin Mitts, with fur tops, at \$2.25, less 33 1-3 per cent.  
Men's Heavy Dogskin Gloves (Dent's make), with heavy wool lining, at \$1.50, less 25 per cent.  
Men's Tan Kid Gloves, wool lined, less 25 per cent.

### Attractions in Millinery Department.

White Muslin Waists, at ..... 20 per cent.  
White Muslin Waists (Button back), at ..... 33 1-3 p.c.  
Ladies' and Children's Parasols, at ..... Half Price.  
White Muslin Underwear, at ..... 20 per cent.  
P.D. Corsets, at ..... Half Price.  
Electric Seal Jackets (extra quality at ..... \$32.40  
Flannelette Underwear, at ..... 20 per cent.  
Flannelette dressing Jackets, at ..... 20 per cent.  
Cotton Linen and Muslin Waists, at ..... \$1.90  
French Flannel Waists, at ..... Half Price.  
Winter and Summer Millinery, at ..... Half Price.  
Ostrich Feather Boas, at ..... 20 per cent.  
Flowers, Feathers and Ornaments ..... Half Price.

### Ladies' Gloves.

Ladies' Undressed Kid Gloves, in Tans, Modes, Grays, White and Black, 2 clasps. Special value, 75c.

### Bibles.

**BIBLES AT CLEARING PRICES.**  
Teachers' Bibles, flexible binding large clear type. The books will open perfectly flat. Can be folded right back. Can be rolled up without injury to back or sewing.  
Price \$1.50, for ..... \$ .75 Price \$3.50, for ..... \$1.75  
Price \$2.00, for ..... 1.00 Price \$4.00, for ..... 2.00  
Price \$2.25, for ..... 1.13 Price \$5.00, for ..... 2.50  
Price \$2.50, for ..... 1.25 Price \$6.00, for ..... 3.00

### Cutlery.

**TABLE AND DESERT KNIVES. SPECIAL OFFER.**  
Good Sheffield Steel, Celluloid Handle, secure handle. Price:  
Table Knives, \$3.00 doz. Dessert Knives, \$2.75 doz.

### Silver.

Real Ebony, with Sterling Silver mountings, in Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Military Brushes, Manicure Pieces, Hat Brushes, Etc., Etc. Less 33 1-3 per cent.

### Lamps.

Silk Lamp Shades, less 23 1-3 per cent.  
Decorated Glass Globes, less 25 per cent.

### China Department.

3 Tables Dinner Sets, Greatly reduced.  
Entire Stock at Discounts of 20 per cent to 50 per cent.  
Special Tables of Odds and Ends, Half Price.  
Balance of Damaged Tea Sets, Half Price.  
Balance of Damaged Toilet Sets, half price.

### Glassware Department.

Entire stock of Glassware, less 20 per cent.  
Tables of Glassware, 33 1-3 and 50 per cent.  
Canadian Cut Glass, 20 per cent. off.  
• American Cut Glass, from 33 1-3 per cent. to 50 per cent.

### Men's Shoes.

**SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK.**  
Men's Box Calf Laced Boots, Goodyear welted, heavy soles, regular \$3.50 for \$2.50.  
Men's Vici Kid Button Boots, regular \$5.00, for \$3.00.  
Men's Tan, Willow, and Velour Calf-Lace Boots, regular \$5.00, for \$3.00.  
Men's Black and Tan Rubber Soled Boots, regular \$5.00 and \$6.00, for \$3.50.  
All Broken Lines and Odd Sizes, displayed on tables, at prices very much Below Cost.  
15 to 25 per cent. off all regular lines.  
20 per cent. off all Patent and Enamel Boots and all Oxfords.  
20 per cent. off all Boys' Boots and Oxfords.  
15 per cent. off Rubbers, Overshoes, Moccasins, etc.

### Trunks and Bags

**SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.**  
A line of Ladies' and Gent's Fitted English Bags, regular prices from \$15.00 to \$30.00, all to be sold at 33 1-3 per cent. off.  
A few Bags and Portmanteaus at 33 1-3 per cent. off.  
15 per cent. off Suit Cases, Trunks, Bags, Hold-alls, Rug Straps, Ladies' Hat Boxes.  
20 per cent. off Men's Hat Boxes.

### Men's Hat Department.

**SPECIALS.**  
1 lot of Colored Hats, good shapes, best English makes, silk trimmings, Russian leather sweat band. Former prices \$2.50 and \$3.00. Now 75c.  
1 lot of Soft, Dark Gray Felts and Tweed Hats, new shapes. Now \$1.20.

### Men's Umbrellas.

1 dozen left of Silk Umbrellas, Silver and Gold Mountings, tight rolling, 33 1-3 per cent. off.

### Mantle Department.

Colored Moreen Underskirts, 50 per cent.  
100 Black and Colored Ladies' Winter Coats, 75 per cent.  
Flannelette Wrappers, 50 per cent.

**5 PER CENT. FOR CASH IN ADDITION TO ALL OTHER DISCOUNTS OR REDUCTIONS.**

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

JAN. 31, 1903.

For this purpose seized before he was aware of desperate attempt at escape. He was speedily three of the men taking him, while the remainder frayed.

## MURPHY

### Week of Our January ing Sale

statement con-  
nor! Don't miss the  
Read over the general  
ts again, and figure  
aving can be accom-  
ways by buying now

### st of Discounts.

...10 to 50 p.c.  
...10 to 33 1-3 p.c.  
...10 to 50 p.c.  
...10 to 25 p.c.  
...20 p.c.  
...10 p.c.  
...20 to 50 p.c.  
...20 to 50 p.c.  
...10 to 50 p.c.  
...10 to 33 1-3 p.c.  
...10 to 50 p.c.  
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...10 to 50 p.c.  
...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 50 p.c.  
...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 50 p.c.

### China and Glassware

...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 33 1-3 p.c.  
...10 p.c.  
...25 to 50 p.c.  
...25 to 50 p.c.  
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...10 to 50 p.c.

### ...10 to 33 1-3 p.c.

...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 33 1-3 p.c.  
...10 to 20 p.c.  
...10 to 50 p.c.

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...Street, corner of  
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### LEBRATED

### RAISING FLOUR

...and the Best.  
...iven for the empty

### ST. MONTREAL.

### MASSON

Quebec: Legislature  
...revoking a dona-  
...tine Masson and  
...April, 1864.

### DONNELL

...and Liquidator  
...STREET.  
...treas.

...erience in connec-  
...tion of Private  
...states. Auditing  
...Annual Report  
...and public corpor-

# Priests and People In Ireland,

In last Thursday's issue of the "Otago Daily Times" there appeared a two-column review, reprinted from the Melbourne "Age," of a work bearing the above title and written by one Michael J. F. McCarthy, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. The book is a scurrilous and almost hysterical attack on the Catholic priesthood of Ireland and it was not at all surprising therefore that it should receive a warm welcome from the "Age" reviewer. He professes, indeed, not to express any opinion as to the truth of otherwise of Mr. McCarthy's statements, but he simply cannot conceal his enthusiastic admiration for the author and his work. He begins by pointing out that a similarly abusive book, previously published by McCarthy, entitled "Five years in Ireland," was pronounced "by one of the most influential of the leading journals in Germany to be 'one of those works which announce a revolution in public opinion and a new epoch in the history of Ireland.' It might have occurred to the reviewer, at least, curious that Mr. McCarthy should have to fall back on a German paper as an authority for a book published on Ireland. The reviewer then goes on to quote at great length a lot of terrible twaddle from Mr. McCarthy, referring to that gentleman variously as "a Catholic and an Irishman," "a good Catholic," "an educated and patriotic Irishman, who is also a Catholic," etc. The book, he declares, "is bound to make a great stir both at home and abroad." One would have thought that after the Galton fiasco our anti-Catholic friends would have fought rather shy of alleged "revolts" amongst Catholics, but the wish is so entirely father to the thought that their judgment is blinded; and so we find this reviewer surmising that this book "may be the first note of a revolt of the educated classes against the sacerdotal domination," which this writer so passionately condemns. "All great movements of this kind," he sagely observes, "are rightly described as being 'in the air,' and when they get there it is quite impossible to predict when or where they will stop. The publication of such a book at such a time is sure to provoke a storm of controversy, and this, by presenting both sides of the question, will help to educate the public mind upon a subject which is not unlikely to become a very prominent one."

**WHO IS MR. MCCARTHY?**—And who is this Michael J. McCarthy, whose work is, according to the imaginative Melbourne reviewer, going to shake the Papacy to its very foundations. Our contemporary, the Sydney "Freeman," gives the following particulars regarding this latest Protestant hero:—

"Michael J. F. McCarthy is the son of a man who won great favor with Nationalists about Middleton, County Cork, for the prominent part he took in the Land League movement 20 years ago. The people who were his admirers in those days will tell you now that later on his prudence got the better of his patriotism, and he joined the party he had previously denounced as thieves and tyrants. In those early days Michael McCarthy knelt at the feet of the Vincentian Fathers at Cork to receive the twofold gift of piety and knowledge. He was evidently not equipped with watertight compartments, however, and he seems to have discarded the piety for the knowledge. He was a little later able to acquire the one without bothering about the other at the Queen's College, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, with just the proper disposition to 'get on' in that famous Elizabethan hall for the perversion of Irish faith and patriotism. The great test of Catholicity is conformity with the Church's precepts, and, according to one of these, one passes out of communion who neglects his duties for a year and more. McCarthy, if common report is to be trusted, had no practical communion with the Church for many years. But many who forsake practical communion retain the Catholic instinct. McCarthy proved his possession of the instinct, which brings a flush of pride to the cheeks of many hardened sinners, by coming into collision with his nominal pastor. He had not only lost communion; he had lost the faith."

Since then his career has been that of a brilliant barrister, who has earned a penny-honest or a few shillings—by publishing purple stor-

ies of the Church and people to which he still claims to belong.

**HIS CATHOLICITY.**—Mr. McCarthy was cute enough to see that if his book had to depend for its sale on nothing but its own merits it would fall very flat and so he adopted the ingenious though unscrupulous scheme of posing before the world as a pious and orthodox Catholic in full communion with his Church so that, professing as he did to speak of Catholic affairs from within, he would be accepted by the Protestant public as an honest and reliable if unwilling witness to the abuses he so violently condemns. Accordingly at the very beginning of his book he loudly proclaims his Catholicity. "I am a Catholic," he writes, "I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak." Again and again he puts forward this claim, speaking of himself continually as a Catholic, or as a Roman Catholic, and referring repeatedly to the priests as our Roman Catholic priests in order to further reassure those who, on reading his diatribe, might not unreasonably be disposed to be sceptical. A very few extracts from this precious book will serve to show our readers precisely what sort of a Catholic Mr. McCarthy now is. It is not too much to say that his work is one elaborate, though at times incoherent, attack not only on the Catholic priesthood but on all the most sacred doctrines and practices of the Church. Thus he maintains that the Papacy was founded not by Christ but by the decree of a dissolute Roman Emperor; that the doctrines of the Mass and the sacramental system, as preached in Ireland, have denied the efficacy of the one real sacrifice of Christ on the Cross, unless followed up by make-believe sacrifices, repeated as the price of sin for a pound sterling, and that bequests for Masses are an attempt to buy off the Almighty and are the most objectionable form of charity. He describes Catholic observances as useless, as mummery and mystery and unintelligible gibberish; Mass itself as unedifying and unsatisfactory; and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, perpetual adoration, and religious processions as mere idle demonstrations, ostentatious formality, and religious curiosities. A sermon by Father Kane on Transubstantiation is described by this self-styled "Catholic" as so much "unnecessary and threadbare trash." The simple country people hearing Mass appear to him "herded together like animals, coughing, sneezing, expectorating, all eagerly impatient for the brief formal Mass to be over." Of the practice of Confession Mr. McCarthy writes: "It sets a premium upon vice by the ease and frequency with which it can be forgiven. It explains why every country which professes the creed is in a state of stagnation."

As our readers know anyone who thus rejects the express teaching of the Church ipso facto ceases to be a Catholic. If Mr. McCarthy is, as he claims to be, a Catholic, he is a Catholic of much the same stamp and standing as Maria Monk, Chiniquy, or the precious Slattery himself.

**MCCARTHY AS IRISHMAN.**—After our exposure of Mr. McCarthy's "Catholicity" our readers will not expect very much from Mr. McCarthy as Irishman. They will know exactly what to expect and it will be no surprise to them whatever is told that he is a very pure bred specimen of the "Shoneen"—a character the very thought of which makes a genuine Irishman mad with indignation and shame and a type of being which is happily becoming more and more rare in Ireland. One specimen of Mr. McCarthy's "patriotism" will be sufficient. At a time when Ireland has been placed under a coercion regime which, for brutal tyranny, is absolutely without parallel in any part of the English-speaking world this defamer of the Irish people writes thus:—

"The British laws are in force in Ireland; and the same laws prevail in prosperous Protestant Ireland as in degenerate Catholic Ireland, without an iota of difference. Nay, more; the laws in force to-day in Catholic Ireland are the same laws which are in force in Middlesex, Glamorgan-shire, Lancashire, and Lanarkshire. If a combination of Londoners, or of Protestant Irishmen in Antrim, were to proceed to put the plan of campaign" into operation for preventing the exercise of his legal right by a common creditor, the laws would be enforced against them, and in all essentials they would be put to trial and punished just as are the tenants on the Down" aptly remarks, is written by Freyne estate."

And this, as the Sydney "Freeman" Irish barrister, who has presumably heard of the London Dock

strike, and the Orange ruffianism of Belfast! Gratitude has been defined as "a lively sense of favors to come," and that hits off the evident sentiment of Mr. McCarthy towards the British laws and the beneficent British Government in Ireland.

**THE BOOK AS LITERATURE.**—Apart from the unscrupulous fraud of the author of "Priests and People in Ireland" in deceiving the Protestant public by posing as a Catholic, the whole get-up of the work brings home the fact that it was made to sell—and it will sell both itself and the people who buy it. The London "Times"—an authority which no one will question—refers to the book, as a literary production, in the following terms:—

"Mr. McCarthy's new book is, like its predecessor, an untidy and clumsily composed volume; its style is poor and pretentious, and on a rough calculation the book has about as many split infinitives as there are priests in Ireland. The dominating idea, which is again the evil character of ecclesiastical authority in Ireland, gives 'Priests and People in Ireland' a sort of intellectual unity, but materially it is slipshod and incoherent."

The Dublin "Leader," after referring to Mr. McCarthy's weak and uncertain English, closes with the cruel remark that, "as an illustration of what anti-Catholic education can do, his book should rank as a classic;" and that is really all that need be said about the matter. —New Zealand Tablet.

## RESCUE HOME IN CANADA

The "Universe," of London, England, under the heading "Diocesan News," says:—

The latest project of the South-west Rescue Society is the foundation of an orphanage in the North-Western district of Canada, which will be placed under the care of religious. The cost will be about \$5,000, towards which donations amounting to \$350 have already been received.

## Notes From Scotland.

**NO BACKSLIDING.**—So well has Father Walter Kelly worked up the practical side of Catholic total abstinence in Glasgow and its district that not one case of infidelity to the pledge is reported amongst the members of the parochial League of the Cross.

**CATHOLIC PRISONERS' AID.**—A sum of \$500 has been granted to this society by the Glasgow Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in order to help it to carry on its good work until the arrival of the expected Government grant and the increase of public subscriptions.

**A BOYS' GUILD.**—The zealous pastor of Helensburgh, Rev. E. Fitzgerald, has established an attractive Boys' Guild, and we are glad to learn that the youngsters of St. Joseph's are joining in large numbers. While at St. Mary's, Glasgow, Father Fitzgerald was instrumental, in union with Mr. Tom Maley, of making the Boys' Guild very popular in the East End.

**CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN CLYDEBANK.**—During the year just ended close on one thousand men took the pledge under the auspices of the Clydebank League of the Cross, and of that number the society retains in active and sympathetic membership about five hundred souls.

**TREAT TO CATHOLIC NEWS-BOYS.**—The annual treat by the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to the Catholic newsboys of Glasgow was held in the Newsboys' Shelter. An excellent repast was provided for the lads. Amongst the clergy present were Canons Macleuskey and McCarthy, and the Rev. James Towie, the energetic chaplain of the shelter, and Rev. Brother Guerin.

If you loved to pray, how good, useful and meritorious would be your life.

True love in no way excludes the idea of reward, but it leaves no place for the thought of it.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

**IMPROVED OTTAWA SERVICE**  
Lv. Windsor Stn., 8.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 10 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 7.05 p.m.  
Ar. Ottawa, 11.45 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 1.25 p.m., 7.00 p.m., 1.40 a.m.  
Lv. Place Viger, 8.20 a.m., 5.45 p.m.  
\*Daily, Sundays included. \*Sundays only. Other trains week days only

**QUEBEC SERVICE.**  
(From Place Viger)  
18.30 a.m., 12.00 p.m., 8.30 p.m., 11 p.m.  
† Week days. † Sundays only. \*Daily

**Springfield, Mass. Through Coach Car**  
From Windsor St. 7.45 p.m. daily, except Sunday.  
City Ticket and Telegraph Office,  
129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Leave Bonaventure Station  
**"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED"** daily at 9 a.m., 4.40 p.m., Hamilton 5.40 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont. 7.05 p.m., Buffalo 8.20 p.m., London 7.40 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., Chicago 7.20 a.m.  
Elegant Car Service on above Train.  
**MONTREAL AND NEW YORK Shortest Line, Quickest Service.**  
2 Day trains, daily except Sunday, each way  
1 Night train, daily each way.  
Lv. MONTREAL 17.15 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 7.30 p.m.  
Arr. NEW YORK 6.30 a.m., 10.00 p.m., 7.20 a.m.  
\*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

**TOURIST SLEEPING CARS**  
Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m., for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to CHICAGO AND WEST thereof as far as the PACIFIC COAST. A nominal charge is made for Berths which may be reserved in advance.

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

## FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.L.,

**ADVOCATE...**  
Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James Street, Montreal.

## Odd Bits of News.

**AN EYE ON BUSINESS.**—Charles S. De Forest, a novelty dealer of Shelton, Conn., is, according to an American journal, going to turn over his entire store to the local churches for two weeks, as a thank offering for the best Christmas trade he has ever had. There are six of these churches, the First Methodist, Congregational, Baptist Church of Christ, Church of the Good Shepherd, First Unitarian, and St. Mary's Catholic, and they will take entire charge of the store and divide the profits. A specially large stock of goods has been laid in for the purpose.

Attractive young women from the churches will act as salesladies, and the pastors will be in charge of the cashier's desk, while little misses from the Sunday schools will open the doors for patrons and conduct them to the various departments. The churches expect to make more during the fortnight than they would in six months with the ordinary fares and sociables.

**A GOOD YARN.**—Under the heading "Pelee's Ashes in Canada Snow," an enterprising correspondent of Ogdensburg, N.Y., writes to the New York "Herald" as follows:—It was observed at Iroquois, a small Canadian town on the St. Lawrence, that after a heavy storm early this week the snow was dark colored. A close inspection revealed the presence of a fine black powder, and the theory was advanced that the burning of soft coal in cities was the cause.

A chemical analysis just made revealed no carbon, but showed that the powder contained a large proportion of silica and some iron in solution. It is believed that the powder is of volcanic origin, and was probably carried by the trade winds from Mount Pelee.

## An Ancient Catholic Custom

In the new Westminster Cathedral, London, Eng., recently, was revived an ancient custom, which has been carried out probably for the first time in England since the "Reformation." After the Gospel at the Solemn High Mass of the Feast of the Epiphany, one of the prebendaries, vested in cope and attended by acolytes, mounted a tribune specially erected in the choir and sang the publication of all the movable feasts of the present year. The chant resembles the "Exultet" which is sung on Holy Saturday. This custom dates from the middle of the fifth century.

## THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street  
SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1903.

Swimming Ahead of all Records  
**JANUARY SALE**  
MEN'S FURNISHINGS—FOR SATURDAY.

**UNDERWEAR SPECIAL**  
Men's heavy Scotch knit Shetland Lamb's Wool Underwear. Shirts made double breasted and ribbed skirt, Drawers, Trousers Finished made of pure wool Regular 65c.  
SALE PRICE 48c.

**WHITE SHIRT SPECIAL**  
Men's and Boys' good quality White Cambric Undershirts, reinforced Linen Front, endless stays, well sewn throughout, made from correct patterns. All sizes from 12 to 18. Worth 65c.  
SALE PRICE 46c EACH.

**Silks Reduced.**  
Extra quality French Taffeta Silks, made of pure silk, full range of all the newest colorings. Well worth 95c. Sale Price 49c.

**Ribbons Reduced.**  
A beautiful range of Pretty Double Faced Ribbon, fancy work, in all the popular shades of pink, sky, blue, turquoise, helio, etc. cardinal.  
1 1/2 in. 4c 5c 1c  
1 3/4 in. 4c 5c 1c  
1 1/2 in. 14c 18c 23c

**White Underwear Special**  
Worth 35c. Monday Special 59c.  
10 dozen Ladies extra fine quality White Cambric Undershirts, trimmed with wide flounce of embroidery and rows of narrow pin tucking, made very full, with dust frill, best finish throughout. Worth in the regular way 85c.  
**MONDAY'S SPECIAL 59c.**

**120 Misses' Long Coats.**  
Regular \$7.00 to \$9.00. Sale price \$5.95.  
Monday the management will offer the balance of Misses' Long Winter Coats at an extraordinary low price. There's about 120 Stylish Garments interested in this Sale, all priced for prompt selling. Here's three descriptions:

**BEAVER COATS.** Misses' Fawn Beaver Cloth Coats, heavy quality, fancy stitching, shoulder cape, high collar, double breasted, pearl buttons, Regular \$7.00. Sale Price \$5.95

**KERSEY COATS.** Misses' New Kersey Cloth Coats, in 3 different shades, double capes, high fancy collar with fancy stitching, double breasted, best quality pearl buttons. A stylish coat. Regular \$8.25. Sale..... \$5.95

**BOUCLE CLOTH.** Misses' Coats, in Fancy Boucle Cloth, different shades, plain cloth applique, double breasted, pearl buttons, shoulder cape. Regular \$8.65. Sale \$5.95.

## Dress Goods News.

On Monday Morning the Tables in the Main Aisle will be piled high with hundreds of pieces of seasonable Dress Goods, pretty fabrics that we would rather sell at a loss than carry over to another season. A word about the styles:

**TWEED SUITINGS.** Colored English Tweed Suitings, in a large range of stylish coverings, suitable weight for present wear. Regular 55c. Sale Price..... 40c

**HOPSAKING.** Colored Hopsack Dress Goods, in plain and fancy checks, full range of colorings. Makes a stylish Costume. Regular \$1.10. Sale Price..... 81c

**KERSEY SUITINGS.** Black Homespun Dress Goods, rich finish 52 inches wide, good weight. Makes stylish Street or House Costume. Regular 50c. Sale Price..... 35c

**BASKET CLOTH.** Black Basket Cloth Suiting, made of pure wool, and fast black, 43 inches wide. Makes a handsome suit for ladies' wear. Regular 65c. Sale ..... 52c

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED  
**THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED**  
1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street Montreal

## CARPETS

**ONLY THIS WEEK**  
left to take advantage of the Great Discounts we are offering in Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Etc.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.  
**THOMAS LIGGETT,** EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

OUR CORNSTONE OBSERVER.

WAS coming do one day last casual acquaintance a long time to in his sentiments Church—and he greeted enthusiastically expressed news, "The Pope is a little startled, but he gave me did not in as much as the tone given. I am so accustomed informed, especially by the Pope's death, that along phrase, "I take it," but I am not acquainted meet people overjoyed news and delighted to impart. He told me that from Rome, came to the Chamber of Deputies with the news. He despatch in the daily strange to say, had om the one under it, which contradicted the statement this meeting and greeting considerable food for WHAT INTEREST?—place I had to ask myself interest this gentleman in the death of the of two things: either he the impression that the Pope meant the downfall of the Church, and I could scarcely any person sufficiently general knowledge to have idea; or else he thought derived by the Catholic the exceptional greatness XIII, would suffer extinction his disappearance. If these thoughts were upon his mind, then I can only that his mind must be the effect of religious big the moment, I will give benefit of the doubt and pose that one or other of clusions had flashed through clouds that hang over hi

**SIMON AND PETER.**—will inevitably come when Leo XIII. will laid to rest beside of the Apostle Peter long line of illustrious. May that day be very distant all pray; but come it must when it does come, there will be more head in the vast chapeau, and the Church will to the next bead in that ing rosary. It will be an be deplored by all, and from a point of view, but it will affect the Church as the Christ, in no way retard his movement down the century way annul the promise of be with her unto the end no way affect her infallibility her immutability, nor her nor her moral, nor her nor her practices. It will her any more in her mission earth than did the death of himself. Simon Bar-Jon fisherman from Galilee, did being the first Vicar of Christ earth and having established Church in the heart of Rome hills; but Peter, the rock which that Church was built never died. He lived on in successors throughout twenty centuries and he lives on to-day in the of Leo XIII, and he will to live on in the person of ever may become successor present Pontiff, and he will live on until the last Pope back to Christ, on the occa-

## Practical Talks To the

Under the caption "Lay Co-tion." Rev. David Bearne, S. "The Messenger" writes:—

In what way may the laity the clergy to save souls? It to put the question quite straightforwardly and to try and practically. It is not necessary dwell long upon the importance good example: that is enough. Yet an obvious thing fail to move us unless from time we dwell upon it. We are all men, we Catholics living in distant England, Scotland. We are watched, and our conduct is commented upon. We long been too numerous to be ed. No daily paper would exclude our doings and sayings



THE AIMS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE

What is the use of contemplative religious orders and congregations in the Catholic Church? Such is the question often put by well-meaning non-Catholics and, unfortunately, one not altogether unheard amongst ill-informed or worldly-minded Catholics themselves.

But, first of all, what is the meaning of religious orders of any sort? They consist of men or women who desire, with God's help, to lead a higher kind of religious life and to devote themselves more entirely to the service of God than is possible to those living in the world and hampered by its struggles and responsibilities, its pleasures and distractions. These people band together according to their sexes in communities, or religious families, and lead a uniform disciplined life under rules and superiors approved by ecclesiastical authority. Moreover in order to give stability and permanence to the kind of life they have freely adopted, they bind themselves voluntarily, and after adequate probation, by solemn promises to God, or "vows," as they are technically called.

No Catholic is bound to join such communities. This more perfect life is not commanded by Christ—it is only counseled or offered to those who feel that God gives them the moral leaning towards it and the spiritual strength to adopt it. In His Gospel our Lord distinctly points and invites to this higher path. Thus, to the young man who declared that he had kept all the commands of God "from his youth," and asked what more was wanting to him, Christ replied: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow Me." (St. Matt. xix., 21.) Our Lord said: "If thou wilt," He left the youth his free choice, so that he might either continue in the world in innocence or follow Christ in a special and higher sense. Again, in verses 10 to 12 of the same chapter, our Saviour speaks of those who have "made themselves" chaste for the kingdom of heaven—i.e., who voluntarily embrace the state of chastity or virginity in order to gain a higher place in His kingdom than those living in matrimony—a state set forth by St. Paul as being less perfect than virginity. (I. Cor. vii.) Of this higher state our Lord says: "He that can take let him take, showing that such a condition of life is not of precept, nor, indeed, given to all, but permissible to those who have the wish and the strength to 'take it.' For such a life our Lord bestows rich rewards: 'Every one that hath left home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My sake shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting.'" (St. Matt. xix., 29.) We have spoken of the religious state as a more perfect way. This means, therefore, that it imitates more closely the life and example of Jesus Christ. For He it is whom the Father gave to us as our most perfect model. But when we come to study that wondrous life of Christ, its many-sided beauty and perfection bewilders and dismays us. Its imperfections are far too varied and numerous for a man, or any set of men, to attempt copying them all—even in that qualified degree which becomes possible to our frail nature by the grace of God, but must ever fall far short of the Divine Original. From this very weakness and conscious incapacity of man springs the great variety of religious orders in the Catholic Church. Each class of these—not to mention particular orders within a class—contents itself with endeavoring to reproduce—at a distance—some particular phase or aspect of that most perfect life of Jesus Christ. It is impossible to discuss each religious order in detail. There are, however, two principal divisions:

1. Those which aim at imitating the hidden and interior life of our Saviour only and who do not mix with the outer world nor engage directly in external work for its benefit. These are called the purely "contemplative" orders.

2. Those devoted to copying Christ's public and active life—and called the "active" orders. But this must not be understood as though the latter class were solely active, to the exclusion of contemplation. For while chiefly known to the outside world by their external work for the spiritual, intellectual or corporal welfare of their fellow-beings, they include besides a contemplative element which acts as the main-spring of their external action.

There is that part of their life led secretly and before God alone, as well as the part—visible to others—consisting of spiritual ministry, education and spiritual and temporal works of mercy. With these "active" orders, however, we are not here concerned, nor is it necessary to point out their public usefulness. The latter is sufficiently evident from tangible results, and for the most part earns the respect—if not the approval—of all thinking men of whatever creed. Their benefit is seldom questioned except by the narrow-minded bigot who declines on principle to acknowledge any good springing from a Catholic source. It is then rather the purely contemplative orders that call for explanation; for the purpose and usefulness of these lies less upon the surface.

A man will say: "Though not a Catholic, I can nevertheless see the usefulness of Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans or perhaps even of Jesuits and of other orders devoted to study and teaching, to missionary labors and other good works. I can most of all esteem the life of the Little Sisters of the Poor, of Sisters of Mercy, of Charity, etc. I don't agree with their religious ways, still less with the creed they profess; but yet they are truly earnest people who, at the expense of self, strive to better the world in which they live according to their lights. But—look at the Cistercian, Carthusian, Trappist monks, or the Cistercian, Trappistine, Carmelite nuns! They are hidden away all their lives from the sight of men—they are perfectly useless people—mere drones in the beehive! They spend all their time in prayers, fasting, labor within their enclosure, and do no good to anybody except possibly to themselves. What useless purpose can they serve? Why don't they do something? Surely these people must admit that in the wicked world upon which they turn their backs there are spiritual needs enough and to spare wherewith to satisfy their utmost zeal! Why, then, don't they come out of their seclusion and work for God?" Such is certainly the feeling of many, and there is some reason to fear, not of non-Catholics alone. There is, nevertheless, a fundamental fallacy underlying such an attitude of mind, viz., the false and unspiritual notion that there can be no rational purpose, no usefulness, no exercise of zeal for the souls of others, no advantage to the world at large in the hiddenness of a contemplative's vocation. This is a wholly mistaken view, unworthy of any one who regards himself as religiously-minded. It bears stamped upon it the crude utilitarianism of a material age that sees little good in any form of endeavor which does not issue, and that speedily, in tangible benefits to humanity, especially those of a material kind, let us say, a twopenny tube. It is the spirit of the day, even in religious matters—to depreciate any sort of effort which does not at once take shape in a new church or mission house, or society, or club—in a new hospital ward, orphanage or school. Visible success is the god of our times.

But to deal more directly with the false picture of contemplative orders portrayed above. Let it be granted for a moment that no advantage accrues to the outside world from the secluded religious life of a contemplative. Does it follow that his vocation is a useless one? Will you, Christian reader, seriously declare it an unprofitable thing to devote one's whole life, however secretly, to adoring and worshipping Almighty God, to meditating day by day upon His law and upon the life of His Divine Son, to perfecting one's soul—valued by our Lord at the infinite price of His precious blood? Which comes first, God and His service or man and his advantage? And if God is to come first, then the worship and service of Him in our hearts and in secret comes first also, and utility to man second.

Notice this. There is hardly a single objection that men bring against the contemplative's mode of life that might not equally be urged, if a man dared, against that of our Lord Himself during those long years of subjection and seclusion in the cottage of Nazareth and up to the day He left it to begin His public life of preaching and miracles. We know He came from heaven for the one great purpose of saving the world and regenerating human life in all its phases. Of what use, then, men might exclaim, for the rest of a world "swathed in darkness and the

shadow of death" was His lowly labor as the "Son of the carpenter" in Joseph's workshop; of what practical service those years of silent prayer to the Father, of voluntary obedience to His Mother and her spouse, of His hardships and self-denial! Was not all the world looking for the light of His blessed countenance, and in utmost need of the saving gospel of His lips!

Why did He not come out and do something?

But Jesus went on praying, enduring, carpentering. Such was His manner of life for some thirty years. He worked among men for at most three. Yet unthinking people make it a charge against contemplatives that they should take Christ's hidden life for their model! Well, at all events, these monks and nuns are in good company—even the very best. They have a fairly safe precedent for their behavior in the practice of their divine example. Perhaps they can afford to disregard the flippant censure of those who fail to appreciate an earnest and humble endeavor to copy the greater portion of the Master's earthly life and to go on carpentering. In truth, such adverse criticism comes simply from forgetting the obvious first principle that a man's chief duty in life is to worship God, to do His will and to cultivate Christ-like virtue in his heart. Such is the lesson of Nazareth, one sorely needed in days of fuss and bustle, of "interviewing" and myriad forms of self-advertisement. The lesson of Nazareth; by his mastery of which, according to his state of life, a man will be finally judged, and not by his visible success in Apostolic labor, in philanthropic enterprise or the number of figures in his donations to hospital funds and like laudable objects.

The true utility of anything consists in its serving the ends for which it was made; its degree of usefulness depends upon the measure of this its serviceableness. A pen made to write, but not writing, is useless. A musical instrument silent under the player's touch is useless. The test, then, of man's utility here below is the degree in which he serves the purpose of his creation, and that purpose, as every Christian knows, is that he save his own soul and gain heaven by serving his God in the way God calls upon him to serve—F. M. De Zulueta, S. J., in English Messenger of Sacred Heart.

GOOD BLOOD

Is the Secret of Health, Vigor and Happiness.

Good blood—rich, red blood—is the greatest enemy that disease can have. It stimulates every organ to throw off ailment that may attack it. Good blood is the only positive cure for such complaints as anaemia, nervousness, neuralgia, skin eruptions, indigestion, rheumatism, etc., because these diseases cannot exist where the blood is good. The secret of good blood—rich, red, life-giving blood—is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Where these pills are used it means life, health and vigor. Mr. Robert Lee, a well known resident of New Westminster, B. C., says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure condition, and as a result, itchy pimples broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got half a dozen boxes, and by the time I had used them, I was fully restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. The pills are the best medicine I know of for purifying the blood." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not take a substitute, or something said to be "just as good." The "just as good" medicines never cured anyone.

Tread cheerfully every day the path in which Providence leads; seek nothing, be discouraged by nothing, see duty in the present moment, trust all without reserve to the will and power of God.

The majority of men recognize nothing in human affairs as good unless it yields some return, and they love those friends most—as they do their cattle—from whom they hope to obtain the most profit. Thus they lack that loveliest and most natural form of friendship which is sought for its own sake only; for do they know from experience how beautiful and how lofty such friendship

Whims and Fads Of Science.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The word "perhaps" seems to be the only answer that certain disbelievers, or infidels, can give when they are required to make statements, based upon scientific knowledge, regarding the future. That word "perhaps" indicates the difference between the certainty that Faith inspires and the uncertainty that a lack of Faith creates. After all, there is no question, concerning man, his past, his present, and his future, that cannot be solved by Faith. And equally there is no such question that science can infallibly answer. This is a bold statement, but one that the experience of time teaches us, and that no unprejudiced mind can deny. This leads to a very interesting subject, treated in a most scientific manner, by a writer who appears to have but little faith, if he had any, and who depends entirely upon science, human science, for the solution of all problems.

Writing about the catastrophe of last May at Martinique, Louis Rabinovitch, has an article in the "Cosmos," a scientific publication of Paris. He imagines a like disaster, but so great as to involve the whole earth. Should such an event take place, he says that from a distant world its appearance and progress would exactly parallel what we see in the case of new stars that appear in the heavens, from time to time. After telling us that the earth's crust is far less secure than we now imagine, he proceeds with his theory. In reproducing this long extract we deem it necessary in order to have a clear idea of the author's theories, and to show that they are just as unstable as the earth's surface, while the conclusions he draws from the whole are absolutely null.

He says:—

"Suppose that, following upon an extraordinary twisting movement due to retreat of the central mass, a whole portion of the sea-bottom should give way, and falling suddenly should let in the mass of the ocean's waters upon the incandescent interior matter. The water would be decomposed by the heat, the hydrogen would burn, and it would burn more as it had access to more oxygen.

"The conflagration would thus gain gradually in force, accompanied by electric phenomena, and the greater part of the earth's crust would probably be displaced.

"The earth, passing through a critical epoch and returning for the time being to its formative period, would again be nothing but a globe of fire.

"For the far-off worlds that swing in sidereal space, this would be the phenomenon of a new star that blazes out all at once, increases in brilliancy as if it would eclipse the luminous splendor of all its neighbors, and then becomes feebler and feebler, to disappear finally forever in the profound darkness of the limitless distance.

"But the terrestrial crust would not be dispersed in air; its shattered particles would not be projected into space. They would remain fixed, so to speak, on the pasty mass on which they rest. And the gases that would be formed under this burning mass, compressed under the chaotic substance of the crust, would liquefy an enormous pressure.

"This is just what is revealed by the spectra of the 'new stars.' These abnormal pressures have been especially noticed in the spectrum of the Novae of 1892 and in all the new stars that have appeared in recent years.

"After this frightful catastrophe had produced in this manner the appearance of a new sun, the time would come when its ephemeral light would begin to be extinguished.

"It might happen that the phenomenon would not diminish in intensity over the whole surface of the globe. One region might become less active because the elements that favored conflagration were exhausted there. Little by little the dark points would become more definite and would extend, so that, brought around periodically by the rotation of the globe, they would give rise to a variable star.

"This is just what happens in the Novae; first we find differences of brilliancy without periodical variation, then, little by little, a periodicity becomes established, indicating clearly the duration of revolution. Finally, regular pulsations like those

little and dies as a sun to be revived as a fertile globe.

"In our hypothesis, our earth would cool off relatively soon, because the climatological conditions would not be the same as at its formation. The waters would condense, the seas and continents would be differently distributed over its surface, and another era of life would begin.

"A relative frequency of new stars is now being noticed. The Novae, as astronomers call them, all (or almost all) have the lines of hydrogen; some are, or rather have been, variable.

"Is their appearance to be explained on the theory that we have just advanced? No one can know at present how this is. Perhaps the Novae are warnings—far off, but living examples of the fate that awaits us some day or other.

"According to the prophecies, the earth should perish by fire. Perhaps our suffering and corrupt humanity is fated to disappear at some future time in the bursting forth of some gigantic furnace of this kind.

"Perhaps!" Here we have a long series of arguments, probably based upon scientific foundations, but certainly useless as guides to humanity, as far as concerns the future. In fact, he ends it all with the everlasting "Perhaps!"

Faith tells us that this world will end, and by fire, on the last day, in God's good time, when each creature shall have performed its mission, and when the Angel shall come to summon the dead of the ages to judgment. Is not this very simple, very exact, very easy to understand, and very reasonable? It is the teaching of our religion, and there is no doubt and no uncertainty about it. There is no "perhaps" in the conclusions. We have here a very fair illustration of the difference between the assurance that upholds the man of Faith and the doubt and uncertainty that must inevitably follow all scientific investigation, no matter how learned, in matters concerning the spiritual, the immortal, the eternal. As it is with the end of the world, so is it with every other subject of a kindred nature. After all it is a mere matter of speculation, with its element of uncertainty, in all human affairs; but Faith is certain, and conclusive.

IF BABY COULD TALK.

"I am sure if baby could only talk," says Mrs. B. Gaffney, L'Amable, Ont., "she would praise Baby's Own Tablets too. They have given better results than any other medicine I have ever used for my little one." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets, and it is the very best proof that no other medicine can equal them for the speedy relief and cure of the common ailments of little ones. These Tablets cure colic, constipation, sour stomach, diarrhoea and simple fevers; they break up colds, prevent croup, and they the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, and are positively guaranteed to contain no opiate. All children take them readily, and for very young infants they can be crushed to a powder. (You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist at 25c a box, or they will be mailed, postage paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Send for our book on the care of infants and young children. Every mother should have it.)

The Italian Divorce Bill

The new year has begun with something like open war between Church and State in Italy, says "Vox Urbis," the Roman correspondent of the New York "Freeman's Journal." Strange as it may appear, the Catholic religion is the officially recognized church of the State in Italy, and the first article of the Constitution declares this in set terms. The Government's project of divorce is in flat defiance of this union. The Church declares that it is never lawful to dissolve a duly ratified and consummated marriage; the Italian Government now proposes to dissolve marriages in certain cases and to permit the divorced parties to marry again. A similar measure has been introduced before the Italian Parliament at least a dozen times already, but all previous attempts were little more than a preparation of the ground for the final struggle which has now been entered upon. That the sentiment of the population is almost unanimously against the proposed

but the present ministry, which is entirely in the hands of the Freemasons, has decided that the obnoxious measure is to be forced through at any cost.

Never before has there been such a united movement of the Catholic forces of the country as that which has been brought to life by the introduction of this bill. Nearly all the bishops of the country have addressed pastorals to their flocks calling on them to oppose it by all means in their power; and those bishops who have not yet done so are only waiting for a favorable opportunity; committees are being formed and meetings of protest are being held in all the great towns; and a monster petition to which nearly four millions of names have already been signed is being drawn up for presentation to the Parliament in which the signatories denounce in the strongest terms this latest attempt to introduce the pest of divorce into the Italian home.

A very instructive example of the methods to which the Government is ready to resort has just occurred. The authors of the bill have announced through their official organs that the organizers of this petition are to be charged with fraud before the civil courts for irregularities committed in the manner of securing signatures. As a matter of fact, all legal precautions have been taken by the latter to secure that the petition be a really genuine expression of the feelings of the country, and the device of the divorcists is intended to frighten the timid against signing the petition.

"Lives of the Irish Saints."

It is just twenty years ago since a venerable Archbishop, recently deceased, expressed the "pious wish that the 'Lives of the Irish Saints' would be completed ere the opening of the twentieth century. Canon O'Hanlon, of Sandymount, our modern Colgan, has long been laboring to bring to a successful issue his colossal work in Irish hagiology, giving all that is known of the acts of Irish saints. Already nine portly volumes have appeared, treating of thousands of Irish saints, covering the calendar from January to the end of September. When it is borne in mind that these nine volumes represent about 6,000 pages in royal octavo, the bare work of transcription must have been enormous. But when we mention that these 6,000 pages are cram full of historical facts, with copious notes and references—and that the venerable author has exercised a scrupulous care in the compilation of what has been termed an encyclopedia of Irish saint history—it will be nothing but common justice to give unstinted praise to the learned writer, who has done for Ireland what the Bollandists did for the Church at large. The marvel is, how one man alone could have succeeded even by long continued and absorbing labor, to produce such a work.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

All the doubts of sceptics are as nothing, or as very little, compared with the great doubt which arises in men's minds from the ways of Christians themselves—saying one thing and doing another.

Take courage, poor hearts; commence again to smile and devote yourself. If men make no return, either through forgetfulness, inability, or indifference, so much the better! God will reward you in Heaven; and is not God's recompense worth more than that of men?

Why so busy with thyself? Leave Providence to act, whose eyes are ever upon thee in the greatest danger, and who will always save thee.—Life of St. Catherine of Siena.

Seek to mingle gentleness in all your rebukes; bear with the infirmities of others; make allowances for constitutional frailties; never say harsh things if kind things will do as well.

Each man is responsible for his own character. Each man has the liberty of sowing what he pleases. The harvest that he reaps is the aggregate of his habits—that is to say, his character. Accordingly, then, it is for each man to say whether he will be good or bad, whether he will grow better or worse. Each man is responsible for his destiny. He is responsible for his character. Character determines destiny. A profound truth lies in the words of Ballou: "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Daily character is destiny. Character is destiny. (The Little Sisters of the Poor.)

A STR

The whirr of a lathe floor, close, hot air of the machine, the Via Bardonecchia street, the hammer struck a stronger note in the symphony.

Away toward the Grand blue bloused fisherman craves, and Mere Ricordo's kindly chatter rose and fell, and he stopped and bought limes and apricots.

"The mother is in good luck," said Pietro in the carpenter's shop as he deftly inserted his shears beneath a cupid's wing, and he shed away to make the doll more downy.

The lathe hummed on, for his comrade, worked by the hand, wanted to earn enough to buy those corals which hung in a little shop across the bridge, not care to stop his wheel.

"She is in good spirits," said Pietro, "because the American has taken a fancy to me, and declares she will come to Paris and train her as he would."

The lathe ceased turning suddenly that the bannister being carved was almost jerked, with a touch on the clamp to see all was right about his work again.

"Little Rosa herself is dejected, she has been put to detention lace school, but prefer the world."

"The child is but sixteen, another worker." "The signora has a maid so young."

"Have I not told you," said Pietro, getting up and strolling toward the door, "that the signora has a fancy to Rosa?—and what Americans take ideas into heads they carry them to Rosa. She has a pretty face, a handsome eyes of the true Italian." He rolled a cigarette, the air of a connoisseur.

"Likes handsome faces about therefore the pretty Rosa is company the signora to Paris." "How soon?" It was Nello spoke now.

"In a fortnight—in a week three days—I do not know! What does it matter? There is clock of San Marco striking! Nello! Nello! You work as well one turned your wheel."

The merry Pietro passed on the street. Other workers stretched their wearied arms, their blue-washed blouses, and turned homeward. Nello worked on, his lathe hummed steadily now that no distant tongue voiced news which interrupted the regularity of the hand.

Then followed two days without the sound of the lathe for hours in succession than ever. Dare he offer the gift? had not bought it yet—could until the four liras were saved of the scanty wage. A fortnight—three days—which? The words were full of torturing certainty.

"The little Rosa will come rich woman; her wages will thousand liras, I hear," said gossiping Pietro. "She will shine dot while away, and come thirty is thirty."

"Thirty! When a woman is worth looking at!" "True; but then you must be the dot!" And the worker laid all except Nello, from whose came no sound.

At last the day came when four liras were in his hand. He tried to the little shop where his heart beat high with hope, touched their smooth surface.

How they would become little Rosa! How her great would sparkle with pleasure. Nello told her they were for her own!

A hundred times he rehearsed as he sat at his work, would watch her face as she oiled the little parcel. Perhaps she would let him clasp them round her throat.

He had never told Rosa of his concept in a dumb, faithful way, a dog may who serves his master and guards her always, and with a careless word of approval, a passing smile. But to-night would tell her, for he would see the good wages; and was in his uncle's hair to the business of the carpenter's shop.

Nello thought himself lucky to have the little...

ministry, which is... of the Freedmen... that the obnox...

There has been such... of the Catholic... country as that which...

As a matter of fact... have been taken... to secure that the...

the... Saints."

ty years ago since... bishop, recently de... of the Irish Saints"

of sceptics are as... little, compared... which arises in the...

door hearts; comm... smile and devote... make no return...

th thyself? Leave... whose eyes are... the greatest dan...

responsible for his... each man has the... what he pleases...

A STORY OF A STRING OF BEADS.

The whirl of a lathe fell upon the... close, hot air of the narrow Venetian street...

Away toward the Grand Canal a... blue bloused fisherman cried his... wares, and Mere Ricordo's shrill and...

"She is in good spirits," continued... Pietro, "because the American signora has taken a fancy to the little...

"The child is but sixteen," said... another worker. "The signora will... scarce have a maid so young as...

The merry Pietro passed out into... the street. Other workers rose... stretched their wearied arms, shook...

Then followed two days when the... hum of the lathe sounded for longer... hours in succession than ever before...

"The little Rosa will come back a... rich woman; her wages will be a... thousand liras, I hear," said the...

At last the day came when the... four liras were in his hand. He hurried... to the little shop where those...

A hundred times he rehearsed the... scene as he sat at his work. He would... watch her face as she opened...

Come out on to the canal? Of... course she would! Her laughter sounded softly as an...

"No, it is black and ugly; I love... bright colors." They had reached the Rio Santa...

"See, Rosa," he repeated, dang... ling the corals before her eyes, "they are the color of your lips; and...

"I shall wear them often," she... said; "that is, if the signora will al... low me. And if she will not I shall...

"Because?" said Nello hungrily... "Because," she added airily, "they... are so pretty."

For once the hum of his busy... lathe was silent; the merry Pietro... nudged his fellow, and whispered...

Nello heeded her not; he was... looking out toward the Grand Canal... and listening with love sharpened...

It was a sound that came but... seldom in that narrow way. The simple... folk, whose horizon was bounded...

She had written to him once—a... gay, careless letter—to tell him how... happy she was, what brave sights...

Now her answer tarried. He hard... ly dared to think how many suns... had risen, burned, and died, and...

"She is still but a child," he... told himself, "and I am a dull fellow... Perhaps she has forgotten?"

ly and late. Had Nello, then, the... making of a miser in him? Lizette Ricordo looked at him...

Every morning he rose expectant... every night he looked for the morn... row with unquenched hope.

Pietro stood in the doorway, roll... ing a cigarette in his strong, brown... fingers. His merry heart was sad...

"The American signora has turned... the child's head; she will not re... turn," he sighed.

"And as he sighed the cry of 'La... posta!' sounded hoarse and long... drawn out above the babel of voices.

No one heard the cry that was... wrung from his heart. They had left... him alone with sorrow! She wrote...

The chatter of Mere Ricordo as... she bartered her fruits to the brown... eyed urchins floated in and out his...

Rosa and he had played out there... together, and one day he had bought... her promise to be his little wife...

Now suddenly his house of cards... had fallen! He would forget—he must forget—...

"Tis I, thy naughty Rosa. Canst... forgive me, Nello? I did not know... my heart!"

And Nello's joy was crown'd!

Prayer to St. Anthony

On last Monday evening Mrs... Katherine King, a widow, lost her... pocket-book, containing \$13, the...

Mrs. King went home, and, as she... is a firm believer in St. Anthony, she... prayed fervently that he would...

About 7 o'clock Tuesday evening... a knock came at Mrs. King's door... Opening it, she saw a shabbily...

"You are an honest man, and you... look hungry; here's a reward."

More astonished than at first was... Mrs. King when the man refused the... money. "That was a lucky find for...

"The man I was to see has a... place near here, and I went in to... see him. I've got a fine job now...

"May God bless you and keep you... always," she said, "and thank the... good St. Anthony, for he has helped...

Father Vaughan's Work Among the Poor.

From his beautiful church in Farm... street, one of the best residential... sections of London, Rev. Bernard...

His unique methods are described... in the following excerpt from a re... port in the London "Monitor and...

"Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.,... in continuation of his slum crusade... spoke at 4 o'clock on Sunday in a...

"Day by day hundreds of men, wo... men and little children are going... without 'anyfink for dinner,' and...

"The court in which he preached... is about fifty yards long, four yards... wide, and the single-story little...

The exterior is practically finish... ed, and the interior will be complet... e and the church ready for occupancy...

Notes for Farmers

An important agricultural meeting... was held in Carleton County last... week at Bell's Corners, under the...

CATHOLIC NOTES

A GREAT RECORD.—Rev. John... L. Setters, S.J., well known in the... United States and who is said to...

Aside from his work in the conf... essional, Father Setters had, accord... ing to the official records of the...

Father Setters was seventy-three... years old. He was born near Ant... werp, Belgium, Dec. 7, 1830. He came...

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.—The... new Cathedral of Westminster, begun... seven and a half years ago, has...

SERVICES ON STEAMERS.—The... Cunard and White Star steamship... companies, at the request of the...

"That in case a Catholic passen... ger should die during the voyage, a... Catholic priest may perform the fu... neral service."

BUILT WITHOUT DEBT.—A featur... e in modern church building is... presented by the imposing structure...

The exterior is practically finish... ed, and the interior will be complet... e and the church ready for occupancy...

When clover has reached the... blooming stage it has reached its... growth. It is advisable to cut it...

Mr. Raynor recommended this... method for curing clover and timothy... It is advisable to sprinkle the hay...

God never makes us feel our weak... ness except to lead us to seek... strength from Him.

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# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

## Our Boys And Girls.

LITTLE JOE was perched on top of the big locomotive as though he were going to ride her to water, as Engineer Toban would say when he saw the boy up there. For this was not the first time that he had climbed into that position to rub the big brass whistle, which now shone like gold, with a piece of flannel rag that he always carried in his pocket. He loved that whistle as any boy ever loved a dog or a new knife, and he patted it and stroked it as gently as the huntman caresses his faithful hound. But do not think that Joe did not care for dogs because he loved the whistle of engine No. 65, for he had one of the noblest of canine companions, Sniffer by name, a big, shaggy fellow, who was sitting alongside the engine, curiously watching his master.

"Ho, there, you're at that talking machine again," called Fireman Welsh, as he entered the stuffy little engine shed. Joe only smiled, and kept on rubbing at the whistle. "Pretty hot up there, isn't it," said the fireman as he stepped up to the iron monster and felt her side. Joe reached down and began rubbing his bare legs with his hands. "Bites 'em a little," said he, not having before noticed the slightly stinging sensation in the calves of his legs.

"Better get down, for I'm going to give her a breath of air and a little something to eat," added the fireman, who thereupon stepped into the engine cab, opened the dampers and threw in several shovelfuls of coal. "Guess we can't take you along up the road to-day," he continued, as he closed the furnace door.

Joe's eyes were immediately filled with disappointment. The kind-hearted fireman saw the look and wanted to say something cheering. "Engineer Toban and I have talked it over and he also is afraid some harm might come to you. We're going to have a heavy train coming down and there may be trouble."

"Yes, indeed, my boy," said another voice, and Joe felt the big hand of the engineer take him by the shoulder. "By the way, they wonder down at the yard in the city what it is that makes No. 65's talker so bright. I've been telling them about the boy up at Thompson's siding, and they say he's bound to make an engineer some day."

At these words the face of Joe brightened up a little, but it was very plain that he was not feeling his usual self.

No. 65 was soon filled with all the steam that she could carry and, with a creaking and groaning, as though her old joints had received an attack of rheumatism during the night, the fireman ran her out of the shed. With a parting wave of the hand to Joe, they went speeding up the track to get a train of coal at the mines. Joe watched the engine until she disappeared in a minute brown spot far up the long stretch of track. She had gone out into those mysterious regions beyond the woods and the hills, where only Joe's imagination had yet wandered, for he had never been outside the forest where stood the cabin in which he had been born.

One ever-present conclusion Joe always carried was a much tattered and worn pemphig. Over and over again he had spilled out its contents. Fireman Welsh had given it to him, saying that it contained all the tins that engine 65 played meaning by that all the whistle signals were therein explained. Joe had played trainman so often that he could now go through all the motions and signs almost as well as the men of the road. He knew how to draw the throttle and to throw the reverse lever, for had he not seen it done many times by Engineer Toban?

There were but two engines that stopped at the little roundhouse of Thompson's siding. But the one that came in the evening after No.

65 left had an ugly little iron whistle that screeched terribly, and for that reason Joe did not like No. 85 and seldom went into the shed when she was there. However, each night when No. 65 came down the road, he would get up out of his bed and watch her as she flew past with her train of coal, and would then listen until the rumbling of engine and train had become no more than a faint swinging, sounding motion, that finally mingled with the sighing of the trees.

That night, when Joe went to bed in the little cabin by the railroad, he dreamed. But that was nothing strange, for he did that almost every night after he had been thinking about engines and whistles so much. In his vision he saw No. 65 running away and saw it coming right toward the cabin and that the iron whistle was doing all the mischief. The latter had assumed the gigantic proportions of a demon and had the brass whistle by the throat, for, strange to say, it had a human shape and was struggling to get away from the black monster which was screaming with all its might. On rushed the mad engine, no longer guided by the brass whistle's commands, but running to destruction in the hands of the crazy iron one. Joe fought to get loose and rush to the aid of his favorite whistle, but he seemed tied by iron bands. He struggled, he yelled, but all was of no avail. At last his body really began to quiver and he leaped from bed and rushed to the window. He was awake now. He listened. Sniffer was barking fiercely, and from far away came the churning rumble of an approaching train, and then the faint murmur of the big brass whistle. "She's coming!" Joe muttered to himself. Then he looked down the track in the direction in which Sniffer was barking. What was that standing big and black in the middle of the track right below the engine shed? Joe jerked on his clothes as quickly as only a boy can, and jumped from the cabin window, for it was not far to the ground, and he had done that act many times. Again the warning of the brass whistle sounded, but this time much nearer. No. 65 was coming down the road at a fearful speed. She had a heavy train behind her that was rolling down the grade with a terrible momentum.

Never had Joe such fleetness in his legs. Never was he so strong. It took him but a few minutes to gain the black object, which was none other than engine No. 85, whose brakes had become released during the night, leaving the iron creature free to run down the sloping switch track upon the main line.

Joe leaped into the cab, grasped the reverse lever and pulled with all his might. Again the brass whistle pealed forth and then began to signal "danger ahead" in short, desperate toots. With a last fierce tug Joe managed to swing the reverse lever. Jumping upon the engineer's seat, he grasped the throttle. The din of the oncoming train told him that he had but a few moments more. The brass whistle was screaming danger with all its might. He jerked the throttle wide open, and there was just enough steam to move No. 85's ponderous wheels. Slowly she moved back into the switch, and none too soon, for with a swishing and a wheezing roar No. 65 lunged by as though in terrible agony over the danger just escaped.

By this time the crew of No. 85 were alongside their engine. They understood it all, for they had heard the danger cries of the brass whistle and had jumped from the caboose where they had been sleeping just in time to see their engine, in the power of little Joe, swing back out of the way of No. 65 and her madly rushing train. When they climbed into the cab they found little Joe clinging desperately to the throttle and staring out of the cab window at the iron whistle. It had all seemed to him just like a dream, and he could hardly yet believe that the ugly whistle was not a demon. Time and again the grateful fireman and engineer grasped the boy's hands. He had not only saved their lives, but prevented a terrible wreck.

It was two days after the brave act of little Joe when the passenger train stopped at Thompson's siding. It had never been known to do that

before. But two passengers had stepped shyly into a coach; they were Joe and Sniffer. The superintendent had sent for them, for he had heard from Engineer Toban himself how they had saved the freight train.

"My boy, I shall make arrangements with your father to send you to school until you are 18 years of age, and then I shall have a position for you. I have need of such boys as you on this railroad." Those were the words of the superintendent and he kept his promise. Joe was sent to the city school, where he soon learned other things than railroad lore, but after leaving there he went to the railroad yards, where he soon rose to have charge of all the engines, among which was his old No. 65 and her big brass whistle. As for Sniffer, he went back to watch over the little cabin.

## Household Notes.

**TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—This method is very easy and is generally successful: Pour some turpentine on a clean cloth, rub the spots with this, and polish with a dry cloth.

**TO REMOVE OIL MARKS.**—Drops of oil on the clothing may be removed with benzine or ammonia. Take a piece of flannel, saturated with the liquid, and rub all round the spot with it, working gradually toward the centre. As benzine is very inflammable it should be handled with care. Another way to remove grease spots is to cover the injured part with a piece of brown paper and press it with a hot iron.

**TO CLEAN DULL MIRRORS.**—If mirrors are very dull and speckled the following method is excellent: Take a small portion of whiting and add sufficient cold tea to make a paste; rub the glass with warm tea, dry with a soft cloth; rub a little of the paste well on the mirror and polish dry with tissue paper. Stains and finger marks may be removed from a looking-glass by rubbing with a soft cloth wet with alcohol.

**STAIN REMOVER.**—To take out fruit stains from cotton, muslin or any light article, take the stained article and damp it. Then pour a little sulphur, holding it under the damp portion of the cloth, and the stain will vanish.

**THE NAILS.**—Always wash in hot water and soak the fingers in it, using plenty of soap. When quite soft use a stiff nailbrush and plenty of soap. If the nails are still dirty, clean them with a piece of sharply pointed orange-wood, so as not to scratch the nails. When doing any kind of dirty work always wear gloves.

**HOT MILK.**—Hot milk is the newest panacea for all complexion ills. If the face be wrinkled, sallow or otherwise afflicted, hot milk, says the enthusiast over this new remedy will produce a cure. Converts declare that the face, after being washed with milk at night, feels wonderfully refreshed, while the skin soon becomes very white and soft.

**FRESH AIR.**—The air is a cordial of incredible value. It is the close confinement indoors that kills, for human beings were not made to live constantly within walls. Energy and force of character, strong muscles and steady nerves come from the stimulus of outdoor exercises and physical contact with the earth. Luxurious homes and habits of indolence are responsible to no inconsiderable degree for the ill health of civilized communities. Breathe pure and fresh air, and get all you can of it, for it is food, as essential as bread and other articles of daily necessity.

## THE CRY OF COAL.

In Canada and the United States the cry of coal is heard in all large centres of population. Coal, says an American contemporary, is the living necessity of the hour. Whether in the great cities where blue-eyed children perish with cold, in the arms of despairing mothers, or on the frozen plains, where farmers are feeding corn to their furnaces, the cry for fuel goes up from millions of throats and from the black chimneys of cold hearths. All over the land the chilled grip of winter

presses. Its touch has chilled the hearthstones of both rich and poor, of the mansion and the hovel, and brought sickness, suffering and death to many victims. In Chicago 200,000 persons have been rendered sick through the shortage of coal, and elsewhere people are doubly threatened, first through lack of fuel in the home and secondly through lack of fuel for the industries which are their sole support.

What makes the situation more desperate from the public standpoint is the fact that in many communities there is an organized conspiracy for the withholding of coal for still higher prices. The culpability for this is not fixed. The dealers accuse the railways and the mine-owners. The mine-owners accuse the railways and the dealers. The railways accuse the dealers and the mine-owners. Meantime the public famishes.

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**A.O.E. LADIES' AUXILIARY,** Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday 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; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1894. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY** organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

**ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F.,** meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Selgneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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## NOTES

**ST. PATRICK'S PARISH** some weeks past the diocese this city has published some which appeared to be national, concerning making some of our Catholic Montreal. Up to the present ignored those rumors, days ago one of them what lightly, a most serious to a large section of the diocese, namely, that of the Sulpician Order, the Irish parish of Montreal. The daily privilege of being a priest of such questions of a parish, much in the man's chattles and regarding entirely all the both spiritual and temporal are associated with it. Information at present liability or unreliability of our parish concerning St. Patrick's, without serious consideration. The case, together with the the "True Witness" is Irish Catholics, and Catholic the English language in this diocese, and the approval of His Grace bishop, we venture if such matters were consideration, or tried into effect, we would information from those to speak. Should the Irish foundation in fact, sacred ties of long association matters spiritual and temporal the priests of St. Subtle severed, the "True Witness" most tenaciously that the spirit which is chief pastor—His Grace Bruchesi—to kneel at the that loyal Catholic an Irishman, the immortal would urge His Grace to action which would be with the loyalty and devotion of the Irish Catholics have played towards him since the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Peasey, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

We have no misgivings future of the old parish, have confidence that the if of Catholicity and the pride of our race will, help, and the co-operative Archbishop, ensure a vigor and enterprise for of all Irish churches in EDUCATION IN QUEBEC has always been a favored